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ONE

THE AVE MARIA

DEVOTED TO THE HONOR
OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER.

SATURDAY, 26.—St. John Berchmans, Confessor.
 SUNDAY, 27.—First of Advent. St. Maximus, Bishop.
 MONDAY, 28.—SS. Stephen and Comp's, MM.
 TUESDAY, 29.—Vigil. St. Saturninus, Bp. M.
 WEDNESDAY, 30.—St. Andrew, Apostle.

DECEMBER.

THURSDAY, 1.—St. Eligius, Bishop.
 FRIDAY, 2.—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.
 SATURDAY, 3.—St. Francis Xavier, Confessor.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVI. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 26, 1932.

No. 22.

[Copyright, 1932: Rev. Eugene P. Burke, C. S. C.]

The White Magic.

BY BERT COOKSLEY.

G MIND how rain will run across the sand
Of desert places, and how grasses start
Their bodies through that dry and heavy land;
I mind how quickly music strips the heart
Of beggars that have pillaged it for years,
And how a child lifts up its troubled face
And cleans a puzzled heart with many tears.
I mind how surely spiders paint their lace
Across the wounds of old and tired trees,
And how the night will sentinel the rose
To shield her from the worry of the bees.
I mind how all this consolation goes
Unfailing in its tenderness and care—
And always then I know the strength of prayer.



A Battle with Straight Issues.*

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

ONE of the outstanding books of this present year of grace (1932) is, in various ways, a new apologetic on behalf of the Faith. A correspondence between such conspicuous men of letters as Mr. Arnold Lunn and Fr. Ronald Knox on any subject would be arresting and a charming study for all educated people. When these two born fighters, worthy of each other's steel, cross swords on the greatest of all subjects, The Faith, we may be sure that both intellectual delight and edification await us.

* "Difficulties": being a correspondence about the Catholic Religion between Ronald Knox and Arnold Lunn. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode, Ltd. 1932.

In his preface, Mr. Lunn truly points out how much futile religious controversy, even on the right side, has been expended because of the contestant parties failing more or less (perhaps inevitably) to put themselves each in the other man's place. There is always this danger when one pen writes both sides. In this case it is wholly eliminated. Mr. Lunn, as the Protestant champion (though his Protestantism would be heartily disowned by, perhaps, the majority of those who claim the title), leads the attack, and does his best, exceedingly well, to trail his coat, to use his own expression. At every point he chooses the ground, and Fr. Knox stands on the defensive. Mr. Lunn represents the best possible example of a not infrequent type in these days: a man of learning and solid thought, logical, with the Public School and University traditions of fairness, humor, and hearty give and take. Father Knox has no less of these advantages. Both rank among the most brilliant publicists of the day in their country.

They have not a little in common even in their belief, as a matter of fact. A Catholic cannot but see that Mr. Lunn, though he will not be called a Modernist, is really modernistic in his basic principle. When he arrives at a Catholic conclusion it is on grounds which appear strangely insecure. In both the disputants all readers must acknowledge transparent honesty; determination, while each sticks closely to his own position, to give every weight

to his opponent's arguments; the absence of antecedent prejudice, still more of the least trace of bitterness; and unfailing good humor, supremely in the defence. We do not wonder that Mr. Lunn describes the discussion as "a form of co-operative research." He has brought forward *real* difficulties, which require patient examination, not the ridiculous, fantastic rubbish of the average Protestant controversialist. Here and there he may show a trace of prepossession, not to call it prejudice, but he understands where the shoe really pinches, and shows appreciative tolerance to a wonderful degree. Both correspondents are, of course, widely-read men, on their guard against overstatement.

Mr. Lunn begins by telling us that the *a priori* case for the Catholic Church has always seemed quite plausible to him. His difficulty begins when he goes to history to find if her actual record is consistent with her claims. The fact of unworthy Popes (Alexander the Sixth seems to haunt him); the Inquisition, especially in Spain; the attitude of the Church as shown in the well-worn Galileo business; the doctrine of Hell; and the traditionalist view of the Bible as laid down in Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical "Providentissimus Deus," are the "Difficulties" which loom darkly before his eyes, the two last of these, we think, the most seriously. Thoughtful Catholics will sympathize with much that he writes, but will feel that there is a general reply in each case which meets his argument. The scandals in the Church, even on the Pontifical throne, are surely met by the parables of the wheat and cockle, and the draw-net; and very forcibly by the presence of Judas Iscariot among the first princes of the new Kingdom. The Inquisition, for which no one holds any particular brief nowadays, has to be judged by the circumstances of the time, the almost morbid dread of secret here-

sies with their blasphemous and anti-social propaganda, and (notably in Spain) the fact that the State had far more to do with much of the activities of the Holy Office than had the Church. As Father Knox points out, the influence of Papal and ecclesiastical authority is often greatly exaggerated by non-Catholics. The secular power, while in theory obedient to the Apostolic See, was continually taking its own anti-Catholic and anti-Christian line. Even excommunication and interdict did not act like magic.

Mr. Lunn quotes J. S. Mill's assertion that, "compared with the doctrine of endless torment, every objection to Christianity sinks into insignificance." Like many Protestants of our time he is entirely convinced of the truth of Purgatory. His "objections" to Hell, one feels, are not entirely in accordance with facts, and give a distorted impression of the Church's teaching. Nor does he wholly grasp her doctrine as to perfect contrition. We find the ordinary Protestant confusion between will and feeling. Surely if a sinner honestly *wills* to hate sin for the love of God, that act of the will, however inchoate, *is* the beginning of perfect contrition, though he may feel nothing at all in the merely sensitive or emotional part of his nature. The letter in which Father Knox deals with the subject is vivid and masterly, and *for Catholics* unanswerable. "It [the doctrine of Hell] is one of those subjects on which I am driven to the conclusion that the Church must, after all, be wiser than I am. . . . I go to the Church for the solution of my difficulty, and she tells me that I am wrong. That tells me that I *must* be wrong. . . . Each mind must admit that it is not infallible, and that the Church is wiser than A here, than B there; she *knows*, they are only guessing" (p. 55). He proceeds to give certain philosophical considerations which at least help those who are perplexed or distressed as to this point of

the Church's faith. Yet it is, of course, the Christian Revelation (Our Lord's own words) that clinches the matter for us Catholics.

Mr. Lunn declares that "God has the right to obedience, but not love," quoting Tyrrell that "the love of God is the luxury of a few happy and imaginative temperaments." Yet, after all, there exists the first and great commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," on which St. John comments: "*This is the charity of God, that we keep His commandments.*" If there is a real intention (we are not dealing with self-deception or hypocrisy) of the will, there is the beginning of that charity. Both correspondents agree to burke discussion of the question, which is, again, dependent on the vital distinction between will and sentiment.

Next to the doctrine of Hell, Mr. Lunn's greatest "difficulty" is the Catholic doctrine of the Inspiration of Scripture as laid down in Leo XIII's Encyclical "Providentissimus Deus" of November 18, 1893. Here he is attacking old-fashioned "orthodox" Protestantism much more effectually than Catholic belief. Mr. Lunn's treatment of various passages which are serious stumbling-blocks to the traditional Protestant, and require authoritative explanation for the Catholic reader, is the weakest part of his attack. He brings up old objections which were current half a century ago, and which Father Knox has no difficulty in disposing of.

In his next letter, while not entirely abandoning his position, Mr. Lunn very handsomely writes: "I will admit that these discrepancies are not very serious. I am pretty well read in anti-Christian literature, and, as a result, I have taken it for granted that the discrepancies in the story of the risen Christ are very great. This may be a good example of the way in which one's mind is affected by the 'taking it for granted that Christianity is exploded' atmosphere in which

we moderns live and move and have our being" (p. 117). But on the main point—the inerrancy of the Bible in the sense intended by its various writers, or as interpreted by the Church—the doughty disputants have to agree to differ.

There was really nothing new to be said about the Petrine claims on either side. To a Catholic it is amazing that these should not be acknowledged as a historical fact from the beginning of Christianity, though the full expression of the *Privilegium Petri* could only, from the force of circumstances, be gradually developed. As to Infallibility, Mr. Lunn says with delicious humor that he was careful not to quote the Galileo decision as an argument against the Vatican definition, but that Galileo had to come into the discussion sooner or later, or his Protestant readers would have wanted their money back!

On moral questions, though Mr. Lunn would, we imagine, be with the Church on the whole, though not with any sense of the Living Authority, he shows how the neo-Protestant atmosphere has infected his thought. He says that "high-minded and conscientious Christians are divided on such questions as divorce and birth-control" (by the latter we fear he means unlawful means of contraception); we wonder he does not add euthanasia and the painless extinction of hopeless sufferers. Father Knox is at his very best in reply. From the viewpoint of Christian theology there are no two possible opinions on such moral questions.

The friendly controversy then passes over to natural religion, as to which Mr. Lunn shows himself as ranged against traditional Protestantism no less than against Catholic teaching. He strangely confuses God's "limitations" by reason of His own Being and Nature, and limitations from without, which do not exist. He declines to believe in the Divine Omnipotence and All-Knowledge, and in effect says that God puts certain

divine schemes into operation without knowing how they may turn out. Otherwise, assuming His Omnipotence, why has He not achieved His divine ends without delay or the use of means to those ends? "An infinite God does not need to work by means of a process. He could convert Bishop Barnes and Dean Inge to Catholicism by an instantaneous revelation." There we come up against the mystery of free-will and the mystery of grace once more. The gentlemen mentioned are in neither a mental nor spiritual attitude to make conversion possible.

Again, Mr. Lunn finds it difficult to believe in God's perfection because of the "urge to create." He wished for something He did not possess. There is no idea of Faber's far more philosophical as well as more religious conception that when God created all things

In our poor human words it was

An overflow of love.

Coming back to Christianity, we find Mr. Lunn a declared believer in the Renotic theory which would make Our Lord, during His life on earth, unconscious as to who He was. There seems lack of vision to distinguish between the functions of the Godhead and the Sacred Humanity. He brings sentiment and romance into his religion as one trained, even slightly, in the intellectual arena of Catholic theology could never do. Consequently, he can stumble into such a pitfall of thought as to say "Nothing could be more anthropomorphic than the Incarnation": a misapprehension of Christian doctrine from which a careful study of the *Quicumque vult* might have saved him. On the metaphysical side he scarcely seems to grasp the immense difference between imagination and conception; and when (quoting Professor Grensted) he complains that certain metaphysical conceptions are "too vast for human thought," he avoids the fact that men will not on that account refuse to take account of them, though they

are, in the strict etymological sense, incomprehensible. And that being so, we cannot do without the words. What Father Knox says in another connection applies here also, that all the moderns prefer vagueness to mystery.

The discussion subsequently drifts into various matters connected with the present day. Mr. Lunn realizes that "those churches which have been infected by Modernism" are steadily losing ground, but he maintains that this "is not true in the case of those churches in which faith in the supernatural is strong; churches in which the doctrine of the Incarnation is not watered down to suit the prejudices of the modern mind." His only example is the "Anglo-Catholic" section of Anglicanism, which, it is to be feared, was in a stronger position in this respect, though not in numbers or popularity, a generation ago than it is to-day.

But his mentality is supremely honest. Of his own position he says: "I should feel rather a humbug writing about religious experience unless I made it clear that I do not myself profess to be religious. . . [yet] a man who has no religious experience may none the less satisfy himself that religious experience is based on reality." He describes himself as, like Horace, "*parcus deorum cultoret infrequens*" (pp. 240-241). Yet the Faith, we believe, makes a greater intellectual and moral appeal to him than he realizes. Let us listen to this:

"Before very long all churches will discover that there is no market for sermons on the text 'God so loved the world that he inspired a certain Jew to inform his contemporaries that there was a great deal to be said for loving one's neighbor.' The presence of facts will slowly compel the churches outside Rome to emphasize the supernatural and the sacramental [unless, which is unhappily more probable, they sink into an undogmatic theism, or even less than that] . . . Contrast the failure of Swiss

Calvinism with the success of the Oxford Movement, and we see that the experimental process of trial and error proves that a religion which waters down the supernatural, rejects the sacramental, and turns its back on beauty must fail; and that a religion which emphasizes the supernatural and the sacramental and which brings back beauty and tradition into the service of the Church cannot fail" (p. 243). A modernist is defined as "a man who adopts Loisy's standpoint, a man who rejects the miraculous and the Resurrection," which is an arbitrary definition, because it does not take account of the essential heresy, that a man can evolve his own religion, unaided yet infallibly, which lies at the root of the whole modernistic position.

The two letters which treat of "The Silence of God" are only indirectly bearing on the Catholic-Protestant controversy. The absence of convincing *a posteriori* proof either of God's existence or of the claims of the Church, has agonized many minds. Mr. Lunn writes much that will find an echo in the thoughts of both Catholic and non-Catholic readers; while Father Knox is again at his very best and strongest. The difficulty is as old as Job and Plato. While "no full answer is possible," to Catholics the arguments for belief in God and in the claims of His Church "are such as to exclude all reasonable doubt."

Mr. Lunn is not a representative either of the old "fundamentalist" Protestantism which still lingers in obscure corners, or of the advance guard of present-day Modernism. But he is delightful to read, and he does represent a section of thoughtful minds which are attracted (more than they know, probably) to the Catholic Religion as to nothing else. Yet he is neither convinced of the validity or its claims, nor is he even (as Father Knox says in another connection) knocking at the

Church's doors. And as his friendly antagonist points out, the whole "difficulty" here is because he is a stranger to the principle of Authority. Some words of Father Knox in his closing letter show intense, though restrained, feeling: "There have been people—Mallock is the obvious instance—whose admiration for the Church seemed to kill in them all appreciation of other religious approaches, yet who never, at least till death was upon them, found their way in. I would not have you undergo that agony of soul."

On the penultimate page there is a sentence which all men of good sense and good will cannot fail to echo: "I would hope that we have done something between us to dispel the illusion, still widely cherished, that all Catholic propaganda is essentially dishonest in its methods." It is only the hopelessly ignorant or the fools, whose number Holy Scripture tells us, is infinite, who are thus deluded, but there are even yet a good many specimens of the type. A careful reading of this correspondence would enlighten such of them as did not love the darkness for its own sake; and for Catholics would be a tonic for both mind and soul.

The joint authors have chosen an arresting title. Most of us have, at one time or another, to face "Difficulties" in our Religion, our minds being finite in their capacities. But as Cardinal Newman wrote nearly seventy years ago in words as pregnant with hope and courage as the day he penned them: "Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt."

♦♦♦

Mary.

BY B. E. T.

NOT prostrate under grief increased,
But with uplifted hands,
Another sacrificing priest,
Beneath the cross she stands.

The Forge.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXIV.

MRS. DAVIES had at first been rejoiced to let her rooms so long before the season, but after the first few days she became dubious.

The farmhouse parlor had been stripped of all its adornments to Mrs. Davies' profound dismay. Even the carpet and the enlarged photographs on the walls were banished, the young singer gentleman explaining that they interfered with his voice. The room was bare and clean, both windows were wide open and monthly roses and little tendrils of honeysuckle nodded in.

Dietrich walked about uplifting his voice mechanically in technical exercises, but in a half-hearted fashion as he was opening his letters at the same time. Mr. Reiss, whom the Master had recently provided, sat strumming idly at the piano, while waiting for his patron to start work in earnest.

Presently Dietrich's voice broke off—then he uttered a startled exclamation. The letter fluttered from his fingers, and he remained staring out at the sunlit garden.

"It is past eleven," remarked the accompanist, turning his round spectacled face reproachfully over his shoulder. The other paid no attention, he was lost in thought. The strumming recommenced, and now took the definite and insistent form of voice exercises. The staccato notes at length pierced to Dietrich's brain. He turned with a bewildered look.

"You're waiting? I forgot! Please forgive me. I fear I cannot work to-day."

"Come, come. An hour at least will not hurt you," he urged.

Dietrich threw himself against the piano, leaning his elbows on top.

"But I can't," he asseverated. "I have

news which obliges me to go to London at once. You must forgive me really."

"A young man should allow nothing to interfere with his career," observed Reiss sententiously. "Are you not to meet Wesserling at the Professor's to-night, and don't you know that Von Prossart much values his opinion?"

Dietrich looked apprehensive.

"I don't know why you all think so much of Von Prossart," he murmured uneasily. "He is no longer Ober-Direktor at Munich after all—he has retired, has he not?"

"Have you no sense?" returned Reiss, pushing up his spectacles. "Von Prossart is the greatest man in the world. He has retired—yes—if you like. There could not be two Cæsars, and with so strong a General Musical Direktor it was the best perhaps. But retired, what is it to him? I tell you instead of king, he is Kaiser—the Emperor of the Musical World—the greatest under God!"

Sleifeld drew back disconcerted at the storm his casual words had raised.

"He looks like the devil in his photographs," he faltered, trying to keep up his courage. He had turned sick and cold, shivering in the hot June sunshine; for the hour had struck, the prize was in his hand and must be thrown aside.

Pulses drummed in his head; he felt in that instant the whole bitterness and struggle of his upward career, and saw as in a vision the sweetness of attainment. But there was no strife in his mind. He had chosen irrevocably at the first reading of his mother's letter. The Rothenfels were ruined, the Schloss was to be sold, the young Freiherr was in trouble! He did not see in this his opportunity. No, hope hardly stirred in his breast; it was too soon, he was not near enough to woo her. Stasi was too much aloof in her young austerity to be quickly won. If this climax had but come a few months later, his footing in the musical world would have been

secure. Dietrich was serenely aware that Ernst Von Prossart's envoy had but to hear him sing to be convinced. Reiss was keeping up an impassioned monologue, and stray phrases caught Dietrich's attention.

"Munich, the real home of Wagner—Bayreuth foredoomed to dwindle away—Munich, unhampered by tradition, to raise Wagnerian Opera to greater heights of sublimity."

A deadly sadness held Dietrich in his grip. He tasted the full extent of the sacrifice knowing well that such as Von Prossart and his subjects would not give a second chance to one who committed the sacrilege—as all would esteem it—of neglecting the first opportunity.

Reiss was holding him by the sleeve.

"You know," he was saying, "the Professor believes that it is not entirely by chance that Wesserling is in London just now. He believes that Von Prossart is aware of it—in short, that Von Prossart is aware of *you*!" He looked at Dietrich reverentially. "You should be like the young squire, keeping vigil for your knighthood," he ended. "Come to the piano! Remember, too, the allegiance you owe the Master!"

"I cannot sing to-day," repeated Sleifeld stubbornly.

Stasi *might* want him, therefore, he must go to her at once. Perhaps he would not even be able to see her; or if he did see her she might send him promptly about his business. Nevertheless, he must be there. Ruin stared him in the face if he took this step, of this Dietrich was convinced; and yet there seemed to him no alternative—he owed it to his honor and his manhood. Yet, his failure meant that he would have nothing to offer Stasi; his head warned him that he was destroying for himself every chance of happiness; his conscience reminded him that he was failing the Master, and though the thought stabbed him, he continued systematic

preparation for the journey. He must leave a note for the Master. Reiss would take it to him when he found Dietrich gone, and the Master would call him a shirker and a coward.

"Am I?" he wondered, and the question found him plodding through the dust on the way to the station.

When Dietrich awoke two days later in the attic at the Waldhaus, he lay for some moments puzzled as to where he was. Then recollection returned, and with it first leaping joy followed quickly by the sensation that retribution was hard on his heels. He had hitherto declined to face the thought of the Master's feelings when he opened the brief note announcing that his pupil had gone home for five days, but would be in London in time for the performance on Friday. Now he forced his mind to consider the situation. Would the Master shake him off at once and forever? Would he attempt to delude the Munich envoy with a lie—pretend that Dietrich was ill for instance? No, no, that was not the Master's way.

"He will be very angry," said Dietrich to himself, "but he will keep his hold yet a bit till he sees how things shape."

Here was Dietrich, twenty-two years old, well launched on his career, and yet as stupidly ignorant of its opportunities and pitfalls as the veriest outsider! How did he know what offers to accept and which to refuse? How did he know which apparently glowing and golden prospect would end in a *cul-de-sac*, and which held out opportunities for the future? One thing only was clear—Munich, the great prize of the Wagnerite—Munich, which kept its singers for years and years—Munich was lost to him forever. Not even the Master, Dietrich believed, could save this for him even if he willed it.

Dietrich turned over and resolutely shut his eyes. He determined to think

of Stasi, and of the prospect of their approaching meeting. All, all must be risked to-day. Would *she* blame him?

"No," Dietrich decided, with his usual happy trust. "She will understand; she will know I did it for her." And feeling comforted, he fell asleep again.

The old Freiherr flung his pen aside and stared up dully out of the high window. This time affairs had come to an impasse.

The high narrow room was one which Kurt used as a kind of office. It was uncarpeted and there were dull smears against the wall, where tenants and wood-cutters leaned diffidently during their interviews. The furniture was ugly and solid, of the kind which might be seen in any farmhouse about the country-side. Here was Kurt's list of bills; the urgent ones underlined in red ink, and here the pitifully small list of assets. Otto von Rothenfels was desperately aware of how much he had to add to the former and how little to the latter. And yet—maddening thought—all might have been saved if only his children had been amenable! Had he not had a letter from General von Freyling that very morning! And Stasi, once settled, how easy it would have been to provide for Kurt by a good match! Birth was still respected, indeed he had often thought of mending his own fallen fortunes by re-marriage, but unhappily, his fame as a gambler appeared to outweigh the value of his lineage. Stasi might have proved less obdurate perhaps over a French marriage, but his own *rapprochement* with Germany was now too well known to render any move in that direction possible. His hopes from Prussia were founded on the promise of a sound German alliance, failing which, all fell to the ground. And Stasi, though she remained deaf to reason, appeared to have no desire to enter a convent or otherwise dispose of herself.

Meanwhile Kurt, who should have started for London a week ago, had taken to his bed and would not be fit to travel for another two days at least, while at any moment he might be arrested.

No detail was too small to be attended to by the Powers above, and Rothenfels was well aware that the police must have been given a hint to delay their action until he himself had a chance to make a move.

But there was an uncomfortably pressing note in Kolbruck-Freyling's letter—as though he were at least in part aware of how matters stood, but the hint was too discreet for the Freiherr to dream of discussing the matter openly with him.

Impossible, too, for him to take his daughter back with him to Berlin, as Kurt had so artlessly suggested. Was it likely that a man, *lancé* as the Count was, could find a place in his ménage and in his society for an unsophisticated young girl! No, such a thing was out of the question. There seemed nothing for it but to allow Stasi to accompany her brother to London, she seemed determined on this course, though the life of a young girl living on a pittance in small lodgings, would not seem to hold out many attractions. If the money could be raised without undue crippling of the parent's exchequer, this course must be pursued, but Rothenfels' gorge rose at the thought of his children living in shabby retirement while their Aunt flaunted it at the Embassy. Bertha should have remembered that she was a Rothenfels; she should have stood by her family in their disaster, but no, she had particularly requested that they should not even call upon her.

"Germanized to the core," ruminated her brother with bitter inconsistency, "she thinks of nothing but herself and her husband's position. Some day I will show her what Rothenfels are, and we will hold our heads high."

"A young man to see you," announced Peter, interrupting his thoughts.

He gave the door a push open, and Dietrich Sleifeld came past him into the room, holding his hat in his hand.

The Count hastily turned over the papers on the table, with their tell-tale figures.

"Drecker's grandson, is it not?" he asked, without rising. "What? You want a lease renewed?"

"No, I have come on my own business." Dietrich was obviously under great agitation. "I want to tell you—"

"Well, you had better write it," interrupted the Freiherr apprehensively. What a fool Peter was to send the fellow in without warning! "The young Freiherr is ill and I can settle nothing until he is about again."

"But this is nothing to do with the Freiherr or with the land," persisted Dietrich, the blood mounting to his brow.

Rothenfels had addressed him in German, but he deliberately replied in French. "Please consider me on my own merits. I am a singer and I have a good position—"

"What has this to do with me?" interrupted the other hastily, rising as he spoke.

"I fear I must inflict it on you," stammered Dietrich. He had meant to be quite fair and to tell all about the Munich debacle, but now it seemed quite impossible.

"Up to the present I have been under the wing of Von Trauber—the great musician-maker," he explained, but his companion's face did not light up as he expected. "And now I have quarrelled with him—at least I expect he will want to be done with me, because—"

"Really, I cannot make head or tail of this," expostulated Rothenfels testily. "Your private affairs are no concern of mine."

"But they *are*," said Dietrich, opening his eyes very wide and blushing

very much, "since I seek an alliance with your family."

"Seek an alliance," repeated the Freiherr stupidly. "What on earth can you mean?"

"I am come to request the honor of Mademoiselle Stasi's hand in marriage, Mademoiselle Anastasia," he corrected himself. The carefully prepared sentence was all muddled, and half of it forgotten, but at least the thing was out at last.

The Freiherr still stared at him in a dazed manner. Then he stiffened and a furious light came into his eyes.

"I do not think you can understand what you are saying," he cried. "Is this a joke? Do you intend to insult me?"

Dietrich's manner was perfectly respectful, but he did not give way an inch.

"I knew it would surprise you," he said naïvely, "so I tried first to tell you about my prospects."

"I think you have taken leave of your senses," returned the elder man—a most horrible suspicion crossing his mind. "May I ask if Mademoiselle von Rothenfels is aware—"

Rage choked him and he could not continue.

"Oh, no," said Dietrich hastily. "She has not the slightest idea. I thought it was right to come to you first."

Though profoundly agitated there was a kind of determination about him, which made the Freiherr's senses reel. He longed for the good old days, when his retainers would have flung the presumptuous one into the courtyard and turned loose the hounds.

"I am glad you have not had the impudence to approach my daughter," he exclaimed. "I wish you had a little more education that I might make you understand in some measure the enormity of your suggestion."

As Dietrich did not answer, he went on with a rising inflection. "You think, I suppose, that the temporarily embar-

rassed situation in which I find myself warrants you in—”

“Nothing of the sort,” interrupted Dietrich. “I am sorry that you take it like this. I have seen Mademoiselle Stasi only a few times—but I love her, *voilà!* And I want to marry her. As far as money goes, I could give her all the comforts she is accustomed to. As far as education goes, I daresay I am as good as another. As for birth, you know I have nothing to offer. Please wait a minute—I have almost done—”

He paused and then clenching his hands, faced the old man with a certain boyish dignity.

“I can well understand your feelings. It is indeed very unlikely that Mademoiselle Stasi will consider me for a moment. But believe me, if she refuses me, it will not be that she despises me—it will be that she knows she cannot love me.”

“Go,” said Rothenfels, through his teeth. “Every word you say is an additional humiliation.”

“But I have come all the way from London to offer myself,” intimated Dietrich, without moving.

“The humiliation,” went on the old man, raising his voice, “will naturally be more bitterly felt by my daughter, even than by myself. I presume it is to some childish condescension, misinterpreted by you, that we owe this insult?”

“But it isn’t an insult,” cried Dietrich, breaking into a laugh, as much to his own horror as to his opponent’s. “I assure you in the musical world I stand high, and in England I am received everywhere—I am flooded with invitations. It seems stupid to say it of myself, but honestly I don’t think Stasi’s position would suffer in the least from marrying me—only I am afraid she won’t look at me.”

“She certainly would not entertain the idea for a moment,” said Rothenfels very deliberately. “And I shall spare

her all knowledge of your presumption.”

There was a dead pause.

“Can I see her, please?” said Dietrich then.

The Count weighed the situation.

“If you have so little regard for her feelings that your monstrous vanity determines you to stay, I will ask her if she will see you,” he said at last. “Pray, sit down.”

His tone was such as might be used to an importunate creditor. He pulled the bell-rope as he spoke, then turning to his desk, scribbled a few words on a piece of paper, and went out folding the note into an envelope.

“Peter,” said the Freiherr, as he met the old servant in the passage, “where is Mademoiselle Stasi?”

“I have not seen her since early morning. She is packing for Monsieur Kurt, I believe.”

“Well, take her this, and bid her write an answer. Do not mention whom I have with me. These young people are too gullible and the tenants are as rapacious as vultures.”

Peter was much elated at his master’s unusual condescension.

“*Ei, ei!* It is well you are here,” he cried. “The villagers presume in your absence—they presume!”

He hobbled upstairs, trying the envelope with his thumbnail, but it was closely sealed. Stasi came out on the landing as she heard his step, and looked surprised at his demand for a written answer. As she read the note her face paled and she went into her own room. Her heart was thumping and her hand trembled. She had not seen her father since having a violent scene with him on the previous evening, and she felt frightened at the mysteriousness of the communication.

“My daughter,” wrote the Count, “after your assertions last night I fear it is useless for me to press any further upon you the desirability—almost the necessity of your marriage.

Your pretendant has presented himself in person quite unexpectedly, and as I am anxious to spare you the pain of an interview, should you persist in your feelings of aversion, I must ask you if you wish to see him or if you will leave his dismissal to me."

Without pausing to reflect, Stasi flew to her writing-case. Natural curiosity deplored that all opportunity of inspecting for herself the Herr Capitan von Freyling was denied her, but honor demanded that she should decline to see him. It was stupid of papa to arrange it like that, Stasi reflected, and irritation inspired a certain asperity in the tone of her note.

"Pray convey to the"—her pen faltered—was he a Captain or a Major? Her father did not quote the name in his missive, and Germans were so particular about their titles! She took a fresh sheet.

"Pray state that I am most sensible of the honor of the proposal, but I feel myself obliged to decline it conclusively. I feel persuaded that no happiness can arise from these mixed alliances, where taste, sentiments, manner of life and all are completely dissimilar. Please make my decision quite final, but state it in such terms as will not offend, as I am deeply sensible of the honor done me."

"Papa will have to dish that up nicely," she reflected, as she gave Peter her reply.

Rothenfels meanwhile was enduring a bad quarter of an hour. He had offered Sleifeld a cigar, but the young man refused it, and sat silent with clenched hands, his eyes fixed on the door. Rothenfels strained his ears, inwardly calling himself a fool for risking such a trap for Stasi. At any moment her feet might be heard flying down the passage. But as no sound broke the stillness he insensibly assumed an easier attitude, and a feeling of self-congratulation surged up within him.

After what seemed to Dietrich years

of suspense, old Peter came creaking back.

"I fear my daughter declines to see you, Mr. Sleifeld," said the Freiherr with ill-concealed satisfaction.

Dietrich shifted his position a little but made no reply. When the old servant had delivered his note and had withdrawn, he turned desperate, hunted eyes on Rothenfels.

The Freiherr looked up, measured the young man for a second, and then laid his hand on his shoulder with a certain studied kindness.

"Come, come! It was a dream. You must forget all about it," he declared briskly. "You are all poets, you artists, I suppose—one must not be hard upon you."

Dietrich stood up mechanically and searched his face with his honest blue eyes for one gleam of hope.

"What does she say?" he asked.

"As I thought, she—there, you can read it for yourself."

He thrust the note into Dietrich's hand and turned away towards the window, as though to spare his confusion. When he looked round again, he was startled at the change in the boy's face: it was quite drawn and aged.

"I thought she would have seen me," said Dietrich, then he tossed up his head. "Well, it is for another time."

He had apparently pocketed the note and paid no attention to the Freiherr's mute request for it.

"I must beg that you will not mention this to anyone," said Rothenfels earnestly. "It is very unpleasant for a young girl to be put to such an ordeal. The only compensation it is in your power to make is to keep this entirely to yourself and to go away at once."

"I am leaving the country to-day," returned the singer. Then his face lit up with its sudden, wide smile. "But you had better beware of me all the same," said Dietrich.

Working for a Purpose.

BY MOST REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D. D.

EVERY work of God serves a purpose. The primary purpose for which the Son of God consecrated bread and wine into His Body and Blood in the Supper was to acknowledge by sacrifice the sovereignty of His Father, which the rebel angel, Lucifer, had refused to acknowledge and had sought to set aside. He aimed, moreover, to establish on earth and confirm that sovereignty for evermore. The purpose of His coming into the world was to repair the ruins of the fall, and restore the Kingdom of God on earth. This was the work of which He said in the Supper, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do" (John, 17:4).

This work He was to accomplish by the sacrifice of Himself. Without the shedding of blood there was to be no remission of sin, no restoration of the Kingdom of God on earth. He could say that He had finished the work because He took measures in the Supper itself to perpetuate the sacrifice which He inaugurated there, and which, as the Apostle significantly puts it, was not merely to redeem but to "perfect forever them that are sanctified." The Action of His redeeming and regenerating sacrifice was accomplished; it remained that He should undergo the Passion and so consummate the sacrifice whereof the function was to be eternal.

The primary purpose of Our Lord's consecration of Himself in the Supper was twofold: (1) to offer Himself in sacrifice to the Father, (2) to perpetuate that offering. The first He declared when He said: "This is My Body which is given for you; This is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins." The second He declared when He added: "This do for a commemoration of Me."

No work of God can fail of its purpose. What sacrifice, then, is perpetuated when we do that which Our Lord did in the Supper and bade us continue in the Mass? The whole Catholic Church in East and West says it is the Sacrifice of Calvary. So it was the Sacrifice of Calvary that Our Lord made the ceremonial offering of in the Supper and bade us continue the ceremonial offering of in the Mass. If it was not, since the institution of Christ cannot fail of its purpose, the Church has failed to understand aright what His purpose was, and is in error on this point. Even apart from the promise of Christ to be with the pastors of His Church to the end of the world, is it not more likely that they are in error who say it was not the Sacrifice of Calvary He offered in the Supper?

It is needful to ring the changes on this thing. According to the various theories of the Mass that are current to-day, the Mass is not the continuation of the Sacrifice of Calvary but a sacrifice that is absolute in itself and relative to the Sacrifice of Calvary, constituted a sacrifice by a mystic or moral immolation of the Divine Victim, or as being a relative mode, or representative mode, or sacramental expression of the Sacrifice of Calvary. In none of these hypotheses—for such they are—is the Sacrifice of Calvary perpetuated in the Mass. An absolute thing relative to another thing is not the other thing. Nor is a relative mode, or representative mode, or sacramental expression of a thing the thing itself. But the Church says, and has been saying from the beginning in East and West, that "the identical Sacrifice of Calvary is continued in the Mass" (Pope Leo XIII.).

I should hate to have to bring the theories of the Mass that are current in our time into harmony with this. Pope Leo XIII. proclaims the teaching of the Church in these words:

"Long before Christ was born the sacrifices of the Old Law shadowed forth the Sacrifice of the Cross. After His ascension into Heaven that identical Sacrifice is continued in the Mass."—Encycl. "Caritatis Studium." July 25, 1898.

If a relative mode, or representative mode, or sacramental expression of the Sacrifice of Calvary, or an absolute sacrifice relative to the Sacrifice of Calvary is that identical Sacrifice, then the same thing can both be and not be at the same time. A mode or expression of a thing can at the same time be a mode or expression of the thing and that identical thing itself. A sacrifice can be absolute in itself though relative to another sacrifice and at the same time that other sacrifice. The only way out of this tangle is to have done with subtleties and believe with simple faith that Holy Mass is, not a mode of the Sacrifice of Calvary, nor yet a sacrifice relative to the Sacrifice of Calvary, but the Sacrifice of Calvary itself continued evermore by the offering of it upon our altars from the rising of the sun unto its going down.

The only difference between the Sacrifice of Calvary and the Mass is in the manner of offering, as the Council of Trent has declared. And the manner of offering (with or without ministers) no more affects the essence of the sacrifice than the manner of walking affects the essence of a man, or the manner of writing (with pen or pencil) affects the message.

Of course, there is a large element of truth in the theoretical explanations of the Mass mentioned above. But, in the way they are set before us, they are misleading. It is a sort of putting the cart before the horse. The Mass is, indeed, a sacrifice absolute in itself, and relative to the Sacrifice of Calvary. But the relation is one of identity, with a modal difference; such difference as

there is, for instance, between a boy and the same now grown to man's estate, or between an apple in the blossom stage and the same when it is ripe. The ripe fruit of the Sacrifice of Calvary is in the Mass.

The other theories stress this modal difference in such a way as to make us lose sight of the identity. Properly speaking, the Mass is not a relative mode of the Sacrifice of Calvary, but is the Sacrifice of Calvary itself with a modal difference. Again, the Mass is not simply a representation of the Sacrifice of Calvary. For, while the Sacrifice of Calvary is truly represented by the mystical immolation, it is as truly re-presented by the ceremonial offering of it on the altar. And this is what makes the Mass a sacrifice.

It may be granted, too, that the whole sacrifice is within the sacrament of the Eucharist; and in this way the Mass may be called the sacramental expression of the Sacrifice of Calvary. But this wasn't always true. It wasn't true in the Supper. The Victim was really present in the Supper, under the forms of bread and wine, and really offered, but had to await immolation on the Cross to become a complete sacrifice. The complete sacrifice wasn't in the Supper by itself, which was but the offering of it, nor on Calvary by itself, which was the bloody immolation. The complete sacrifice is in the Mass which combines Supper and Cross, and in which He who offered Himself in the Supper, mortal and passible, and died upon the Cross, now offers Himself, risen from the dead, glorious and immortal. Truly is Holy Mass our *Gloriosi Corporis Mysterium*.

Our Lord told His disciples in the Supper: "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am you also may be." His going was His dying. "His death," says St. Augustine, "was His going unto Him from Whom He had come and

from Whom He had not departed" (Tract 38 in Joannem). His death was His sacrifice, and He offered it in the Supper. This was the Sacrifice of our Redemption which was consummated on Calvary. Alone He had to tread that winepress. "Behold the hour cometh and is now come when you shall be scattered every man to his own, and you shall leave Me alone" (John, 16:32).

But this Sacrifice was to be continued to the end of time as the Sacrifice of our Sanctification. So, immediately after He had offered it in the Supper, He bade His disciples, "Do this for a commemoration of Me." He thus instituted the New Passover, as the Council of Trent declares, "Himself to be offered up under visible signs by the Church through the ministry of His priests." This is Holy Mass. It is especially of this continuation of the Sacrifice of the Cross that St. Paul says: "By One Oblation He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." It is the Sacrifice of our Sanctification, as Calvary is the Sacrifice of our Redemption. Yet it is one and the same sacrifice with that of Calvary as being the continuation of it. Through this is attained the object of the coming of the Son of God into the world and of His death on the Cross.

Finis primus in intentione ultimus est in executione, say the Schoolmen. The end that is first in intention is last in execution, last in being attained. Calvary, though the immediate objective in the Supper, was but a means to an end, and the means had first to be employed before the end could be achieved. So the offering that Our Lord made of Himself to the Father in the Supper was the offering of His death, of the means to the end, of the Sacrifice of our Redemption which was to be continued as the Sacrifice of our Sanctification.

The Eucharistic Sacrifice, or rather "the one sacrifice for sins," in its eucharistic or unbloody form, could not

attain its purpose until the Sacrifice of our Redemption prepared the way for it. In the nature of things, the offering of the Eucharistic Sacrifice had to await the completion of the Sacrifice of our Redemption. The captives had to be ransomed before they could be presented with the freedom of the City of God.

Holy Mass, or the Eucharistic Sacrifice, is the liturgical continuation of the Sacrifice of our Ransom. A thing must be before it can be continued. So Our Lord had to bring His sacrifice into being, which He did by Himself, alone, before continuing it by the ministry of His priests. He had to die before He could rise from the dead. And as it was His death by the shedding of His Blood that blotted out the handwriting of the decree that was against us, so it was His resurrection from the dead that gave us life and made us citizens of His Kingdom, co-heirs with Him of the Kingdom of His Father. *Qui mortem nostram moriendo destruxit, et vitam resurgendo reparavit*. This is what Holy Church sings triumphantly in the Mass of Easter Morn.—"Who by dying did away with our death and by rising from the dead gave us back the life that we had lost."

As, then, first things must be first, and the means to an end before the end, Our Lord in the Supper offered His death to redeem us, and in the Mass, by the ministry of His priests, offers not His death only but His resurrection from the dead and His triumphal ascension into Heaven to secure for us an entrance into the everlasting Kingdom of His Father.



It is a great thing to be a virgin, a great thing to be a mother; a greater thing to be both virgin and mother, greater still to be the Mother of God; but greatest of all is that Mary, when she was so exalted, should esteem herself as nothing.—*Venerable Bede*.

Coming Home.

BY MARIE MULLEIN.

THE branch will be in flower and the rose
upon its stem,
When the tides of Galway Bay strain towards
the shore;
For my heart is yearning ever and the
thoughts come surging fast,
Till my Kathleen enters at the old half-door.
The days have lonely seemed, Mavrone, and
the nights a dreary time,
Since you left the white-thatched home for
foreign land;
Sure my heart is pounding in my breast as
morn and noon I wait
Till your tiny skiff comes speeding up the strand.
Mavourneen, we shall count the days and
measure all the hours
That bear us near the fairy ways of June,
When the flash of joyful summer and the
sighing of the breeze
Bring the singing time and keep the heart
in tune.
How can I still the longing that is troubling
all my soul,
When I think of you upon the whitening foam!
Sure, the time seems long, Alanna, but Heaven
will come to earth
When I put my arms about you in our home!

A Radiant Morn.

BY ETTIE BURKE WIGGINS.

“HOLD tight to your crutches,
Hezekiah, my lad, lest you slip
on these rocks!” Aram admonished, as
his grasp tightened on the shoulder of
the young man whom he was assisting
down the hillside. “It is well that you
lie so near the Golden Gate if you must
go often to the hill up yonder. Why not
let me get permission for you to sit
under a shady mulberry tree in the
High Priest’s garden? It seems foolish
to me for you to climb these hills, when
there are no finer lawns nor more

beautiful flowers and fountains than
those that grace Caiaphas’ palace!”

“But don’t you understand, Aram? I
shrink from people and public places!
In the Garden of Gethsemane I am all
alone with the birds and flowers,” the
slender cripple answered.

“Seems to me you’re too much alone,
lad, it is bad for your mind! All winter
you have sat beside a little window
with nothing to see but a filthy, muddy
street, and nothing to hear except the
drumming of the rain on the roof and
the incessant clacking of the storks
that make their nests there.”

They had reached the causeway over
the brook Kidron. “See the pelican with
the fish in his bill!” Hezekiah cried.
“May we not stay here a little while
and watch him fish?”

“Sorry, my lad, but not to-day. I shall
be very busy making ready the Feast
of the Passover; and also I am trying to
get all of my friends to use their influ-
ence to secure the release to-morrow of
my cousin Barabbas; now Barabbas is
a bad man and a robber, and I do not
like him, but I cannot but think that
my having a kinsman in prison is the
reason your mother refuses to marry
me.”

The younger man, breathing heavily,
stopped to rest. “Please be patient with
my weakness, friend! The rainy season
that has kept me indoors has been very
long, and my muscles are soft; but
before the summer is over,” he boasted
pathetically, “I will be able to come to
my garden alone, you shall see!”

“I hope you will, my lad! Hezekiah,
can you not persuade your mother to
marry me, so I may make life easier for
you and her? I have loved her so long!”

The large, dark eyes of the boy filled
with tears; “Aram, I am sure that she
loves you too! The secret of her refusal
to wed you is solely because of me. She
is unwilling to inflict the burden of my
helplessness upon you!”

“Now, now! You must not speak of

yourself as helpless! The hardwood flutes you make and sell are fine, and the knowledge you have of the medicinal value of herbs and roots is nothing short of wonderful in so young a man. In fact, Hezekiah," he said heartily, "I would be very proud to have you for my son!" He put a friendly arm about the boy as they began the ascent of the Mount of Olives.

"Thank you, Aram; and now I will try to hurry so that you may return to your affairs. Who takes care of your table in the Temple and changes money during your absence?" he inquired.

"No one is keeping it this afternoon," Aram answered, his voice hardening. "Yesterday some men came into the Temple, led by one called Jesus of Nazareth, who carried a whip; He overturned all our tables and drove us out of the Temple, which Jesus said was His Father's house. He claims to be the promised Messiah!" Aram laughed bitterly. "Son of God, indeed! When our Messiah comes to redeem Israel from Roman tyranny, it will be in great pomp and splendor to a powerful throne, and not walking over dusty roads with a group of superstitious fishermen, claiming to perform miracles. We are going to petition the Governor to-day to have Him arrested and thrown into prison."

Hezekiah had stopped again. "Look, Aram! The mulberry, the palm and almond trees are all in bloom! Is it not a lovely sight? And see the bees coming and going out of the clefts of the rocks; soon we shall have new honey!"

"Very pretty!" Aram agreed. "But you pay a good price for the view by making the climb up here. Where will you and your mother celebrate the Pass-over Supper to-night?"

"Mother, as you know, is serving as handmaiden to the wife of Pontius Pilate during their sojourn here for the festival; she cannot come home to-night, but told me to eat with Benjamin and his family, but I did not promise. Aram,

Benjamin looks at me so coldly, as if I were to blame for being crippled, and I am sure he regrets that I am betrothed to his daughter. Judith and I love each other very dearly, but I know that I am no fit mate for her youth and beauty." He stopped to control his emotion. "If she desires it, I will release her from the betrothal covenant our parents entered into years ago, so she may wed some one more worthy of her."

"Do nothing of the kind!" his friend admonished heatedly, "persuade your mother to wed me, then I will take you to physicians who can put new life into those feet of yours!"

"Nay, friend, it is of no use to hope!" the boy answered sadly; "mother spent her living consulting physicians and healers about me, and they all say the same thing, that I can never walk again. You know an angel troubles the waters in the pool of Bethsaida near the Sheep Gate each year, and whosoever enters the pool first thereafter is healed of any infirmity. Mother took me there once, but so many were ahead of me, and there was so much confusion and crowding it made me ill, so we did not go again."

"Now, my lad, you must not think of sad things in this glorious sunshine. Let me carry your coat; you really need not have brought it this afternoon the sun is so hot, though our nights are still cold."

"Aram, aren't the scarlet blossoms on that pomegranate bush lovely? I like the red-brown fruit when it ripens in the autumn too, it is so pulpy and sweet; you have tasted mother's pomegranate wine, haven't you? Look at the leaves, so green with silver linings, they look like lances. I wish I were a soldier and carried a shining, silver lance!" he said wistfully. He grew more excited as they climbed higher. "The lilies are beginning to bloom! I am sure, Aram, the fine garden at the palace has no such collection of lilies as mine has!"

"Yours?" teased Aram, "why, I

thought these lilies were wild. Well, I hope you will enjoy the afternoon with your birds and flowers, lad; I will come for you early so you may eat the Pass-over with your sweetheart."

"You are so good, friend! I thank you for coming with me; I could never have gotten up here by myself!" Hezekiah said gratefully as they reached the summit of the mount.

When he was alone, he lay down under a myrtle tree with his coat for a pillow; he was more fatigued than his friend had suspected. Just no good, he thought wearily, no good for anything in the world, a burden and a care to a loving mother. Thank God, summer is here and he could have four months in this wonderful place without fear of rainstorms.

He broke off a stalk of saffron growing beside him and idly examined it. Here in this prolific weed was embodied dye, medicine, perfume and even seasoning for food; he loved its bitter-sweet aroma. Oh, that he might run about and gather arm loads of it for a laboratory of his own! No one could know the agony of mind he suffered, sitting helplessly by, while his dear mother in order to support him toiled in the home of a hated Roman. Life, like the saffron plant, held both sweet and bitter, but alas, his lot had been to receive mostly the bitter! The mournful cooing of a turtle dove nearby seemed to fit in with his mood.

This retrospection would never do! He got to his feet painfully, and with the aid of his crutches, made his way eastward over familiar ground, until he reached a sort of wall of rock, formed probably at some time in the earth's history by a volcanic disturbance. He used to climb upon it to view the valley below. A rabbit ran at his approach; lucky fellow! four good feet to carry it away from danger. He too had once run about this place, joyously and thoughtlessly, never once thanking God for feet!

Hearing voices, he looked downward and saw coming across the glade a party of ten or twelve men. He wondered idly where they were going together and why they were in the Garden of Gethsemane at this hour of the day. A clear voice came up to him: "These things I have spoken to you, that in me you may have peace. In the world you shall have distress; but have confidence, I have overcome the world."

Never had any voice carried to the boy the thrill that the cadences of this voice did. He strained his body in order to secure a view of the speaker as the party halted to rest beneath a tree not far below him. The face was radiant with some inner light. He could not have said whether it belonged to a Jew or Gentile, to a tall or short person, or to one dark or fair; he only knew that it was the most beautiful countenance upon which he had ever gazed, not only in contour and coloring, but gloriously beautiful with some inner flame of soul and spirit. No face had ever attracted him so much, nor had any voice ever thrilled him to the depths of his being as did this voice.

A small man on the outskirts of the group asked with a sneer, "Where is our brother Judas at this hour, think you?" To which another replied with a sarcastic laugh, "Perhaps a parcel of ground is for sale in the city and he would buy it to feather his nest; has he not the bag containing our money?"

"Master," saith another, "whither wilt Thou that we go and prepare for Thee to eat the pasch?"

"Go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man carrying a pitcher of water, follow him. And wheresoever he shall go in, say to the master of the house, the Master saith, where is my refectory where I may eat the pasch with my disciples? And he will show you a large dining-room furnished; and there prepare ye for us."

Hezekiah had held his breath during

this conversation. So these were the men who had overthrown Aram's table and driven the money-changers from the Temple. They walked away down the grassy slope, and when he could no longer hear their voices, he noticed that Jesus, who had remained behind, had fallen upon His knees. The boy felt embarrassed, but could not move without making a noise, so sat rigidly, his fascinated gaze upon the prostrate figure. The hands were clasped on the rock before Him, the veins standing out like whiplashes. What could He be praying about that caused Him such anguish that even the white robe He wore was soon drenched with sweat! Hezekiah rubbed his eyes, then strained them to look again. Surely he had seen a bright angel with great wings hovering over the recumbent figure. Yes! There it was, as plain as day! Yet he could distinctly see right through it the verdant hillside beyond! He shook himself, this hot sun was making him light headed!

After He had finished praying, Jesus sat for long moments with drooping shoulders, as if in a deep reverie, then arose and slowly went down the path His disciples had taken.

The lad scrambled awkwardly from his rocky seat to the ground, trembling in body, shaken and stirred in soul as he had never been before in his life. Suppose this was indeed a prophet of God! Could it be possible that the promised Messiah had come in a totally unexpected manner? What caused his spine to prickle at that voice? What caused his heart to pound and his whole being to thrill at the sight of the Man? For a long while he sat in the shade pondering the scene he had witnessed. Then remembering that he had eaten nothing since early morning, he opened a packet containing brown bread and cheese, dried figs and little coriander cakes. In Pilate's magnificent halls his mother would eat a sumptuous meal; savory dishes of meats and vegetables

with white bread and rare wines. When the festival was over, the family of Pontius Pilate would, no doubt, return to the official residence at Cæsarea, and the boy felt that he would be glad, even though it meant his mother's being without work; far better that she eat cakes of bitter cracknels and drink water from goat-skin bottles than be a servant in the household of this offensive and cruel procurator.

A little field mouse, seeking crumbs, came up to him unafraid, and a lapwing with a gorgeous crest of highly colored feathers sat on a nearby branch, snapping its long, thin beak. Partridges called to each other within a stone's throw of him. How good it was to be here! Before Aram returned he would like to go down to the other end of the garden where there was a plot of ground owned by a member of the Sanhedrin. The last time he had visited that part of the garden before winter set in, he had met and talked with the owner, one Joseph of Arimathæa, who told him he planned to enlarge a cave in the rocky hillside and make a fine sepulchre there.

Hezekiah wondered if the work had been finished, and turned his steps in that direction. When he reached the spot, he saw that not only had a very elaborate tomb been completed, but a wide space in front of it had been cleared and planted with thousands of lily bulbs, some of which were opening. He must come again in a few days and see them, it would be a beautiful sight. He stooped and looked in the door; the tomb had been enlarged sufficiently to take care of a number of bodies, yet only one wide ledge had been made; evidently, he thought, Joseph had no family and the tomb was intended for him alone. A great, flat rock had been hewn into a wheel shape and placed in a groove so it could be more easily rolled over the opening when needed. How dark it would be in there when the

stone covered the doorway! Death was so terrible and the sepulchre so lonely! He shuddered violently as he hurried away. The tomb brought back to him more vividly his sorrow at losing his father.

He sat down beside a juniper tree to await Aram, the sun was low and the chill of night coming on; he put on his sheepskin coat and hoped his friend might hurry, he could not endure much exposure. A nightingale trilled a wonderful song in a nearby fig tree, but he was too restless to enjoy it; why didn't Aram come? Suppose he forgot to come at all! His mother thought he was with Judith, and Judith thought perhaps that he did not care to come to supper, so no one would miss him; he dared not go down the hill unaided. It was terrible to be such a weakling; soon he would be wet with the dew, perhaps he had better go across the garden to the pile of rocks and see if he could not find a place where he would be sheltered from the cold night wind. He found there a dry, leaf-strewn hollow under a jutting rock; he would stay here until Aram called him.

The hours passed and he awakened from a doze. Did he hear a voice, the voice which had so thrilled him earlier in the afternoon? He again climbed upon the rocks, and in the moonlight saw Jesus again in the attitude of prayer. This time the prayer was uttered aloud, and the lad was shaken with pity and yearning as he heard the cry of "Abba, Father!" so fraught with humility and pleadings. "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me!" What could the agonizing plea mean? He drank from no visible cup, yet over and over he made this frantic appeal to his unseen Father. "Father, all things are possible to thee; remove this chalice from me; but not what I will, but what thou wilt." Again the lad saw the shining wings poised above the prostrate figure.

Finally, with a long sigh of unutterable sadness and resignation, Jesus said, "My Father, if this chalice may not pass away but I must drink of it, thy will be done," and rising, he made his way about a stone's cast from where he had prayed, to three men sleeping beside a tree, and arousing them said, "Rise, let us go, behold he is at hand that will betray me." Even as he spoke there came into view down the glade a multitude of men, bearing sticks and staves. One of their number rushed forward, crying "Hail, Rabbi!" and kissed Jesus upon the cheek, as others seized him. There followed a great confusion of voices, shouting maledictions, and torches waved redly as they were carried back and forth.

Jesus had evidently been arrested, even as Aram had hoped! Hezekiah's heart pounded until it seemed it must suffocate him; he sat stupidly watching the tumultuous throng as it made its way down the glade and then out of sight. He looked at the heavens, it was probably near midnight. Aram had evidently forgotten to come for him. Hearing conversation, he saw that two men remained below. As they started away he called wildly to them for help, waving his crutch in the moonlight. They climbed the rocks to him, and he told of his plight, and was glad when they said they were going into the city and would take him home.

On the way they told him that they were disciples of Jesus; one of the twelve had been a devil and betrayed Him into the hands of His enemies, who had arrested Him and were now taking Him before Pilate; they, themselves, were perplexed about what course to pursue: if they acknowledged being His followers, they too would be thrown into prison, and the work He had begun would die.

To the boy's eager questionings they told eagerly of Jesus' birth, according to the Scriptures; of the star that led

the Wise Men to Him, of the marvelous miracles they had seen Him perform since they had been going about with Him on His journeys; how the Jews, jealous of His claim to kingship, had persecuted Him and driven Him from city to city, and now they would throw Him into prison and try Him before the Sanhedrin.

Judith's knock upon the door late the next morning awakened the boy who had slept exhausted. When he joined her in the sunshine he explained the events of the night before. Aram had evidently forgotten him.

"It is no wonder that Aram forgot you!" Judith exclaimed, "the whole city is in an uproar since they arrested Jesus last night. He claims to be king of the Jews, while, you know, they have no king but Cæsar; He says He is the promised Messiah, and has been preaching it openly in the Temple. He was arrested last night and brought before Pilate for trial; Pilate has sent Him to Herod, and between the two it seems He has been sentenced to die by crucifixion to-day. My father says the procession on the way to Calvary's hill will pass through the gate yonder about the sixth hour, that is why I came for you; let us hasten that we may see it."

"Oh, Judith, it fills me with horror! They are making a terrible mistake in condemning Him to death!" Hezekiah cried in distress. He is divine, I am sure of it! If not the promised Messiah, at least one of God's great prophets. Never has man spoken as He speaks! Wait until you see Him and you will know I am right—He looks like He was divine! His disciples brought me home last night; and if He is able to do what they say He has done, then He is indeed the Son of God." They sat upon a stone bench beside the gateway to the city, and he told her about the prayer in the garden and how it had affected him.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Story of the Old Tree.

Krummacher has a pleasant little legend of Zaccheus, who found Christ by getting into a sycamore-tree. Krummacher says that in his old age Zaccheus still dwelt in Jericho, humble and pious before God and man. Every morning at sunrise he would go out to the fields for a walk. After these walks he always came back with a quiet, happy mind, to begin his day's work. His wife noticed his unvarying habit, and became curious to know where he went and what he did. One day she secretly followed him. He went straight to that tree from which he first saw the Lord. Hiding herself from his view, she watched him. He took a pitcher and poured water upon the roots of the tree, which were getting dry in the sultry heat. Then he pulled up a few weeds he found growing there. After this, he looked up long and lovingly at the branches, where he had sat that blessed day, when he first saw Jesus. At last, with a patient, grateful smile upon his face, he returned to his home.

Is there no suggestion in this for members of the church? Was it not in the church that you first saw Christ? Is not the place sacred to your heart? Should you not do for your church what Zaccheus did for his tree? Should you not daily water its roots by your prayers and tears and toils? Should you not seek to keep the weeds away from about it, at least so far as your own life is concerned? Should you not do all you can in some way to cherish it and make it prosperous, a place of blessing to many more, as it has been to you? Your labor will not be in vain in the Lord.—*Miller.*

WE ought always to consider others as our superiors, and to yield to them, even though they be our inferiors, by offering them every kind of respect and service.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Contemporary Prophets.

BY P. J. C.

SOME time ago one man said to another, "I could have told you a year ago about the collapse this summer of Brown's big enterprise." "Very good," Other Man answered; "now tell me what will happen to the enterprise before next summer."

Had one kept a scrapbook for all the prophecies announced with a blare of trumpets during the past twenty-five years, how prophetic heads would suffer shrinkage, how the mouths of seers and wise men would be stuffed with dust!

It was announced boldly during the World War that this titanic conflict would be the last war to impoverish the earth. Henceforth men would no more go out in the mad adventure of slaying one another for the sake of adding some acres of earth to an empire. There have been a number of wars since. And a casual reading of the daily press shows that tribal hostilities still subsist. Nor will it cause profound surprise if any morning we witness the beginning of yet another conflict.

It was positively asserted during the early twenties that wages would never go back to where they were before this World War. Economic conditions would not permit recession or retreat. The workingman would not endure a "cut." The "cuts," however, have been deep and frequent during the past few years, and the workers have had to accept them or go idle. The no-wage-cut prophets have been found false, as the worker discovers to his sorrow.

The bold announcement made over and over again that the standard of living maintained here in America from 1918 to, say, 1926, would continue without recession. Every family must own a car, a piano, a victrola, a radio, an up-to-date home. "Movie shows," some weeks at a summer resort, the latest

and best in clothes, the richest in foods entered into the picture of the American "standard." It is no secret any longer that to-day this "standard" is not maintained. It cannot be maintained. The up-to-date home is mortgaged in many cases, the "movie show" visits are infrequent, and people who are fortunate enough not to be in bread-lines scrutinize the butcher's and the baker's bill. The prophets of an everlastingly prosperous America find their words flung away with those dusty, foolish things that people wish to forget.

And the political prophets. One cannot enumerate—nor would it be worth while if one could—the golden visions presented by campaign orators in the event that the favored party comes into power; the disasters to the republic should the voters write X before the names of the opposition. Witness all the forecasters on elections; the columns of shrewd prophecy—the result of keen observation, long reflection and certain information from the "inside"! In ever so many cases one recalls, the castles of conjecture were demolished by subsequent facts.

One thinks—one must think—of the great army of prophets in our educational system. What a millennium is promised us when our boys and girls are full grown and in full bloom educationally! Well, schools and colleges are filled with our growing and "blowing" boys and girls. They "finish high" and receive college degrees. Are we getting any nearer the ideal of perfection in culture, morals, religious outlook, promised by our educational seers, as a result of these educational opportunities? You are an optimist plus, if you think so.

But perhaps we take our prophets too seriously. They may consider their forecasting merely a pastime—as when we guess the speed of a racehorse or the score of a baseball game. In that event it is hardly worth while keeping the scrapbook for the sake of establishing a check.

Notes and Remarks.

Many outside of the Church are not interested in her simply because they have not got close enough to see what she has to offer. The *Record* of Louisville, Kentucky, tells us that some years ago Colonel John Henry Wigmore, Dean of Law at Northwestern University, became acquainted with the life of St. Ives, the patron saint of attorneys, who was canonized by Clement VI. in 1347. Colonel Wigmore, although not a Catholic, developed an interest in this brilliant priest-lawyer who so long ago devoted his life to offering legal assistance to the poor and afflicted. A few months ago the distinguished Dean of Northwestern made a pilgrimage to Brittany, the home of St. Ives; and recently, in the *American Bar Journal*, he presented the Medieval saint as one who set up a standard of nobility for the legal profession to imitate.

Thousands of Catholics in recent times have been in the habit of having their new automobiles blessed as soon as they received them from the factory, and while the custom is a laudable one, because all our material gifts come from God and should be placed under His special protection at once, it should be remembered, nevertheless, that this blessing is not a guarantee of safety in spite of wreckless driving, any more than the blessing of the throats is a protection against sickness when one rashly exposes himself to the inclemency of the weather. When we ask God to protect us from any kind of danger it is assumed that as reasonable beings we shall do all in our power to avoid such danger ourselves, otherwise we would be expecting God to work a miracle in our behalf, which would be presumption on our part. The Catholic who does not receive holy ashes at the beginning of Lent, nor palm on Palm

Sunday; who has not within his reach some holy water; who carries no scapular medal nor rosary, and who is even lax about attending Mass and receiving the sacraments, but who is scrupulously careful to have his auto blessed, has a mistaken idea of values, and should try to get right on the subject. Essentials should be looked to in every case before non-essentials, and those things that are closely connected with our everyday life should be considered before things that have little bearing on our daily actions. It is quite possible for people to become superstitious if this order is not followed.

Protestant ministers have very often been discouraged at seeing the Catholic churches around them filled several times on Sunday morning, while they were unable to gather enough of their parishioners together to make a respectable showing at one service. John F. Moore in his book entitled "Will America Become Catholic" has this explanation to offer regarding the matter: "It has often been noted that Roman churches are filled on Sunday morning whereas Protestant churches are sometimes ill attended. For this contrast there is, however, a reason. The Catholics concentrate their strength over a wide area in a single church. Protestantism is diversified and that same area may be served by many churches." It is true, no doubt, that in a given area there are usually more Protestant churches than Catholic, but it is also true that a much larger percentage of Catholics attend services. For the Catholic it is a mortal sin to miss Mass on Sunday. The Third Commandment means for him that he must give God one day in every seven, and the Church has determined how that day must be spent: by abstaining from servile work and by hearing Mass. The Catholic who stays away from Mass through his own fault is guilty of serious sin, and if he

continues the practice he is no longer looked upon as a member of the Catholic Church. With Protestants it is quite different. There is apparently no penalty attached to missing services, and a Protestant feels that any small reason excuses him from attending. Many of the Protestant churches are closed during the summer months while the pastor is on vacation; although the devil is as hard at work during those months as at any other time, and God does not take a vacation and leave man to shift for himself. How can services be looked on seriously by the congregation when the minister can neglect them for two or three months at a time?



The presidential campaign is over. And what we have to note about Mr. Alfred E. Smith's attack on religious bigotry in his Newark, N. J., speech, will not occasion political commotion at the moment. Mr. Smith laid his defeat for the presidency in 1928 not to his "wetness," but to his Catholicity. And presently Protestant ministers and Republican politicians shouted across the country that Mr. Smith was renewing the so-called "religious issue." Mr. Smith was not, as anybody may see no matter how near or how far sighted. Mr. Smith was recalling the "issue" of the "religious issue." You do not say a man is a thief if he declares that he was robbed. Mr. Smith was telling the country that in 1928 he was voted out of the presidency because of his Faith. And then all those who were panicky to divert attention from themselves cried, "thief, thief!"



Pope Pius XI. has come out in strong language against the caricature and profanity of much present-day religious art. His condemnation was pronounced at the opening of the new picture gallery in Vatican City. The Pontiff was grieved because "false art can be found in many churches which house God and

prayer;" and he declared that bishops are responsible for seeing that certain criteria be followed in all religious art introduced into the churches of their dioceses. The purpose of a religious statue or painting is to edify and to exalt; to elicit from us admiration for what is beautiful, pity and a spirit of penance for what is affecting, devotion for what lifts our souls heavenward. Certain nude pictures are proclaimed beautiful. But the beauty of the nude human body is such beauty as appeals to the stock fancier, plus an often sinful response. Art ought to bestow upon the people the benediction of peace, admiration, prayer, holy thoughts, heart uplift. A person is not made holy gazing at nudity in fact or in picture. Neither does one like to watch a tiger tearing a martyr into fragments at a "Roman Holiday"—in fact or in picture.



While the Protestant churches in the United States are becoming more lax every day regarding divorce and re-marriage, having seemingly lost all sense of the sacredness of a union that protects family life, the United Church of Canada, we are glad to note, is frightened by the looseness of the marital bond in this country, and is endeavoring to discourage its ministers from re-marrying those of its communion who have taken advantage of our laws to procure a divorce. The General Council recently assembled in Hamilton, Ontario, went on record as being opposed to the re-marriage of anyone "during the lifetime of a partner in a previous union," and the *Toronto Globe* expresses the opinion that Canada is in some peril from conditions existing in the United States:

The Dominion lies along a 3000-mile boundary line, beyond which marriages are made and unmade with a speed that frequently makes a joke of a most serious matter.

Families are broken with the greatest ease, and one man may be the father of several

groups of children and the ex-husband of several women who are remarried to other men. Family life under such conditions cannot retain the purity and wholesomeness it should possess.

Worst of all, many Canadians go to the United States for a few weeks and take advantage of the simple proceedings necessary for the dissolution of marriage.

The Christian Church has not only an opportunity but a duty to safeguard and strengthen the sacred bonds of marriage. The ministers of any branch of the Church should feel this responsibility, and the General Council of the United Church deserves congratulations for its heartening declaration.

Some time ago four political leaders petitioned Rodriguez, president of Mexico, for permission to seize the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe—the only church in Tia Juana—to revamp it into a post office. The president, who is oblique, succumbed to the church plunderers, and Tia Juana is now without a place of worship. It made no difference to the political bandits that the church was completed only a short while ago as a result of the contributions of the Catholic people in and around the village; nor did this fact stay the Mexican Government from forbidding all Catholic worship therein shortly after the building was completed. The Mexican Government, like the Spanish and Russian Governments, is in the brave adventure of nailing up church doors; also of making more money available for the buccaneers who man Mexico's ship of State. Señora Catalina Rodriguez, sister of the president, sent him this stirring telegram of protest above her own name:

"The possibility that we are to be deprived of the practice of our religion in our own church is filled with bitterness. The Catholics of Mexico hoped to see instituted by Your Excellency a government that would bring to the people happiness and not pain. And in this

hope we lift up to you our earnest supplication that you rescind whatever order you have given to rob us of our temple of worship, our only refuge in our present tribulation."

A telegram like that should touch the heart of any brother—or even a step-brother. Rodriguez is oblique, however. And those political wolves are howling for their post office.

It is reported of Premier Mussolini that he dedicated, while visiting the city of Turin, the Little House of Divine Providence, an institution which houses 6000 orphan children suffering from various diseases. Il Duce remained two hours, and was deeply interested with what he saw and heard. Later he examined the construction work of the new exhibition palace and found that the plans called for a tower which would surpass in height that of the principal spire of the Catholic Cathedral. He ordered the tower plans modified so as to keep its height less than that of the Cathedral tower. The divine, Il Duce declared, must not be surpassed by the human. Cynics will assert that this is Mussolini word-pose for the sake of dramatic effect. Perhaps. Only it is dramatic effect established on the reality of reverence.

Next year will mark the first centenary of the Oxford Movement in England. Newman circles and other organizations of Catholic students in colleges and universities will celebrate the great event fittingly. The inception of the movement makes an interesting chapter in the history of religious growth. On July 14, 1833, John Keble, alumnus of Oriel College and professor of poetry at Oxford, delivered a lecture before the faculty and students of Oxford on the subject "National Apostasy." The most compelling thought of the discourse was the apathy toward spiritual growth, and the consequent spirit of worldliness

in the Anglican church. In the audience was John Henry Newman, vicar of the Protestant church, St. Mary's, Oxford. Of that day and of that discourse Newman was to write later: "I have always considered that day as the beginning of the religious movement of 1833." Not so long after, Newman became the leader and exponent of the advance toward Catholicism; later he entered the Catholic Church, was ordained priest, created Cardinal, and died August 11, 1890. Lord Rosebery, of Newman's generation, has left us this picture of the leading literary light and churchman as he lay in death.

"Looking upon his profile from the right side, one saw only a large nose and a chin that made one feel that he was looking upon the countenance of St. Dominic. From the left side there was a much softer appearance, with that amiable angle of the mouth that was lacking in the view obtained from the right side. The body, so fragile and thin, ceased to resemble an earthly framework."

The Oxford Movement Centenary should mean a revival of interest in the great figure who "shook religious England," as one writer phrases it, when he found and followed the road to Rome.

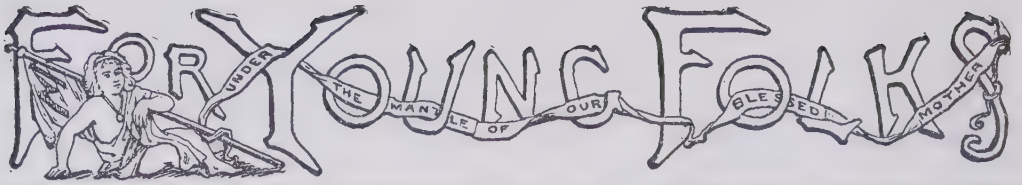
Green might be anybody—like Jones or Brown. Green of St. Mary Magdalen's, Brighton, England, is not anybody by any means. This Green—whose first name is not, but should have been given—is 90 years of age and walks every Sunday two miles of a road to open St. Mary Magdalen's Church for services. It may rain, it may shine; it may be "nice," as we say here, or "nasty" as they say there. Be it what it may, Mr. Green, at 90, walks his two miles to open the two church doors. He attends four Masses, shows people to their pews, and helps to take up four collections. And Mr. Green has been doing all this for 67 years. Mr. John D.

Rockefeller at 93 or so, plays a few rounds of golf, and has a doctor to keep count on his heart beats. Mr. Green, at 90, walks his two miles, opens his two church doors, shows people to their pews, hears his four Masses, takes up his four collections, and then goes home for himself. When you read the Associated Press and the Ministerial Associations calling out Mr. Rockefeller as a shining light to our youth, think of Mr. Green, 90, who does his two miles, opens his two doors, hears his four Masses, takes up his four collections. He has no doctor to check on his heart misses. The Associated Press does not pursue him around the golf links. Ministerial Associations do not point him out to our youth as the north star.

"What," you will ask, "is the purpose of all this writing?" Mr. Green is the purpose—if you must worm it out of us.



Margy, a wee girl in Cleveland, Ohio, was badly in need of a serviceable coat against those harsh days which are all set to leap out like biting dogs from the lap of winter. And so this little Miss set out for the clothes' bureau of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, East Twelfth Street, Cleveland. There she told Miss Emma Back, employee of the Bureau, just what she wanted and why. Miss Back took time out to look along this, that and the other clothes rack, and finally found just what Margy wanted. And Margy went away very, very happy indeed. No, dearest reader, this is not a short tale for children. It is a tale for adults who have clothes, shoes, hats, and so on, which are no longer in active service. There is a charitable distribution center in your town, perhaps; and if not, be your own distribution center. Put such wearing effects as are considered on the pension list out into new service. In that way you will help the poor who are God's children—brothers and sisters of us all.



Tell the Truth.

BY FRANCES WISHEART.

TELL the truth whate'er befall you,
Let no shame or fear appall you;
Better pain than have men call you
Story-teller bold or sly;
Though in fibs your playmates revel,
Let your words with facts be level;
"Tell the truth and shame the devil,"—
Men and angels scorn a lie.

Own your deeds, no fault suppressing;
Peace will come with the confessing;
Candor wins a constant blessing
E'en from those who must chastise.
Sorrow waits on all deceiving,
Falsehood ever ends in grieving;
Shameful futures are they weaving
Who pollute their souls with lies.

What the Waves Said to Bobbie.

BY HELEN M. FRITH.

BOBBIE rolled about in his bed, as restless as the waves whose surging could be so plainly heard to-night at the beach cottage. They pounded like some great hammer: "Thump-bump, ker-chunk, chunky-chunk!"

Why couldn't they let him alone? Why did they have to thump so, just because the ocean held his secret in its breast? It wasn't as if he had thrown that hammer into it purposely. A fellow who wasn't used to the water was apt to get scared at its capers sometimes. The point was: ought he to confess the matter to daddy before the tool should be missed? It was needed nearly every day, either at the beach in keeping their playthings in repair or at home about the cottage.

Ever since his parents had brought him and cousin Ned for a vacation at the seaside, the waves had lulled Bobbie to sleep each night. Always—or nearly always—they had said the same thing and in the same way: "Sleep-sleep, sweet-sleep, sleepety-sleep!" There had been only one night when their message was a little muffled. That was the time when his mother had sent him to bed early for (Oh, well—never mind) forgetting and doing something or other she had told him not to do. But that was a different story.

He had often wondered if others noticed how the waves talked, but he had been a little backward about asking. To-night they simply wouldn't say the usual nice things. Instead, they seemed to pound and hammer as though they were disturbed about something. The disturbance was in Bobbie's breast, but just then he blamed it all on the waves, as he recalled events of the past few hours.

As usual, mamma had left the beach a little early that afternoon, and daddy and the boys had stayed for a final frolic along the strand, where one could have nearly as much fun as in the water.

Shortly after mamma went home, daddy had thought of something he wanted her to cook for dinner. Without stopping to put on his beach robe, he quickly reached in its pocket for his purse, and hurried to a nearby shop in his bathing suit. He turned and called to the boys to stay on the shore, and on no account go into the water, as the tide was due any time now.

Bobbie looked after his father. What a fine daddy he was! There lay his beach robe in their care. Why, he had even more claim to it than his cousin,

though Ned *was* a bit older. He lifted it proudly. My! what made it so heavy? He felt in a pocket. Oh, yes, the big hammer, of course. Daddy had been using it to repair their surf boards for riding the waves.

Ned was playing Indian and marching up and down with his own beach robe, oddly draped about him, and a sea gull's tail feather stuck behind one ear.

"Huh!" called Bobbie, wrapping about him his father's gaily colored robe which trailed in the sand. He held up the hammer for a tomahawk, as he boasted: "Here comes Chief Red Robe himself."

"Well, here's Chief Big Feather," Ned came back at him. Soon they were dancing wildly about, ki-yi-ing and making whoopee to their heart's content.

"My people are the bravest of all the tribes," bragged Chief Red Robe.

"Not so," replied Chief Big Feather, drawing himself up to his full height. "Many times have my people done brave deeds. And they can beat all others in the race."

Chief Red Robe swallowed hard. His cousin Ned always outdid him a bit in a race.

"My people run even faster than the waves," he answered. Shedding the robe, but still holding the hammer aloft, he dashed into the water to prove his boast.

Before he knew it, he was farther from the shore than he had intended going. Oh, how big the waves had grown! How quickly they came! Bobbie was frightened. The biggest one of all was coming right at him. He dropped the hammer, and ran like a real Indian for the shore.

Ned was so glad to see him on land that he didn't notice the absence of the "tomahawk." Somehow, after this escape from real danger, they had not cared to play at taking chances with warlike Indian braves any longer. Bob-

bie carefully picked up his father's robe, while Ned gathered their other belongings, and they went home.

Father was a bit surprised. "Well, boys, this is strange. Hungry, eh? But I guess we've had a day of it, anyway." Mamma got dinner in a jiffy for her three "men," after which daddy helped her with the dishes.

Bedtime came none too soon for the two weary lads, but they remembered to say their prayers, with mamma kneeling beside them. When they came to the part about thanking God for guarding them from danger all the day, a lump rose in Bobbie's throat. As mamma tucked them in for the night and kissed each of them, he put his arms about her neck, and gave her a bigger hug than usual. But as soon as she left, he began to wonder what daddy would say when he couldn't find the hammer. Very likely he would think he had left it somewhere himself. It was then that the waves began their jumble of scolding sounds—their "chunkety-chunk." Nothing nice and restful like their usual "sleepety-sleep."

Bobbie would have liked to talk the matter over with his cousin, but Ned had been asleep this long while. Funny thing about Ned. He never seemed to get into trouble, though he was such heaps of fun to have along. That was why Aunt Fanny had let him come. Daddy had said it would be so nice for both the boys.

That was just like daddy—always thinking of others. Oh, dear! oh, dear! He had not played fair with daddy. What fine times he had shown the boys, too! When they had been afraid of the water, he had held their hands and shown them how to jump the tiny waves that would come rolling toward them every few moments. Each morning early, before the throngs of people gathered, he took them to a point where the water wasn't very deep, to teach them to swim. But later on in the

day, the big waves would come surging toward the land as though they were trying to catch little boys. This was when the tide came in, and at such times, daddy joined the boys in their games on the strand. There were few daddies like his.

There was that pounding again! "Thump-bump, ker-chunk, chunkety-chunk!"

Bobbie sprang from his bed, and rushed out to the living room, where his father and mother sat reading.

"Why, what?" began mamma, at sight of her little boy's troubled face.

The lad went straight to the point with his father: "Daddy, I lost the hammer to-day—threw it into the water when I was scared, but I'll save my money to buy a new one."

Daddy looked up in surprise; then he laid down his paper. "Come, tell me all about it, son."

"I—it was Chief Red Robe that did it. He made me run into the water. We were playing Indian—and I—and *he* had to have a tomahawk. He didn't mean to go very far. He was showing Chief Big Feather how he could run." Here his voice broke, as he cast aside all pretense. "Honestly, daddy, it all happened before I knew it, and when the big waves came at me, I just threw the hammer and ran."

Mamma looked up frightened, and daddy's face paled, as he exclaimed: "Who cares for the old hammer! I've got my little boy."

He opened his arms, and Bobbie rushed into them. Mamma had begun to cry, so daddy drew her to his breast, too.

"I'll never, never forget to mind again," promised Bobbie.

"I trust not," answered daddy. "But it makes me happy to have you tell us all about it. Perhaps we may find the hammer when we go to swim in the morning. I doubt if the tide carries it away. If it is there,—I should have

guessed something of this, anyway. But how much better that you should tell us like the upstanding little man you are."

They talked for some time before the parents could allow their little boy to leave, even for his bed.

When, at last, he lay listening to the waves again, they said once more: "Sleep-sleep, sweet-sleep, sleep-ety-sleep."

Sure enough, next morning where the big waves had swept the sandy beach, the heavy hammer lay glistening in the first rays of the sun. The boys made a dash toward it, but somehow Bobbie reached it first.

"My! One couldn't miss it. I could see it shining, first thing!" he exclaimed happily.

"Yes," said daddy, clasping the small hand that held the hammer, "it shone as brightly as the Armor of Truth."



Adventures of a Little Swiss Weather House.

BY ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

THE little Swiss Weather House is a weather prophet, and as such it is kept on a little shelf near a window of my sun parlor. The little house is very pretty, with its slanting green roof sporting a red chimney, and a bird house. On the front of the house there are two tiny windows with green shutters, and between the windows hangs a Deer's head. On a little pole near one of the windows perches a bluebird. The lower floor of the house has two oval-shaped doors which always stand open. If you look through the door openings, you will see inside of the house a fireplace and two black cats.

In sunny weather two children come out of the door on the right, their arms about each other, their names are Joe and Jozette. And when they come out, you can be reasonably certain that good

weather is in store for the next day. But when out of the door on the left comes Hubra, the old witch, you had as well light the fire and close the windows; for it means rain, chill winds and snow in winter.

Everything had always been peaceful with the inhabitants of the little Swiss house; the children came out when the sun shone, and when the witch appeared they obediently went indoors; and then one night something queer happened.

One April night, not very long ago, as I was reading on the divan of my sun parlor, I heard the cuckoo clock striking midnight, "Coo—coo—coo," just like that. I started, and was about to rise when I heard some one talking. I sat very still and listened. The voices came from rear the window. No one was in the room, and as I listened, I heard an old woman's stern voice cry out: "Into the house with you!"

And children's voices chimed out: "Spring is here! The bluebird told us he was planning to build a nest in the little house! We want to go out!"

"No, you won't!" scolded the old woman's voice. "I'm going out and the bird will plan differently." I turned toward the sound of those voices. The voices came from the Swiss house!

As I stared, I saw with my own eyes, the children come running out of the house through the door at the right, and out of the left door swung the old woman, a broom in her hand, screaming at the children, "In with you! It's going to rain! I went out!"

"No, no, it's going to be pretty weather," cried the children, and away they ran around the house as fast as their little feet would take them, the old woman close on their wake.

"It's spring, it's spring!" the children kept crying out. "To-morrow will be sunny!"

Around and around the house ran the old woman after the children. Upon see-

ing the children the little bluebird began to beat its wings and chirp gleefully: "It's spring! it's spring!"

As he chirped, out of the door leaped the two black cats. "Catch him, catch him," shrieked the witch, her big broom high, her skirts flying about her. "Catch him! He said spring is here and if he begins to rest, I shall have to stay indoors a long time! Catch him!"

"Chirp, chirp!" chirped the little bird.

"Help, help!" cried the children running around the house as fast as they could, the old witch almost upon them.

The old black cats leaped after the little bluebird, who flew here and there in a panic. The wind began to blow outside. I wanted to rise, and shoo the old witch and the cats indoors, but I could not move.

Suddenly, as the witch was about to swat down her big broom on the children, and the two black cats were about to corner the little bluebird, the Deer's head between the windows begins to bob up and down, and before I could say "scat," the Deer jumps out of the wall and leaps right down, his horns curled outward, his nostrils wide, his eyes bright. He looks to the left, he looks to the right; he sees the witch coming around the corner of the house, the Deer lowers his head and—*Zowie!*—he butts the old woman just as she was about to swat down that great, old broom on the young ones!

The old woman is so taken by surprise that she stumbles forward and falls right into the house. As the two cats see this, they leap into the house right after their mistress, meowing loudly, their tails stuck in the air like furry flag poles!

What was going to happen next? Was that Deer going to ram down the children?

The children were coming from the house now. Were my eyes deceiving me? Upon seeing the Deer, Joe and Jozette

go right up to him and put their little arms about his neck and kiss his nose! And the Deer was looking very much pleased, and he began to prance around on all four feet, wagging his tiny, stubby tail in the cutest way you ever saw! At this the little bluebird flies down and alights on one of the Deer's horns and begins to chirp gratefully, just as if he knew that that kind Deer had fixed matters!

I shall never forget that happy scene! I was so glad that I leaped to my feet and cried out: "Good for you, old Deer!"

And then—I found myself rolling on the floor. I looked dazedly about—I had fallen from the divan. Had I been asleep? The lights were still turned on. I remembered—the Swiss house—the witch—the children.

I carefully and slowly turned toward the Swiss house. Everything about it was calm. The Deer was looking down from between the little green-shuttered windows, the bluebird was on its perch; Joe and Jozette stood outside, their arms about each other. Oh, how glad I was to see them! I suddenly remembered that just before I had gone to sleep, I had seen the old woman standing outside the house and had planned for a rainy day on the morrow. I went to the window, the moon was shining brightly, the sky was calm and clear. A perfect April night.

Had the little Swiss house really been the scene of excitement while I had slept? I don't know. Weather changes rather hurriedly in April, and queer things might happen—but of course, it *had* all been a dream.



ADVERSITY is very useful to those who make profession of serving God, as it gives them an occasion of practising patience, humility, and resignation. to the Divine Will, and disposes them more perfectly to practise every virtue.

—*St. Louis.*

A Legend of the Jasmine.

Spring had come to Jerusalem, with her wealth of blossoms, her azure sky, and her balmy breezes. Roses, yellow, white, and crimson, trailed their sweetness over its grey walls and bloomed in fragrant profusion in its many gardens; and the jasmine flowers—which were a vivid scarlet in those bygone days—nestled coyly amongst their sheltering leaves. The sun shone radiantly in a canopy of unclouded blue, until suddenly its light was darkened, and at three o'clock night fell upon the city.

On the height of Calvary a Man was hanging on a cross, the weight of the whole world's sin upon His bent shoulders. Agonized and streaming with blood, He, who was the Creator and Redeemer of ungrateful humanity, hung suspended; and beneath His cross, silent and immovable in the grandeur of her anguish, stood Mary, His Mother.

Darkness fell upon Jerusalem as that awful tragedy was consummated; and one by one the spring blossoms faded away and died,—all except the jasmine, which hung its head in grief and hid itself behind its emerald-hued leaves. He who had called it into being and painted upon its petals those varied and exquisite tints which distinguished each from its fellow-flower, was yielding up His spirit.

Deeper and deeper grew the sable mantle of this unexpected night, striking terror into the hearts of all who had co-operated in that crime of crimes. Too late they began to realize that He whom they had put to death was indeed what He had professed to be—God as well as Man!

Then gradually the inky clouds rolled away, and daylight shone once more upon that now accursed city. But the flowers lay withered and dead,—all save the jasmine, which peeped out timidly upon a desolate and awe-stricken world. Its perfumed petals had become snowy white.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—“Twenty-four Is Enough or Two Dozen Is Plenty,” by Peter Redden, is a very happy title for this book of poems. The author meant to be serious, and, with a few exceptions, expresses grave lyrical thoughts that usually point a moral. Publisher, Christopher House, Boston. Price, \$1.

—The Reverend Martin J. Scott, S. J., has been untiring in his efforts to popularize Catholic Apologetics. A recent book, “Why Catholics Believe” (P. J. Kenedy, paper, 25c; cloth, \$1.50), is a clear statement of the truths of the Catholic Religion that will appeal to the non-Catholic inquirer. It is concrete, bringing the Catholic Faith into touch with our modern life, and showing how eminently it answers the doubts of a confused, modern world and solves the problems that are distressing men and women who are tossed about because of a lack of certainty in their beliefs. We recommend it heartily to pastors and to Catholic laymen who have friends outside the Church who would like to know the truth about the Church and Catholic practice.

—The notorious anarchist, Emma Goldman, who took so active a part in all the movements of that organization in this country, until she was deported to Russia in 1919, has written the story of her life in two volumes. It is a sad commentary on one who followed a false philosophy until it practically destroyed her. After giving herself with fanatical devotion to the cause of the oppressed and the down-trodden, as she believed, she found herself at fifty-four, after a life of fighting and hardship, with almost every illusion shattered, almost every tenet of her faith in the dust. Deported from America in 1919, she was received by Russia with ovations only to be evicted by that government after two years; and now, her life spent in what she believed to be the cause of humanity, she finds herself alone—“my dreams crushed, my faith broken, my heart like a stone.”

—Another proof that holiness is not one quality, but the sum of many virtues, is to

be found in “The Spirit of Margaret Sinclair,” compiled by a Sister of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul (B. Herder; price, \$1.10). We do not know whether the authors, ten in all, exchanged ideas, agreeing not to overlap one another in developing the outstanding virtues of Margaret’s life. We judge, however, that each author was allowed perfect freedom to write, expressing fully his or her point of view, possibly in answer to the question—“Why does Margaret Sinclair appeal to you?” Certainly the holy character of this Scottish girl is many-sided. She is lovable, humble, with a great attachment to the hidden life, generous, a friend of girls, extraordinarily in love with her vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and a patient sufferer devoted to the Passion of Our Lord with childlike simplicity.

—The Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer is this year celebrating two centenaries: that of its foundation in 1732, and that of its introduction into the United States in 1832. Hence the appropriateness of an important volume, “The Redemptorist Centenaries,” by the Rev. John F. Byrne, C.S.S.R. It is a concise, impartial and enlightening record of the early years of the Congregation in Europe. Especially fine is the author’s study of the life, character, trials and difficulties of St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Almost as good is the interpretation of the part played by St. Clement Mary Hofbauer as the propagator and second founder of the Order. The main purpose of this volume, however, is to sketch the principal labors of the Redemptorists in this country. That it does in a clear, accurate, and well-documented manner.

Throughout, the author is content to set down the important facts, believing that even the casual reader will realize how notable has been the work of the Redemptorists in the development of the Church in the United States, particularly in their fostering of rich Catholic life in German-speaking parishes and schools. What they have further contributed through missions and retreats, no one would dare estimate. Altogether, the book is a glori-

ous and deserving tribute to the past and present members of the Congregation. In a foreword, Cardinal Hayes highly commends the Redemptorists for their work in America and its possessions. The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia.

—There is a strange combination of simplicity and beauty with crafty cruelty in the story of Mexico as told by Mrs. Leone B. Moats in "Thunder in Their Veins" (The Century Company, \$2.75). Mrs. Moats loves Mexico and the Mexicans, and a residence of some twenty years in the capital has left very vivid impressions with her. She knew Porfirio Diaz and admired his strong but wise rule which brought peace to Mexico after three centuries of rebellion and bloodshed. She knew Madero, "the fool of the family," drunk with the applause of a trusting people. She admired Huerta and placed him far above Carranza in ability. It would have been well for Mexico if Wilson had not interfered and Huerta were allowed to rule. She speaks of Villa, the ravening beast, and of the ignorant and cruel generals who followed in his rank. Ignorance and a certain natural power of leadership characterized most of these officers and presidents, and made Mexico but a land of spoils for the contending generals and their armies. But in the days of Porfirio Diaz there was the beautiful life of a people who loved to meet socially, who were true to a long tradition of simplicity and refinement, and whose homes were open to welcome those who could understand the ways of a people that differed essentially from those of the foreigner. Mrs. Moats seems to have understood and to have enjoyed this Mexican life, and leaves a picture of it in her book that makes one regret its passing. There is practically nothing said of the religious side of their life—a side that many readers of THE AVE MARIA would be glad to know more about. The book has been edited by Mr. Russel Lord.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, 24.—Vigil.—St. Delphinus, B. C.
 SUNDAY, 25.—CHRISTMAS DAY. Nativity of Our Lord.
 MONDAY, 26.—St. Stephen, the First Martyr.
 TUESDAY, 27.—St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.
 WEDNESDAY, 28.—The Holy Innocents.
 THURSDAY, 29.—St. Thomas of Canterbury, B. M.
 FRIDAY, 30.—SS. Sabinus and Comp's, MM.
 SATURDAY, 31.—St. Sylvester, Pope.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viiii, 34.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 24, 1932.

No. 26.

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Unto His Own.

BY ALFRED ALLAN.

INTO the world the Master came,—
Into the world He made;
Down through the rows of shining stars,
Over the far horizon bars,
Down through the golden sunset flame,
Into the world of shade.
Over the world the tidings flew,—
Over the world that slept;
Over the earth and over the seas,
Over the bending forest trees,
Thrilling the darkness through and through,
Darkness that vigil kept.
Unto His own the Master came,
Happy their blessed lot!
Closed were their hands to gifts He brought,
Closed were their homes where rest He
sought,
Closed were their hearts,—O bitter shame!
His own that knew Him not!

Our Lord's Nativity.

A CHRISTMAS HOMILY BY ST. BERNARD.*

I.

THE voice of gladness is gone
forth in our land; the voice of
exultation and salvation in the
tents of sinners. A good word
is heard,—a word of comfort, a saying
full of joy and worthy of all accepta-
tion. Rejoice with praises, ye moun-
tains; and all ye trees of the wood, clap
your hands before the face of the Lord;
for He is come. Hear, O heavens, and
give ear, O earth! Be astonished and

give praise, O universe of creatures;
but above all thou, O man!—"Jesus
Christ, the Son of God, is born in Beth-
lehem of Judah."

Who so stony of heart as not to have
his soul melted at this word? What
sweeter message could be told? What
set forth more full of gladness? When
have such tidings ever been heard?
What hath the world received at any
time like this? "Jesus Christ, the Son of
God, is born in Bethlehem of Judah."
(*O breve verbum, de Verbo abbreviato!*)
O brief word of the diminished Word
but full of heavenly balm! The desire
travaileth, eager to diffuse more widely
the abundance of honied sweetness, yet
finding no words; since such is the
grace of this announcement that if I
change even a single iota of it, directly
it begins to taste less sweet. "Jesus
Christ, the Son of God, is born in
Bethlehem of Judah."

O Birth of immaculate sanctity and
honorable to the world, of men to be
beloved for the greatness of the benefit
conferred; unfathomable even by angels
for the depth of its sacred mystery; and
admirable withal for the singular pre-
eminence of its novelty; since this is
that Birth the like to which hath been
never seen, nor after it shall be. O Birth
alone without pain, alone unconscious of
shame, unacquainted with pollution; not
opening but consecrating the temple of
a virgin womb! O Nativity beyond
nature, but in behalf of nature; soaring

* On the first words of the Martyrology: "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is born in Bethlehem of Judah." Translation by F. O.

above it by its miraculous excellence, but yet restoring it by its mysterious virtue! My brethren, who shall declare this generation? An angel gives the message, the power of the Highest overshadows, the Spirit supervenes: a Virgin believes, a Virgin conceives by faith, a Virgin brings forth and remains a virgin! Who does not wonder? The Son of the Highest is born, God of God, begotten before the worlds; the Word is born a child. Who can even sufficiently wonder?

II.

Nor verily is this Nativity profitless, nor fruitless the dignity of its majesty. "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is born in Bethlehem of Judah." Ye that dwell in dust, awake and sing. Lo! the Lord is come with salvation, He is come with ointments, He is come with glory. For Jesus is not come without salvation, nor Christ without unction, nor the Son of God without glory; for He verily is salvation, He is unction, He is glory; as it is written: "A wise son is the glory of his father." Happy the soul that, tasting the fruit of salvation, is attracted and runs in the odor of His ointments, that she may see His glory,—the glory as of the Only-Begotten of the Father.

Breathe again, ye lost ones; Jesus is come to seek and to save that which was lost. Revive, ye sick: Christ is come to heal the contrite in heart with the unction of His pity. Leap for joy, all ye, whosoever ye be, that are coveting great things: the Son of God is come down to you to make you heirs with Him of His kingdom. I therefore beseech Thee heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved; glorify me, and I shall be glorious! So, verily, shall my soul bless the Lord, and all that is within me praise His holy name.

In these three respects, my most dearly beloved, is this that I hear sweet to my taste,—the birth of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. For why call we His name Jesus but because "He shall save

His people from their sins"? Or why willed He to be called Christ but that "the yoke shall be destroyed because of the anointing"? Why was the Son of God made man but that He might make men sons of God? For who is there that resisteth His will? "It is Jesus that justifieth: who is he that condemneth?" It is Christ that healeth: who is he that woundeth? It is the Son of God that exalteth: who is he that debaseth?

III.

Jesus, then, is born: let every man rejoice, whosoever he be, who, by his consciousness of sin, stood condemned to eternal damnation. For the pity of Jesus exceedeth the utmost magnitude, or amount, of his crimes. Christ is born: let him be glad, whoever he be, that was wont to be attacked by his old sins. For verily before the face of Christ's anointing no malady of the soul whatever shall stand, albeit inveterate. The Son of God is born: let him exult who is used to desire great things, for the Great Dispenser is come. Brethren, this is the heir: devoutly let us receive Him, for so He will be our inheritance. "For He that has given His own Son, how has He not with His Son also freely given us all things?" Let none be faithless, none be tardy; we have a most sure witness: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." The Only-Begotten of God would have brethren, "that He might Himself be the first-born among many brethren." And that this cowardice of our human frailty might not hesitate, He first became the brother of men; He became the son of man; He became man. And if man deem this incredible, faith receives support from sight.

IV.

"Jesus Christ is born in Bethlehem of Judah." Mark the character of the place. Not in Jerusalem, the royal city; but in Bethlehem, which is the least among the thousands of Judah. O little Bethlehem, but now made great by

the Lord! He hath made thee great, who in thee from great hath become little. Rejoice, Bethlehem, and through all thy streets be sung to-day alleluias of gladness. What city, hearing these things, envieth thee not that most precious stable and the glory of that manger? Thy name is already famous throughout the world, and all generations call thee blessed. Glorious things are everywhere spoken of thee, thou city of God. Everywhere is sung that "He was born in her, and the Most High hath established her." Everywhere, I repeat, is it reported, everywhere proclaimed, that "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is born in Bethlehem of Judah."

Nor is the word that is added, *Judah*, insignificant, as we learn from the promises which were made concerning Judah to the Fathers. "The sceptre," saith the Scriptures, "shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." For salvation is of the Jews, but still salvation to the ends of the earth: "Judah," it is said, "thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise. Thy hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies," and the rest, which we nowhere find fulfilled in Judah himself, but which we see completed in Christ. For He is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, of whom it is also added: "Judah is a lion's whelp: from the prey, my son, thou art gone up." Christ is the great spoiler, who, before He 'shall have knowledge to call his father and his mother, . . . shall take away the spoil of Samaria.' Christ is the great spoiler, who, when "He ascended on high, led captivity captive"; and yet hath carried off nothing, but rather hath He "given gifts to men." These, then, and the other like prophecies which are fulfilled in Christ (for of Him also they were predicted), are brought to our minds by this that is said, "Bethlehem of Judah"; making it altogether impos-

sible to ask whether "any good thing can come out of" Bethlehem.

V.

And then, verily, in what concerns ourselves, we learn also this, with what reception He was willing to meet who was willing to be born in Bethlehem. There may have been those who thought that noble palaces were to be sought out for Him, where the King of Glory might be received with glory; but not for this came He from those royal thrones. "Length of days is in His right hand, and in His left hand riches and honor." Of all these things there was unfailing profusion in heaven, but poverty was not found there. Moreover, on earth this sort abounded in exceeding abundance, and man knew not its worth. Desirous, then, of this, the Son of God comes down, that He may take it to Himself, and make it precious to us also by His own estimation of it. Adorn thy bride-chamber, O Sion, but with humility, but with poverty. For in these rags He takes delight, and, Blessed Mary giving testimony, in these silken robes He is pleased to be wrapt. Sacrifice the abominations of the Egyptians to thy God.

VI.

Consider, lastly, that "He is born in Bethlehem of Judah"; and be solicitous how thou mayst be found a Bethlehem of Judah; and straightway He disdains not to be received into thee. Bethlehem signifies the house of bread; Judah signifies confession. Thou, then, if thou fill thy soul with the food of the divine Word—albeit with unworthy devotion, yet with all thou canst,—and faithfully receive that Bread which came down from heaven and giveth life unto the world—the Body, that is, of the Lord Jesus,—that so that new flesh of the Resurrection may sustain the old skin of the body, which, compacted by means of this cement, may be able to hold the new wine that is within; if, lastly, thou live by faith, and hast no

need to sigh that thou hast forgotten to eat thy Bread, thou art become a Bethlehem, worthy to receive the Lord, at least if confession be not lacking.

Finally, the Apostle commends both these to thee in few words, saying: "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." When righteousness is in the heart, bread is in the house. Righteousness is bread. And "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." Let righteousness, then, be in your heart, even the righteousness which is of faith. For this alone hath honor with God. And in your mouth let there be confession unto salvation; and then at once fearlessly receive Him who is born in Bethlehem of Judah, Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

In The Smoking Room.

BY VINCENT REEVES RAYNOR.

THE limited sped westward through the hilly Virginia country. It was late at night and the club car was deserted, save for three men who sat smoking and chatting. Their conversation during the evening had included politics, art, science, and other diversified subjects. And now the conversation had turned to religion and prayer.

"I am not a Catholic," one of the men, a doctor by profession, stated, "but during the course of my work I have seen many strange happenings, which either, directly or indirectly, could be attributed to the power of prayer."

"I dislike to take issue with you," another member spoke, "but as a business man, I have found that prayer has little to do with the world we live in, or conditions to-day. I do not belong to any church. Neither do I take a dislike towards a person because of his religious affiliation. Prayer simply, in my opinion, has no place in this world of ours to-day."

The third member of the gathering, flecked the ashes from his cigar and spoke.

"Gentlemen," he asserted, "I am a Catholic. I have been taught from boyhood that prayer is one of the greatest of our civilized assets. And I have found it ever so."

"Do you attribute your success in the advertising field to prayer?" the second member of the group asked.

"Yes," replied the advertising man, "I do. And if I have your permission I would like to relate an incident that has taken place in my life that will impress upon your minds that prayer is essential and more than a mere theory. Have I your permission, gentlemen?"

They assented and he resumed.

"My father died shortly after my graduation from high school. I had no brothers or sisters, as I was an only child. If my father had lived I might have gone to college and gained the sophistication and godlessness that some of our younger generation have acquired; but I was forced to go to work and support my mother.

"Through a friend of my father I obtained employment on a morning newspaper, as a reporter. The newspaper profession taught me life in all its phases, but it never lessened my faith in God or the power of prayer.

"Shortly after my father's death, my mother's heart became affected; but it was not so serious that it impaired her activities. She attended Mass every morning and performed her household duties, but there was always—shall I say—dread that death would overtake her at a moment's notice. So mother prayed constantly that she would not die without the last rites of the Catholic Church and that her death would be a happy one.

"I was young then and not so zealous as I am to-day. But one day mother asked me if I would mind dropping into the church, and praying just a few minutes before I went on duty at the

newspaper office. The church was located in the same block as the newspaper office and it would not inconvenience me in the least. 'It's for my intention, Tommy,' she said. And so every afternoon before I went to work I stopped into the church and prayed for mother's intention. I did not know what her intention was. Neither did I ask. I just prayed because mother wanted me to.

"One afternoon during the month of January I stopped into the church and knelt in a rear pew. I removed my rosary beads from my pocket, and as I did so, they fell on the floor directly under the feet of a girl who was praying in a devout manner in the pew ahead of me.

"As I leaned over to retrieve my beads I noticed the slippers on her feet. Both heels were over-run and in both soles were large holes. A piece of cardboard had been placed over one hole to keep out the cold of the frozen ground. I then scrutinized her appearance. Her clothes showed evidence of much wear, but her appearance was not shabby. I watched her intently for some time. Her eyes were fixed devoutly on the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and not once did she remove her gaze.

"I took a coin from my pocket and walked towards the statue. In a container near the statue I deposited my coin and lit a vigil light. 'It is for her intention, Mother of God,' I said as I walked towards my seat. Near the girl I raised my eyes and gazed at her. Her eyes were filled with tears and her face was that of an angel. I wanted to inquire what her trouble was, but that would never do. So whispering a prayer to the Mother of God, I placed her in Her charge and left for the newspaper office.

"I never once thought of that girl the rest of the night. At two o'clock in the morning I finished my work and left the newspaper office. I was about to go home when some unexplainable feeling possessed me. It seemed that my pres-

ence was required at the church. I started to go home, but something seemed to urge and tell me to go to the church. So retracing my steps I walked towards the church. Half way there I turned and started back. But again I retraced my steps and walked towards the church. I called myself a fool for doing so, but still I went. Something seemed to urge me to do so.

"The church was locked and deserted. There wasn't a soul in sight. A bitter wind carrying stinging snowflakes with its every gust, cut my face with frozen tinges. I chided myself for being seven kinds of a fool. Reaching into my pocket I produced a cigarette and a match. My attempt to light the cigarette was futile. The wind extinguished the match in one puff. Near the entrance of the church was an alcove. I walked over to it and once inside was shielded from the wind.

"The next match lit without being extinguished by the wind. I inhaled a few puffs from the cigarette, and was about to extinguish the match and go home when in the flickering light of the match I saw a face.

"'Mother of God,' I gasped, 'is this a vision?'

"'No,' a voice answered, 'I am real. I am sorry to have frightened you.'

"In a moment I had my flashlight out, and in the circle of light I was looking at the girl whose worn-down shoes I had dropped my rosary beneath that previous evening.

"'What are you doing here at this time of the night?' I asked.

"'Just waiting,' she replied,—'just waiting.'

"'Would you mind telling me whom or what you are waiting for?' I questioned.

"She seemed hesitant to reply. Twice she started to speak then checked herself. At last she spoke.

"'I am waiting to die,' she said. 'I have no one or nothing. I am penniless

and without a home. I've tramped the streets looking for work, but I can find none. To-day my landlady ordered me out of my room, and what little I did possess she claimed as payment for what I owed her. I prayed all afternoon and evening until the church was closed. Then I secreted myself in this alcove to await death. I wanted to be near God and His Mother when I died.'

"'But you are too young to die,' I protested. 'Wouldn't you accept a position if some one offered it to you?'"

"'Yes, I suppose that I would,' she answered.

"'Then I am going to make you an offer,' I said. 'I need a companion for my mother. My work keeps me away from home until the early hours of the morning, and I worry about her. Would you care for that kind of a position?'"

"She accepted my offer and soon we were en route home in a cab. I didn't know just what my mother's attitude would be when she saw this strange girl. I might have turned her over to some charitable agency, but there still persisted that feeling that I was wanted—that I had not yet completed my work. So I brought her home with me.

"Mother was waiting up when we arrived. She smiled as I introduced the girl to her. It seemed to me that mother had been expecting this girl for a long time. Her actions gave every indication that she had, and soon mother and the girl were chatting as if they had known each other for quite a while.

"I retired that night trying to fathom the strange events that had occurred. But I could not, and soon I was sound asleep. It seemed as if I had been sleeping for just a short while when mother awakened me. The newspaper office was calling me on the telephone. A riot had broken out at a mine down state; several had been killed and the governor had ordered out the militia. In the parlance of newspaper slang it was 'hot

stuff,' and I was ordered to proceed immediately to the scene.

"The girl was sleeping when I left. Mother prepared breakfast for me and packed my bag. It was two months before I returned. You no doubt recall reading stories in your newspapers of the riot, the subsequent trials and convictions, and the other details which surround an occurrence of that nature.

"During my absence mother wrote frequently telling me what a wonderful girl she was. Once, the girl enclosed a brief note in one of mother's letters, stating that instead of one collie dog, I now had four. She was in love with every one of them, and could she keep them? Mother, she wrote, said that she could, but she wanted to make sure that I would not object. I replied that she could and thanked her for the kind attention that she gave to my mother.

"The day of my departure for home I received a telegram just a few minutes before the train departed. My mother had had a serious heart attack. 'How soon could I be there?' I replied that I was leaving within a few minutes, and named the time of my arrival.

"When I reached home mother was dying. The girl, whom I had found in the alcove of the church was kneeling beside her, tears streaming down her cheeks, softly praying. In her hand she held a crucifix for mother to gaze upon. Mother smiled weakly when I stood beside her bed. Taking my hand in hers she placed it over one of the girl's. 'That was my intention,' she whispered almost inaudibly. 'She was with me all the time, Tom. She called the priest, and everything is just the way that I prayed for it to be.' She smiled peaceably and died."

"And the girl?" inquired the business man, "what became of her?"

"It seems that mother had two intentions, and prayer fulfilled them both," the advertising man replied, "for the girl is now my wife."

His Mother.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C. S. C.

IF she had tarried at your door
 In Bethlehem that night,
 Had it availed her to implore
 Your pity in her plight?
 Or would your heart have turned to stone
 And bade her sojourn with her own?
 Lo! she may pass this way to-night,
 Amid the cold and gloom,
 Bearing the little Babe of Light
 Within her holy womb;
 Will you refuse her Babe a part
 Of the rough manger of your heart?

❖

Catholic Christmas.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, at the summit of his power, wished to know how many millions of men crouched beneath his sceptre, and for this purpose, ordered a general census to be taken of each nation which composed his vast empire.

In order to do this, he named twenty-four Commissioners, whom he sent to every part of the world. Publius Sulpitius Quirinus, or, according to the Grecian historians, Cyrinus, was entrusted with the government of Syria, of which Judea then formed a part. We are informed by St. Luke, that this was the first census made in that country for the Romans. The same Quirinus, still governor of Syria, was ordered eleven years later, to take a second census, when the Emperor Augustus made Judea a Roman Province, after having expelled and banished into Gaul, King Archilaus, the son of Herod.

The decree published for this general census, commanded every one, whether rich or poor, potentate or peasant, to betake himself to his native town, in order to be registered in the Roman rolls.

Now Joseph and Mary, who were

both of the royal lines of David, went into the city of David, which was called Bethlehem. There the Blessed Virgin Mary, who had been saluted full of grace by the Archangel Gabriel, and who passed among men for the spouse of Joseph, after having in vain sought for a lodging in a hotel, was obliged to take refuge in a part of a stone hut, formed out of a rock, in which had been dug houses and stables. And it was in this wretched and forlorn place, that the King of heaven, He to whom belong all honor and glory, was pleased to be received at His entrance into the world.

Whilst this prodigy was taking place, whilst a Virgin was bringing forth a Saviour, some shepherds, who kept their flocks in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, in a place called the Tower of Ader, perceived on a sudden a brilliant splendor in the midst of the darkness, and in the brightness an angel appeared to them and said: "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you in the city of David, a Saviour who is Christ the Lord: and this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the child wrapt in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." And suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of good will."

When the miraculous apparition was over, and the night had resumed its darkness, the shepherds said among themselves, "Let us go to Bethlehem and see the word which has been shown to us;" and without losing a moment, they hastened to the stable to find the newborn Infant. There they found Him wrapt in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger, and Mary and Joseph were at His side. The shepherds seeing that all was fulfilled which had been spoken to them by the angel, recognized in this

Child the Saviour promised to Israel, and they began to praise and glorify God. Mary, the Virgin Mother, heard all that the shepherds said, and hoarded all their words in her heart.

Such is, in a few words, the whole history of the feast of Christmas. St. Luke has been the historian of this nativity, whence the Christian era is dated.

What a series of important events is contained in this short history! Rome, proud of her power, (which she vainly thought eternal), wishes not only to know all the nations and tribes which she holds under her sway, this is not sufficient, she must know even the names of each of her slaves; and accordingly a Roman Commissioner is sent into Judea to compel each man and woman to come and be enrolled on the list of the conquered.

Augustus must know every one who is born, every one who lives under his sceptre. Well, here is a Child who comes to increase the number of his subjects; for this Child when He becomes a man, will say one day: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." But this Child, who comes into the world so poor and so humble, who is born in a stable, who sleeps in a manger, will overthrow all the false gods of Rome, and all the gods of Augustus and of Cæsar. This Child is the Lord of lords, Emmanuel, Son of the Most High, King of kings and of emperors, Master of worlds. And if a new Rome lives after ancient Rome, it is because she has adored, and will adore, the Child announced to the shepherds, the Child born at Bethlehem at this hour. At the time when the oracles announced the departure of the gods, Jesus born in Bethlehem, was already adored in the dungeons of the Eternal City, in the Catacombs formed under the temples of Jupiter and Mars, of Venus and Minerva; and three or four centuries after, at the most, the feast

which I am describing, was celebrated and solemnly observed.

In this feast, which may well be called the feast of mothers, of children, and of the poor, what encouragement is there not for all; but more especially, what consolations for those whom the world excludes from the number of its favorites! Before the birth of Christ, honors and respect were granted only to power and prosperity: temples were erected to good fortune. Before Christ, the poor might groan, the slave might complain, but the Pagan was deaf to their groans and tears. Olympus was the abode only of smiling divinities: riches, glory, pleasure, all had their gods; but adversity and misfortune had not theirs.

Now, that Jesus Christ has been born in a stable, whilst in His infancy He has been compelled to fly into exile—now, that He has been persecuted, crowned with thorns, and put to death—now, no grief is left unheeded, and the hope which consoles is a virtue of obligation. From the birth of the divine Son of Mary, flow all the consolations of the Christian religion. From the little mountain of Bethlehem, spring all the living waters which heal our wounds and relieve our sufferings. It is with reason, then, that the nations rejoice at the approach of this great night, with its stars, its brilliantly illuminated Mass, its holy songs and watchings.

Indeed, I can imagine nothing more beautiful, nothing more poetical, than a Christmas Night, kept in a Catholic country by pious Christians.

The bells sounding above our heads the joyful and sonorous peals which arouse the city, are the voices of the angels who cry out to us from the clouds, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will."

The great brilliancy which fills the vast church, the light which shines among the highest arches, gilding and

adorning the columns, recall to the minds of the pious, the miraculous brightness which appeared in the heavens, and which conducted the shepherds to the stable of Bethlehem.

Those clear and melodious voices which resound in the sanctuary, the noble and majestic sound of the organ, are a lively representation of heaven and earth, cherubim and men united in praising God.

In the midst of the green branches of holly and ivy, which winter has not been able to despoil of their verdure, behold a cradle—the Infant Jesus reposes therein. It has been thus ornamented by the hand of the Sisters of the hospitals and convents. There, mothers are praying on bended knees for their sick children; the general joy has diminished their anxiety, they invoke the Mother of their Saviour with more confidence than custom: Mary has been a mother, she cannot but understand them, she will hear their prayers, and offer them to her Son.

After the three Masses which began at the first stroke of the midnight hour, and which have been said in the midst of a thousand burning tapers and clouds of incense, the faithful, filled with a holy joy, return to their homes, and before retiring to sleep, seat themselves to a gay repast, called by our forefathers, the feast of Christmas, and which, in Christian families, admits of nothing but what is innocent.

When the sacred night is on the point of terminating, and when the sky begins to whiten in the East, then sounds the bell for the Mass of dawn; and those who remained at home during the performance of the sacred office, hasten now, in their turn, to offer up their prayers.

Later, when the sun is considerably advanced on his course, all the joyful bells of the Cathedral, and of the parishes of the town are in motion, and

a concert, as it were, is heard in the air, and the birds which are accustomed to build their nests in the old spires and ancient towers, are dislodged from their stony nests, and fly in crowds about the churches.

The ancient basilica is so crowded that the squares of granite with which it is paved are no longer perceptible. The columns seem to rise towards the vaulted roof from a living mosaic of heads crowded together, and affording to the eye a varied contrast of colors. In the meantime, the assembled multitudes divide, retiring to the right and left, and make a passage for the Prince of the church who officiates, and who is about to celebrate High Mass. Vested in a golden chasuble, with his mitre on his head, and crosier in his hand, he advances slowly, blessing the faithful who bend their heads at his approach. The silver cross of the parish, the red one of the chapter, acolytes, thurifers, chanters, deacons, priests, venerable canons, all carrying lighted tapers in their hands, precede him singing: "A bright light has shone upon us, because the Lord is born to us. He is born, the Lord, and He shall be called the Admirable, the Prince of Peace, the Father of the world to come. The reign of the Lord shall have no end. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. God hath appeared to us. Sing canticles of praise, ye heavens; be glad, O earth, for the Lord hath had mercy on His people, and hath consoled them,—He hath had compassion on His afflicted children."

When the procession has been round the Church, as soon as it has re-entered the sanctuary, the High Mass commences; sometimes are heard the voices of the chanters, accompanied by the sound of sonorous instruments; sometimes the vaulted roof echoes with the majestic peals of the organ; sometimes a grave and solemn silence reigns

throughout. Above the thousands who are assembled on bended knees, a bluish cloud rolls in volumes. It is the smoke of the incense: so much has been burnt at the Midnight Mass, and at the Mass of dawn, that the whole church is filled with perfume.

On this day, if the organist is master of his instrument, he will repeat those ancient airs so much loved by our forefathers, and which we have heard in our infancy. Nothing tends more to assist us in praying than recalling to our minds reminiscences of former times. Who can pray without faith, when he reflects on his mother, and his tender years? Let not the organists then have recourse any more to the opera for their motets, but let them repeat those ancient national airs, which have not passed through the blood of revolutions, and mis-called reformations, but which the walls of our churches have, if I may so speak, rendered quite familiar.

It is not before the altar only that the feast is kept; the hearth has also its Christmas rejoicings. On this day the families assemble together, and the little children are allowed to dine at table, for this is their feast. I have described the Christmas solemnity as it is observed in a large town, under the vaulted roof of a Cathedral, and celebrated by a high dignitary of the Church. I might have taken for the subject of my description, Christmas in the country, in a village, or a castle, for this feast possesses everywhere a great poetical beauty.

I remember a Midnight Mass said in secret during a persecution. At that time there was no longer any church in which to celebrate the holy mysteries: a barn was chosen by the villagers for that purpose. The women decorated it the night before; coarse but very white cloths were hung around; a rustic table, covered with very white cloths, served for the altar; branches of holly, with small red ber-

ries, were placed like nosegays on each side of the ebony crucifix, with two links in iron torches. This was all the pomp of those times of persecution. Without doubt it was not unacceptable before God, who searches the reins and hearts before Him, and who was pleased to be born in a stable, and who called poor shepherds to His cradle rather than kings.

The hour which brings to mind the miraculous birth was come, each family had been waiting for it, assembled together before the fire relating ancient stories, and singing in a low voice old Christmas carols. Alone, and without making any noise, each of the faithful hastened to the barn which had been so adorned for the feast. With what piety did they not fall upon their knees, before this mean altar! The faith of the shepherds, who heard the angels themselves announce the birth of Our Saviour, was not more lively than that of these poor peasants,—of these men of good will, who also adored the Son of Mary in a stable.

To assemble together for prayer was then one of the greatest crimes; death was the punishment, and this thought added new vigor to their piety; it was like the Primitive Christians praying in the Catacombs. When the priest appeared at the altar, the tears flowed from the eyes of all; and the priest was so touched, that he also shed tears, which were far from being bitter: Confessor of the faith, he had been struck and persecuted for his Saviour; only a few days ago, he had been seen in the hands of the executioners, and was within a hair's breadth of being put to death, and now behold him, leaning over the altar of God, the God who rejoiceth his youth.

The feelings which prevailed there, were different from those which were caused by the pomp of the Cathedral; but God being present under the cottage roof, quite as much as under the

gilded vault of the Cathedral, hearts were touched, and souls elevated.

While Christmas fills the towns and villages with joy, old country houses have also their rejoicings; the majority of the families who occupy noble manors are fond of preserving ancient customs; wherefore, after the collation which they take together about seven o'clock in the evening, the watching is prolonged in the hall, where, for once, no profane music is admitted. If any of the young damsels play the piano or the harp, it is to accompany their voices to some of the hymns of the Middle Ages restored by Felis. This evening, if anything is read aloud over the work-table, it is such a work as "The Genius of Christianity," commencing at the chapter on feasts.

With great trouble the trunk of an immense oak or beech has been carried in and laid on the hearth. This log, called the Christmas log, has been laid apart, and kept all the year for the sacred vigil. Oh, now the vigil can be prolonged, neither will the fire be extinguished! When once the enormous block has been well kindled, and when the people will return from the Midnight Mass for the repast, and when they will go again to the Mass of dawn, the fire will still be alight.

The neighbors are assembled with the family and guests of the house; and when the chapel (well decorated with the choicest flowers of the greenhouse and lit up with tapers) is opened, in a few moments it is filled with people, so that those who are in the gallery can no longer see the pavement of black and white marble—it has disappeared beneath the kneeling crowd; rich, poor, farmers, servants, are come to adore the Lord and Master of all.

At the most solemn part of the Mass, are heard melodious voices singing the *Adeste fideles*. The baron's daughters, with their young friends, form the choir, which, by its sweetness and harmony,

calls to mind the choir of angels, who sang to the shepherds, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will."

I have endeavored to paint the pomp of a Christmas Mass, celebrated in a cathedral—I have described the celebration of a Mass in a village, in a time of persecution; I will now recall to mind a Christmas feast spent in a foreign country:

In the north of England, near the small town of Clithero, at the foot of Pendel Hill, one of the highest mountains in Great Britain, lived a fervent Catholic, Lord S——. His forefathers had been persecuted for the faith under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and when the persecution against the same Catholic faith had arisen in France, after the revolution of 1789, Lord S——, who had for a long time resided in one of the most religious and loyal provinces, seeing the approach of these bad times of proscription and danger threatening his French relations, offered to receive them under his own roof, where they would be secure from all danger. Many accepted his offer, and I shall never forget the little French colony which I saw in his hospitable mansion.

We happened to be there one Christmas day. On the eve, branches of holly, with their berries resembling pearls of coral, had been placed over the entrance door of the castle. Glees had been sung in the evening in the hall to celebrate Christmas, one of the choruses which I shall never forget, and which was sung to a gay and lively tune, was

The merry, merry time,
The merry, merry time,
Bless the merry, merry Christmas time.

In France, in most of our chateaux, the chapels have not the greatest care taken of them; such is not the case in England: many there, like David and Solomon, think that the house of God ought to be better than their own. And

I might cite more than one castle, where the chapels are adorned with a magnificence almost regal. At S—— Hall, at W—— castle, they are not quite so splendid, but still they are very neat and becoming,—the altar, the tabernacle, the seats, the torches, were of polished mahogany, with gilt ornaments, and a thick carpet of the most brilliant colors covered the steps of the little sanctuary: without was snow and cold, within this sacred enclosure, everything neat, warm and comfortable. In the gallery facing the altar, reserved places were surrounded with curtains of crimson silk; behind this veil were the organ and singers. Lady S——, my mother's sister, Lady G——, her daughter, and her nieces formed this family choir. That time is long past—since the Christmas feast, many a day of death, many an All Souls' day has flown by, many of those who sung then before the altar at S—— Hall, are now singing before their God in heaven—many years, many vicissitudes of fortune have befallen me since that merry Christmas time. Since then I have heard the musical Masses of Mozart and Rossini; but neither all these years, nor all these different changes of fortune, nor all these great talents, nor all these solemnities, have been able to obliterate from my memory the Christmas Mass sung in exile.

Even now, methinks I hear the *Adeste fideles* sung by the sweet voices of the ladies at the Offertory; and, in describing Christmas, I could not but recall the occasion to my mind.

In England there are the Christmas-boxes, which correspond with our New Year's gifts. The Church also begins her year on the advent of the day of the Nativity of Our Saviour, and it is with great reason she does so. Every day of the Christian year ought to derive its origin from Christ's first day upon earth. Some great painter, I cannot call to mind who it was, in a painting of

the Nativity, has represented all the light proceeding from the body of the divine Child. Thus it ought to be, with regard to time. The Christians' first day ought to begin from the divinely illuminated time of Christ's Nativity.

The season in which this feast takes place, greatly enhances its charms; at this time people assemble in towns and villages, the days are dull and cold, and the nights long. In order to revive nature which seems to lie dead beneath its winding-sheet of snow, religion must lend its aid; it is she who spreads a holy joy over the mournfulness of the season and causes, if I may so say, flowers to bloom among the snows. It belongs only to a Puritanical austerity to banish the amusements which gladden at this season the family circle, for it is natural and reasonable to rejoice when we receive a benefit. Now was there ever granted to us a greater favor than that which Christmas night brings us in its darkness? Was there ever a more magnificent bounty shown by heaven to men? On this night it opened to let pass the King whom the angels serve and adore with trembling; on this night, a Brother is come to visit us unfortunate wretches; a Liberator comes to slaves, a Friend to children, a Master to teachers, a Model to kings, a Vanquisher to death. Let men then rejoice in the Lord, as the earth rejoices each morning when the sun rises to deliver it from darkness. Christmas is the great dawn of our deliverance: Jesus Christ is the Sun of Justice rising over the world to drive away the shades of death.

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Word Made Flesh.

BY B. E. T.

BEHOLD a new thing upon earth
 In the Eternal plan:
 A virgin mother's slender girth
 Has compassed God and man!

Christmas Eve Guest.

BY L. W. R.

AUNT JEAN, arrayed in her finest lace cap and an immaculate white apron, was in a low rocker before the dining-room fire in her own home. She sat bolt-upright in spite of her sixty-four years. Her fine face, although marked with lines of care, was still fresh to see. The table, at her right, was laid with a snowy cloth and was gay with some of her best china. It was Christmas Eve. Egypt, the cat, was stretched out at length on the hearth, purring in sleek content, regardless of the fact that it was just eleven o'clock at night.

"It doesn't seem right to take this cup of tea," said the old lady to herself aloud, "and I going to Communion at the early Mass. But, indeed, I'm not only lonesome to-night but also strangely faint at heart, and the night is bitterly cold. The dear Lord will not mind if I take a hot drink before starting out."

She might well feel melancholy. She was alone in the house, as her one maid, Jennie, had left that day to spend the feast with relatives in the country. And she was alone in the world also; for her nearest kindred were all dead. Parents, brothers, sisters, husband, children,—all gone before. Well, no, not quite all. There was Deborah. Aunt Jean had been thinking of Deborah off and on all that evening. That was partly the reason why she was so sad.

Deborah Dalton was the orphan niece of Mrs. Mary Regina Brady, who in her cheery old age was known to all her friends as "Aunt Jean." The girl had been adopted by her in her fifth year, shortly after the death of her mother, the young widow of Aunt Jean's only brother. Mr. Brady was living at the time, and so were two of his children. After their death Mrs. Brady poured

out all her affection on Deborah. She worked for her and saved for her and planned for her. She sent her to an excellent school and gave her every accomplishment offered there. She expected to leave to her her own frugal competence and hoped to see her safely settled in life.

And Deborah responded to this love. She was an impulsive creature, in whom the slightest kindness aroused a gush of tender feeling, and who was easily led through her emotions. She was devoted to her aunt, and said to her a thousand times: "I intend to spend my days to the end with you."

In her eighteenth year Deborah came home from the boarding-school where she had received the finishing touches to her education. She was a pretty, plump, and vivacious young girl. She carried herself jauntily; and dressed in the simplest gown, with a bright bit of ribbon in her hair, she looked like a princess. She was like a sunbeam in the quiet home.

Naturally, Deborah soon began to attract some notice in the parish, and two or three of its young men felt drawn to pay her attentions. But, although charmed at the evidence of her own magnetism and delighted with the courtesies shown to her, she kept her heart to herself.

"I don't intend to get married, aunt," she said to that lady, when the latter once questioned her on the prospects of a favored suitor,—“at least not for ever and ever so many years to come. I'm engaged to you, you know, and that's enough for me."

This reply gratified Aunt Jean, even while she knew that her affectionate niece would most likely some time bestow her heart's best love elsewhere. And, indeed, that time came sooner than they expected. Only a few weeks after the above-mentioned conversation a stranger entered the orbit of their lives and led them both to misery. What

need to say who he was? Enough to know that he came of a respectable family, that his acquaintance was properly made, that he was engaged in decent employment as a commercial traveller, and that he behaved with due decorum. From the moment that Deborah laid eyes on his tall figure and dark face she was fascinated. Her character was too light to resist the spell. Her emotional nature followed its surging impulses and considered the question of principles too late. Her intentions were perfect, but her feelings hurried her beyond them.

The stranger reciprocated her affection. It was for both of them a case of love at first sight. He promptly pressed his suit, but clandestinely; for he was not of her faith, and this he knew would be an objection; and, as he could readily suppose, her aunt would not let her grow fond of him without close inquiry into his antecedents and principles. What his arguments were and how he persuaded Deborah with them, no one knew; but one evening, only a few months after he first met her, he hurried her before a minister, and had her with him at Niagara Falls before even her aunt had the slightest inkling of the marriage.

Poor Aunt Jean was wounded to the quick. Was this the end of all her pains? Was this the return for her years of care? However, sorrow was too familiar for her to let it fester in her heart. What really grieved her most was the sacrilege,—the fact that Deborah had not only married a man who was outside of the Church, but had also put herself out of it by going before a preacher for the ceremony.

The young girl wrote from the Falls a passionate entreaty for forgiveness; to which her aunt replied that as soon as the pardon of God had been obtained, her forgiveness would be granted. But the masterful husband would not permit his wife to make reparation for the

scandal. Still worse, he would not allow her to practise her religion. Right at the start he laid down his law most emphatically: "My wife shall not go near the priests nor shall any of them ever enter my door."

It was a clouded honeymoon, and a desolate home that had been left. The newly-married couple did not return to the bride's former place of residence. Instead, the groom got transferred to the agency in Chicago. Afterward he moved to Denver, and subsequently to San Francisco. There trace of him and his was lost. One rumor asserted that they had gone to Australia, while another was positive that they had migrated to South Africa.

On this Christmas Eve it was just twenty-three years and one month since the unhappy marriage, and in all that time no one of her own blood had seen Deborah; and no further word had come from her, except a hurried message sent on a postal-card from Omaha. It was without date or signature, but in the well-known handwriting. It said:

"If ever I come back to God, I'll come back to you!"

The words were burned into the memory of Aunt Jean. She had uttered them over and over a million times: "If ever I come back to God, I'll come back to you!" She did not need the postal-card to remind her of them; although, somehow, she carefully treasured it in her prayer-book.

That was the grief of Aunt Jean's life—the falling away of Deborah. Fast and prayer and almsdeed had been offered up by her for years for the return of her niece to the practice of religion. Continually she said: "Dear God, let her not die in her sins!" And next to this in frequency was the ejaculation: "Lord, when she comes back, if it be not against Thy will, grant me the comfort of knowing of her return!"

Aunt Jean was thinking of all this as she sat before the fire with the tea

brewing beside her. All her best beloved were dead,—all but Deborah; and she sighed as she said: "Would to God that she, too, like my own darlings, had died in the innocence of her childhood!"

The clock ticked noisily at this and the wind without blew shrill.

"We're all alone, puss," remarked the old lady, as she stroked the black coat of Egypt. "If it wasn't for the giving of gifts to Jennie and the poor, for the Midnight Mass, and for the little Christmas-tree that I trimmed this evening for Deborah's sake, because she loved it so, it wouldn't seem like Christmas at all for me."

The cat looked at her as if he quite understood it all and sympathized with her in her distress.

"I've got a bright new ribbon for you, Egypt," she went on,—*"scarlet, you know: Deborah's favorite color. But I won't tie it on your neck until to-morrow. However, so that you won't feel slighted, I'll give you a saucer of milk now."*

She filled a saucer from the china pitcher and set it upon the shiny oil-cloth before the fire. But Egypt was too comfortable to stir. He blinked at the milk sleepily once or twice; then his eyes closed in the rapture of his coziness, and he purred even harder than before.

Aunt Jean, smiling at his laziness, sat down again and poured out the smoking tea into her dainty cup.

"I must hurry," she said; "for it's getting on toward twelve."

She had still some time to spare, for the church was not far off. So she shut her eyes, like Egypt, to enjoy the warmth and comfort of the moment. She felt strongly inclined to give way to drowsiness. What was it that made her push the steaming cup away? What was it that urged her to take up her rosary and fall to saying a decade for the souls who were then in the agony of death? She was at the last bead when

a stumbling step sounded on the icy walk without and a sharp knock struck the front door.

Aunt Jean started and shivered as with an ague. She was fearful of a caller at that hour and a feeling of dread made her blood grow cold. Hastening into the entry, she demanded:

"Who's there?"

"It is I," answered a woman's voice faintly.

"It's some poor creature in distress," said Aunt Jean.

She hesitated no longer, but, turning the key in the lock, drew back the bolt and opened the door. An icy breeze swept in and the moonlight streamed for a space on the hall carpet.

A thin, wan, haggard, middle-aged woman staggered in. She looked as if trouble or sickness had broken down her beauty and made her prematurely aged. She seemed fitter for bed than to be out on such a night.

"Please let me in for a moment!" she pleaded. "It is bitterly cold out here."

Aunt Jean closed the door and led the way into the dining-room. There she bustled about and set a second place at the waiting table. The kettle was singing merrily and the aroma of the tea in the pot filled the room with a mild fragrance.

"To think of your being out so late!" Aunt Jean murmured sympathetically, with a hint of woman's curiosity, as the stranger tremblingly took a seat at the table in a way that threw her face into shade. "Have you come far?" she added presently.

"A long, long way," answered the woman; "and a longer way lies yet before me."

"Poor thing! I'm sorry for you. I'll have you some tea in a minute. Must you go on to-night?"

"Yes, without fail."

"Fortunately, the station is not far from here," said Aunt Jean, with a tone of interrogation.

"I did not come by train and I'll not go by train," was the reply.

"Well, sit here and have some tea. I'll have you some toast and a poached egg in two seconds."

The stranger drew closer to the table, saying in a low voice that thrilled the listener:

"Thank you!—I do not need food. I can stay but a moment and shall trespass no further on your hospitality."

Aunt Jean sat on the other side of the table and drew her own steaming cup toward her. She was glad of company and began to talk, rattling on about the weather and Christmas and everything else. Something about her guest disposed her to awe; but a stronger influence, a magnetic wave of good-will, seemed to hearten her with a sense of consolation.

With the singing of the kettle, the ticking of the clock, and the chatter of Aunt Jean, the little room waxed cheery. The lamp shone brighter and the stove threw out more heat. The stranger looked around the apartment with an air of puzzled familiarity, and when her eyes lighted on the little Christmas-tree she smiled.

The hands of the clock were almost on the stroke of midnight.

"I must go now," she said, getting up. "I have a message for you."

Aunt Jean stared with frightened eyes.

"One whom you once loved," went on the woman, gliding rather than walking toward the door, "and whom I see you still remember with affection, has at last come back to God."

The room swam before Aunt Jean, and through the haze she seemed to recognize in the face of the stranger the unforgotten lineaments of her young niece. She tried to call out "Deborah!" but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She was beginning to swoon, when the door opened and the figure passed out into the night. With an effort

of the will, she kept her senses, and, struggling to her feet, tottered to the door. There was no one to be seen. She peered up and down, but the untrodden snow showed no footprints.

The clock struck twelve, and from the neighboring church steeple the chimes began the anthem:

Glory be to God in the highest
And on earth peace to men of good-will!

Aunt Jean shivered. She hurriedly closed the door and went in. As soon as she had regained her chair, she fainted away. It was half-past four o'clock before she came to herself. The lamp still shone bright and the fire glowed in the stove. She could not recall at first what had happened. Had she fallen asleep in her chair? It all came back upon her like a flash. She shuddered with awe at the memory of it. Then she arose, went to the door and looked out. The pavements were covered with unspotted snow.

"Who was that woman?" Aunt Jean asked herself. "Could it have been Deborah's self?"

A strange peace filled the old lady's heart. She got on her knees to give thanks for what she felt was the good news of her niece's conversion. Then she vividly recalled the words: "If ever I come back to God, I'll come back to you!" If Deborah were still living, where was she? That probably would be learned in due time.

And Christmas for Aunt Jean was no longer sad. Whether dream or vision, the hope of Deborah's reconciliation with God was in her heart. She was grateful for the comfort that it gave her.

As she arose from her knees, thinking to go to the five-o'clock Mass, the doorbell rang. A messenger handed her a telegram. It was signed by Deborah's husband and ran thus:

"Deborah died to-night near midnight. We were coming back for good from Apia, expecting to give you a surprise

by spending Christmas with you, for whose love she pined ever since her marriage. A priest was on the train, going to a sick call, when the hemorrhage came upon her. He ministered to her. She died in peace,—yes, with radiant joy; hoping to find mercy, begging your forgiveness and blessing God.”

“May the Lord be praised! May God have mercy on her even as she hoped!” murmured Aunt Jean ecstatically. “It’s a sad and happy Christmas for me. The telegram explains it. But did I dream it or did I see it? Could it have been Deborah’s self?”

A Reverie.

BY GERALD WYNNE RUSHTON.

IT had been a long and weary day, seared with the discomfort of cold winds and colder rain, and fretful with irritating trifles that seemed unbearably unnecessary. “*Il y a des moments quand les choses les plus futiles s’assument les proportions d’une catastrophe.*” Alphonse Daudet’s remark seemed to have extra point that evening, as I sat in the fast-fading light of the November day. Through the dusk the noises of the city came, muffled by the masses of aged Georgian houses about me, like the bourdon note of some great organ; and the streets were filled with the to and fro of tired workers homeward bound. The wind had dropped; and in the tender opal of a rain-washed sky the Vesper star was gleaming softly. Suddenly, all over the city, there broke on the evening air, the silver clangor of the *Angelus* weaving fair harmonies of sound from tower to tower, challenging, as with a thousand ghostly voices, the busy tides of mankind in the streets below; recalling in this Advent evening, that immortal message that changed the entire fortunes of the world. Ding-ding-ding, dong-dong-dong, ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding, the rapturous

annunciation of the bells rang out, and suddenly, in the faint, far radiance, fading so swiftly now above the mountains, I saw again the liliated beauty of an Eastern Garden and the grandeur that is Gabriel, and the Glory that is Mary, yesterday, and to-day, and forever.

“Who hath wrought and done these things, calling the generations from the beginning? I, the Lord. I am the First and the Last.” It was the Majestic Imagination of Almighty God that gave a needy world the greatest novena of all time—the novena of our Blessed Lady’s pregnancy. What a story it is—a story of such wonder, such beauty, that age cannot stale its infinite variety! It opens in one still shimmering morning of a Judean spring; that surely that year must have been the most wonderful the world has even seen. The young wheat was leaping from the earth its spears of vivid green, ranged like the armies of her Nation of old upon the lusty fields. The air was heavy sweet with the scent of the vines, and asphodel and oleander and pomegranate blazed in golden and roseate and scarlet glory about the roads of Nazareth. In the orchards almond and apple and plum and cherry clothed themselves in the soft “samite, mystic wonderful” of bridal bloom, and the old earth became a gloried Eden for His coming.

“And the Angel being come in, said unto her: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women.” Surely at the sound the morning air is filled with the music of myriad lutes: “Be it done unto me according to thy word,” and hazily, through the golden wonder of his presence, Mary, now Virgin, now Mother, sees the face of Gabriel suddenly fill with adoring awe, while, afar, afar, filling the sapphire Sahara of the heavens with harmony pealing in the ordered glory of chorus, principalities on powers ring forth “Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord

God Almighty. . . ." The majestic chant passes, fading over the distant hills of eternity; and the Mother is left alone, alone with her Lord, Her Son-to-Be, in the Garden.

And then, the exquisitely human touch of the next verse: "And Mary rising up in those days, went into the hill country with haste into a city of Juda." Youth and age, one in miraculous Motherhood, meet, and the Prophet in embryo leaps to meet his Lord. Elizabeth's rapturous cry "whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" And then the inspiration of the Blessed Mother's reply: "My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour . . . for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed"—that canticle of canticles that crowns the daily Office of the Church with its stately diadem of praise.

Of the subsequent months we have no record, yet they are not difficult to visualize. All through the parched Judean summer, the Mother goes about the quiet of her daily round; as in some waking splendor of dreams. Time slips by on silent wings, leaving Mary each imperceptible moment nearer the goal of a world's desire. And of the national quality of that desire in Judah, we have but a faint conception. Here at this time in the land, lived, moved, and had their being a proud, passionate, stubborn race, every man, woman and child of which knew that the hour of their deliverance was at hand. Were not the prophecies accomplished? Were not the sands running out? Not one young Jew but dreamt of drawing his sword for the King that was to come; not one maiden in that land, that did not dream of the high honor and glory of being the Mother of Emmanuel.

In the synagogue of a sabbath, as the splendid promises of Isaias fell on the eager listening ears of the time, old men saw visions, and young men and

maidens dreamed dreams. "Therefore the Lord Himself shall give you a sign: Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel," or again, "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel," or the more mysterious references of Jeremiah or Michæas. And with them, as they listened in the synagogue or in the Temple, full of the blindness of their own hopes and fears, sat Joseph and Mary who knew. And Mary, knowing, kept all these things in her heart.

And Joseph?—Ah, what those days must have meant to him! There had been at first the pain of a difficult revelation, and then the comfort of the angelic vision; now, all these long summer days he stood, in a passion of devotion and care, at the gate of her presence, and awaited with awe the Fulfilment of the Law. *Domus Aurea!*—*Fœderis Arca!*—*Janua Cœli!*—the time was not yet when the beauty of these titles would ring through the world in towered cathedral, stately abbey or humble mission chapels from China to Peru; undreamt of yet were the shrines of Loreto, and Walsingham, and Lourdes,—but their justification with its essential holiness and truth was here under his humble roof.

And Joseph, as he watched her moving about the ordered routine of her household duties, was filled with yet a deeper sense of the greatness of her position in the world. Here was a Queen among men—and they knew it not; but Joseph, the sentry at that humble palace gate, knew it, and was content. Twelve miles away to the north gleamed the great Dome of the Temple; but the Holy of Holies was here—in the house of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

And so the Sacred Novena of months drew to its stately close. Shortening days and lengthening nights awaited the

Light that was to come. In retreat, in the sweet sanctity of her own heart, how the Mother must have longed to see her Babe—with a longing at once natural and supernatural! Too great a Mother not to wish to see her Baby; she knew that in seeing the Child she saw her God as well. O miracle of miracles! was it any wonder she kept all these things in her heart? "And then it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled. . . . And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the City of Nazareth, into Judea to the City of David that is called Bethlehem." In that last journey up to Jerusalem, ere her days were accomplished, was there any foreshadowing in her mind of that day—as yet thirty-three years away,—when her Son should go up to Jerusalem for the last time, that the will of His Father and hers—and ours—should be accomplished? We do not know—let it suffice in all things to do His will—"Whatsoever he shall say to you, do ye."

It was quite dark now, but soothed and rested I sat on dreaming by the window. Suddenly, in the gloom of the lane below, a blade of light stabbed the darkness, and incuriously my eyes followed it to its source—and I saw only a stable door and a man putting away his horse for the night; and I bethought me that thus it was, by the light of a lantern that hung on a stable wall, that Mary and Joseph had first beheld the Light "that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."

Our Co-Redemptrix.

BY R. W. G.

HOW should the Word be flesh without her aid?

The breach 'twixt God and mortals thus to span
 Needed her *fiat*. Lo, the sinless maid
 Is the correlative of God made man.

A Christmas Eve.

BY P. J. C.

IT is an afternoon of blue haze; thin, blue haze like the smoke which lingers after the explosion of a gun. It seems to creep over the flat fields, furtive and soft, as a cat upon a bird.

It is a silent, windless Christmas Eve. The road is not vacant, though buggies and wagons are infrequent. The age of the automobile is a speculative future. Arrogance does not sit back of a wheel demanding the surrender of the highway.

A young man rides by upon his wagon-load of winter coal. He is the farmer's-son type—tall, vigorous, dressed in work clothes. The city has not yet gone out into the country. The young man behind his team is satisfied—he has no yearnings for white lights and wide trousers. He has an understanding sympathy with his horses, his stock. He likes his wide acreage, his yielding land, his winter wood-chopping, his spring plowing, his summer haying.

A boy drives a dozen cows to a pasture field near that farmhouse half a mile on. He wears blue overalls, a wide-rimmed felt hat; and carries a switch which he does not use, because the cows are well-behaved and seem anxious to get home. He admits his charges through the gate; they are home and seem contented. He opens a zinc mail box marked—August Zeller, R. R. 31. Two papers, some letters, three packages. No doubt August will read his papers before the fire this evening; very likely the letters contain cards with Christmas wishes from relatives or friends in Iowa. Or is it Wisconsin? The packages are gifts for the girls, perhaps; and one for the boy himself.

The road bends west. You see a house and a fenced grass plot in front. A young man puts final touches with a small hammer-axe on a straight pine

branch, and has for an audience a boy and a girl. The boy, who is taller than his sister, sits upon the up-turned cracker box out of which the tree will "grow" during the Christmas season. The young man is the father of the two admirers; and makes their Christmas tree a serious concern indeed; his young wife hurries to the pump at the side of the house for a pail of water. Preparation of the Christmas dinner must not suffer complete postponement until Christmas day.

A stream, flush, unimpeded, and therefore quiet, glides under the road bridge; reappears, and again disappears under a railroad trestle. A thirsty dog laps up some of the stream, then creeps below the fence to reach the road. He is not prepossessing; does not belong in any distinguished family tree. Probably he is without a master. He does not look back questioningly, regretfully to a home he has left where people wait for him. He is such a dog as a lad of ten would take to; such a dog as would rejoice at the fostering a ten-year-old boy would bestow. He has not been well fed. He has grown on such chance scraps as have been thrown to him by sympathetic housewives.

"Would you mind if a dog went along with you for a bit?" he asks.

He comes; chases a bird; pauses to look through the fence into the field where a horse stands, head up, as motionless as Sheridan's charger in bronze.

From the convent chapel, surrounded by fields of green winter wheat, a bell sounds through the blue, thinning mist. It is prayer time. A hush everywhere as of massed people listening between breaths. The bell has stopped; the cloud fields out west are red-gold. The stars are planted very deep below the red-gold fields; they will blossom for us to-night, you may be sure. There will be many, many more of them than all those green blades of wheat in the fields beside the convent.

Notes and Remarks.

THE Editors and staff of THE AVE MARIA wish to offer their sincere Christmas Greetings to all their contributors and subscribers, and to express their hearty thanks for the continued loyalty shown by their subscribers during this year of depression.

The Right Rev. Msgr. Dempsey—the "Father Tim" of other days—fed 25,503 meals in one week to the destitute of St. Louis some time ago. And the destitute included everybody who was hungry, no matter where he came from or what church he went to. The food served was, for the most part, donated by the business men of St. Louis. That should be marked to their credit. It should be marked to the credit of Msgr. Dempsey that he has been feeding and keeping the poor, the wandering, and the wasters now for a long, long time. Ages ago it seems. To-day "business" is "good" with "Father Tim." The "guests" keep lining up in long, long rows. They will find a place somewhere in the "hotel"; and be the larder never so empty, there will be some scrap left for some one more.

The Bishops of the United States in their General Meeting at Washington last month condemned the "flood of immoral literature" which at present sweeps across the country. Bad books we have always had with us. Never have we had such raging torrents of them as at present. They are not only frankly and viciously bad; they are supported by a propaganda that these bad books are bad for our good. Pervert fictionists, who make a living on audacious youth, tell youth he must deal in dirt if he would know it. They mail sex tracts to muddle-minded parents on the wisdom of securing for their children a laboratory knowledge of sex adventuring. A frankly

bad book we take up and read without self-defense. The writer's purpose is vicious. We co-operate in his viciousness. A bad book offered under the pretense of a good end is just an opiate for the conscience. This warning, then, of our chief pastors should be brought to the attention of Catholic boys and Catholic girls, some of whom are woefully up-to-the-minute in sex adventuring; and to certain Catholic parents whose authority over their children is flabby. Catholic fathers, Catholic mothers, Catholic boys and girls need strong, direct, authoritative language to point out a straight, pure channel free from the bilge-waters of sex novels, sex plays, sex lectures, and sex class-room teaching.

The Federal Radio Commission has, we believe, tried to take a fair, common-sense point of view in all its rulings with regard to broadcasting, and if it sometimes seems to be slow in its decisions, the fact is due, no doubt, to the many angles which some of the cases present, all of which must be carefully considered before any action is taken. In the case of the politician-preacher, Mr. R. Shuler, who spent much of his time attacking the Catholic Church, the Radio Commission refused to renew the license, because the minister's speeches "had been used to attack a religious organization and the members thereof, thus serving to promote religious strife and antagonism." Mr. Shuler appealed his case to the District of Columbia Court only to meet with another rebuff from that honorable body. The Court's decision, which is a very sane one, reads in part:

If it be considered that one in possession of a permit to broadcast in interstate commerce may, without let or hindrance from any source, use these facilities, reaching out, as they do, from one corner of the country to the other, to obstruct the administration of justice, offend the religious susceptibility of thousands, inspire political distrust and civic discord, or offend youth and innocence by the free use of words suggestive of sexual

immorality, and be answerable for slander only at the instance of the one offended, then this great science, instead of a boon, will become a scourge, and the nation a theater for the display of individual passions and the collision of personal interests.

It will be seen from this decision that the fostering of bigotry has no place in radio broadcasting, and those who are aware that certain stations are being used for such purpose would do well to call the fact to the attention of those in charge of the broadcasting.

A great many people are under the impression that only the Catholic and the Orthodox Churches have suffered from the attacks of Russian atheism. That impression has probably arisen from the fact that the most malignant fury of the revolution has been directed at those two bodies just as the Catholic Church in Mexico has had to bear the brunt of the persecution there. The hatred, however, which has been rampant in those two countries is a hatred against all religion; a fact which some of our Protestant friends have not sufficiently realized. The Catholic Church is ordinarily attacked first and with greatest fury, because it is the most strongly intrenched, and admittedly the great bulwark against atheism and irreligion. Once the enemy establishes itself in any way within her territory, however, it ordinarily visits its vengeance upon any other religious organization that may come under its influence. Some of the Protestant sects which were rather apathetic concerning the early persecutions in Russia have begun to take a different attitude lately on what is going on there. Here are some of the facts which were commended to the attention of his co-religionists not long ago by Rev. John A. Morehead, president of the Lutheran World Conference, according to a note published in the *Catholic Mirror*:

1. Only eighty-one Lutheran pastors remain to care for the million Lutherans in Russia. 2. Forty of these are on duty, and forty-one are

in prison or in exile. 3. In a little cemetery outside of Riga, the names of forty-two Lutheran pastors, slaughtered during the Soviet invasion of 1918, are inscribed on a tablet. One name is that of a woman, a deaconess, in charge of a school for feeble-minded and a home for the aged. The Reds wrecked the institution and shot her. 4. A Lutheran minister, sent to minister to 100,000 Lutherans in Siberia, was shot dead. 5. Four hundred Russian Lutherans, stranded in Manchuria, are awaiting transportation to Russia to be executed.

A Catholic married woman writes to the editor of the *Woman's Page*, *The Catholic Universe Bulletin*, Cleveland, in small part as follows: "God has certainly favored our boys with brains; but why withal is not our Catholic the boy leader in every line of life work? The reason is apparent. He lacks manliness; and while he may hide his weakness behind his religion in his own circle, he has not a chance in a position where people have no interest in religion."

Why, we ask in turn, is not a Protestant the boy leader in every line of work? And why is not a Jew? Neither the Church nor her membership has ever claimed a monopoly on man, woman, boy or girl leadership. We have the bright, near bright, stupid and very stupid. In the Church governing and governed we have the great, the near great, the ordinary and the very, very ordinary. We do not, and should not, expect every Catholic boy to be chief medicine man at every pow-wow. If our boys and girls are religious, virtuous, wholesome and healthy we will not complain if they are not drum majors in high-school bands or cheer leaders in the rah-rah sections.

A correspondent of the London *Universe*, writing from Barcelona, relates the following interesting incident, which took place in that city a short time ago. The speaker in a recent anti-clerical meeting had devoted a whole hour to attacking religious communities, and at

the termination of his speech the chairman of the meeting asked if anyone had any comments to make on the speech. A poorly dressed man stood up. "Silence!" ordered the chairman, "we have a questioner?" Everybody in the hall craned necks to see who it was that had the impudence to contradict the speaker. The poorly dressed man could not boast of eloquence, but his voice was both powerful and steady. He said simply: "We had diphtheria at home. The Sister nursed my wife and my daughter. My wife got better; my daughter got better; the Sister died." The crowd understood the lesson and were touched. The hall resounded with sympathetic applause. We are told in our rhetoric classes that the hardest kind of a speech to make is one to a hostile audience. Various rules have been laid down which should guide the orator in winning the good will of his hearers. This man had, probably, never heard of any of these. He spoke earnestly and sincerely from a full heart, and his words were eloquent as is attested by their effect upon the audience. They brought forth the applause of enemies.

Will Rogers writes a letter to the *Catholic News* (N. Y.) to explain why he said of Mexico, "This is my pet foreign country." Summed up, Mr. Rogers in his open correspondence protests his abiding admiration for "your wonderful Church" and for many of its leaders. He is friendly with Mexico—official Mexico. So why should he, a "comedian," take sides with the persecuted Church or with persecuting Mexico? The Catholic Church, he thinks, can take care of herself in any country without the aid of any comedian. All which and much else in the letter is to the credit of Mr. Rogers. Only in this case it is not so much a quarrel between Mexico and the Catholic Church as a fight on civilization and religion by Communists and Atheists; a

battle to superimpose a theory of government which can deprive John Brown, James Smith, Will Rogers, of his right to worship God and to send his children to schools where the worship of God is taught. It is an expression of brute might which takes from the people the church where they worship and pray to make of it a cinema or a cowhouse. Were John Doe to aim a pistol at Mr. Will Rogers' head, while another John Doe rifled Mr. Rogers' pockets and relieved him of his all, Mr. Rogers would not take it kindly if, say, James Murphy were to say, "John Doe is my pet citizen. He is the most civilized man in the world." We do not think, and never have thought, that Mr. Rogers has an atom of religious animosity toward our Church or ourselves. We felt aggrieved merely that one who so often has said brave things and good things, as daily newspaper squibs, should seem to have said, "Well done, good and faithful servant," to political gunmen who are robbing Mexican Catholics of the treasure of their Faith.

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"Have we dissipated our energies? Has Prohibition failed?" a Protestant minister asked his congregation recently. Yes, to both. Why? Well, if all the assembly of Protestant ministers—not a small or inconspicuous total—had put as much energy into the work of winning people to the love of temperate habits, instead of forcing them by law to abstain from alcoholic drinks, we would have a saner and safer America at this moment. They began by compromise. They put away the spiritual authority vested in them, and rushed into political assemblies, polling places and senates to accomplish by force of law that which can be accomplished best by voluntary restraint through God's help. They harangued voters, went into secret councils with politicians, and made religion a hated name. They made of themselves fiery zealots, rigorous

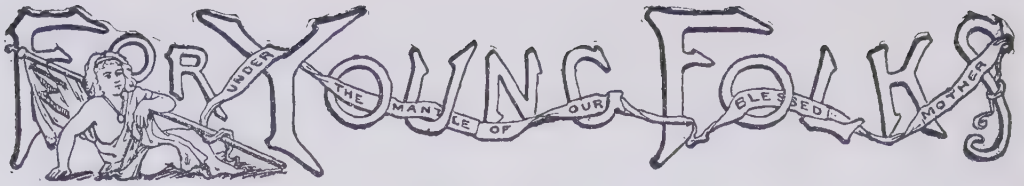
satraps; whereas by their spiritual calling they should have been temperate and wise, winning hearts to sobriety by the persuasion of reasonable appeals. If every minister in this nation had gone into the work of saving America from the violences of intemperance by following the method made use of by Father Mathew in Ireland, they would not now stand bowed below a conspicuous failure. This is not written to discredit the ministers of the Protestant churches. It is a good-will reminder that failure in this instance was not due to lack of zeal, but to lack of wisdom. Most men want to be temperate; admire temperance in others; aim to express it in themselves. When they reach safer, more decent human living by striving, they have achieved and are glad. When forced to be abstemious by law, ordinance and the threat of penitentiary, they are resentful, and grow to hate the virtue they should be taught to love.

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Fifty years ago Dr. Pierre Rioux, of Paris, was told that he was dying of tuberculosis. He refused to give up, however, and as a result of his determination he is this year celebrating his seventy-ninth birthday. Thousands of lives have been saved as a result of his youthful optimism, for in later years he invented the famous diphtheria antitoxin. One of the best additions that any patient can offer to the Doctor's administration is the determination to get well.

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It is well to remember that even the good may lose much of its effectiveness when carried to extremes. Freezing is one of the best and cheapest ways yet discovered for preserving food, yet it is said that Admiral Byrd was compelled to take ice-boxes along to the South Polar Regions to keep his provisions from freezing too solidly. This might seem, but is not like carrying coals to Newcastle.



An Invalid's Gifts.

BY F. M. V.

HAST thou no shelter, Holy Joseph,
For thy little Lord and King?
Yet, for days my room's been waiting
Ready with a welcoming.

Thou sayest that food is lacking
For St. Joseph's laboring days?
Mother darling, see I offer
All the luxury of my trays.

Do I hear our Jesus crying?
Is it God that is so cold?
Then, here, take my soft, warm blanket,
Let it Jesus Christ enfold.

See, my Mother, nights are chilly,
They have brought me milk all hot.
Wilt Thou take it for to warm Thee
At the vigil of His cot?

Art Thou missing, Jesus darling,
All Thy angels' songs of glee?
Since for me it is Thou left them,
I'll give my radio to Thee.

Jesu, sweetling, Jesu, Saviour,
Hast Thou need of aught of mine?
Ah, my Lover, dost Thou know not
All I have is always Thine?

The Gift of the Christ Child.

BY GLADYS KNIGHT.

ESTEBAN heard the other children discussing Christmas, and what they expected and hoped to receive on that day. The expectations seldom arose to the heights attained by the hopes; still, at an age between five and ten, one is always an optimist at heart.

Esteban was not, though only seven years old, himself an optimist. One does not cherish any great hopes when

one has a practically worthless spine; a spine, in short, which does not support one upright, to say nothing of enabling one to run about and play with the other boys. But the Mexican spirit does not run to pessimism. Rather Esteban was a stoic; a fatalist, if you will. One had a bad back; it was a misfortune, yet one accepted it. One could watch the other children run and play, and wonder, perhaps, a little why they were able to do this while he lay on his bed or shuffled with the aid of arms and hands about the floor. Still, at seven, one does not wonder too much or too long. There are always things of interest to occupy one, such as Julietta's new baby, or Maria's and Carlos' wedding, or Bernicio's dog, found on the street, but just as good a *perro* as if it had been purchased. And now there was Christmas.

The other children were all a-bubble with excitement over what they were to receive. Esteban would receive gifts also; but somehow the things he might and probably would get did not interest him. Esteban wanted but one thing in this world—and that was to walk. Other children might crave dolls, trains, roller coasters, candy, and similar trifles, but Esteban could find small consolation in any of these. When one wants only one thing in the world, and wants it so badly that all other desires fade into triviality beside it, one simply cannot show enthusiasm over tin soldiers or wooden horses, even when the former are brightly painted red, and the latter have tails at least six inches long.

So he wanted, and wondered a little. And Encarnacion, his aunt and his father's sister, wanted something too, and wondered somewhat sadly about it. Why should other men go to church

simply, habitually and unquestioningly, while her beloved brother, her Francisco, stayed at home and sneered?

Francisco was very young to be a father, having married at eighteen, and been widowed a year later. The same greedy disease that had carried away Carmelita had remained as a heritage to Esteban. Carmelita's lungs—Esteban's back—for this disease is liberal, and is indifferent both as to its host and its anatomical quarters. So Carmelita—pretty, seventeen-year-old Carmelita—went down to her grave, weeping finally because she had to leave her boy husband and her boy baby; and Esteban remained, lying on his bed or sprawled out on the clean bare floor.

For it was a clean floor; Encarnacion kept it so. Encarnacion worked hard and well, caring for Esteban and making Francisco comfortable—it was not possible to make Esteban very comfortable,—and was a genius at management. Francisco drove one of the wagons of the El Paso Ice Company, and being an employe of parts, and of long standing, he was one of the few retained in winter when the force was cut. The thread of economy was finely spun and drawn out in the Rincons' household, but it never broke. Encarnacion saw to that.

Still, the pay of a driver of an ice wagon is not of proportions to give to an ailing child the care and medical attention he needs. The son of a certain rich man lay on a stretcher on the terrace of a sanatorium, sunned, nursed, and pampered; Francisco had seen him there often when delivering ice. But the son of Francisco dragged himself about the floor, or lay on an indifferent cot in the almost sunless tenement which housed the Rincons. Milk he had, indeed, but not enough of it. And day by day and year by year Esteban seemed to grow thinner, feebler, more patient. He took small interest in anything; he ate skimpily and without appetite; and each

Christmas his father said to Encarnacion, "Perhaps next year we will have nothing to buy for him."

"Be more hopeful, Francisco," said Encarnacion. "I am praying to Our Lady of Guadalupe."

"Bah!" said Francisco, and turned away.

He would sit by the small stove, his well-featured young face set and bitter, his brown, calloused hands clasping and unclasping before him. "You and your prayers—what have they brought us? Nothing. For seven years you have prayed for Esteban, and he cannot sit up straight. If there were any good in your saints they would make my child walk." And Encarnacion, wiping her eyes surreptitiously, would glance fearfully toward the corner where Esteban lay.

"Hush, Francisco! He will hear you."

"Let him hear me. Why have him grow into a man—if indeed he ever does—with your foolish beliefs? What good has your church-going, your prayers, your penances done? Pray? I too will pray when I see what the praying will do."

"Oh, Francisco, Francisco!"

It broke her heart to hear her brother talk so; broke her heart, and frightened her. And after these outbursts she would go to Mass next morning, and shed a few tears because there beside her knelt Fernando Reza and Cruz Ramirez devoutly hearing Mass, monthly receiving Holy Communion. Maria Reza was a happy woman, and so was Locadia, the daughter of Cruz.

Encarnacion, against Francisco's impiety and unbelief, only prayed the harder. She prayed so much and so often for Francisco's eyes to open and see the light that she sometimes almost forgot to pray for Esteban to walk. For the one seemed so much more important than the other.

So now it had come to Christmas in Esteban's seventh year, and all around

him was talk of presents and festivities.

"In the church," said Petra Ramirez, "the Christ Child is in a little nest, and the cows all around Him. I think it must be cold for Him here in El Paso. I would like to lend Him my mantilla. Only to lend, you understand, for I must have it again to go to school on Tuesday."

"You could not lend Him a black mantilla," said Josefina scornfully. "He wears only blue and gold. Did you not see Him in the arms of His Mother over the side altar? He would not wear your black mantilla!"

Petra became depressed at this. That the Christ Child would be dissatisfied with her well-meant offering wounded her sensitive soul.

"I would like to go to Midnight Mass," said Josefina, who had visibly lost her superiority, "and see the Christ Child with the little red and green lights all around Him, and pray to Him for something I wish, oh, very much!—*very much*," repeated Josefina with emphasis.

"What is it you wish?" asked Esteban curiously, thinking of his own secret desire.

"A doll carriage," replied Josefina promptly. "I have to now always carry my baby in my arms, and the health nurse, señorita, told my mamma it is not good for a young baby to be carried always in the arms."

"How old is your doll?" asked Petra.

"A year old; she came last Christmas," said Josefina, fondling proudly a battered and hideous doll. Indeed, her observers might have remarked, had they not been too polite, that the *niña* appeared a great deal older. Her days had been few; but in them she had lived much.

"I, too, would like to see the Christ Child and pray to Him," now put in Esteban, dragging himself nearer to Petra where she squatted on the floor. "Do you always get what you ask Him for, Petra?" he questioned, anxious eyes

on her face—eyes, a little too old for their seven years; eyes with seven times twelve months of suffering and endurance, and fatalistic acceptance of these.

"Si," said Petra with assurance.

"What do you want to pray for, Esteban?" asked Josefina, fondling her soiled and hideous china-headed child.

Esteban lay silent, his old-young, fatalistic gaze on the floor.

"Esteban!"

"Si."

"What do you wish, *chiquito*?" Petra, of superior age and tenderer sex, was inclined to mother her crippled neighbor.

But Esteban, his eyes on the floor, picked thoughtfully at a sliver of wood that had come loose from the bare boards. He could not voice his desire, but he knew what it was.

"That I can walk, Christ Child! I wish for nothing else for Christmas but that. I wish—I wish to walk, Christ Child!"

Such a little Child, the Divine One was, younger a great deal than Esteban; a smiling, healthy Child, lying on a bed of straw in the church, with tiny points of red and gold and green light all about Him. Stars out of His own heaven, Esteban thought, when Encarnacion next day carried him in to see. When they got home, Francisco was already there.

"Papa, I went to church and saw the Christ Child! He is near the side altar, and He has lights all around Him! I wish you too could see Him, Papa!"

"So you've been taking him to church?" said Francisco to his sister. "Well, you'll never get me there. What good is his praying doing him?"

So Francisco sowed the seeds of doubt in Esteban's mind; but along with them sprang up blades from the grain of hope.

Christmas came upon El Paso whitely, borne in by a swift north wind, blow-

ing the people off the streets. It was cold in the streets, but in the little tenement room the stove burned.

Encarnacion, at home, talked cheerfully to Esteban as she went about her tasks in the tiny ménage. "Sí," she told him, "I will go to Midnight Mass, and I will pray for you to the Christ Child. And while you sleep Santa Claus will come and put many things in your stocking."

For Encarnacion worked on occasional days for American families, and knew their habits and customs. And Francisco made enough to give his son a toy or two, though he could not purchase him the gift of health.

"There is someone coming up the stairs," said Esteban presently.

Encarnacion paused to listen. Esteban, with all his senses sharpened by years of patient inertia, had caught the sounds before she did. Now she, too, heard them: slow, light steps coming up the tenement stairs.

The dwellers in this house did not walk like that. They were often weary and sad. This walker was not sorrowful and not tired, though there was a hint of repression in the footfalls, as if climbing the stairs was a bit of an effort for the climber.

"They are coming here," said Esteban.

Now there was a knock at the door. Encarnacion opened it on a little lady, whom she knew at once as the señora who had come to the Solares' when the last baby was born, bringing clothes to tiny Pedro and hope to Luz, his mother.

But Esteban, who had never seen her before, stared wonderingly; asking, out of his pain-aged, knowing eyes, what could be the quest of the small American señora here in the home of the Rincons. He did not know that she was the head of the Christ Child Society, an organization which devoted itself to helping small gentry, indiscriminate of race or creed. As he

scrutinized her inquiringly, she looked back at him with a kind of pitying curiosity and interest.

She was very little, this señora, and on her shoulders and clinging to her dark coat all over were tiny patches of snow. There was a wee crystal of ice on her hat brim, and one on the crown; and even against the cold of the day her face was not rosy as most of the faces of the Americans he was accustomed to see, but as white as a flower. She was like a snow lady, appearing out of a world of which Esteban knew nothing.

"Is this little Esteban Rincon? Miss Daley, of the health department, told me about him." She spoke a few cheerful words to Esteban, who answered civilly but sparsely, as was his wont. Then she accepted a chair by the stove that Encarnacion offered her, and the two women began to converse in low and fluent Spanish.

"Told me that if he could have the frame, he might be able to walk," the little snow señora was saying. "The doctors said, we will furnish it and show you how to use it. Surely there is hope—tubercular spine—"

Esteban did not catch much of what they said, but the words, "He might be able to walk" kept coming into the conversation at frequent intervals. "If he could walk"—magic words. And this was Christmas, too, and he had prayed to the Christ Child.

One does not often pray at seven years, if one be a boy and healthy. But Esteban was not as other boys. He could not walk or run, and he had a great deal of time to think. Encarnacion's piety had inculcated within him a kind of belief of his own. His religion always was sincere.

When the little snow señora rose to go, she came over to Esteban and raised a thin, limp wrist in her gloved hands. He noticed that the snow had melted from her coat and hat, but it was still on her face. But she was a very cheery

little lady, for all she was so elfin and not quite of flesh and blood.

"We are going to put you on a frame, *chiquito*, and keep you there awhile, and you will be a brave boy, won't you? And then, by and by, maybe, if you are very brave and patient—it's not a promise, mind, but perhaps—perhaps you will be able to walk. By and by; not too soon, but some day—"

She was gone, and Esteban, cheeks red with fever, eyes alert with expectation, lay on his bed and waited. And that very evening he lay on the frame, strapped down, weighted at neck and feet; and so he was when his father came in from work.

"What have you been doing to Esteban?" Francisco asked fiercely.

Encarnacion explained, in swift, soothing whispers. "He may be able to walk—the doctors told them—these señoras—"

Francisco, bitter, half-resentful, not at all grateful, went to bed. Esteban lay awake; he was not very comfortable, still, he had hope beside him on each side, even though it was represented by iron bars, and moreover at the foot of his frame hung his stocking. Yes, Esteban was a good American citizen, and invited Santa Claus, as all good small American citizens did. Lying awake, he heard Encarnacion get up, dress quietly, and tiptoe out to Mass. Midnight Mass! Now they were all in church—Petra and Cruz and all of them—and the choir was singing and the lights were burning and the little Christ Child was smiling at all of them. Esteban remembered again the little señora's farewell words, "It is the gift of the Christ Child to you," this frame on which he must lie for a year, but which might, in some mysterious way, work the miracle of making his back strong enough to hold him up. The gift of the Christ Child—this was Christmas Eve.

No, Christmas Day, for it was after midnight now. Mass had begun; he

heard faintly the chimes from the church in the next block. And suddenly he began to pray, poor, wee, brown baby, strapped down cruelly, with iron rods on either side of him, and racked spine and aching head making the tears roll down his skin, parched by seven years of a desert and torrid climate. So he prayed, while he blinked to clear his eyes.

"Christ Child, make me walk! That is all I wish for Christmas! I do not wish toys or candy or even a gun—I only wish to walk! Christ Child, let Esteban walk!"

And in church, kneeling, enveloped in her black mantilla, Encarnacion prayed, "Christ Child, make my little Esteban walk, but make, too, my brother Francisco see! Make him believe—make him a good Catholic again. Oh, dear little Niño, open my brother's eyes to the truth!"

Over El Paso the snow still fell softly, silently as a breath—an icy breath, heavy with cold; and through the shrouded sky, Christmas Day came in.

A year Esteban lay on his frame, for many hours out of each twenty-four. And there was milk—quarts of it—furnished by the donors of the frame. A year—twelve weary months—three hundred and sixty-five long days! But with this year we have nothing to do, for this is a Christmas story.

And Christmas Eve came again. Not snowy, this year, but bright, blue and golden, as days often come in El Paso; days vivid and icy, like snow flowers. Yellow sunlight, beating like thin gilt on stretches of greasewood-studded desert, on city streets, on the great gabled houses on the *mesa*, on the huddled tenements of the Mexican quarter. And it seemed to beat longest and brightest on the roof of the one which sheltered Esteban.

Inside, Petra, maternal as ever, discussed, as a year before, the expecta-

tions and hopes of Christmas. With the more material ones were strongly intermingled the spiritual, such as the receiving of Holy Communion at early Mass, for Petra was now of the mature age of almost twelve. Encarnacion was thinner and did not appear happy. Only last night Francisco had broken forth in bitterness.

"A year he has lain on that invention of hell," said the young-old father, crushing his little faded-orange-colored cigaret between his fingers. "And is he better? Tell me, can he yet walk? You and your saints and your prayers and those women of the Christ Child Society in their silks and furs—what have they done to my son? Tell me, what have you all done between you?"

"Be patient and wait, Francisco."

"Wait! Yes, wait! I will wait a long time before there comes an answer to your prayers."

Esteban had heard, and shivered. Perhaps his father was right. But there was something that no one knew but himself.

"Never mind, Esteban," said Petra. "If you cannot walk, you will have a little wagon and I will pull you around. And that will be as good as walking," she added optimistically.

Esteban knew that it would not be as good. But with his usual reticence, he did not say so.

"Perhaps," went on Petra, "the Christ Child has been too busy this year to grant your prayer. He may have had a great many affairs ahead of yours to attend to. Perhaps this year He will have more time. *Es veredad, Encarnacion?*"

Encarnacion nodded, smiling faintly. Encarnacion had almost given up hope.

Petra took her departure, and Encarnacion went out to market. Then Esteban, cautiously, weakly, raised himself and sat up in bed. Sat up quite alone and unaided. True, it was not a very efficient process, this of getting up; no

swift rising, with a leap and a scamper out of bed as he would have done had he been like other boys of eight years. But he raised himself, then cautiously lowered one foot to the floor.

Poor little tot, half man, half baby, cautious and wise before his time, taught by the pedagogy of pain and experience. Got both feet on the floor, he did, and grasping with his brown little paws tightly the edge of the cot, shuffled around it. But this was not walking. It was staggering, held up by the frame of the pallet. If he could only walk alone.

A step came on the stairs outside, and he tumbled into bed, trembling from his haste, fearful of discovery, for no one knew that he was able to move from his bed or stand on his feet. That was his secret; his and the Christ Child's.

Christmas Eve fell, swiftly at this season, darkly in the streets, brightly overhead where dazzling stars spotted a black-blue sky. Dazzling stars, that Esteban might have seen had his window looked up to the sky rather than on the bleak walls of a tenement. But the stars were there, just the same, blinking overhead as if astonished at the sight of the tiny city huddled in the curve of Mount Franklin's arm, protected from the great and trackless desert about it.

Francisco sat before the fire. "So you are going to Midnight Mass again this year, are you?" he sneered to Encarnacion. "To pray, perhaps, that my son will now have wings—good, strong wings that will hold him—since he has rot the legs."

"I can still pray, Francisco," she answered—"and believe."

The sneer hardened upon the comely brown face. "Prayers, prayers, always prayers," he said. "Answers, never."

"I have faith," repeated Encarnacion sadly but persistently.

"Did not those women say to you that in a year Esteban would walk?"

"Said perhaps, Francisco. No one could say surely."

Angrily he turned upon her. Francisco had grown more bitter every day. Esteban saw the tears on her cheeks as his aunt turned away.

"But see, Papa, I can stand! Look! It is a surprise for you—for you and Tia Encarnacion for Christmas. I can stand—*mira!*"

Encarnacion paused, frozen to a statue. Francisco raised his head and stared at his son.

Slowly and painfully Esteban raised himself, lowered his thin and feeble legs over the bed, and stood on the floor, hands gripping the edge of the cot. But this would not do; not when he wanted to show off so proudly to his two loved ones his feeble prowess.

"See, see!" he panted, scrambling on his well-practised journey around the bed.

"Ah, *Madre de Dios!*" cried Encarnacion. "See, Francisco, he stands, he stands!"

"But not alone." Francisco had half risen, the lines of his face set into a grimace from the shock of seeing his son rise from his bed and take to his legs. "It is not true—it is a trick! Walk, *hijo*, walk!"

"I cannot," said Esteban, jack-knifed over the cot, his hands clutching against the downward pull of his body.

"Come to papa, Esteban! Walk here, *hijo!*"

After all, it was Christmas Eve. And he had asked the Christ Child. Perhaps He had been too occupied all this year to think of Esteban, but to-night when He was so near the earth—down, in fact, in a little cave in the very church in the next block—He would be more easy of approach. Esteban was unconsciously repeating in his mind the words he had grown to use so often that they had become a part of the functioning of his brain.

"Let me walk, Christ Child! I do not

wish any present for Christmas but this! Only to walk—I wish—I wish to walk!"

And he rose, stood unsupported, and, blanched to a cream-color by fear, exaltation and faith, tottered across the room and into his father's arms.

"*Dios!* A miracle! A miracle!" exclaimed Encarnacion.

The tears were streaming down her cheeks and she cried aloud. Tenants from the other apartments ran in, wondering, alarmed, for they knew that Francisco never beat his family.

And while Encarnacion wept and shrilled the news to her neighbors, and the little room swarmed like a great hive of bees, Francisco sat with his trembling son on his knees, his arm about him, saying never a word.

"But I walked, Papa, did I not? I walked?"

Francisco nodded. Yes, they were all quite sure of this. Esteban had walked, for the first time in his life.

A few steps. To-morrow, more. In a year—perhaps—out on the streets—who knows.

And so the gift of the Christ Child came to the home of the Rincons, and left in its wake a certain change. Encarnacion did not go to Midnight Mass. Indeed, she could not control her emotions sufficiently by midnight to attend with decorum. But she went to seven o'clock Mass; and when she knelt on the floor, devoutly and erect as all her neighbors did—for there were no pews in this typically Mexican place of worship—she perceived suddenly among the men the form of Francisco, her brother.

Kneeling on one knee, resting his body along it,—head bowed, clasped hands hanging; uncomfortable, self-conscious, but there. *There!* In church! At Mass! On his knees! Oh, *Dios!* The tears began to come out of her eyes, and she feared to cry out aloud.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Catholic Dramatic Movement offers a new play that should be popular with parish clubs. It is called "The Hired Ghost," and although the ghost is emphatically human, he gives the proper thrill and a good deal of laughter. There are nine men and five women in the cast. Price, 50c.

—"Les Guerisons de Lourdes en Schemas," by Dr. Auguste Vallet and Dr. Robert Dubusch (P. Téqui, Paris. 6.50 fr.), is the story of a number of cures made at Lourdes, written in a language that is freed from technical terms, and with drawings showing the condition of the diseased bodies before and after the cures. Dr. Vallet is the President of the Bureau of Investigation at Lourdes. The drawings are the work of Dr. Dubusch.

—"God's Glorious Universe," by T. M. Donovan (Veritas Co. Dublin. 3d 6s), is a popular study of astronomy. It makes no pretence to original scholarship, but is rather an attempt—and, we believe, a quite successful one—to bring to the ordinary person an appreciation of the wonders of the heavens. And for this Catholic author it is to show that the heavens show forth the glory of God. There is an easy description of the various constellations; the star distances; the sun, etc., etc. The volume has also sixteen illustrations from photographs and two drawings.

—"Cardinal Hayes," by Monsignor Germano Formica, D. D., Ph. D. (H. F. Hobson & Co. \$2.50), will be a great disappointment to those who look for a finished biography of the distinguished and nationally loved Archbishop of New York. This book is, by its very plan, sketchy and more or less haphazard. There are over a hundred fifty pages made up of quotations from the addresses of and interviews with His Eminence. These are worth while, of course, but more valuable if one might read them in their complete context. The rather long excerpt from the Cardinal's address on the occasion of his investment with the pallium breathes the spirit of humility and gentleness that is so remark-

able in Cardinal Hayes. The second part of the book, too, which is chiefly biographical, is too sketchy in manner to have any permanence. We hope that this is but a mere draft of a more complete biography to be written later of one of America's most beloved prelates.

—There are two recent pamphlets entitled "The Third Order of St. Dominic" published by Tertiary Headquarters, 141 E. 65th Street, New York. The first is by the Rev. C. F. Christmas, O. P., giving a brief history of the origin and purpose of this lay branch of the Dominicans (Price, 5c.). The second is a reprint of the Rule of the Third Order with an explanation of its spirit. (Price, 10c.) A similar booklet on the Third Order of St. Francis is "Third Order Fundamentals by a Friar Minor. It is a kind of Catechism, asking and answering the questions that might come to outsiders about such an organization. Published by The Commissariat of the Third Order, 133 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco.

—The chief purpose of "Standard Service Algebra," by G. M. Ruch and F. B. Knight, is to make the study of algebra attractive, so that the student, awakened to a high point of interest, will discover the subject to be neither difficult nor boring. It peers into the minds of beginners, understanding their perplexities while aiding them to overcome them. At the same time it seeks to make the student self-reliant by basing the problems on everyday situations arising in business, industry, the professions and science. Altogether, a text that should appeal very strongly to the student who has no particular taste or ability for algebra. Publisher, Scott, Foresman and Co. Price, \$1.32.

—A very useful volume for non-Catholics who are interested in the Church, or for those who are taking instruction, is "The Catechism Simply Explained," by H. Canon Cafferata (B. Herder Book Company. 65c). This little volume (it is in its tenth edition) is a simple and clear explanation of the Catechism, expanding the Catechism's text sufficiently to

make clear all the implications of it. A prospective convert, taking regular instruction, will, by aid of this book, be able to recall the explanations of the priest, which might be very easily forgotten by those to whom the matter is new and strange. It will serve, too, as a very helpful and suggestive work for those engaged in teaching the Catechism. It is supplied with a topical index for ready reference.

—A splendid description of an ideal Catholic home, a striking tribute to the staunch Catholicity of the parents, and an intimate biography of one of the sons, the Rev. Daniel Leo McShane, M. M., are to be found in "My Brother—The Maryknoll Missionary," by the Rev. John Francis McShane. An admirable spirit pervaded the devotions of the McShane household. Each evening special honor was paid to the Mother of God, then the rosary was said, and finally the father recited prayers, which, as the author states, were those that "his forefathers learned from the hedge-school masters of Ireland." The mother was an apostle of good reading, selecting only the best, most of it from Catholic magazines, for the story-time period. Little wonder, therefore, that Father McShane, the Maryknoll missionary, had those rich qualities of character so essential to exceptionally fruitful work. He should be an inspiration not only to students and priests of Maryknoll, but also to priests, religious and the laity in general. Publisher, Abbey Press, St. Meinrad, Ind.

—There is a lot of sound counsel given delightfully in the thirty-three letters to David which make up a volume called "The Secular Priesthood," by the Rev. George Joseph Donahue (The Stratford Company. \$2). These chatty letters cover a wide range of subjects. Father Donahue loves everything that will build up character and lend culture to the life of the young priest. He has a note on athletics; on devotion to Our Lady; on Newman and Chesterton; on the Little Flower; but perhaps the sagest and most helpful word from an old, experienced priest to the levite is found at the next to the last letter: "When I was a young priest, we never even thought of friends without thinking at the same time

of our brother priests. We supped together and made merry together, dividing our sorrows and sharing our joys, which is of the very essence of friendship. We loved the laity from the latest born child to the oldest parishioner; but when it was a question of *cor ad cor loquitur*, we parked only at the feet of a brother priest."



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"Evolution and Theology." Rev. Ernest Messenger, Ph. D.

"In the Footsteps of St. Teresa"—Interesting Reading on the Little Flower. Rev. Father Xavier, O. F. M.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

JANUARY.

SATURDAY, 7.—St. Lucian, Martyr. St. Aldric, B. C.
 SUNDAY, 8.—The Holy Family. St. Severin, Abbot.
 MONDAY, 9.—St. Julian and Comp's, MM.
 TUESDAY, 10.—St. Agatho, Pope.
 WEDNESDAY, 11.—St. Hyginus, Pope and Martyr.
 THURSDAY, 12.—St. Arcadius, Martyr.
 FRIDAY, 13.—Octave of the Epiphany.
 SATURDAY, 14.—St. Hilary, Bishop.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 7, 1933.

No. 1.

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The Coming of the Magi.

BY T. W.

○ JUDAH, Judah, on your hills afar
Beneath the glow of that mysterious Star
You slept, nor heard the swarthy Magi come
Rending the night with heathen gong and drum!
Lo! unto Bethlehem their caravan
Wound like a serpent in the moonlight's span;
And many an idol strange and fierce was seen
To glitter in the niche and palanquin
The slaves and sacred camels had in care.
Beating of hands and ritual moan were there,
Assyrian cap and vesture, scroll and rod
Of hieroglyph; yea, many an Ethiop god
With ibis, dog and bullock deified
Amid the clinking censers every side,
Taunting the night with flashing jewels' pride.

Chaste Star of God, your silver radiance fell
On mirrors raised with every darksome spell,
While circling *rhombus* and Chaldaic globe,
Secret of ages, unto Thee would probe!
Hark, with their litanies of *Powers* unblest
They cried to Thee, our God, and smote their
breast!

And see, afar, where like a tempest cloud
Three monarchs swept before them fixed and
proud!

With eyes ablaze to guide their camels' flight.
Their beards like comets streaming on the night!
Lo! the strange tributes they have learnt to
bring—

The world's grim wisdom and its sorrowing,—
To find but in a crib at Bethlehem their King!



THEY are the true disciples of Christ,
not who know most, but who love most.

Our Lady at the New Year.

BY THE REV. JAMES P. WEBB.

ANYONE who will take the trouble to look over the Liturgy, that is, the Divine Office and Mass, for New Year's Day will notice at once the constantly recurring references to the Most Blessed Virgin. The Feast of the day is, of course, that of the Circumcision of Our Lord, but the very first words of the liturgy introduce the Most Holy Virgin and the part she played in the work of the Incarnation. "O wondrous exchange: the Creator of the human race, taking a living body, hath deigned to be born of a Virgin, and going forth as a man without human father, hath bestowed upon us His own Divinity." So the Collect of the Feast, the first prayer in the Mass of the day, introduces her both as the Mother of Our Lord and as the intercessor for men. "O God, who by the fruitful virginity of the Blessed Mary hath bestowed upon the human race the gifts of eternal salvation; grant, we beseech Thee, that we may experience her intercession through whom we have deserved to receive the Author of life, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son." It is well that at the beginning of the New Year the inseparability of the God-man and His Mother should be thus emphasized by the Church in faith and devotion.

New Year's Day, the octave day, or eighth day, after Our Lord's birth, is

the day of commemoration of the fulfilment in His case of the covenant made of old by God with Abraham. By the religious rite of that day Christ is constituted, publicly and officially, one of the Children of Abraham, a true member of God's chosen people. He who came as man will fulfil the obligations of His race and nation in the human nature He has taken upon Himself by His Incarnation. He came by love. His Mother, by the love of perfect submission to the will of God, has given Him that nature by which He is constituted man as well as God. He came that the old covenant might be fulfilled and give place to the higher covenant of the law of love. The fulfilment is not all at once. In order and by degrees shall it be worked out through His life, and teaching, and death. But this day it begins. Eventually it will be consummated by the sacrifice of the cross.

The event of New Year's Day, the sacrificial beginning of Our Lord's career as the Redeemer of mankind by His sorrows and sufferings and passion and death, has inevitably a twofold aspect. Backward it looks over the whole dispensation that began with the call of Abraham and the institution of his descendants as the chosen people of God. Forward also it looks to the new dispensation which Our Lord has come to establish. The new shall supplant the old, not by destroying, but by fulfilling it. Indeed, the first fruits of fulfilment have already appeared. For by the foreseen merits of Our Lord's sacrifice of redemption, every stain and shadow of sin has been kept from the soul of His Blessed Mother, and she has been constituted the new Mother of the human race, to bring forth in the souls of men the grace of God, and to make of the children of men the sons of God. She is a new portent in the dealings of God with men. In her was broken the reign of the age of sin, and by her is brought in the new era of grace and love.

At the New Year a man's thoughts will, almost of necessity, turn in two directions, backwards over the year that has passed, forward over the year that is just beginning. To any man of sense and reason these New Year thoughts are not flippant and frivolous, but serious and suggestive. Another year has gone. It is a sobering thought. There are but few years in the life of man, even the longest lived. For though a man live to be a hundred, what is that century of years in comparison with the duration of time, of which no one can compute the beginning or foretell the end! The longest life of which there is record seems telescoped into a moment when looked at in the perspective of the past. Poets and prophets alike have bewailed the fewness of man's days. And they are right. For the years that are gone will never return. They have sped quickly by, each one in succession faster than the rest, and those that are yet to come will pass as those that have gone before, until the end. No one can have any natural liking for this relentless passing of the fleeting years.

It is difficult for the Catholic to comprehend the position of those who live what the fashion of the day terms a "natural" life; a life that takes no account of God, and in which religion, either by faith or practice, has no part. Such a life is cursed from the beginning by the certainty of its end. For no matter what the place and position of its possessor, his health and strength, his social standing, his wealth and power, his capacities for pleasure and his opportunities for enjoyment, they must, all of them, sooner or later, sink into exhaustion and extinction. The so-called natural life may be easy and free, but no one who lives that life dare look forward beyond the passing day, and to such a one every year that goes must be a bitter reminder of the inevitable end when all the light of life must die down into the darkness of death. From

such a position, and such a peril, the Catholic is saved by his faith in Our Lord and His Mother, by his recognition and acceptance of the fact of their co-operation for his redemption and salvation. For by that "wondrous exchange," of which the Liturgy of New Year's Day speaks in its opening words, the Son of God has come to give to man some participation in his own divinity; and he who by grace, in faith and good works, shares in that divinity of the Son of God need not regret that the years speed by, but can look forward unto the end with the hope and certainty of immortality.

Perhaps it is no more than a coincidence that the commemoration of the event in Our Lord's life celebrated by the Feast falls, as it does, on New Year's Day. The reckoning of the Jewish year begins from some date in the month of October, and it is at least remarkable that the commemoration of the beginning of Our Lord's career of sacrificial suffering, by which the old law was to be abrogated and the new dispensation established, should fall on the Kalends of January, the New Year's Day of the Gentiles. It is a matter of common knowledge that the Jews, as a people, rejected Our Lord. His acceptance has been by the Gentiles. Of old the Kalends of January, the coming in of the New Year, was a time of riotous rejoicing and excess. The tendency, ingrained and traditional, to observe the season with the same unholy revelry persisted long after the nominal conversion of peoples and nations to the Church.

In some countries ecclesiastical councils, at one time, ordered the day of the New Year to be kept as a day of fast in an effort to control and check these pagan survivals and excesses. Mere prohibition of any established custom is usually of itself altogether ineffective, as universal experience proves beyond doubt. The abuse, or excess, or evil, to be corrected must not only be prohib-

ited by competent authority, but the prohibition itself, to have any appreciable measure of success, must proceed upon right principles, and be rooted ultimately in religious example and sanction. Otherwise it is foredoomed to failure. The Church in its efforts to stamp out the evils and excesses of paganism has always been able to point to the life and career, the teaching and actions and sufferings, of her divine Founder, and to appeal to her children to refrain from what she condemns out of gratitude and love for Him who first loved them and delivered Himself for them. So in her efforts to change New Year's Day from a pagan festival into a Christian Feast she had and used from the beginning the fact and example of Our Lord's suffering, and the co-ordinated suffering and sorrows of His Most Holy Mother.

In the prophecy of Simeon it was said to the Blessed Virgin, "And thine own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed." The thoughts of the followers of Our Lord have been revealed by their sympathy with His Blessed Mother, and by their efforts to make her life of perfect conformity with God a model for their own. Achievement has fallen far short of the example, but the fact that there has been any achievement at all is due to the grace of God working through that compelling example. Whatever New Year's Day may be to the non-Catholic world, and in many so-called Christian countries, that day is still much of a pagan festival, at least to the children of the Church it is a day of religious observance, on which they must assist at Mass, and on which they commemorate the first act in Our Lord's career of sacrifice. His Blessed Mother brings her infant Son to the fulfilling of the law, and in her soul she suffers as only a mother can suffer when her child is in pain. It is a new experience for both,

the Son and the Mother, and in their conjoined suffering there is the force of example and the power of love to all the Catholic world.

The New Year is above all things else a new beginning. It is this which gives it that character of hope and joy with which it is everywhere associated, and which prompts the universal greeting of every man to his fellow on that day, "A Happy New Year." The sobering and perhaps sorrowing reflection that a year has gone can be set aside in the desire and wish that the year beginning may bring its meed and measure of those factors which make the life of man happy upon earth. Everyone can look back upon the past, but it is not given to men to foresee the future. So they look forward to the new-born year with the wistful hope that it will be free from the evils of past experience, and bring a fuller share of things good and helpful for mind and body. It is safe to say that, except for those who look forward upon the future in the spirit in which the Blessed Virgin looked forward, on that day of the beginning of her Son's redeeming sufferings, the New Year will be a year of frustration and disappointment, like every one that has gone before.

It is the universal opinion of the Church that the Most Blessed Virgin knew from the first, not only the divine nature of the Son she bore, but also the purpose of His mission and the bitter pains and death by which that mission would be accomplished. Yet as she looked forward along His life and hers, foreseeing and foreknowing the sorrows and sufferings of them both, she accepted all with cheerfulness and joy as the working out of the will of God, as the means chosen in divine wisdom for the greatest good of man. When men greet one another, and wish one another the blessings of prosperity and happiness for the year that has just opened

upon the world, they know very well that the New Year will be much the same as the old. That same strange admixture of things good and ill that make up human life, some share at least of pain and sorrow and loss and failure, as well as the good things of success and pleasure.

Whatever may be the case with the rest of men, the Catholic can, if he will, embrace all these things in the spirit and example of the Most Blessed Virgin. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done to me according to thy word." That acceptance and submission covered all things, even to the standing by the cross and the laying of her Son in the darkness of the sepulchre. It was sorrow indeed, supreme among the sorrows of the children of men, but it was the sorrow that in the service of God brings the joy of God. "My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." These words she spoke before Our Lord had been born, though in her knowledge of illumination she knew the future as no man can know it when he wishes his fellows health and happiness for the unfolding year. "My spirit hath rejoiced"; because all that she foresaw and foreknew she accepted for herself and her Son as the will and the work of God.

The fulfilling by Our Lord, through the offices of His Most Holy Mother and St. Joseph, of the covenant of the Old Law made to Abraham, falls appropriately on the New Year's Day of the Gentile world. It is an ever-recurrent reminder to that wayward world of the sacrifice and suffering of that Lord in whom the nations and peoples have believed, whose life they are supposed to take as their guide and example. Never was it more to the point than at the present day. It is a time when the old principles and sanctions that governed the actions of men seem to be

falling from their place and power. The world is full of the cry of self-determination, self-expression, self-realization; a cry which reveals itself in practice to mean that a man may be a law unto himself, bound by no restrictions or obligations higher than the accepted conventions and his own capacities. Carried out logically and generally such a standard of life would wreck the whole fabric of human society and civilization.

Conventions are no substitutes for commandments. The strongest of them go down at once when they are the only obstacles to the realization of capacity and desire. The world will be a jungle for men as well as for beasts when the "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" of the commandments of God have been displaced by the conventions of men. At all times men have done wrong. The distinction of the day is that men try to destroy the difference which hitherto they have accepted between right and wrong in their actions. No man can escape the impact of the opinions and mentality of his day. What the Catholic can do, if he will, is to prevent current opinions and mass mentality from obscuring his understanding and distorting his judgment. By the grace of God he can keep his mind from the acceptance of any wrong principle, and his will from assent to any evil act. In doing this he must put forth effort, and be prepared to endure at least some measure of sorrow and sacrifice in the keeping and fulfilling of the law of God.

On the very first day of the New Year, which the Catholic, like all the rest of the world, can accept with gladness and celebrate with joy, he sees the guiding example of Our Lady and St. Joseph bringing the Divine Child to the fulfillment of the Jewish law, though with sorrow and pain to each and all of that Holy Family. However weak in resolve and deficient in achievement, the Catho-

lic will at least realize that the Lord who asks him to accept and obey His law of love is the Lord who first loved in suffering those whom He calls to His following. And the Blessed Virgin will appear as one who from the beginning suffered with her Son, that by Him she might be exalted in honor and glory.

The goodness of God gives to men another year. At least, they enter upon it with hope and trust that they may see it through to the end. That year will largely be what men themselves make it. The majority of men will perhaps think only of the prosperity and pleasure they hope to enjoy, but the Catholic cannot forget that the year will bring with it its duties and obligations. If he be faithful, he will face all these in the spirit of Our Lord and His Mother in the event of the New Year's Day commemoration. Even good people often waste a lot of time, and make themselves miserable, by dwelling upon the difficulties they fear they will encounter, and commiserating themselves for the sufferings they endure and the sacrifices they have to make in keeping up the practice of Catholic life.

True, there will be difficulties, and some measure of suffering and sacrifice, but these have not come yet. When they come, and not till they come, will the grace they require be given to endure and overcome them. If each difficulty and duty as it comes is faced and discharged with ready and cheerful acquiescence the future can be left to the good providence of God, and God will not be wanting in due time. It was so with the Most Holy Virgin. The grace to stand by the cross was not the grace she received in the initial chapter of her sorrows, but that grace came when it was required, and she endured the agony of her Son's death, until pain was taken away, and death was overcome, and her Son rose to life in the unending joy and glory of His Resurrection.

So the New Year will bring joy to all who enter upon it in her spirit of duty and sacrifice. In this way is set an example of life and conduct to all the world. Badly does the world need it. By faith and works, in cheerfulness and charity, the year can be made a year of blessing for self and for others, for the welfare of the world, for the good of the Church, for the glory of God. And everyone who does thus will say with the Most Blessed Virgin, his intercessor and example, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he that is mighty hath done great things to me."

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

I.

HUGH BYRNE would be known as "Hugh the Bog" if there were another Hugh Byrne at Kilbeg. As there was not, he was called "The Bog" simply. If you ever drove out the long road from Cahermoyle you would see his house as you turned north toward Kilbeg school.

Everything about the farm made you think of The Bog. The gate into the lane was iron; hard, unyielding iron, which opened grudgingly and clanked back into place when you ceased to hold it: like The Bog's mind. The lane into the house was straight and never out of order: like The Bog's affairs. The Bog never tolerated anything in the wrong place. Stables and cowhouses which stood some distance from the dwelling-house were safe against violence of the winds: trees grew back of them. Hay-stacks seemed at attention like soldiers, and horses waited in their stables like firemen for the fire-bell. The Bog wanted everybody to be working or ready for work.

Davey was his son, who would inherit everything—iron gate, lane, dwelling-

house, stables, hay-stacks; the highland which grew grain and root crops; the bog from which Hugh Byrne got his nickname. That is, he would inherit these things when he married the girl of The Bog's choice, by the time The Bog was very old; and when Davey would be old too likely.

Davey had a desperate fear of his father, which, his father did not discourage. He would even threaten to "lay on the whip" if he heard the wind slam the stable door which Davey had forgotten to close—although Davey was twenty-one.

He was an only son; Nano an only daughter. She was called Nano because Ireland just then was emerging from Brigid and Hanna. If you exclaim, "the pity of it!" you will not start an argument, for this is not a debate. Nano finished at Laurel Hill, Limerick, not because Hugh Byrne believed in culture and the Gaelic Language League, but because Mrs. Byrne insisted she be given some advantages. She was a well-appearing, wholesome, out-of-doors girl; and showed a dash of spirit which was a comfort in a house where everybody was expected to speak conditionally.

"I wish to God, Nan, I could stand up against him like you!"

"Davey, you've made the mistake of a bad start; now you've the inferiority complex."

"What's that?"

"Lots of things. In your case, you're afraid, and can't help it."

"That's it just! I'm afraid and can't rise out of it. If I could get mad when he's badgering me, I think I could answer him back."

"That's not it. Getting angry, without character to withstand and reason to assail—as they say in the text-books—gives you no advantage. You must prove you aren't a child by acting as a man."

"But can't you see, Nan, I need a fit of anger to start me—or get half drunk?"

She laughed. She was fond of Davey, he was so humble.

"No, my dear, I can't approve your getting drunk, even to overcome the inferiority complex. The end never justified the means."

"Four pints of stout would do it."

"Davey, drink only gives false courage. Why not tell Alice?"

They were standing outside the kitchen door in the evening March twilight. He turned his head quickly and peered into the room.

"For God's sake, Nan, be careful! He might hear!"

"Why not make that the battle ground? Why not tell him straight out you're in love with Alice Farley and will marry her some day?"

"Nan, is it leaving your mind you are! Don't you know if I'd tell him that, he'd order me out of the house?"

"Davey,"—Nano shook her head slowly—"you'll never win that way. The longer you postpone, the worse 'twill be; and if Alice gets to think you're a coward she'll be done with you. You know her spirit."

"Supper is ready," Mrs. Byrne called.

Hugh Byrne sat at the head of the table, his wife directly opposite; Nano and Davey at either side. The girl who waited on the table was from the mountains. The Bog believed mountainy girls had sense; didn't keep company and run off to dances.

"Did you put in hay for the horses?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Are the cows in?"

"Yes, Sir."

He pursued the catechism, and Davey came out a hundred per cent. That kept his father in good humor.

"I see by the paper there's a lot of wild talk in Dublin by the *Sinn Feiners*. They'll bring trouble upon the country, and we getting such fine prices for everything on account of the war."

"Maybe we'll have a Rebellion."

Davey looked across at his sister. How the devil did she pick up the courage to answer him!

"A Rebellion! Such tomfoolery! For what do we want a Rebellion?"

"Because we want a country."

"I tell you, girl, 'tis nothing but madness, this rising and drilling when people should be out working their fields, so as to keep redness upon the land."

"We should own our country, shouldn't we? The Irish people are entitled to rule themselves, aren't they?"

"We have the best crops in years; prices were never better, taxes never much lower. They'd better have sense or they'll have a rope around their necks, first thing they know."

"I hope enough Irishmen are left to go out and fight even if the reward is hanging!"

Davey paled at her arrogance. If he could only answer like that he'd walk to Mass on his bare feet, and without a shirt.

"You'd better not be saying mad things like that, my lady, or you'll get the whole of us into trouble. 'Tis no time to be making fools of ourselves, and we getting such prices for everything."

"Will you have a little more meat?" Mrs. Byrne asked Davey. He handed over his plate. He loved his mother.

"There are other things to be settled besides good prices," Nano began to say, but her mother checked her.

"Nan, dear, I think we have enough for to-night."

She noted the anxiety which rested, like a frightened bird, upon her mother's face. Yes, she would give up for the moment.

Later in the evening Davey walked out the lane to the road. It was a restful March night in 1916, the sky white with stars. He liked the quiet roads of the later twilights and those infrequent noises which emphasize the calm. A neighbor's dog barked; a boy called to

another boy across a field; a car rumbled over the small stones which served to patch the deeper wheel-tracks. It was so peaceful outside! No one about to question him, to urge him, to show him lines of duty which, it seemed, he could not follow. Then out of the field west of the road came faint voices; out of a hollow in the field. And then distinctly:

"March!—Halt! March!—Halt!"

He was going to climb the ditch to see into the hollow, when a young man leaped over the east wall to the road.

"Good evening!"

He recognized the voice.

"Good evening, Dan."

Dan Madigan was a neighbor who tilled the soil and cared for the stock like himself. To-night he carried a hurly, which made Davey curious.

"Tisn't out for a practice you'd be going this hour, Dan?"

"No, 'tish't."

He gave no further information, and Davey had learned long since never to seem curious. It was the advice given him by his mother, which he followed easily because he was timid.

"I thought 'twould be too dark to see the ball."

"'Twould so." Dan leaned on the ditch Davey had been thinking to climb.

"There's different sport entirely these nights, Davey." Dan faced him.

"I heard them below, just as you came," Davey said.

"What were they saying?"

"March!—Halt!"

"Tis there I'm going, Davey; down into the hollow. But don't say anything."

"Is it for a fight ye're drilling?"

"You're not one of us, are you?"

No. Davey was not.

"Then I mustn't tell you. But you suspect all the same!"

"I do; and I'd be with ye, if I could."

"And why can't you?"

"My father is against the Cause."

Dan Madigan looked across at him.

"I know—good prices for the stock and for the butter on account of the war. A big war makes big prices. At the same time, Davey, England's trouble is Ireland's opportunity, one of the big men said a long while back. It depends which side you favor. If you're not out for Ireland's opportunity you'll make your profits on good prices; but if you are, you'll do all you can to add to England's trouble so as to increase Ireland's opportunity. And I suppose, Davey, when 'tis all over The Bog will have the laugh on us; because The Bog will make England's trouble The Bog's opportunity. And the British won't hang him for that."

Dan Madigan vaulted the stone ditch, lifted his hurly to his shoulder, and whistled softly as he walked on.

Davey stood on the road and watched this brother of the soil vanish into the March dusk. He felt ashamed; and the loneliness of his position came to him. All around him, young fellows with whom he had gone to school, with whom he had hurled and hunted, were out evenings drilling. He was not with them. He was outside their circle. He met them at Mass; and while they were friendly, he felt they lived in a world of secrecy to which he did not belong. They said words not intended for him; exchanged looks and signs the meanings of which he did not understand. He had security, his comforts, his freedom from any consorting with treason should Law descend upon Kilbeg. But what compensation was all that for the loss of comradeship, for the depression he felt at being outside the circle within which comrades were preparing for a great day? Davey Byrne was not afraid of the Empire; nor of arrest; nor of a rope ready to strangle him after a short trial. He was afraid of his father who was a very hard, calculating, methodical man; a man who knew he had a firm grip upon his son, and was wise enough

to understand that his strength depended upon the pressure of his grip.

Davey looked across the stone ditch and down into the hollow. He could see no one; already Dan Madigan had melted into the dark and was with his comrades somewhere.

"March!—Halt! March!—Halt!"

"If it wasn't for my father I'd be down there with them!" he said aloud.

"And why aren't you there anyhow?" a voice at his shoulder asked. He pivoted in a jump.

"O Nan, you frightened me!"

"I came out to enjoy the quiet."

"Yes, 'tis quiet."

"But why aren't you there?" his sister asked again.

"O Nan, for God's sake, don't make it harder! I would only he'd find out. I'm afraid—I can't help it." And grown man though he was, he began to cry.

Nano put her arm within his and led him back through the gate. The stars of the early night were all over the sky and no cloud anywhere.

"March!—Halt! March!—Halt!"

"Listen!" she whispered, gripping his arm. "Davey, that's a heart-beat! Ireland's coming to life in the grave. They're getting ready to roll back the stone!"

"And they'll be fighting, and myself sitting by the fire!" he sobbed.

"No! You'll march ahead of them all once you start."

"O Nan,—do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it; just as sure as I hear Ireland's heart beating below there."

She gripped her brother's arm harder yet.

(To be continued.)

THE message of the angel, the visitation, the birth, the finding in the Temple, and the whole history of Bethlehem and Nazareth, although they primarily and nominally introduce Our Lady, are really filled with Jesus.

—*Bishop Hedley.*

Mary Comes Home.

BY ALICE P. CLARK.

WHEN she came home to Nazareth,
(Though she had made it neat before),
She found that Angels' hands had brightened
Windows, walls and shining floor.

And one had smoothed the cradle sheets,
And one brought water from the spring;
And one was waiting at the door
To give the Child a welcoming.

A Little Lily of France.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

WE are often told to console ourselves for the apparent uselessness of the Great War by the thought of the countless souls who found salvation amid the welter of blood and carnage in the trenches, who might otherwise have missed their way to Heaven.

The story of Anne shows us how that same great tragedy brought sanctity to a child of four. On July 30, 1915, the news reached the beautiful Chateau de la Cour overlooking the enchanted lake of Annecy that Comte Jacques de Guigné had died for France. His little daughter Anne awoke to hear her Mother saying, "Daddy is dead;" and from that hour till her eleventh year, when God called her Home, she was changed from a wilful, headstrong child into a saint, the cause of whose beatification had already been begun.

Anne, or Nenette as she was lovingly called at home, was born on April 25, 1911, the eldest child of Comte Jacques de Guigné and his wife Antoinette de Charette. A year later a little brother Jacques, or Jojo, came to complete the parents' joy, and soon Madeleine and Marie Antoinette completed a fascinating quartette in the lovely old chateau on the banks of the lake of Annecy. "We have as fine a chateau as anyone,"

Anne once said, and although she regretted this little outburst of vanity, she might well be forgiven for boasting of so lovely a home, set in that part of Savoy which is exquisite beyond description. Anne lived here all her life except for a few months each year when the family went to their Villa at Cannes.

Certainly Anne did not show every "sign of sanctity from her earliest infancy." In many ways she was a dear child, very loving, intelligent and truthful, but she was also a most tempestuous and unruly little person, with an iron will when there was any question of getting her own way. Indeed, if the truth were told, Anne showed "every sign of naughtiness from her earliest infancy!" When only just able to speak, she once shouted at the doctor who wanted to examine her, and whom she could not bear, "Take your hat and go."

Anne was a born leader, but up to the age of four she was also a tyrant. When only three she was playing with a boy cousin older than herself. They came to a heap of sand. "Let's climb to the top," said Anne, and she began.

"I won't," said the boy, "it is too high."

"But I say you must. You *shall* come up, I'll make you!" and a tug-of-war began, in which the elder cousin was only saved from ignominious defeat by the timely intervention of Nurse. Such was Anne's attitude to life at the age of three.

Anne's saving quality was her heart, but even this led her to extremes. She did not at all like the baby who came to take her place. She hated to see him on her mother's lap, and one day went so far as to rub sand in his eyes in order to make him cry, because her mother had kissed him.

But when Marinette arrived, in the January before Anne's fourth birthday, she took the tiny mite to her heart and assumed complete authority over her.

The weather was intensely cold, and the bishop gave leave for the baptism to take place in the house, and Anne was the godmother. She felt she was already grown up. But a shadow was already over the happy home. "Daddy" had left all he loved best on earth at the call of duty, and was at the front. Shortly after he came home wounded. Anne, who loved "looking after people," took him as her charge, and was never so happy as when fetching books, running messages, or even staggering along with Daddy's big crutches.

Not long afterwards when her father had again been wounded shortly after his return to the front, Anne went with her mother to see him in the hospital at Lyons. The sight of the long rows of beds awed her considerably, and as her mother explained how all these poor men were suffering for France, the child began to realize what life was. That was in February, and on July 28 Mme. de Guigné learned that God had asked of her and her beloved husband the greatest sacrifice they could give—the life of the heroic young lieutenant.

From a darling, but wilful and troublesome child Anne now became a saint, striving with all her might after perfection. Her one idea was to console her mother and to please God. "You *must* be good, Jojo, because Mother is sad." These words to her little brother sum up Anne's outlook on life at this moment.

A governess who arrived in 1916 gives us a charming picture of Anne. "I was really charmed with her easy grace of manner when she came to greet me. One could not help loving her, but though so tiny there was something that even then inspired respect. She was very sensible too, and had such a kind little heart. When we returned to Annecy she was very anxious about me for fear I should fret at leaving my parents who lived at Cannes. Almost as

soon as we arrived she took me round the garden and wanted me to pick some flowers. 'You must do just as if this was your own home,' she said, 'pick all the flowers you like and send them to your mother to comfort her.' Next morning I heard a soft little knock at my door. It was the dear baby come to see if I had slept well. All day long she was trying to help me . . . and when we went for a walk, she would let the others go on with their mother, while she took my hand, for fear, as she said, that 'Demoise might feel left out.' "

"I am going to call her 'Demoise,'" she said, "because 'Mademoiselle' sounds so stiff, and we want her to feel at home."

We can well believe that 'Demoise' found it hard to believe when the Comtesse told her that up to a few months before Anne had been a most troublesome child, and difficult to manage. Anne was already learning that God gives His graces even to children, but that we must correspond with them.

When only four and a half Anne was already speaking of and longing for the day of her First Communion. That was in 1915, and when the family migrated to their winter home at Cannes, her mother thought she was old enough to go to the Convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls to attend the Catechism classes, where Mme. de Guigné's sister, Mother St. Joseph, was at that time Superior.

Mother St. Raymond, mistress of the class, soon saw what a privileged soul she had to deal with. Everyone loved her, and in spite of her great intelligence and quickness in learning none of her little companions were ever jealous of her. They all loved her. "She is the nicest of all," they would say, and later on it was their verdict that "Anne always forgot herself, but she never forgot anyone else"—so much does real unselfishness attract even children.

She could not bear to hurt anyone. "Dear Lord, what can I *possibly* have done to Mélanie?" she was heard one day praying—the said Mélanie being a kind but sharp-tongued cook.

Although the nuns and her confessor judged Anne fully prepared to make her First Communion, the bishop made difficulties when he heard she was only five. Finally his Lordship gave way, but only on condition that Anne should be thoroughly examined by the Rector of the Jesuits, who was not at all predisposed in her favor. The only person not at all alarmed at this prospect was Anne herself. The good Jesuit did his best to puzzle the child by asking her questions at random, up and down the Catechism, but he found he had been mistaken, and that he had to deal with no ordinary little being. He became interested and talked long to the child.

"What is your chief fault?" he asked her.

"Pride," she answered without hesitation, "and disobedience too."

The Father was greatly touched by her evident humility, but pretended to be very stern and said that a little child who wanted to receive Our Lord must learn to obey at once, and do exactly as she was told. Then quickly he said, "When does Jesus obey?" and as promptly the answer came, "At Mass."

"What words does He obey?"

"He obeys when the priest says, 'This is My Body; This is My Blood.' "

Again he tried to catch her.

"What Sacraments have you received?"

"Baptism and Penance."

"And which are you hoping to receive?"

"Holy Eucharist and Confirmation."

"No others?"

"Perhaps some day I shall receive the Sacrament of Matrimony."

"And Holy Orders too, perhaps?"

"Oh, no, Father, how could I? That is *your* Sacrament."

The priest, evidently much moved, said to Mother St. Raymond as he left the convent, "I wish you and I were as well prepared to receive Our Lord as that little girl is."

The great day came and Anne was radiant. Then Mother St. Raymond saw a look of sadness come over the little face.

"What is it, dear?" she said.

"Daddy is not here."

"But he is with Our Lord, and so much closer to you than if he stood beside you," said the nun.

"Oh," said Anne, "then I am quite happy."

It was March 26, 1917, Monday in Passion week and the transferred feast of Our Lady's Annunciation. Later on when Anne had begun to write, she traced in her baby characters her First Communion resolution, "I will give all my sacrifices to Mary, so that she may give them to Jesus."

Anne never spoke to anyone of her first great meeting with Our Lord, but all were struck by the wonderful expression on her face and her whole demeanor. The love of Jesus in His Sacrament grew and grew in Anne's heart, and when the thought of her Communions came to her, even during her games she would stop and clasp her hands together tightly and say, "Oh, *thank* you, Jesus!" Once when asked what she was praying about she said, "I was only thanking Jesus for being so kind as to come into my heart." But what Our Lord said to her was the "Secret of the King."

But one day Mother St. Raymond asked her casually if Our Lord ever said anything to her, and though she seemed unwilling to break her reserve she said simply, "Not always, but sometimes when I am very quiet."

"What does He say?"

She hesitated, and then a wonderful expression came over her face as she

said softly, "He tells me that He loves me;" and to her aunt, Mother St. Joseph, she said, "Jesus says He loves me, and loves me more than I love Him."

"If I use my book I get distracted," she told her mother, "but I don't if I just talk to Jesus. I always know what I want to say when I talk to people."

"And what do you say?"

"I tell Him that I love Him."

Anne loved Our Lord very much, and she knew how to show her love. She knew what sacrifice meant, and with her little brother and sisters she had many an opportunity.

When she was about seven she lost her first tooth, a great event, for did not all the children know that it meant a present from—somewhere? Sure enough in the afternoon a big parcel did arrive addressed to Anne—it contained a wonderful doll's washstand that had running water. The children were in ecstasies, but alas! Jojo was only a little boy; no one quite knew how he did it, but the beautiful toy was broken. Anne was speechless till she saw Jojo crying. Then as usual, her own sorrow was forgotten, her arms were round her little brother; and though her own tears would come, she said bravely, "I'm glad, because now I have made Abraham's sacrifice!" Was she so very wrong? God wanted her toy, her treasure, and she gave it.

Anne loved Our Lady very much, and she loved her best at the foot of the Cross. She drew a very quaint picture evidently meant for Our Lady, and wrote underneath, "At the foot of the Cross to which her Son was nailed, Mary wept. Give me grace to weep with thee." "But why do you want to weep?" they asked. "Because Jesus is not loved enough," was the answer.

Influenza with mustard poultices on her chest and other painful remedies came soon to try Anne's generosity in offering sacrifice. But her almost invari-

able cry, even if tears were forced from her, was "Jesus, I offer it to you." Anne was rapidly advancing in virtue, and her governess, herself well versed in spiritual ways, noticed how Anne always managed to take what was least nice for herself, and how often she would pass the nice dishes at table, or the dessert. It was the same when the children had a picnic; Anne ran about and waited on everyone, and seemed quite joyous if she were forgotten.

Sometimes Jojo or Marinette were unwell and could not go for the promised treat, and then Anne would always ask leave to stay and "make up" to them for their disappointment. Only once when "a dolls' dinner" was in prospect did Anne seem a little down as the others drove off, but in a minute she ran back to Jojo and amused him for the afternoon.

"I don't care what they do to me as long as they are good," she often said, and that was just it. The Apostolic spirit was already inflaming the heart of this little child and urging her to win souls for Our Lord. She loved sinners and delighted to have some "special sinners" to pray and work for. In her last illness when her mother said to her after a particularly violent crisis of the pain, "You have been good, darling, this will console the Heart of Our Lord and win some of your sinners." The little girl gasped for joy. "Oh, Mother, I am so glad; if it does that I will bear lots more."

But all this self-control was not won without many an effort. Sometimes when almost overcome she would rush up to her governess with tears in her eyes and cry out, "Oh, how I do want to be cross!"

When Anne reached her tenth year she seems to have had definite ideas of being a nun, and on account of her love for the Little Flower her thoughts turned to the Carmelites, but evidently

she had a premonition that she was not to live long. She often spoke of being a nun to one of her little friends, and was most earnest that she should promise to become a nun in Anne's stead.

Once, too, when her mother asked her what she said to Our Lord when she prayed, she answered, "I tell Him that I love Him, and I ask Him to make the others good. I ask Him lots of things and I pray for sinners, too." Then she stopped and got red and looked doubtfully at her beloved mother, "and I tell Him that I want to see Him."

"But, my darling," cried Madame, "what shall I feel like if you go away to see Our Lord?"

"Oh, yes, Mother, I have thought of that, and I don't want to make you sad, but Daddy is in Heaven, and you will soon be there and so will all the others. We are all meant to go there."

She never again, even during her last illness, would speak of her death to her mother, for fear of grieving her.

Anne had sometimes suffered from headaches, caused it was thought, by spinal weakness, but that was supposed to be cured, and everyone thought that with rest, her headaches would disappear. But in December, 1921, they returned worse than ever. The doctor saw no cause for anxiety, but on December 19, the pain was so severe Anne had to go to bed. Still the doctor was not alarmed, and Christmas passed happily enough under the circumstances in the united family. But two days later even the doctor was hopeless. Meningitis had set in, and the poor little patient had alternate periods of coma and intolerable pain.

On the feast of the Holy Innocents—a fitting day—she received Our Lord in Viaticum, and Extreme Unction. But her passion was not yet over, and during all the terrible days that followed no word of complaint or impatience ever escaped her lips. Once or twice she was

heard whispering, "Oh, dear Lord, I'm absolutely done. Have I been faithful, dear Lord? Dear St. Anne have pity on my sins. Little Jesus, I am afraid I have not been brave. I did not pray enough"—showing where Anne's thoughts and heart were.

There was no room for thought of self, but a constant thought for the comfort of others and a touching gratitude for each little service rendered her. She called her little brother and sisters to see her Angel whom she told her mother was beside her.

On January 14 she, who had always understood that "Obedience is the sanctity of children," said to the nun who was nursing her, "Sister, may I go to the Angels?" and when the Sister said, "Yes," she just sighed softly and said, "Oh, thank you, thank you." They were her last words. At the doctor's bidding she looked up once more at the dearly loved face of her mother, and then she went to see the Lord whom she had so longed to look at.

The body was taken home to Annecy-le-Vieux and laid in the family vault. But God would not let the memory of His little servant die out; many miracles, conversions and temporal favors began at once to be accorded through Anne's intercession, so much so that the bishop decided to begin the process which might lead to her Beatification.

Her life has been written no less than five times in French, and is translated into English. May we not hope that the words of the saintly Pius may be realized in Anne, "There will be saints among the children"?

His Mother.

BY Q. E. D.

BLOOD of her blood, bone of her very bone!
 Could He deny her lowliest behest,
 Whose arms had been His ever-glorious throne,
 Whose womb, the happy cradle of His rest?

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

I.

THE oldest inhabitants of Maydoncum-Thurston had an overwhelming sense of the importance of their extremely diminutive village. Of course, Thurston did not count—Thurston comprised only some coverts loved of poachers, a few laborers' cottages and Thurston Farm. That was the order in which Maydon spoke of them. Thurston Farm came last, and the speaker's voice generally ended in a tone that suggested pity, scorn, or good-humored tolerance.

On the other hand, Maydon was—well, Maydon was Maydon! The oldest inhabitants' fathers or grandfathers had kept "Boneyparty" from English shores. They had made the old tower, on which they had lit the beacon fire to send its flaming message of warning to the North. Ah, Maydon deserved well of England. And was it to be believed? The ancient, time-stained map of England that hung in the room that served for village hall,—that map did not contain, printed in golden letters, the name of Maydon!

There had been searches made in old days. The map had had its lying in state on the big table, and all the horn-rimmed and iron-rimmed spectacles of the village had been brought into use. There was a legend that Mark Bing, the sexton's grandfather, had headed a deputation to the then Rector, to inquire into the matter. The then Rector had been high-handed in those days. The chase awaited him, and Mark Bing's grandfather had been slow-tongued and thick of speech even at that early hour of the morning.

It was understood that the reverend gentleman, in a pink coat and in what had been considered unsuitable language on such a solemn occasion, had described the village as a "flea-bite."

The deputation had staggered under the shock. So it was no wonder that the older members of the village turned their backs ceremoniously on the dishonored map. Not from lack of patriotism! On the contrary, patriotism *in excelsis!*

Naturally, Maydon had its "Royal George," its village school and its picturesque old church, whose massive oak beams supported a belfry whose bells had called the faithful to Mass in ancient days. Last year they had had to replace one of the great beams of the belfry. It was eaten away with age—eight hundred years it had stood there. The other three were not so old—a mere matter of four or five hundred years. There had been a little mild excitement in the village when John Carfax of Thurston Farm had come down to see it taken from its socket and laid on the path in the churchyard.

It was raining "eavens 'ard," as the Sexton related later to an interested audience in the "Royal George," and Carfax had stood bareheaded, gloomy and unapproachable in his shabby burberry, exactly as if he were chief mourner at some grave side. The villagers had winked and nodded to each other, and when he had taken a big clasp knife out of his pocket and chipped off a bit of the old beam, they had smiled openly.

"Whatcher might call a chip o' the old block," remarked a man, as Carfax passed through the gate, banging it after him.

"Aye—all beer an' sentiment! Can't get away from his roots," replied another man from the large shelter of a capacious umbrella, and speaking with the superior air of a person who did not frequent the "Royal George." But the landlord of the village, Ritz, happened to have heard him, and if his teeth, which were conspicuous by their absence, had been where they should have been, he would have gnashed them.

Regular absentees from his house constituted a reproach to its good name, its fair fame. He himself led the Bell Ringers, and his daughter sang in the choir; and if there were a few ne'er-dowells in the village who shed no lustre on his trade, that was not his fault.

"John Carfax's a superstitious man, as we all know," he said sententiously, and in a loud voice. "Thinks there's a curse on his family."

"So there is—drink," snorted the gentleman under the umbrella, and shifted his position a little to watch the effect of his words on the rubicund landlord, who continued,

"Certainly his father died of congestion of the brain."

"Aye, 'tis a pretty name that. And his grandfather—him as they called the old Squire—they say he was the cause of the fire at the old Hall. Likely he was suffering from congested brain too."

The dripping umbrella seemed to have an air of having said the last word, but Luke Weller, landlord and head Bell Ringer, was a connoisseur in last words. Much water, or other fluid matter, flowed, before a final "last word" of any weight could be usefully uttered. And above all, it was for him to say the last word, not for old Tom Lane who "ran" a little Dissenting "Bethel" which was a trial to the Rectory.

"The old Squire was as abstemious as this man is, and everyone knows it; and that's the reason I expect that his son went to the other extreme."

"Aye—it 'ud give anyone congestion, that," murmured the umbrella, sarcastically.

"Well, it do seem as if them Carfaxes were born to trouble," another man had joined in. He lit his pipe with difficulty, eyeing the large umbrella with favor. Plenty of room for him there.

"So are we all, William Bent; all of us born to trouble and sorrow as the sparks fly upward," groaned Lane.

"Sparks be what I'm trying to get at.

Give us a corner of your umbrella, and you'll see 'em fly."

Lane grudgingly lifted his shelter, and Bent, insinuating himself under it, proceeded to demonstrate the philosophy of gloom in a manner satisfactory to the smoker. The landlord of the Royal George continued

"Carfax of Maydon Hall was always a poor man; and a queer one too. There were rooms bricked up in the home, with the windows bricked up too. It was the old Squire's father who'd had them done. Folks said there was treasure inside: some said to escape the window taxes. But no one knew—at least no one here knows, unless it's Carfax o' Thurston."

"Didn't the fire show 'em up? The house was burned to a cinder?" Lane asked, and hoped his umbrella was not going to share the same fate. Bent's pipe was showing great animation.

"No—nought but some bits o' things that old Carfax went collecting when they could get near the ruins. They say there was an iron box found in the biggest of the walled-up rooms, but no one ever heard 'twas treasure. John Carfax o' Thurston did well for himself when he married Farmer Grey's Susan. He's turned the land at Thurston into good use. If he'd rid the coverts o' poachers, he'd do well for himself; but he lets 'em bide."

"Ah-h-h—" seemed to rise gratefully from more than one of the listeners. Most of them replenished their tables from time to time, with the fruits of those coverts; but it was unpleasant to hear the word "poaching." Custom makes all things easy. There were the Ten Commandments, for instance. Who kept scrupulously every one of them? Live and let live; and if the Almighty were as understanding as the Rector said He was, and he ought to know, that awful Eye which decorated much of the interior of the parish church, must certainly have its blind moments.

William Bent, present at the funeral

of a village worthy, one day, and following the prayers with interest, had had a sudden unusual spasm about his "bag" of the previous night, and looking at one of the Eyes on the wall near him, it had seemed to close for an instant in a manner comforting to his momentarily disturbed conscience. Somewhere in the Bible he knew that God had winked at something—he could not remember what,—but being such as he was, Bent had long ago decided that to poach in Thurston Woods was no reproach. Only one did not talk about it. And you did not invite your neighbors to dine off the game. If Maydon smelled it cooking,—Maydon also winked.

It had been absorbing work watching the new immense beam of oak put in its place. Why the Rector should have chosen for the text of his sermon the following Sunday "We will sing unto the Lord a new song," seemed quite clear to the Bell Ringers, because the bells had been silent since the old beam had been condemned, and Weller, of the Royal George, had declared, before the inspection by authorities, that something was rendering faulty "the timbre" of the bells.

But there were others who thought the text portended a change of hymn book, and the lady who labored at the unresponsive organ had threatened to "down tools" if such a thing happened.

John Carfax, his prematurely grey head bent over his folded arms, his thin, lined face almost buried in the big collar of his coat,—John Carfax's fine, grim mouth took on what might be called a smile—quite a sardonic sort of smile. And then he had cleared his throat, and at that, the comely, little round-faced woman sitting beside him had turned her placid eyes to his and regarded him for a moment, but he had shut them again, and she resumed her reverent gaze at the Rector.

Certainly Farmer Carfax was a bit of a mystery to the village, though every-

one had known him since he was born, because there had always been a Carfax at Maydon. Indeed, what would the village and the adjacent villages have done without the Carfaxes to talk about. Talk about "village socials"! The very name was the cream of village socials, or had been, for now, since John's marriage to gentle little Susan Grey, twenty years ago, and the old Squire's death, there did not seem so much to talk about, until the children's bringing up had stirred them to life again.

Maydon only saw him on market days and Sundays when Susan brought him, carefully groomed, his spare figure enveloped in the shabby old Inverness that had done him a long service. Even after twenty years, it still embarrassed Susan a little to suffer, in public, her husband's politeness, as she called it to herself. Such as, for instance, his opening the church yard gate and waiting for her to go through first; and standing on one side while she passed in to her place in the family pew. Only God and herself knew the agonies she suffered that first Sunday after her marriage, when he almost pushed her into the old "Hall pew"—the pew she had regarded from the parental bench as a cross between a royal box and a witch's cauldron.

She had on rare occasions as a child, seen old Mrs. Carfax there, and had regarded her with terrified eyes. The paint on the old lady's withered cheeks matched the roses on the astonishing headgear, which was neither bonnet nor hat, and which was far from conforming to St. Paul's directions about women's head covering.

But then St. Paul had reckoned without old Mrs. Carfax. And later, when to Susan's modest surprise she found herself reigning after Mrs. Carfax's discreet decease at Thurston Farm, her husband had told her to gather together all the "flummeries" and burn them. She had coughed and choked over the fumes, fearful of evoking the vengeance

of the terrible old lady, and almost expecting to see her wraith rise from the ashes, but John had seemed easier when it was done. He had put a hand on her shoulder as he passed her coming back from the bonfire.

"Fire cleanses, Susan. We Carfaxes have things to be burned," he said, and she had replied gently without understanding what he meant, "Yes, John."

So she had looked for more rubbish to burn next day, but the home was so neat and so clean; so very, very bare too. Her father had wanted to buy her a suite of furniture in Tesford, the old Cathedral town seven miles off, but she had noticed the slightest shade in John's eyes when her father had spoken, so she had said no, thank you. She liked the old oak settles and the old chests and bare tables.

How they had worked that land! But by the time young John was born they had reclaimed several acres, and by the time Margaret—they called her Peggy—had arrived to keep her brother company, John Carfax was making a mild success of things, which fact alone was enough to set all Maydon by the ears, for Carfaxes were never given to making a success of anything, if it were not of disaster.

But no one knew what it cost Carfax when he had to let the little lad go to the village school. He had watched him trot off, pink cheeked and important, his small hand grasped in the hand of Polly Green's, a laborer's daughter, who came out of her way to conduct him.

Later she took Peggy by the other hand, and that day John Carfax had fought devils and felled trees and had glanced so savagely at his men that they had slunk away from him.

It was Susan who had calmed him. She had come down stairs from putting the children to bed and she went out to him in the porch where he was sitting, smoking his pipe. A lonely man, yes, she knew it. She had known always that he

shunned his fellows, that he had bitterly resented the disabilities of his life, but not to the degree with which he resented the possibilities of them for his children. She knew it, though he had never said a word to her of it. It had made clear many things, given her a torch to light up some of the dark corridors of the past.

"Surly fellow, poor John Carfax," was the Rector's opinion of him.

"Close old boy, keeps himself to himself," said the village.

"He's all right," was the verdict of the men who worked for him; and Susan knew without putting it into words, that John, for her, was her lord and master, a very fine gentleman in the very best sense of the word, but that at times he was a child, and must be treated as one.

He looked up as she came out; and she put out a hand to prevent him from moving.

"Do give up fighting things, John," she said in her soft drawl, looking down into his gloomy eyes.

He stirred a little under her gaze.

"Explain yourself, Susan," he had replied abruptly, and shifted his pipe so that the smoke did not go into her face.

"John, you went to the village school yourself, though the late Rector was your cousin and sent you after to a good one. And presently we'll do the same for them. But—oh, John—you weren't a boy when you married me. You knew there'd be children, likely, who'd be grandsons of Farmer Grey—"

He interrupted her suddenly.

"It's my father, not yours, Susan, I blush for; and say no more, my girl. The more the children are like you, the more I'll thank God."

He meant it. He had almost stood over Susan as she nursed her babies, fearful that they should not drink their fill at their mother's breast. Greedy for them that they should nourish themselves to satiety with the milk and honey of her gentle nature, her clean blood,

her untainted, humble character. The more they took from her, the less they would have of him. He would teach his children to "live straight," and he could do no more.

And then the storm took him again and again. A Carfax—late—oh, very, very late, of Maydon Hall, now a few ruined walls! A Carfax, two Carfaxes, little John and little Peggy going to the small village school where he had suffered agony because of a few taunts about his father. Well, they couldn't taunt his children in the same manner. And little John had come dancing home one day and shown him a golden sovereign in his hot little hand.

"See, Daddy, a genkleman gave it to me," he cried.

John stared at the small boy. "What's that, young John? Who dared to give you that?" His voice frightened the child for a moment.

"It was a genkleman—"

"Say gentleman—there's no such word as genkleman."

Little John swallowed hard and stood very straight.

"It was a genk—gentleman. And he said to the Rector, 'Here's a face I seem to know,' and the Rector called me and said my name, an' the genk—gentleman stood quite a long time sayin' nuffin."

"Nothing," said John.

"Nothin', an' then he put this in my hand and he said 'Go an' buy some lollipops, young John Carfax.' An' the Rector said, 'Better put it into the savings-bank, young John.' What *is* a savings-bank, Daddy? I don't suppose you know, 'cos the genk—gentleman laughed quite a lot, and said 'Ho, ho,' and something about Carfax didn't know about savings-banks. Do you, Daddy?"

John stood staring, hot-eyed, at the little lad, waiting till he had finished.

"What sort of a gentleman, Johnnie?"

"He had red hair and a ring on his finger. Oh, and he had a piece of glass, quite round, in one of his eyes and a

black ribbon hung from it. What would it be for, Daddy?"

Carfax was not listening. He sat down and drew the boy up to him, not ungently. He had recognized the description. That was sufficient.

"Now listen well to what I say. There's clean money and there's dirty money in the world. Clean money's what you earn honestly, what belongs to you, what comes to you fairly. Dirty money is what you must never touch. You'll know later what it is that's dirty. That sovereign is dirty—the very dirtiest—and you must never let strangers or any one but your family, give you money. Don't forget! So give it me here, Johnny, and we'll send it back to the gentleman with the ring on his finger and the glass in his eye."

Young John examined the coin as he handed it to his father. "And I thought it was so bright and shiny. But you never can tell," he said, repeating what he had often heard his mother say.

"That's what a man has to learn in life: to be able to 'tell.' A man who 'never can tell' is a fool, my son."

Young John had capered off thinking no more about the matter, and Carfax, wrapping up the sovereign in a bit of paper, folded it into a note which contained but few words, and placing it in an envelope, he addressed it to

Guy Preston, Esq.,
C/o The Rev. G. Adams,
The Rectory,
Maydon-cum-Thurston.

After which, he took a man off his work and sent him on a bicycle at once, telling him there was no answer.

"Damn!" said Mr. Guy Preston, as something fell out of the letter he opened, and splashed into his cup of tea in the Rectory drawing-room.

"My dear!" remonstrated his handsome wife, smiling indulgently, and glanced at her host and hostess, who covered up the shock, by ringing for another cup for her guest.

"Nothing troublesome, I hope? I can't think who could be worrying you with letters here in Maydon. No one knew you were coming, and who knows you here?"

Discretion was not the Rector's strong point. But he began to have an inkling of the matter, when Mr. Preston, after having read the few words of the note and having gotten very red in the face, fished out of his cup of tea the bright and shiny sovereign.

The ladies looked their surprise. Mr. Preston was equal to the occasion.

"This speaks well for the virtue of your parishioners, Adams. I gave a tip to a little fellow for his bright eyes, and his offended father sends it back—not over politely."

The two women murmured indignant sympathy and the Rector looked unhappy.

"That unfortunate Carfax," he began, when Mrs. Preston broke in with a quick look at her husband:

"Carfax—Carfax, did you say? Where have I heard the name, Guy?"

"I didn't know you'd ever heard it, my dear. But it happened to be that of a very taking little chap the Rector pointed out to me. You were saying—" he turned to Mrs. Adams who had found a prolific subject of conversation. "A man who literally shocks everyone with his bearish ways. He avoids his neighbors unless he has to do business with them; occasionally goes out of his way to snub the Rector—actually snubs him!" There was a little amused laugh from everyone, which encouraged the lady to continue.

"And he actually turned up at the school one day to remonstrate very forcibly with the schoolmaster for daring to teach intolerance to the boys."

"Intolerance—?" inquired Mr. Guy Preston, curiously. The Rector intervened, smiling benevolently.

"It was this way. It appears that young John Carfax had run home from

school one day much excited. He had exclaimed to his parents that a terrible, an *awful* thing was going to happen! That they were going to build a *Roman Catholic* Church in the village, that no one must ever put his foot into it," the teacher said so, "because Roman Catholics were not good people, etc.!"

They were all laughing in great amusement, but Mrs. Adams held up her hand. "Listen to the rest of the story. Poor John Carfax!"

"Well, this upset Carfax for some reason, though, I dare say, the little chap had misunderstood. Anyhow, he marched into the classroom and asked Smith, in the middle of a lesson, if he could speak to him. Or rather, he more or less ordered him to come outside and speak. Smith politely refused. So Carfax accused him of teaching his son gross intolerance. He would have no nonsense about Catholics taught his boy, and that it was iniquitous that such lies should be put into the minds of the children, etc. Apparently sparks flew."

Preston, listening with amused attention, nodded when Mrs. Adams said,

"So ridiculous! They are all Protestants, the Carfaxes, and always have been."

"Oh, no!" broke in both the men simultaneously, and Preston let the Rector continue.

"It was this man's great-grandfather who turned Protestant in the Penal Times. He had sons, and of course all the professions were barred to Catholics. So he turned Protestant and put them into the army, the navy, the law, and so on. The eldest son, this man's grandfather, was a great gambler. But I must say nothing ever seemed to succeed with them—so I was told of the family, and so I can believe."

The two ladies made little staccato remarks about such a weight of misfortune being hard to get away from; and Mr. Preston, dropping his mon-

ocle, inquired in his smooth voice, "And is it true there is going to be a Catholic church in this village?"

"Oh, dear no. There are no Catholics here. Smith had got hold of the wrong end of the stick. It is in a village not very far from here that they are going to build; but it will not affect us in the least!"

There was a buzz of general conversation. The Prestons rose to go. They were motoring back to London, and the distance was not inconsiderable. It was only just as he was at the moment of starting his car that Preston said casually,

"Is there any one of the Burnham family left in the neighborhood? I think I used to know one of them as a boy."

"Only Mrs. Burnham and her daughter. It is she who is building the Catholic Church—a very unnecessary work of charity when there are so many calls these days—and, I may say, so few Catholics. My colleague over at Milford is begging for money to restore his very beautiful old pre-Reformation church, and here this good lady starts building a perfect little modern horror because, she says, the room they have hitherto used isn't big enough."

So! John Carfax, not exactly going strong, but much alive and apparently aggressive, at Thurston. The last of the old Carfax property. And the Burnhams a few miles off!

And presently Guy Preston threw the bright and shiny sovereign out of the car. His smile, as he did it, was not a pleasant one.

(To be continued.)



THE essence of Christianity is the worship of God, brotherhood amongst men, perpetual aspirations after virtue, humility without servility, dignity without pride, its type a man-god. What can be more grand or more philosophical?

—*Silvio Pellico.*

Death and Rouge.

BY P. J. C.

CERTAIN women resent the hurry of the years. The charms of youth diminish with time, and so these women disguise themselves in a pathetic effort to make it appear that time has been in slow motion. Even men, who are supposed to meet facts face front, carry the dress and manner of youth into doddering old age. All this belongs in comedy—a make-believe of senility.

When the living give the trappings of Life to Death, we have tragedy. It would be comedy, only Death is too solemn for laughter. Death is serious, dignified. It subdues us into sobriety. It makes the thoughtless, reflective; the frivolous, pensive. Seeing the dead who repose so quietly after the stir and hurry of things, we say of ourselves,

We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Death has its own somber furnishings; its position of repose. The body untenanted of Life is Death's symbol. "Again we stand in the presence of Death" is the hackneyed phrase of the funeral orator. The dead body is the watch-case—less the works. It does not register time any longer. It is the vacant room—its tenant gone. It is the hearth without the fire which gives light and warmth.

Death, as everybody knows, is a fact of experience. No one is so absurd as to say Death will not bring all plans, all movements to a final pause some day, some night. It should therefore be accepted with a bravery which does not shrink, with a resignation which is supported on the bed-rock of Faith, Hope, Love.

We note a dignity, a grandeur about Death which the living should not diminish by additions. There is a figure

called Euphemism in speech which indicates how to express the unpleasant graciously, the harsh, inoffensively. It is the figure of the mild-mannered and the diplomatic. It is useful sometimes. Oftentimes it becomes a cloak to cover what should be revealed. There is a euphemism in the business of laying away our dead which is employed to conceal a serious reality. It attempts to soften Death by conferring upon it certain expressions of Life. It tries to make us believe that the empty watch-case moves and marks time; that the vacant room has its tenant. We should know better than accept the undertaker's fiction. We do know better. But because certain society mourners set the fashion, we are slaves and follow slavishly.

And "we" in this case means Catholics. It would be ludicrous, if it were not so pathetic, to see a Catholic mother of six or eight children, resting on a couch draped in ballroom finery. She has a bouquet of roses within the closed fingers of one hand. The fingers of the other serve as markers for a magazine of contemporary fiction. The immobile face is dark red with rouge; the unanswering lips bright red with lipstick. You might mistake the room for a flower shop. Have you come to a wake or to a wedding?

Catholics have a traditional ritual which confers the right mood to every event in their lives which touches upon their Faith. The Church does not offer us a Death which has to be concealed by certain trappings borrowed from Life. She shows us Death as the end before the beginning. To the Church, who holds the keys and unlocks the mercies of Christ, Death is not a bogeyman to frighten children. She tells us he comes slowly or quickly, waited-for or unexpected. Night closes day. What matter about darkness and the things we do not see if the day has been laborious and fruitful; if we have worked, saved and gathered in?

Notes and Remarks.

Reno, which is supposed to prosper on its divorce trade, comes at this moment over the wires as a different reality. It is the infant Catholic See of the United States, but already is strong enough and healthy enough to maintain a diocesan Council of Catholic Women. The State of Nevada has 110,829 square miles and 8805 square Catholics. On September 29, 1931, a little more than two months after the establishment of the diocese, a meeting was called for the organization of the Council of Catholic Women. The Council was formed and has been functioning actively ever since. From towns and settlements all over the State requests come to headquarters for points of information on the Council's varied activities. We hope to hear more from the Catholic women of Reno. Hitherto the wires have been monopolized by ladies out of Hollywood; and gentlemen from points East, who time their voyages to Europe with the freedom from bonds which Reno bestows without asking many questions.

The Rev. Dr. J. L. Sassen, speaking before the East Toledo club some time ago, said that Europe will not pay us our debts. "I think some of the nations should pay it, some could pay it, but I don't think they ever will." Perhaps Dr. Sassen has some private information not given out to the average man. And yet it seems hard to reconcile two standards of honesty—one for governments, another for individuals. Representatives of the nations allied during the World War came to us, spoke unctuously and received generously. It was money borrowed which they promised in national honor to pay. The Government of the United States is not sending in a bill for the sacrifices made by its citizens those hard days, nor for losses resulting from the destruction of materials in the government's personal participation in the

war; nor, above all, for the maimed and dead whom money will not restore or recall. Now this Government asks back what was given in terms of agreement, as the bank asks back the money loaned to a borrower. There is a self-respect which even governments can not relinquish and be honorable. There is entirely too much unconsidered thought given out to the effect that European nations will refuse to pay back the money borrowed in days of duress from a generous lender. European nations owe us money debts—debts of honor. We cannot reconcile national self-respect with the chicanery and the pettifoggery of sick people grown well who refuse to pay their hospital bills.

From an article in *The North American Review*, entitled "Why Suicide?" we quote the following significant sentences of Henry Morton Robinson regarding self-destruction: "Suicides among Protestants are more frequent than among dogmatically circumscribed Catholics. Literate persons in all countries kill themselves in greater numbers, proportionally, than do their illiterate brethren. It is notoriously apparent that when education, leisure, and other concomitants of a rich individualism are present, the suicide rate rapidly rises. There have been whole centuries, the Thirteenth for example, when the world was organized on a warmly maternal basis. When Mother Church and Mother Earth, those twin bountiful breasts of refuge, soothed and supplied the emotional needs of men; when unquestioning obedience to authority—the king, the priest, the guild—was the easy lot of man; *then* there were no suicides. If it were possible to return to that golden age of childlike faith in authority, I am certain that the suicide rate would drop to zero overnight." These are plain facts which ought to speak for themselves, yet in spite of them, Mr.

Robinson ascribes the cause of self-destruction to some such absurd reason as "psychic greensickness," which he defines as a frustrated yearning for security from some quarter outside ourselves. There is no need of such vagueness for one with open eyes. There is less suicide among Catholics than among Protestants because all Catholics believe in a hereafter where the good are rewarded and the evil punished, and they believe, too, that God has forbidden self-slaughter. There is more suicide among people of wealth, leisure, and so-called education (any education that lacks moral development is a misnomer), because there is usually less religion and more sin; because men's hearts are set on this world rather than on eternity. There was no suicide in the Thirteenth Century, during the so-called dark ages, because it was a period of faith, when people lived close to God; when individuals regulated their actions by the Ten Commandments rather than by private judgment. People who believe in the fifth commandment, unless they be insane, do not kill themselves. The reason is much simpler than any such vague term as "psychic greensickness."

M. René Schwab, Jewish writer, has come into the Church as a result of good example. He visited Lourdes in 1923 and witnessed good example there. In 1925 he held some discussions with M. Paul Claudel and saw a man who practised what he preached. During an illness he began to reflect that the things of time are not so important as the things of eternity, and was baptized in the Catholic Faith. It must be kept in mind that not all conversions are due to the preaching of missionaries—and missionaries will hardly find fault with us for saying this. Catholics who live Catholic lives make converts. They may never preach a sermon, write a book, read a manuscript before a microphone. What they do and refuse to do belong in

apologetics of living. Keep in mind that the man who is a husband, not a philanderer; who hears Mass seriously like a believer; does not cheat, steal or otherwise break God's law, is doing more to make the Catholic Church loved and respected than he would were he to hit back at Bishop Cannon, Jr., for saying that their Excellencies the Catholic Hierarchy are responsible for the unsound condition of His Excellency Prohibition.

School Life is another of many publications issued at the expense of taxpayers by the Department of the Interior. In the November issue, the schools of Mexico are glorified in that they express a departure from "traditional school objectives and purposes." The present Mexican public school system not only excludes all religious teaching, but aims to remove every expression of religious aspiration from the souls of children. And *School Life*, issued by our Department of the Interior at public expense, extols "the wisdom and courage" of the men responsible for this outrage against the consciences of people. Surely the Department of the Interior was instituted to function for other and more immediate domestic interests than writing citations commending the Government of Mexico's war on the Faith of the Mexican people. A man is given a national public trust to serve the people of the nation. He is not expected to show a vestry zeal, even by indirection, against a religious acceptance different from his own—assuming he has one.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, poet and noted English convert, tells us the modern cinema is "heading Western civilization toward destruction." According to this distinguished man of letters the cinema's portrayal is ruining the high conception of the feminine sex. The moving picture industry seems to give

stress to the belief that a few crazy intellectuals are directing the thought of the world. "Go to your cinema," Mr. Noyes declares, "and see what they are doing to womankind. Don't think that you can pour the stream of wickedness before the black and yellow races—that picture of the white woman—without heading civilization toward destruction." Nine-tenths of the pictures shown are objectionable, often on the ground of false ethics; sometimes for portraying crime as a page out of romance. And practically every picture makes an undisguised appeal to the sex-minded. "We give people what they want" is the cynical answer of producers. They give some of the people what they should not want. There are many millions who wish to see something clean, wholesome; something which is an expression of the lives of decent people.



It is a fact that most human beings crave pleasant experiences and seek to avoid unpleasant ones, and that a pleasing odor makes us remember pleasant experiences which have been associated with it, putting us in a receptive frame of mind. Donald A. Laird, in a recent issue of the *Herald-Tribune Magazine*, shows how a knowledge of the fact just stated has been put to practical use in business to attract prospective buyers. The janitor of an automobile salesroom, for instance, sprays light perfume on the interior of each car every morning. Why? Because when the prospective woman customer pokes her head inside, the faint suggestion of flowers gives her an impression of luxury, and she goes away with the feeling that this must be a high-grade car. The clothly smell of textiles which was repulsive, due to the oils and pastes used in the weaving, has been eradicated by the chemist, and a pleasant odor supplied, so that the buyer will be drawn toward the goods instead of being repelled. Perfumes have been used in the man-

ufacturing of paper and printing inks to prevent catalogues and books from offending the sense of smell, and even food packers have found that a product with a delicate aroma had much to do in influencing the prospective buyer. The Connecticut fire insurance company which solicits business through the mails, sends out a folder carrying with it the wet burnt-wood odor that a house would have after it had been ravaged by flames, and the effect of this subtle psychology on readers has been very noticeable. Everything that has an unpleasant smell such as rubber, leather, linoleum is being reodorized by the chemist these days to make it attractive, and for no other reason than monetary gain. If people worked as hard to make truth and virtue attractive as they do to make the commodities they sell alluring this would be a different world. But then, of course, there is no money in truth and virtue, and that makes a difference.



Speaking at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at Denver last September, Bishop Boyd Vincent, of Southern Ohio, expressed certain truths which merit a wider publicity. After indicating the presence of self-indulgence, luxurious living in so many members of his own church, including the clergy, he draws a contrast.

But look at the great army of dedicated men and women, priests and nuns, in the Roman Church, who have given up everything—everything—naturally most desirable in life, for the service of God and humanity, and in the hardest places. Some of us must almost hang our heads in shame, as we think of our own perfectly comfortable lives.

Perhaps, Bishop Boyd Vincent gives us more credit than we deserve. The "army of dedicated men and women" are not living on locusts and wild honey, or walking barefooted over horse-shoe nails all day long. They have to work, to pray—and meet "the interest" these sad years of scarcity in Egypt. They

are not heroes, as we understand the word. They are trying to do the "one thing necessary," without trumpet blowing. They should not be exalted unduly. They should carry on, not expecting a stick of peppermint every time they say, "Thy will be done."

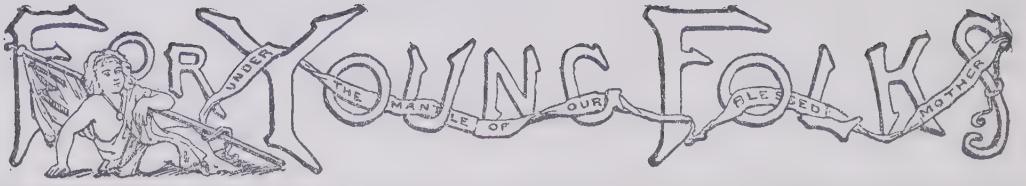
—♦—
 "Acción Populár" is the name given to the movement for Catholic political self-expression in Spain. Five hundred delegates, representing every section of Spain, met some time ago at Madrid. At this assembly the program of "Acción Populár" was outlined and ratified. The program distinguishes between authority and legislation. It respects the former and will actively oppose the latter within legal bounds and without violence. Certain of the Monarchists are withdrawing from "Acción Populár"; the irreconcilables they are called. Valencia has taken the lead in this new movement under the direction of Don Luis Lucia, editor of the Catholic daily—*Diario de Valencia*.

All this and much else in the report gives hope for the future of Spain. One need not be a monarchist to be a Spaniard; nor to be a Catholic either. Catholics can live under any form of government which is founded on common sense and is administered reasonably well. The Catholics of Spain need not identify themselves with the return of the monarchy. They should, however, see to it that the republic which replaces the monarchy is a government of Lincoln's famous trinity.

—♦—
 In the course of an address following a banquet given by the Catholic societies, Coventry, England, the noted singer, Mr. John McCormack, said something *in re ensemble* and harmony which is of moment. The fact that Mr. McCormack's remarks are not directed to lyric utterance will not make them less worthy attention. In the United States we have the well-known Catholic

layman's fraternity, the Knights of Columbus; in England there is a corresponding brotherhood called the Knights of St. Columba; in Ireland, a similar organization bears the name, Knights of St. Columbanus; while in Australasia the Catholic laymen are banded together as Knights of the Southern Cross. In Mr. McCormack's concept of fraternal *ensemble* these widely separated societies would form a great mass unit while preserving original individual charters. Out of this vast massing of Catholic men—which we have called *ensemble* with some temerity—would result certain world unity of Catholic action, which we have ventured to refer to as harmony. The project is certainly deserving serious consideration. If the Catholic men of the United States, England, Australasia, and Ireland could become conscious that whatever else they have not in common, they have anyhow a unifying bond of Catholic Faith. We hope to hear a more protracted discussion of Mr. McCormack's fraternal *ensemble* and harmony.

—♦—
 A hymn in honor of the Little Flower was sung recently by students of St. Teresa's Minor Seminary, Cape Town. You will say, "Why mention that?" Well, you may not know that there were nine languages employed in the composition. One language was given to every stanza, which leaves us a hymn of nine stanzas. You may want to know in addition, that the languages honored were: Latin, Sesuto, English, Sechuana, Herrero, Zulu, Xosa, French and Afrikaans. You probably are not able to say "Yes, mam," or order the dog out of the kitchen in many of these tongues. Possibly you have not heard of them. All the same, you will be interested in knowing that each student of St. Teresa's Minor Seminary sang his stanza of the hymn in the language in which he wrote it. And as there were nine stanzas, so there were nine poets and nine choirs.



A Wish and the Answer.

BY IRENE BARBARA RENK.

I WISH I might have been the shining star
That led the three Wise Men from lands afar;
I wish I could have been the soft, sweet hay
That made a cozy place for Christ that day;
I wish I might have gazed upon my Lord,
And knelt and prayed and loved Him and
adored.

The way the happy shepherds did that night,—
I wish I might have seen the angels' light.
Oh, that I could have heard the angels sing
Their sweetest songs for Christ, their little
King;

And saw His Mother sweetly smiling there,
While holy Joseph knelt, deep wrapt in prayer.

Now really since I've stopped to think a while,
This wishing I've been doing makes me smile;
I wouldn't want to be the star or hay,—
I'd rather be a child on Christmas Day.
My heart shall be a lovely cradle bed
For Christ to rest His tired, little head;
I'll sweep away all sin with greatest care,
And make it nice and soft with love and
prayer.

Then when the priest comes with the small,
white Host,
I'll whisper, "Dear Christ Child, I love you
most.

Come to my heart this blessed Christmas Day—
It's so much nicer than your bed of hay!"

—◆◆—
"OBSERVE that perfection is not acquired by sitting with our arms folded: it is necessary to work in earnest in order to conquer ourselves and bring ourselves to live, not according to our inclinations and passions, but according to reason, our Rule, and obedience. The thing is hard, it cannot be denied, but necessary. With practice, however, it becomes easy and pleasing."

Small Change.

BY ISABELLE E. KEELER.

THE audience settled themselves
more comfortably in their seats as
the electric signs flashed the notice:

THE FAMOUS JANIGA JUNGLE JESTERS
WITH THE WONDER-BOY WHO
RIDES WILD ELEPHANTS.

That is, the grown-ups relaxed and prepared to be somewhat bored by this last vaudeville act, but the rows upon rows of youngsters sat forward, their eyes round with excitement, for some of them actually knew the boy who was to perform.

Slowly, the heavy curtain rose, showing a well-done scene of Africa with the Jungles in the distance, the rolling veldt stretching off in a mysterious green maze that made one feel sure horrible cobras or pythons must lurk in every shadow, that wild beasts were bound to leap forth from the dark underbrush and snarl ferociously.

The band leader waved his baton and the musicians played very softly, as a small, blue-eyed boy came from the wings, took the applause with a graceful bow and motioned for the attendants in scarlet uniforms to lead "Rosie" and her dwarf baby, "Princess Pat," to the stage. The elephants were of a light grey color, tricked out in gleaming scarlet and gold trappings, and so clean and docile that it was hard to picture them as ever having been wild or untamed. Tying their trunks together in a sort of rope ladder, they patiently waited for the boy to vault upon their backs, slide down their heads and swing himself first from one animal to another, then reaching for a trapeze,

attached to wires far up in the ceiling, the baby elephant gave him a push with her head which sent him in dizzy heights over the orchestra pit and back again, to land on Rosie's huge flanks.

The children clapped wildly, and then Casimir Janiga himself appeared commanding silence and strict attention while he introduced his Star performer as "Small Change," the boy who had been so stunned by his experiences in the African Jungles that he had never reached his full growth, and now, at nearly twelve years of age, was no larger than the ordinary lad of nine or ten. During these remarks of the man who was known as "Professor Janiga" to the theatre-going crowds, Mickey stood by the side of the "Princess Pat," stroking her long, awkward looking ears, a flush of embarrassment on his fair face, an expression of yearning and loneliness in his eyes. Many a mother in the audience had to search for her handkerchief, finding tears welling up at the sight of the little fellow who must earn his living in so public a manner.

Janiga was quick to see the effect Mickey produced. He was a good showman, a good "boss," but one who never failed to make returns for himself out of this young cousin of his.

"And now, my friends," invited the dark, swarthy Polish animal trainer in a voice that was pitched to catch the sympathies of his listeners, "would you like 'Small Change' to tell you something of his life in the Jungles, of his escape from a horde of stampeding elephants? I am sure you would. My boy, come up front where everyone can see you, and talk to these folks." Bravely fighting down his dislike of those staring faces, Mickey stepped to the footlights, "The Princess" following with her trunk wound around his arm. Of course, it was all pre-arranged, and Mickey had told the story over and over again for almost two years. But, to-

night, in some way, he was telling it for his dear mother, remembering her words to him as he had started off with her cousin Casimir that evening.

"Michael, my son," she had said, "never forget that I am proud of you, that my thoughts are with you always, out there on the big stage, with all those strangers looking at you, that, if you wish, never again must you do this to—to—help me. But, Mickey dear, sometimes I think it is the only way your grandfather will ever hear of you, ever come to know that his son's son is alive and in America. He is a very proud man, is Michael Lamot, and never has he forgiven his son for marrying an unknown Polish girl; a girl whose people owned a—a circus. I went so gladly with your father into the heart of Africa on that expedition of his to learn all he could of the Jungles and their inhabitants. I helped him, Mickey. I am sure I did, with my love for the very animals he was trying to get pictures of, trying to study. Out there in our little thatch-roofed home on the veldt, you came to us—our son whom Stephen Lamot thought would win his stern father's heart. But, Mickey, not one of your father's letters were ever answered.

"That terrible night in the storm, with the lightning making everything so wild and unnatural, when poor Rosie came limping out of the Jungle, her queer baby at her side, almost begging us to take care of her, I taught your father how to tame wild elephants, and won the trust and the love of this wounded Jungle mother. She saved us, my son; saved me and saved you. But your father would stay behind to take pictures of the beasts who had broken loose and discovered our camp.

"As I rode away on Rosie's back, amid the fearful trumpeting of those wild animals, with you strapped behind me, I almost fainted for fear that I should never see your father again. Rosie car-

ried us far, far away; and always, I have felt that your father cannot be dead, that he must have found a way to escape and come to us. That he has not, may mean he was trampled to death by those furious, maddened beasts. Yet, I believe in my heart, that it is your Grandfather Lamot who is keeping my Stephen from me. Go out there to-night, Mickey dear, and plead as you have never done before, that if he is still alive, your father will seek us out and take us home. I—I am so tired of this life, so weary of seeing you work in this way for my cousin Casimir, just to keep food in our mouths and a roof over our heads. I have kept my promise to your father, though; never again shall I appear on a stage. Casimir has made you act with Hedwig and her boys. Forgive me that this must be? Some day, God will hear my prayers and give us a little home together somewhere, so that we can forget all we have suffered, and then—maybe—your father will find us.”

And so it was, that as the stage darkened for his speech, with the spot light playing full upon his sensitive face, with the orchestra accompanying his words in a low, moaning undertone of weird music, Mickey told his story; told it so that the most hardened in the audience were thrilled.

With the aid of the camera and the marvellous films, which, months after the tragedy that had forced Ruth Stachowiak and her little son to desert their home near the Jungles, Mickey and the sagacious elephants reproduced the scene that was stamped on the boy's memory with anguish. It made him physically ill every time he saw the images of himself, his mother and Rosie with “The Princess Pat” holding to her funny, curly tail with her little trunk, hurrying away from the giant beasts who destroyed their house—who must have destroyed his father, too.

But, Casimir Janiga, owner of a travelling circus that did not go into winter quarters as did most such concerns in the months when circuses were not popular, but which, at the commands of “the Professor,” accepted vaudeville engagements, was relentless. There must be money coming into the Janiga coffers with which to pay for the education of the two young Janiga boys, money to educate this ward of Casimir's and to care for the delicate, grief-stricken mother of young Mickey.

As the picture faded from the screen and the figure of Mickey was again thrown into sharp relief by the pitiless lights, his set speech was forgotten, his need to please the man who stood, astonished, bewildered in the wings, listening to this changed Mickey, this impulsive appeal he was making to the audience, was forgotten, and all the boy thought of was his mother's sad face, her hunger for a home and love and quiet.

“My friends,” began Mickey, trembling from head to foot, “they call me Small Change on the bill-heads, but my real name is Michael Lamot. This picture you have just seen was taken by my own father on the night when the elephants broke into our camp. He would not go with us, but remained to unreel his moving picture machine, at the risk of his life, so that you folks could see how wild elephants act when they are stampeding. He—never came back. My mother is dying of a broken heart. She was Ruth Stachowiak, the famous Vaudeville Star, a cousin of Professor Janiga.

“You see, my father's people were proud. They did not like to have their son who was a real professor, a man who had spent many years studying the animals and the natives of Africa, curing them of their fevers, doing wonderful things for the world, marry an actress. When Rosie took us to the good

Fathers we were nearly starved to death; it had been many days since we had tasted cooked food. Rosie had picked berries and wild roots for us to eat, and stopped by dirty streams for us to drink, but my mother was sick from the exposure and her fright about my father. It was many months before she could travel back to America with me and find her own people, who gave her a shelter and who have put me to work. Like Rosie's funny baby, I am a 'freak,' they say, too small for my age, fit for little but to put the elephants my mother tamed and trained, through their paces, and to show you this film of an elephant stampede. But, if any of you, out there, know how a boy longs for a real home, wants his mother to be well and happy, prays, day and night, to find his father, please do what you can to find Michael Lamot, who was once a very rich and powerful man. We cannot find him, my mother and I. So, I ask you, if you have been entertained by this act, if you enjoy the rest of the Janiga Jungle Jesters with their cunning monkeys and performing dogs, that you will help me. I am not a 'Jester' at all—just a boy who is very sad because his mother is so unhappy. I—I thank you."

And, half blind with excitement, Mickey bowed to the storm of applause, made his exit, and the act went on, the tricks of the young Janiga lads and their well-trained little pets enlivening the grimness of Mickey's part in the act. Yet, they did not get a curtain call, for everyone was thinking of the boy with the tragic blue eyes, of the mother who was grieving for the father of her son, lost perhaps forever, in the mysterious, deadly Jungles. Several people left their seats as Mickey disappeared, among them, a tall, gray-haired old man. Nobody paid him any attention, for it is customary for people to be coming and going during a performance.

Back stage, however, trouble brewed for the daring Mickey. "Ungrateful one," shouted the angry Pole in Mickey's white face, "do you not know that this is our last performance in New York, that you have a debt to pay me for giving you and that sentimental mother of yours a place to stay, and that now, by your foolishness, you have ruined my chances of ever booking an engagement in this city? What possessed you?"

"I don't know," said Mickey, dreamily, thinking of the sweet-faced lady who had wept while he had been speaking of his mother.

"'You don't know,'" mimicked Janiga. "Perhaps you will come alive and have some sense when you learn that a well-dressed gentleman who refused to tell who he was, has just been to my dressing room, demanding that I keep you from disgracing the honorable name of Lamot. Ruth Stachowiak was, indeed, mad when she left her father's home and followed this wanderer you call a 'real professor.' It is she who has disgraced the name of her ancestors and mine, eating her heart out because I have put you to work, taught you to earn money that will buy her comforts. Bah! I am through with both of you. I hope you do find this elegant Southern gentleman whose fine son was too good for an actress wife. After to-night, young man, you can consider yourself off my pay roll, begin looking for another refuge. Hedwig and I are weary of you and your ingratitude."

"That is not so, Casimir, and, why did you not tell Mickey that we think the gentleman who was so very mad might be his grandfather—he did speak of a farm somewhere, of his son's eagerness to find someone he so dearly loved. I saw him give to you a fat roll of bills to keep the boy from using his own name in public. Are you being fair to your cousin Ruth; are you doing what Americans call, 'playing the game'?"

Both Casimir and Mickey turned to confront a dark-eyed, pretty girl with a fat, chubby baby in her arms, and Mickey ran to Hedwig, who had always taken his part when her husband was too severe with him.

"Oh! cousin Hedwig, do you remember where this gentleman lived, did you see what he looked like?" cried the boy, ignoring Janiga's threats.

Hedwig hesitated a moment, glancing at her husband as though uncertain as to how he would take what she had to say. Then she looked down at the baby near her heart and bravely held up her head as she replied firmly, "He was the image of you, Michael. The same blue eyes, the same daring expression, and he said that he came from—"

"Enough," interrupted Janiga at this point, "go back to your cooking, and tell my cousin Ruth to begin packing. She and the boy are not going with us on our summer circuit. We shall leave New York the day after to-morrow, so make haste and keep what you see and hear to yourself. I am the boss when it comes to my family affairs, even if it would seem that this bit of 'Small Change' here does take the performance into his own hands."

Fearfully, Hedwig slipped away, but she managed to give Mickey a sign that meant she had something more to tell him. That was why he hung around her dressing room until the last possible moment before he must leave the theatre, hoping to have a chance to see her when Janiga was occupied with other matters. He was just about to turn away from her door and start for the little hotel where they were all staying during the vaudeville engagement when a piece of paper was edged under the slit between the closed door and the heavily-carpeted floor of the corridor.

He picked it up and read: "Dear Mickey, he lives in Virginia, on an old estate that once belonged to his mother. I am sure he is your grandfather. Be

polite to the professor and I think I can make him keep you with us. Remember, we are going to play all the larger Virginia towns right away. Don't tell your mother what has happened. It would only disturb her. Trust me to be your friend.—Hedwig Janiga."

(Conclusion next week.)

Strange Inscriptions.

The eyes of the visitor to Worcester cathedral, in England, are attracted by a sepulchral slab which bears only the word *Miserrimus*, indicating that an unknown and wretched man lies beneath it. For many years poets and romance-writers have found this memorial a fruitful field for conjecture, and many works of the imagination have had this most miserable sleeper beneath the slab for a central figure; but, although there has been much discussion of his identity, the matter has never been satisfactorily settled. Many, however, believe the occupant of the grave to have been a Jacobite clergyman, who refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the sovereign, whom he deemed a usurper; and the clergyman suffered much persecution in consequence.

Such inscriptions upon gravestones are not unexampled, another famous slab having upon it only these words, "Here lies the chief of sinners"; which accords ill with the fact that he of whom the words tell was renowned for his many Christian virtues.

"A contrite sinner" is the inscription upon a tombstone near Edinburgh, Scotland; and, as in the foregoing cases, the deceased person was an exceptionally good and humble man. It is true, in death as in life, that real worth is ever modest, and that it is the most deserving who seek the least recognition of their excellence.

PERSPICUITY is the framework of profound thoughts.—*Vauvenargues*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Really good Christmas poetry has been so scattered and is frequently so difficult to lay one's hand on, that it is a pleasure to find so much of it in one place as is the case in "Stardust and Holly" by Dorothy Middlebrook Shipman. The contents cover so wide a range in time, authorship, and geography that even the most demanding should find this volume of more than two hundred pages sufficiently satisfactory for most purposes. Publisher, Macmillan.

—Many Catholics are poor contributors to our foreign missionary field for the simple reason that they have no idea of what is being done there. "The Catholic Medical Mission Manual" will help to remove that misunderstanding by introducing such readers to an entirely unsuspected angle of Catholic mission work as it is being conducted in various parts of the pagan world. Published by the Catholic Medical Mission Board, Inc., 10 West 17th Street, New York City. Price, 25c.

—A new edition of the Life of Matt Talbot has recently been put on the market by The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. If the new edition has anything like the sale that has welcomed previous appearances, it should have a phenomenal run. The very first biography of this popular saint of the masses, issued in 1927, is said to have attained a circulation in English alone of 164,000 copies. In addition, translations were offered in Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Portuguese, Hungarian, Czech, Yugoslavia, Russian, Breton, and three separate editions each in French and German.

—From an intellectual as well as a literary viewpoint, "Lucent Clay," by a Sister of Notre Dame (de Namur), is a spiritual book of charming beauty. It has an abundance of reflective thoughts that are brimming with positive counsels. Nor is its genuinely devotional spirit the least of its merits. Used either for a series of meditations or for spiritual reading, it should prove both stimulating and elevating. Certainly, the author has found many new bits of wisdom concerning

the supernatural life in such old subjects as conscience, suffering, the Light of the World, love of God and neighbor, and growing old. This book should be spread widely among the laity. Publisher, P. J. Kenedy. Price, \$2.10.

—For the protection of our readers we wish to warn them against a moving picture which is now being presented under a deceptive title, "The Sign of the Cross." While the production is exploited as a religious spectacle and has certain meagre claims to that classification, competent critics who have viewed it claim that its general effect is scandalous and degrading. We would advise our readers not only to refrain from patronizing the picture, but also dissuade friends from so doing if for no other reason than to discourage such efforts on the part of the moving-picture industry to commercialize religion.

—We should be glad to see a wide distribution of "The Catholic Book Survey," published quarterly by the Cardinal's Literature Committee (50c a year, 10c a copy, postage extra). This gives to our Catholic readers, to School libraries, and Study Clubs, a brief analysis of recent books that will be helpful to direct them in their book-buying or reading. The list, of course, is not one of Catholic books only, but a resumé of the best that has been published in recent times, and a comment sufficiently inclusive to let the reader know the theme of the volume and its value to the Catholic reader. The headquarters of the Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee are at 23 East 51st Street, New York.

—The Right Reverend Monsignor Horace K. Mann, D. D., whose recent death cut short the labors of a distinguished scholar, had almost completed the sixteenth volume of his "Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages" at the time of his death. The volume was completed by Johannes Hollnsteiner, Ph. D., D. D., professor of Church History in the University of Vienna. This volume gives us the lives of six popes each of whom reigned for only a few years. The division of the volume into

two parts represents the separate work of the two authors; the lives of Innocent V., Hadrian V., John XXII., and Nicholas III., being the work of Monsignor Mann, and the lives of Martin IV. and Honorius IV. that of Dr. Hollnsteiner. This whole period is taken up with the effort of the Papacy to maintain its independence especially of the French throne, an effort that was quite successful under John XXII. who was able to strip Charles of Anjou of much of his power in Italy. But with the election of Martin IV. the power of Charles of Anjou grew wider, and while the Sicilian Vespers was a tragedy that saddened the Pope, it was due largely to this massacre that the Church was finally freed from dependence on France. The discussion of this uprising is one of the best chapters in the book. Published by Herder Book Company. Price, \$5.

—One of the finest volumes of the "Science and Culture Series," published by the Bruce Publishing Company, is "St. Albert the Great," by the Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P. That St. Albert was the teacher of St. Thomas Aquinas, and had announced to a class that the bellowing of the "dumb ox" would be heard throughout the world, is about the sum of knowledge about this great master of the Middle Ages that the ordinary reader possesses. It is not known that St. Albert in his scientific methods was a modern of the moderns, that he was doing field work in the natural sciences centuries before that term had become familiar, that he was one of the great educators of all time, organizing curricula from one end of Europe to another, that he was drawing to his classroom the best minds of Germany and France, and forming the teachers that have made the Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries. Father Schwertner has studiously gone through a vast mountain of documents referring to this distinguished scholar and saint, and has given us a picture of him and his times that should be welcome to all Catholics who have an interest in the intellectual triumphs of the Church. It is a volume that takes a high place in a series of remarkable Catholic books. Price, \$3.

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"Carroll Dare"—Adventure de luxe. Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Most Reverend Edward John O'Dea, D. D., Bishop of Seattle; Rt. Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, P. A., Diocese of Davenport.

Sister Mary Paula, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Mary Aegedia, Sisters of St. Ursula; Sister M. Edward, Sisters of Charity.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

JANUARY.

SATURDAY, 14.—St. Hilary, Bishop.
 SUNDAY, 15.—Second after Epiphany. St. Paul, First Hermit, C.
 MONDAY, 16.—St. Marcellus I, Pope and Martyr.
 TUESDAY, 17.—St. Anthony of Egypt, Abbot.
 WEDNESDAY, 18.—St. Peter's Chair at Rome.
 THURSDAY, 19.—SS. Marius and Comp's, MM.
 FRIDAY, 20.—Sts. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs.
 SATURDAY, 21.—St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 14, 1933.

No. 2.

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Rosa Mystica.

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

SWEET Rose without a thorn, by God's own hand

Sheltered in heaven's garden, shine for me,
When through the twilight I must make my way

Up to the Throne, all lone and helplessly.

Sweet Rose, let fall thy petals over me,

And plead for me with fragrance, as I go

To kneel before Him: cloak my penitence

With holiness as pure as drifted snow.

The Waning of Authority.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

AN Anglican Bishop, Dr. Linton Smith, commented the other day on what has come to be called "the New Morality" in connection with marriage. According to a reliable newspaper account he summed up the change which is taking place by saying "we are passing from the ideal of domesticity to the ideal of companionship." He then went on to give quotations from two typical modern writers as to the unsatisfactory results of traditional institutions. The first of these offered it as his "sober and most thoughtful judgment that an insane asylum is a place of peace and repose and sweet reasonableness compared with the institution of marriage as generally practised." The second quotation declared that "in nine cases out of ten the relations between

children and parents all are stories of unhappiness to both parties."

The Bishop doubted whether these statements corresponded with the facts, but he went on to say that if they were true to experience "there was a case for the trial of some other method; and the complete freedom of relationship demanded between the sexes, the proposal for 'companionate marriages' and the claim for a facility for divorce only obtaining at present in Soviet Russia were justified as a desperate method to remedy a desperate state of affairs."

Questions of morality, according to this episcopal guide, are matters for debate. His method apparently would be to submit a questionnaire as to whether the institutions in question worked satisfactorily. If it was found that there was discontent on a large scale, then, according to him, some other arrangement more in consonance with the popular demand would have to be made.

Of course, the appeal to experience in such cases is fallacious. Release from discipline, however wholesome and right that discipline has been, is always accompanied by a joyous sense of freedom. The murderer may know something of it when he has dispatched some hated rival who has blocked the path to success. The youth who throws off paternal authority to go his own wild way will at first find the world exhilarating. The fact that stolen fruit is sweetest has even passed into a proverb; but does that justify stealing?

It will come as no surprise to the

Christian moralist if he learns that, in its initial phases, illicit love is found delightful. It may be that there is an adventurous tang about it not experienced in the routine of normal married life, or it may even happen that those united in this irregular way are temperamentally better suited to each other than they were to their former partners; it may be admitted that a man or woman may choose more wisely in seeking escape from marriage than in contracting its bonds. It would not be difficult to find cases where an unhappy marriage has been followed by an irregular union comparatively harmonious.

But how much of the unhappiness of marriage and the dissonances of family life referred to in the quotations given by the Bishop are due to the absence of binding authority as the basis of the relationship! Granted that people sometimes make unfortunate choices, and find themselves bound to one with whom it is difficult to live harmoniously, we must not forget that the prospect of being able to free themselves would of itself allow unhappy differences to develop. The existence of divorce laws fosters those very conditions for which divorce is designed as a relief. It is no disrespect for the medical profession to say that people living at a distance from the doctor suffer less from imaginary ills than those who have ready access to him. The possibility of being able to consult a physician enfeebles the will of the valetudinarian. He allows himself to get ill just because he knows he can receive treatment, whereas if he were unable to do this, he would often be able to check the power of suggestion, and to throw off his ailment.

It is the same in marriage. A sacramental bond works its own cure for incompatibility. Supernatural grace comes in to correct the mistakes of the natural man. The consciousness of being "one flesh," the obligation to exercise charity enable those concerned to smooth over

difficulties, avoid occasions of dissension, and even to find causes of satisfaction in a difference of temperament. A relationship which has developed under a sense of divine necessity will achieve a depth and warmth of intimacy not known to those whose union is only a contract to be cancelled at the pleasure of either partner. The method of making "happiness" under the institution of marriage a criterion of its value is therefore futile. The pragmatic test applied without taking these aspects of the matter into consideration would yield but inconclusive results.

But the point to be noted in this particular case is that the proposal to submit matrimony and family life to a plebiscite based on hedonistic principles, is a repudiation of all authority in such things. It is not merely the repudiation of an authority but of authority itself. The community and the individuals composing it are left to decide under what conditions they shall satisfy the sex instinct. It has been common to hear people who professed Christianity declare that divorce was not contrary to the principles of their religion.

Repudiating the authority of the Church they were able to persuade themselves that an interpretation might be put on Our Lord's words concerning the matter which permitted temporary unions. They may have been illogical and blind to the evidence, but they did at least admit that the relationship between men and women rested on a divine authority. One had to get permission from that authority for divorce. It was not a thing to be decided simply by an appeal to experience. But the episcopal pronouncement given at the commencement of this article goes further. It does away with the pretence of appeal to Christ.

Nor is this phenomenon peculiar to the problem we have had under consideration. Exactly the same symptoms are manifesting themselves in the eco-

conomic sphere. We may take as an illustration of this the institution known in Medieval times as the Just Price—the fixed standard by which certain essential commodities could be bought and sold, a regulation intended to prevent what we know to-day as profiteering. Concerning this custom, Mr. A. J. Penty, a well-known authority on the question, says:

“The Just Price in the Middle Ages was primarily a moral idea. By that I mean that it owed its establishment to moral rather than to economic considerations. It was the idea that between two persons bent on honest and straightforward dealing it is possible to arrive at something that may be regarded as a Just Price. Indeed, as a matter of fact, when this idea pervades the whole community, as it did at one time in the Middle Ages, conditions are created that make it a comparatively easy matter to translate such a principle into practice; for under such circumstances prices remain more or less stationary, and every article acquires a traditional price.

“As a moral precept, the idea of the Just Price was maintained by the Church and supported by the words of the Gospel, ‘Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.’ To buy a thing for less or sell a thing for more than its real value was considered in itself unallowable and unjust, and therefore sinful, though exceptional circumstances might sometimes make it permissible. The institution of buying and selling wares, it was held, was introduced for the common advantage, and this common advantage could only be maintained if there was equal advantage to both parties.”

In order to safeguard this Just Price the various crafts formed Guilds. This was the origin of the Guilds. These organizations exercised much the same functions as are exercised to-day by professional bodies, such as an association of physicians or lawyers. They

protected the reputation of the craft, punished members who transgressed its regulations by supplying shoddy goods or exacting unlawful payment. Their object was to maintain the quality of the work done by members of the Guild. Thus they kept alive in industry and commerce the motive of self-respect and the habit of fair-dealing.

“In the Sixteenth Century,” says the same authority I have already quoted, “the whole system broke down entirely, as a consequence of the suppression of the monasteries, which upset the equilibrium of society, producing widespread unemployment, and the importation of gold from South America, which doubled prices all over Europe.”

The old moral authority being thus exposed to attack, the Just Price succumbed to the *mania* for speculation. Commercial undertakings were no longer carried on for the mutual advantage of the contracting parties, but were mercenary enterprises in which each endeavored to seize the advantage. To buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market became an accepted principle. A class of financiers arose who scarcely pretended to exercise any socially useful function, but whose sole business it was so to manipulate prices as to secure the maximum profit. Thus the idea of a regulative moral law in the economic sphere was lost.

Legislation intended to check abuses can claim no more than a political authority, and appeals to no higher sanction than expediency. Experiment has succeeded experiment, without any reference to guiding moral principles. To-day the divorce between economics and moral authority seems complete. But material interests, if they are to be successfully administered, need to be submitted to a higher tribunal. It is a short-sighted policy to decide economic questions solely on economic grounds. It will be necessary sometimes to sacrifice what appears to be economic advan-

tages to religious and moral considerations. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you."

Yet it is not only in these domestic and civic matters that the waning of authority is apparent. The whole cultural world, for lack of guiding principles derived from religion, is in confusion. Because it was inspired by the Church, Medieval culture was a homogeneous thing. The authority of reason was acknowledged, and preserved philosophers from the eccentricities which, in these days, have been allowed to throw the intellectual world into confusion. Beauty was honored with due reverence. The men who built and wrote and painted in those ages would have endorsed T. S. Eliot's saying, "The question is—the first question—not what comes natural or easy to us, but what is right." For these men, as M. Maritain has shown in "Scholasticism and Art," had a surer criterion for cultural values than their own wayward fancies.

Our feverish little poets, egotistic artists and crowds of impressionist critics cannot approach the achievements of men disciplined by the Faith. That discipline strengthened the intellectual muscles of those who submitted to it. Their work has a depth and richness for which the superficial brilliance of our contemporaries is no equivalent. The loss through the repudiation of religious authority is most clearly seen in the strictly intellectual sphere.

The rationalists of the Nineteenth Century thought they were emancipating the mind from the "fetters" of dogma, and that, as the result of their efforts, there would be a great renaissance. But the result has been disappointing, for the most conspicuous effect of this exclusive regard for reason has been the dethronement of reason. The rationalists sawed off the bough on which they were sitting, and they and the bough have fallen into disrepute. For it is no

longer held by our modern pundits that it is necessary, in order to arrive at truth, to think logically. That implies labor and discipline. It is much easier and pleasanter to trust intuition, personal impressions, disregarding the inconsistencies and contradictions into which this lands us. "Consistency," said Emerson, "is the bugbear of little minds." It was not so that St. Thomas Aquinas spoke.

The phenomenon to which we have called attention is the root of the disease which has attacked society. Its prevalence is one of the reasons why so many are ready to welcome the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. At a time when freedom has led to chaos and all effort is frustrated by the absence of direction, any kind of dictatorship is apt to be tolerated. The tyranny of Communism is ready to exploit the weariness of those who have lost the power of self-discipline and are tired of wandering aimlessly from one cult to another, for Communism does at least know its own mind and is not afraid to impose it on mankind. Catholicism alone—the Church which built up the civilization of the Middle Ages—can offer an alternative. By what is truly a miracle, it has preserved for the salvation of men and states the authority of the living God.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

II.

THERE had been a mild revolution in the village when it was known that Peggy Carfax had been sent to the convent school in Tesford. That was when she was about nine, and John drove in every Saturday to fetch her home for Sunday, so that Susan could have the satisfaction of taking her to the parish church. She had been greatly alarmed when her husband had first mentioned the idea.

"Whatever for, John? A convent school? They'll make a Roman Catholic of her, and then whatever shall we do?"

She had stood, a little flushed and agitated, a little proud that her daughter should have a superior education; but mindful of the traditional distrust of convents—places they walled you up alive in,—at least perhaps not the pupils, but sometimes nuns who tore their hair and beat at the iron bars of their cells to escape. And she remembered two "runs" once calling at her father's big, comfortable farm to collect alms for their poor.

Old Farmer Grey thought at first that they were "escaped" ones, perhaps starving, and in a big, hearty voice had told them to come in and get a good dinner. When they had smiled and thanked him, but declined, when they had explained why they were begging, his smile disappeared, and gave place to a scowl. He had sent them off abruptly. He didn't "hold" with Catholics. Susan did not "hold" with them either. Whatever would father say! And he so proud of Peggy!

"Nothing wrong with it if they do," had been John's paralyzing reply as he sorted some grains in his big fine hand.

"John, I'd die o' mortification!" she had murmured and he had looked up suddenly. He had to pull himself together sometimes. She was so gentle, so pliable, he got into the habit of doing things without consulting her, but there was always something so dove-like in the pained surprise of her gentle reproach, that his quick penitence melted her and carried the day.

"Maydon school and Miss Churt have done all they can for her, Susan. But there's more for a girl to learn than books can teach her."

He spoke slowly, fearful of saying anything that might hurt her. Her soft brown eyes regarded him with a troubled look. She had been making bread, and a little flour dusted the round

soft cheeks that still kept their comely shape, their pale rose color. When she smiled, it was a mouth her babies, her children loved to kiss; her milky white teeth adding to the attractiveness of her laugh. She was little, and beginning to get slightly plump; and John had always thought that her accent was pleasanter than any he had ever heard in that country of ugly voices.

"I was counting to teach her myself, when she's through school. And we could buy a piano now, John."

A piano? John took one of her little floury hands and suddenly kissed it, not noticing her quick blush.

"That'll come later, Susan. You've got everything to teach her, but there are things to learn before she comes back to us for good. The Sisters at Tesford—they'll 'tune' her for life."

He dropped Susan's hand and sat staring into space as he did so often, and Susan stared at him. He did say such strange things now and then. Had he got mixed up in his mind about the piano and the tuner? There was a young gentleman who tuned the Rectory piano once a month. Still, something must be done to stop John from this idea of a convent school for Peggy. Nothing wrong with it if her girl became a "Romanist"? Why, there was everything wrong with it! First, she would have no lovely daughter to walk through the village with every Sunday morning, no delicious little grave face that suddenly dimpled into a smile that made Susan hold her breath with its radiancy.

She tried to pay attention to the Rector's sermons, and sat very straight and motionless between Peggy and her husband, but all the time she was conscious of the slight form beside her. With half an eye she could see the little hands in their cotton gloves folded, or holding her prayerbook in them. She had a glimpse of the delicate oval face, with its shapely little nose and firm mouth so like John's, and the lovely starry eyes

that were so like her own, downcast, under the shade of her simple straw hat. And every Sunday, Susan had had the same smile in her heart to hear the girl's low voice repeat, in the general confession, "All we like sheep have gone astray. . . . We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts . . . there is no health in us." And it had seemed a peaceful, comforting thought each Sunday morning, that perhaps the Almighty too was smiling in His heart as He heard her lamb, her little white Margarite, declare herself a "miserable sinner with no health in her."

Young John had had no Catholic school! Why Peggy? Young John had done so well at his books, he too had gone to Tesford, but it was to the big grammar school. And her husband had begun to say things in that voice that acted on Susan so curiously.

It sent her back to her pinafores days when the school mistress had rapped out "Stand!" And all the girls had slithered to their feet as a fine lady in frills and feathers had entered the school house, leading a small boy a little older than Susan. A little boy with gloomy, grey eyes and a scowl on his face.

Mrs. Carfax—of Maydon Hall—as she never forgot to call herself, even though there were only a few charred walls to show where the house had stood—Mrs. Carfax, with all her pathetic airs and graces, had striven hard to achieve a dignity which ill accorded with her fantastic vanities. But when John's voice spoke like that, Susan's mind went back to the vision of the school house—"Stand!"

"It's this way. Sit down. I can explain better. We can't send our girl to see the world, and—"

"My word, no John! Girls, to be good girls, are best at home," broke in Susan softly, her eyes fixed on her husband. "Yes, my dear. But remember even wild

beasts and even your pet cats are taught how to protect themselves against their natural foes. A girl's got to learn how to meet life and how to use it. We've all got our natural foes."

Was John a little queer to-day? Margaret, her lamb, with natural foes? She held herself a little stiffly.

"And how are a lot of shut-up women who've run away from life, going to teach our Margaret to meet it in the right way?"

There seemed to be the faintest shadow of a little irony in her question, and John's fine lined face relaxed into a smile.

"The women who are there, Susan—they've, most of them, seen a fair amount of life. There are all sorts, young and old. I've made inquiries. The girls turn out well. Most education of girls is books, and accomplishments and good manners—" He paused. Susan put in quickly,

"Well, and what else do you want? Margaret's just our daughter, a farmer's daughter; and there'll be no happiness for us if we're going to make a fine lady of her, John."

But John's eyes were staring, as they often did, right out to the distant woods and the fields where a soft wind was stirring the green barley.

"I'll tell you what I want for her, Susan. I want the wine of life for her; and yet—" His voice sank into a whisper so that Susan could hardly catch what he said,—“And yet I'm so afraid of the wine of life, I'm mixing it with water for her—giving her a taste—a taste, like I had; and then withdrawing it—"

And when John had one of these strange moods, when she couldn't understand at all what he meant, it was best to keep quiet. So she went and washed the flour off her hands, and then she sat down quietly with some knitting, and presently she said: "How should women who've never had the best of life, know what is that wine of life, John?"

It seemed as if he came back from a long way off to answer her.

"'Never had the best of life?'" he repeated, frowning. "How do you mean?"

"Well, isn't the best of life marrying the man you love, mothering his children? It seems to me it's that, my dear."

She kept her eyes on her work, but she knew he had laid his pipe down and was regarding her.

"There may be women there, for all we know, who have loved—and lost their loved ones. But the wine of life is something greater than love—it's love burned, tried by fire, purified by its sacrifice. She'll learn from the Sisters there what none of us can teach her."

He had got up and gone out after that; laying his hand on her shoulder as he passed her. And that night when he had kissed Peggy in her bed, the child suddenly flung her arms round her father's neck.

"Where do you live, Daddy, when you go away from us?" she asked, in that fascinating little hoarse voice she had that reminded John of his grandmother, a very beautiful woman.

"What do you mean? I never go away from you. Go to sleep and don't talk nonsense," he said.

"But you go away often, Daddy! you did to-night when you smoked your pipe in the porch. Where do you live then, Daddy? I want to go with you."

She twined her arms round his neck and lifted her little face to his. For a moment they stared into each other's eyes, then he laid her down gently.

"You shall come with me there one day, my Peggy. Or perhaps you'll go off on your own flights. I've got a broken wing, and don't get far—but you—"

"Yes—me?" she whispered, smiling, her eyes shining.

"I'm going to send you to learn how to fly. They'll teach you to get your wings first, and then how to keep them white and strong. Then Daddy'll come limping after you with his broken one."

He was sitting on the side of her little bed, one hand on both of hers, to keep her from springing up again. She was quite still for a moment and he got up to go.

"Then I'll have a broken wing too, Daddy. I shouldn't want to fly without you."

"No, no, Peggy, that won't do. You mustn't start life with a broken wing. But go to sleep now." He moved to the window to pull the curtains into place, and again the sweet hoarse voice came from the little bed.

"P'raps by the time my wings come, your bad one will be mended, Daddy. Then it'll be all right, won't it?"

The man's voice came very tenderly from the dark doorway,

"Yes, Peggy—it'd be all right then. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Daddy!"

And Susan, wide-eyed as she lay motionless that night beside her husband, restless, muttering in his sleep—Susan vowed to herself again as she had so often before, that no matter what it cost her, if Peggy's education at a convent was going to add to her John's happiness and peace of mind, she would give in and let her go. Her John had never had a chance, so she said to herself. A "queer" father he'd had who, so they said, had put the finishing touch to the family's bad fortune by his extravagances at Oxford, and had come home to find his father dying, the old home a mouldering ruin, and his only possession, the old, damp, disused farmhouse at Thurston.

Susan knew no shades. In her mind, a father who didn't work, who sat amongst his books—and bottles—and let his land go to seed; who neglected, so they said, his little son and ignored the vagaries of the lady who called herself Mrs. Carfax of Maydon Hall—such a father was a calamity. John could have told her there were days when, as a boy, he had listened, rapt, to his

father's brilliant oratory—so he had called it, the young lad. When he would admire the man, standing with his back to the great carved fireplace of the big living room, pouring forth a flood of eloquence on the ephemeral glory of this world—on the "Glory that Was." And in his finest Oxford voice, perhaps a little thick those days, he would burst into some unknown language which fascinated the boy.

"Horace, my boy! You have never met him—your loss! Some day if I find you worthy, I will present you to him."

Or occasionally, with a wave of his hand,

"Ah! Virgil knows not village schools, otherwise you would recall my quotation, John. Never mind, never mind! I dare say your mother teaches you the meaning of flowers preparatory to your presenting some village maiden with a posy of *double-entendre*."

John had frankly hated his father when he spoke like that. As for his mother—she had camouflaged quite a number of the disabilities of her life under a conspicuous vanity and foolish mannerism. It was an original way, certainly, in which to isolate herself; but she had done what she set herself out to do, when she deliberately overdid all her small conceits, so that no one should dare to pity her, or to cultivate her acquaintance, or to do more than show a respectful kindness to her husband, whom a few old villagers still saluted as t' Squire. They blamed her, not her husband.

John had not had a happy childhood—No. He was beginning to live a happier life in his children. Susan sighed. It was a real right down pity he wanted to send Peggy to that convent. It'd make people talk, and the Rector would come up to the farm, and perhaps Mrs. Adams too; and, for sure, Father would storm and perhaps make trouble, though he never let out at John personally. But there.

"Are you asleep, John?" She whispered presently.

"Yes—no—what is it?" came back his muffled voice.

She cleared her throat, and put a hand on his arm.

"Well, love, it's only just to say, take your own way about our Peggy. Only I can take her to church every Sunday?"

There was a little silence and then his hand found hers.

"God bless you, Susan! You're the best wife there ever was. Yes, you shall have her Sundays—" And a thought passed through his head—"Till she's found her wings, maybe."

But Susan lay still with a radiance on her face that John did not see. "The best wife there ever was!"

It was always a fresh miracle to her—John's "kindness"—a miracle that he had wanted to marry her. She had seen him often as a child: a boy holding himself aloof from his fellows, not because of any pride of birth, but from a miserable consciousness that everyone pointed him out as the son of his father.

The first time she had ever impressed herself on his notice, though she had not known it at the time, was one day when he had come to barter with Farmer Grey about some beasts, and her father had called to her to bring them two mugs o' beer; and John Carfax had stood up as the girl had come in carrying two great pewter mugs on a little tray. At first he had not seen anything but her little white thumbs on the tray, and he had straightway forgotten the business of the beasts. Some lines of Tennyson's sang in his head:

And Enid brought sweet cakes to make
them cheer,

And in her veil enfolded, manchet bread. . . .

And seeing her so sweet and serviceable,
Geraint had longing in him evermore
To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb
That crost the trencher as she laid it down.

Then he had looked at her, and because his heart was hurt and sore and

life seemed to be beating him at every turn, and because it seemed to him that a man might find a haven in those little serving hands, he had bound her to him in that moment.

His tragic eyes that day must have signalled their S O S without his being conscious of it. And Susan did not expect sentiment and love-making. The gentry took things quiet-like she knew, and though her father had blustered a little, he was not displeased to marry his daughter to a Carfax.

What was it Aunt Kate, her father's garrulous sister who had kept house for him since her mother's death—what was it she had said, chuckling in a sort of malicious glee one day? Her father had shut her up roughly, and certainly Susan had never paid attention to it. "Seemin'ly he's not good enough for them rich Burnhams—papish, too."

But Susan, lying awake that night, tried vaguely to find some reason why her John should be drawn to this sort of an education for his girl. There were no Catholics in the village, or few and far between; and she didn't know John had anything to do with them. And, anyway, her John wasn't what you'd call a religious man. She often had to nudge him when he slept, or, at any rate, shut his eyes during the Rector's sermons; and once when young John had been getting his father to tell him about the war and the armistice and the Army of Occupation, he had suddenly said, "Like England's got the Church of Occupation. Shoved out, fought out, starved out the Old Church."

Such a queer thing to say, and though she didn't remember her history, such as she had been taught, very distinctly, she knew, of course, that the Protestant Church was the right one, and that no good had come of any other. Look at the French, for instance! They ate frogs, so she had been told; kept their shops open on Sundays, and wrote books that no self-respecting person

could possibly read. Even supposing, which wasn't likely, that they knew the language, why should Aunt Kate, twelve years ago, have thought John wasn't good enough for a Burnham? It wasn't likely he'd come across them either—he, the neglected young son of the poverty-stricken Carfaxes, and the rich, retired Indian Colonel Burnham and his young family.

Milford was a small town on the main road, Maydon-cum-Thurston was off it, a village isolated and a little difficult to get at; and it was with Tesford that Maydon had its dealings more than with Milford.

Yes, now she remembered. Mrs. Burnham, long since a widow, had instituted all sorts of classes; and her John had found some man in the place who had, as her husband put it, "read" with him. He knew a lot, did John; but it was silly of Aunt Kate to think he'd be likely to look at one of the Miss Burnhams. Now she came to think of it, three of them there'd been—or was it two? And two sons—because she'd read all about it in the local paper when the Colonel had died, and there'd been a great funeral, and they'd had a Bishop, though, of course, only a Catholic one, which hardly counted.

Ah, well! It just showed how dangerous it was. It'd all perhaps caught John's fancy as a young man, and now it was coming out a bit in this idea about their Peggy going to a convent school. She was glad young John had gone to the school in Tesford. He was three years older than Peggy, taking kindly to his books, but revelling in the land, the crops, the beasts, during his holidays, following his father like a shadow, and already full of dreams about "building up Carfax" again.

The first time Susan had heard him say so, she had rebuked him a little quickly.

"Tut! that's nonsense you're talking. Learn to help your father here. Thurs-

ton's your home," she had said, and had looked for her husband to endorse it.

But he had not looked up from his accounts which he was poring over, until the boy, looking irresolutely from one to the other, said, turning to him:

"Didn't you say I was to build up Carfax, Daddy?"

Susan had stared at them both—so amazingly like each other. Her husband sitting at his table facing the open window, his brown, lean face with its dogged chin, its bony, well-shaped nose, bent over his books, till he raised it to look, with his deep grey eyes into the deep grey eyes of his son.

Little John had the same face *in petto*, but there was a softness about the child's eyes that Peggy had too, and that was their mother's.

"Didn't you, Daddy?" The boy repeated and sidled up to John who pushed him gently away.

"Yes. But stand straight. Don't wiggle. And what your mother says is right—Thurston's your home. But you've got to build up Carfax."

Well, for sure, it was putting ideas into the boy's head, though John had explained to her it wasn't bricks and mortar he meant, and the lad would understand later on, and she needn't worry.

No, indeed, there didn't seem much to worry about these days. Things had been turning out a bit better on the farm, though John worked like three men, and never spared himself.

And as, Sunday after Sunday, year after year, she had had the comforting sound of Peggy's voice beside her in church, felt the pressure of her little hand which she always tucked into Susan's during the sermon, and noted the happy interest she took in the old Carfax chapel which had always distracted the children during the long services on hot days. Susan's early fear and uneasiness had died away. She got used to hearing of Mother Monica, who was old but liked to laugh, and Mother

Mary Paul, who wore spectacles and taught them "sums," and Mother Veronica—fanciful name that, thought Susan—who was sacristan. What's that? Susan had asked, and John, who was just going to reply, stopped and let Peggy explain. And Mother Theresa told them lovely stories. She was young and a little lame; and each week she added another "Mother" to her list, till Susan got them all mixed up in her mind.

"No, Mummy, that's Sister Anna who opens the door. Mother Veronica is always in the chapel. She teaches us history and geography. And one day when I'd stayed behind to tidy up—it was my week for it—she said when she was a little girl her name was Margaret too."

Susan had been busy shelling peas and was giving her daughter divided attention.

"Oh! What do they change their names for then? Good Christian names like that to be changed for—What was it you called her?"

But Peggy had just discovered an old much-loved doll in the cupboard and was covering her with kisses and attentions.

"I'm getting a bit old for you, darling Belinda; but you do want some new clothes. Mummy, shall I let Belinda get married, or put her into nice black serge and make a nun of her?" She had not waited for Susan's rather shocked reply, but went on babbling. "You'd change your name, Belinda, whichever you did. You take the name of your spouse when you marry. Spouse means your husband, Belinda. I wish you hadn't lost your eye. And when you're a nun, darling, you take a name from God's family. It's rather lovely, isn't it, Mummy, that all God's family are saints? Did you like it, taking Daddy's name, Mummy, or did you want better to be a spouse in God's family?"

Dear, how that child did run on! There was nothing you could exactly object to, but Susan had spilled several

peas in the shelling of them, and Peggy had danced after them with Belinda upside down in her arms, chasing them all over the big kitchen.

"Two decades, but they're all the same size; and look, Mummy, there's a grub on this one. Shall I throw it away?"

It sometimes seemed to Susan that she had had foolish unnecessary fears about that school, but the worst was over long ago, when she had had to visit the "Head Nun," as she called the Superior, and was taken through the cheerful classrooms and gardens and shown the small white dormitory where her Peggy would sleep with four other children. She was not shown the chapel, but she had said to John that evening that if you sowed trouble with your eyes open, you couldn't exactly blame anyone if you reaped worry. And John, sitting well back in his chair after his supper was finished, had regarded her with some amusement in his eyes.

"No, Susan, you're right. I'd be annoyed if mangel-wurzels came up when I'd sowed a field of barley," and something in his voice had suddenly made her dimple into one of her quiet laughs.

"Well, you know what I mean, John," she had said, and he had repeated, as he got up from his chair: "Yes, I always know what you mean, Susan—you're clear as crystal."

Farmer Grey had fairly exploded when he heard of Peggy installed in her new school at Tesford, but fortunately for John and Susan he was busy negotiating with the railway company about the sale of a useless corner of his land, and his energy had to be reserved for extolling its value and getting the better of the company. Aunt Kate came down to Thurston to tell them he'd won, and was getting a fine price from the company; and next Sunday they were all to come up to dinner to fête the occasion.

"Used to be a gossip that you'd set

your eyes on one o' them Miss Burnhams before you'd seen our Susan. Was that what gave you these ideas for young Peggy?" asked Farmer Grey bluntly as he and John smoked a pipe in the porch after the heavy Sunday dinner.

"I'm afraid I can't answer for all the fool gossip of the village, but I do know that there's an education at that school that I can't get for my money elsewhere," said John quietly, and at the mention of best price for your money, Farmer Grey was satisfied. That was another matter.

But John, listening apparently to his father-in-law's talk, was wandering in another world—in those long ago days when he had "set his eyes" on Margaret Burnham.

(To be continued.)

A Man of Catholic Action.

BY MICHAEL EARLS.

THAT he achieved much in a short space of time is a tribute spoken of many a worthy man in life's endeavors: it is a recurrent antiphon recited in the Office of our young Saints. Even to have been a man of desires is a definition of greatness, as in the marvellous career of the Prophet Daniel; and to have kept the Faith and completed the good course is a solid claim for glory, as St. Paul glorified. And in that same arena of the Faith in our times, a man of Catholic Action (to employ the modern expression for the Apostolate) is a legitimate athlete unto that glory, whatever the space of life allotted to him for running the Course.

One of these who recently passed from that arena in the very virile years of his manhood was Peter W. Collins. Though only beyond the midway of the mortal years, he had piled up his labors of zeal for his fellow-man, and for the Kingdom of God on earth. The extent of

his journeys, albeit in the better methods of present-day locomotion, was that of a heroic missionary in the Cause and in all good causes.

The list merely of the places and audiences to whom he bore the doctrine, secular and religious, would fill the pages of a spacious catalogue; the Book of Life, as we poor humans appraise the things of lasting values, must contain an ample record of the harvest. He was an orator, known as well in Oregon as in the Eastern States; his audiences were numerous in Texas and in Ontario. Besides the messages in the spoken word, he left with the important programs which he championed an abundance of instructive literature for those who were to follow and carry on the worthy fight. Take this instance: after his campaign of over fifty speeches in Oregon against the iniquitous proposal of an "educational bill," he wrote a cogent pamphlet of twelve pages for young speakers: "Practical Instructions for Speakers in Campaign against Initiative Measure, No. 49." Here is his preliminary paragraph:

"Remember that upon you, as a speaker in the cause of (a) Personal Liberty, (b) Constitutional Guarantees, (c) Educational Freedom, and (d) Parental Rights, will depend in no small degree the defeat of Initiative Measure, No. 49. The proposed bill, as declared in its ballot title, is 'an Act compelling children between seven and sixteen years of age to attend the public schools and prescribing penalties.' . . . This title, in reality, is misleading, as the real purpose of the bill is to abolish private and parochial schools, and it might be termed in the language of President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, 'A bill to make impossible the American system of education.'"

The entire pamphlet is in line with this clarity and directness and thoroughness of the trained public speaker; and

the Supreme Court of the United States recognized the argument of that campaign when it condemned the unconstitutional measure.

But our present purpose is not to accentuate the extent and variety of Mr. Collins' campaigns upon important topics to the great communal classes throughout our country and Canada. Journalistic digests of his messages followed his untiring apostleship; editorials in secular and religious newspapers were emphatic upon his sane and salutary thoughts of God and country; the high lights of his flashing vigors against erroneous Socialism and rampant Communism and the insidious propaganda of Bolshevism were spacioously displayed in the magazine sections of the Sunday journals. For example: seriously weighing "How the Bolshevie Mind Works," the *Literary Digest* (Jan. 24, 1920), devoted three pages to discourses on that subject by Mr. Collins; and in the files of other newspapers and pamphlets and magazines, a student can easily find the ample evidences of his vigorous attacks on the tendencies and forces that were aiming at the disintegration of our country and its established principles. What concerns us for our present edification is rather a word or two about Mr. Collins in the field of Catholic Action; a field which he zealously cultivated long before the term, Catholic Action, became the signature for activity in the Catholic cause.

Though limited in his early education—his formal years of schooling ended in the eighth grade of the parochial school—his subsequent life found him a most active student, diligent and extensive in his reading, not only in material for his public addresses, but in the theology and apologetics that amplify the penny catechism, and in philosophy, especially in the principles of ethics, which ever are beacon lights against the recurrent heresies in eco-

nomics, and in sociology and society. He was well informed, even a scholar in general history and in the great documents on government and human welfare; and in his leisure hours he cultivated a character for the finest classics in the humanistic tradition, both ancient and modern. In a word, he turned the University of Hard Knocks into a refreshing academy for himself and his devoted family life.

Privileged occasionally with some modest rehearsals of his work on the great school grounds of public addresses, I wish here to record a few reminiscences of those conversations in a restful room at the college. Mr. Collins was far from egotism; his personal relations of episodes were radicated in the proprieties whose basis of culture is humility. His earnest and lengthy career on the public platform gave him experiences which he cherished with the zest of an ardent schoolboy; and the lessons which he acquired from them became realizations, grappled to his soul with bonds of steel. In one of these modest rehearsals, a sense of quiet humor invaded the narration:

"In that school of experience, I came to realize that the plain man in overalls may have entry to a situation where a more elegantly dressed person may not have entrée. For instance, on an occasion when I was to lecture in a great opera house, a distinguished Judge was presiding, and introduced me. Pardon me for observing that he took a most patronizing air, making it apparent that he was very condescending towards the occasion and the speaker. Well, after the address and the answering of questions, the Judge invited me to walk down to the hotel with him. I told him that I was honored in that invitation. And as he continued his patronizing air and his attitudinizing, I felt constrained (pardon me, for I am sure I did not mean to display vanity) to say,

'Judge, I had a conversation about you with a very distinguished American a week ago.'

"'Pray, who might that be?' he queried with lifted eye-brows. 'Who was the distinguished American that a plain man in overalls, Peter Collins, could visit for a social hour?'

"'President Wilson,' I replied. 'I was one of a committee appointed by a National Council to request President Wilson to appoint your Honor to the Supreme Court of the United States.'"

A more noteworthy illustration of his "lessons in realizations" may be presented from some experiences in the question-hour which followed his speeches. Mr. Collins remarked that a college man could call upon his studies in philosophy and theology for apt and cogent replies to the questionnaires on public occasions; "but I have come to realize that God gives any person who is working sincerely for truth and the spread of the Kingdom of God on earth a better answer on occasion than the speaker could have elaborated at his desk." And he presented his illustration on his point.

"I went to lecture to a thronged audience one night in a city in Texas: an American General introduced me; and at the conclusion of the address, when I asked if any questions would be presented, immediately a woman arose in one of the theatre boxes and asked, 'Why don't priests marry?' Now I have, as any layman has, the sufficing answers to that question; but they never occurred to my thoughts at that moment. For quick upon her words, 'Why don't priests marry, I replied, 'Because no man can serve two masters.' A storm of laughter and applause shook the theatre and continued for four or five minutes, leaving me in a feeling of bewilderment, for I leaned upon a stage-prop and wondered at the applause and laughter. . . . Leaving the theatre,

at the conclusion of the lecture the General quietly whispered, and inquired if I knew why the audience had so vociferously acknowledged my answer to the lady's question. . . . 'She is the wife of a Minister,' he added, 'and her husband was sitting beside her in the box.' . . . Of course, I need not add that I was unaware of that fact; for I know I would have given a more bookish answer, and so not have submitted the reverend gentleman and his better half to that humiliating scene."

And he was likewise unaware of circumstances of other questioners who figured in similar replies. Thus when a young man protested the lecturer's statement that Socialists, for the most part, are mere dreamers, the youth called out "Why, cannot dreamers be great leaders?" And Mr. Collins replied graciously, "Dreamers may be somnambulists, sleep-walkers, and stumble into pitfalls." The youth of the question immediately sat down; he himself was afflicted with the sleep-walker's malady, and two nights before had been rescued from a ditch in a cemetery.

The highest of these realizations which came forcefully home to him in the long range of his public oratory (and it is something that should be a conviction in the minds of everybody who aspires to the work of Catholic Action) is the childlike confidence in prayer, childlike in the best heart and mind of the man. Be it understood that the man comes to his task after serious and studious preparation, confident in his cause, earnest in his zeal; then, as in the old saying, heaven helps those that help themselves, prayer is the supreme assurance of success. Any other equipment for a servant in that apostolate produces only the effect of tinkling brass and sounding cymbal. Work hard, pray confidently: that is the formula for Catholic Action. And with what becoming modesty was Mr. Col-

lins ready to enumerate a series of personal realizations in the saving power and grace of prayer,—situations when, because of travel difficulties, or physical illness (as in the Oregon campaign, when his voice and nerves seemed to be in collapse), it was thought that the engagement could not be kept. Childlike confidence in prayer enabled him to serve every engagement (See in his little booklets of oratorical lessons, in the one entitled "Prayer in Personality," the entirely charming account of the efficacy of prayer during one of his most strenuous campaigns). And he would add in his conversation on this topic, "Holy Communion daily is the surest strength for mind and body."

Surely in our facilities in public speaking to-day—the radio, and all the multiplied mechanical devices to enlarge the service—it is important for all who are aspirants and workers in the cause of promulgating Catholic culture to realize that prayer is a most important essential for cleric or layman. Study and learning, voice culture and elocution, manners and character,—all are valuable; the greatest of these assets in equipment is reliance on the strength from supernatural sources, and this is within reach of the hand and the heart and the mind through childlike prayer and confidence in God.

An adept in his structural system of oratory, which he called Symbolism, Mr. Collins, in a notable address at a convention of the Knights of Columbus over a year ago, gives an instance of this symbolic method, as he termed it. It is his concluding paragraph on Catholic Action: repeating it here, we observe the simplicity of his rhetoric, and we commemorate the sincerity of his zeal and character:

"What is it? It is the plain word action, A-C-T-I-O-N. Burn it on your brain, on your mind; keep it there. This is what it means. The 'A' is the apos-

tolate, the lay apostolate. When Jesus Christ gave his mission to the Apostles 2000 years ago he included us in the lay apostolate. . . . The 'C' in action stands for Christ crucified. That is the foundation. We can never get away from that foundation. . . . The 'T' in action stands for truth. The truth shall set you free. Our Lord said, 'I am the way, the truth and the life.' . . . The 'I' in action stands for immortality. Your most important work in this world is to save your own immortal soul. In doing that you are helping to save others, too. . . . And the 'O' in action, gentlemen, stands for opportunity. Opportunity never knocks. Opportunity is never absent! Your job and my job is to take advantage of opportunity, because it is waiting for us. We have a hundred opportunities every day; opportunities in the service of Jesus Christ and His truth, the service of the Church, the service of this Order, the service of our manhood, the service of our country. . . . The last letter in action, 'N' stands for now, plain n-o-w. I have often tried to analyze why so many of our Catholic men never succeed. They may not be public failures, but they are failures just the same. Why is it they do not succeed? They don't succeed because they never start; they don't begin. . . . Our fellows plan that they are going to begin. But they never begin. There are men in foreign countries now, waiting for the quota in this country to be such that they can come in here, and these young men now in foreign countries, now unable to speak our language, will be the leaders in this country in all lines while our fellows are still waiting to begin. 'N' stands for now, doing the job now. When you reverse that 'now' and spell it backwards, it spells victory,—it spells 'won,' and that is victory! This is what Catholic action means from the 'A' of apostolate down to the 'N' of now."

Sonnets in Memory of My Mother.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

I.

THE year was steeped in spring—the lighted gold

Of crowding dandelions flamed in grass;
And as the sun rode high, I knew, alas,
The *aves* of her busy life were told.
The veins along her weary hands grew cold—
No more the pageant of her mind would pass
In bright review, for, sunken in morass
Of age, I saw the flower of pain unfold.

Yet always did her hand, entwined in mine,
Revivify our love of childhood years;
And never came from me or hint or sign
That I was on the borderland of tears.
The memory of those trysts, like heady wine,
Transports my mind to joy's own hemispheres.

II.

Her days were not so peaceful as of old.
Her nightly hours were reared on rocks of pain;
And, watching there, the bells of doom being tolled,

I felt a wind of grief blow through my brain.
Fear awed me like a lightning-flash in rain;
A hand seemed bearing on me, harsh and cold—
The chain love forged from time's strong-binding mold

Was slowly breaking, link on link, in twain.

O Lord of life and death, because those hours
Were interspersed with prayers from her to Thee,

I thank Thee that Thou thoughtst me fit to be
So close where Thy rich graces fell in showers!
And though her cross in sorrow I could see,
I think Thine own hands paved her way with flowers.

LIFE passes, riches fly away, popularity is fickle, the senses decay, the world changes, friends die. One alone is true to us; One alone can be true; one alone can be all things to us; One alone can supply our need.

—Cardinal Newman.

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

II.

DAVEY walked to first Mass the following Sunday. Ahead of him were young fellows, their caps at a jaunty angle, keeping step as they went. That came from drilling, he reflected sadly. Boys of school age, whose shoes were shined as a concession to Sunday, scrambled and pushed. They would be in the fight before himself!

He overtook John Conway, the young man who taught school at Kilbeg as a stepping-stone to something better. He was in love with Nano. Davey knew that secret anyhow.

"Are we on time?"

The teacher turned.

"Why, Davey! how are you?"

"Fine. We won't be late?"

"No—if Father Healy doesn't start on the dot."

"You can't trust him. We'd better step it out." They did.

"Is there any news from the big city?" Davey asked in that vague way which is Irish.

"Nothing yet. When it comes it will come quickly."

He liked Conway. The school man was head of the local unit which was part of a countrywide rebellion. And how Davey admired the man who staked all his chances on the one chance of breaking England's stranglehold!

"I heard them drilling down in the hollow the other night."

"We're in some hollow every night, Davey."

"Tis wonderful how they don't find out!"

"They will some day."

"And then I suppose there'll be trouble."

"Davey, there's always trouble around the turn whenever a man's in a thing like this. When we want something

worth while we've to pay for it."

"You have," Davey agreed.

"Why don't you say *we* have, Davey?" Conway asked bluntly.

"I don't know," he answered as a child might.

"I don't like to urge you. In a business like this a man should take his own risks. But are you sure you're doing the best thing—staying out?"

"I don't know."

"You were always well liked here. You are remembered for three or four hurling matches you pulled out of the fire. You were brave, they say. Aren't you brave now?"

"I don't know."

Conway noticed his breaking voice and stopped the inquisition.

"Never mind! The fight is in you. You'll flame higher than all of us bye and bye."

They walked into Mass together. The priest was just coming out from the sacristy as the school teacher occupied one of those new pews installed not long before; at a "mounting expense," as Father Healy said the previous Sunday. Davey knelt three pews behind him. The congregation was such as you will find in almost any country parish in Ireland. The old women used beads; the young women, prayer books. Some of the old men used beads too—the more pious ones. Many of the younger men prayed out of their fingers, or followed the priest with their eyes, or took stock of the congregation. Davey saw Nano some pews ahead.

"Of course she has her prayer book!" he reflected in self-reproach, as he looked at his own interlocked fingers. His eyes alighted on Alice Farley, one pew rearer the altar.

"She has her prayer book too! And she's reading like she means it!"

He noticed Alice wore a hat which fitted close on her head like a helmet. It was like Nano's, except that Nano's was blue, and Alice's black with white

dots. In this way he described them in his own mind.

"You should be saying your prayers," his conscience whispered.

"I should," he agreed, and began counting off "Hail Marys" on his fingers. He did not go very far when he stole another look at Alice. She had an eager face with the suggestion of a red color.

"She hasn't a heavy red face at all," he concluded approvingly.

He was thinking of the mountainy girls whose faces were as red as a sunset. He looked at his sister. Nano just then observed the priest for a while, and returned to her prayer book.

"She's following him!"

Nano was taller than Alice, he noted; and her face was more quiet—or some such word as that.

"The Gospel," Father Healy announced, and Davey stood up like everybody. It was about the devil the Saviour commanded out of the dumb man. He listened attentively to the words of Christ which followed. Above all, he heard the strong assertion, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth." He looked at Conway. The school man was following the priest out of his prayer book. He looked at his sister and then at Alice. They, too, were following.

"He that is not with me is against me." The words came like the tramping of feet across his brain.

"They're with Him—following Him. I'm not. I'm neither here nor there."

He listened to the priest's sermon. The language was very guarded; although Father Healy was a Republican from his heels up, and nearly got into trouble later on. That day he watched his language carefully, selecting the right phrase, like a dentist selects the probe which will hurt you least—as he nearly makes you believe. Certain sentences from the sermon Davey remembered for a long time.

"It takes courage to be on the side of

Christ, and there are times when it costs a lot; but that makes no difference at the end. We give up all only to receive all at the great accounting. In any cause worth while which we are fighting for, we must give much and we need not expect much. The martyrs gave their blood that Faith might live, and received no earthly reward at all. Men who fight for any great thing, do not look for earthly rewards. They fight for the great thing. If they win that, it is their reward forever and ever."

In the chapel yard after Mass, Davey met Alice setting out east for home. Conway and Nano were already gone on toward the school house.

"I suppose I should go with you, like they do in the big cities," Davey said simply.

"You needn't if 'tis any trouble."

"Alice, you know I don't mean it that way—I don't mean it that way at all."

"What do you mean, then?" Davey had no time to answer because Mrs. Madigan and her two children came out the gate; and Mrs. Madigan had to say:

"Davey, you should bring your prayer book to Mass and not waste your time watching the people who have one."

She laughed at his confusion and followed her children to the trap.

"Alice, won't you let me go with you—if only to the turn itself?"

"Surely, Davey!" Her irritation was gone.

Davey's strength was humility. He could say meaning'less, blundering things; and was so irresolute sometimes, he angered his friends; but humility always came to his rescue.

"Surely, Davey!"

There was contrition in the words. Alice felt she had wounded this humble lover of hers.

The worshippers were already on their way home. Men in Sunday suits walked leisurely east or west, talking about the weather, the crops, the prices. They did not speak of the threatened

Rebellion. It was a delicate subject, and in Ireland there is a reserve about treason which expresses itself in the caution, "The ditches have ears!" There was a warm March sun; and a wholesome, pleasant smell of upturned earth came from plowed land. Already on a field by the roadside, schoolboys, who had hurried out from Mass, were assembling for a football match. Cows, let free from their night sheds, observed a Sabbath peace, and horses took the well-deserved rest which a Sunday of early spring bestows.

"I haven't seen you in a while—where do you keep, Davey?"

Alice was resolved to be gentle with her shy admirer.

"Oh, you know! Always at home doing this, that, and the other thing."

"And are you doing the thing they're all doing?"

It was out at last—the question she had planned to put to him a hundred times. Always she stopped short just when she was ready, as we all stop before asking a question the answer to which will make or ruin us. For Alice Farley was in love with this boy of the fields who had none of the gifts that win a girl's heart; none—except honesty, humility and a shyness which caused speech to come haltingly. She had often asked herself, "What do I see in Davey Byrne anyhow?" Her answer was to continue to love him.

"Doing what thing?" he asked feebly.

He knew well enough what she meant, but hoped against hope she might say something else.

"There's only one thing I can mean."

"I know—I know, Alice! But 'tis my father. He wouldn't hear of it! He'd lay the whip on me and drive me out of the house if he found out I had any part in it."

She stopped. They had come to that turn east of the chapel where the road runs north. She faced this boy she loved; loved with a made-up mind which

is the way in which trusting people always love.

"And that's the reason, Davey?"

He nodded. He would nod in just the same way to a judge who would put a question, the affirmation to which would mean his death sentence.

"The only reason?"

He nodded again.

They were standing on a deserted road now. Out of the field to the north came the shouts of schoolboys. The small world around them was as warm as if March had borrowed a day from summer. Grazing cows and horses were in the fields; and faint stirrings of spring came out of whitethorn hedges.

"I'm sorry, Davey, but—" the words were choking her—"we can't go on."

He did not understand her. He only captured direct, literal speech.

"Why can't we? My father doesn't know."

He could not have said anything more regrettable. And under other circumstances Alice would have blazed up in white flame and burned The Bog and all his works to cinders. Tears were in her eyes now. She held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Davey! I'm sorry—I can't help it. We can't go on."

"Alice, don't say that! You know how fond of you I am, even if I can't tell you like some of them. The Bog is hard, and I can't face him. But don't give me up for that! Some day I'll face him. Don't give me up!"

"Davey, I loved you because I respected you. I don't respect you any more. No girl can love a boy she doesn't respect."

She took his hand; it was limp and unresisting, like the hand of a corpse.

"Good-bye!"

The hand fell to his side, and Alice went on down the road to her home. Tears blurred her sight, but she brushed them away defiantly. Why should she cry because she had given up a coward? Spring was abroad; shouts of school-

boys came from the football field.

"When they grow up, I hope they won't be cowards! I hate cowards!"

She walked more briskly, and ever so often the words would break from her like a defiant phrase out of a song, "I hate cowards!"

At the turn where she left him, Davey leaned against the road ditch. He felt weak, as if he were sinking into a faint. He watched the one person he had followed these years; watched her as she went down the sloping road, and spring waiting to leap out from every bush and tree. He never knew before how much he loved this girl who went to school with him and was a neighbor ever since. He felt as the man feels who sees a wife or a mother set within a hearse to be placed away in earth, whom he has loved without knowing it. Our feet that bear us, our hands that help us,—we only know their value when they are crippled or broken. There is a love just like that. It is so much a part of us, we do not feel it any more than we feel well-fitting clothes.

"I have lost her!"

It was all he could think, while Alice grew less as the distance between them grew greater. He was tempted to call her. Surely she would wait and listen! He could not open his mouth. He had not the courage. He would run and overtake her! She would soften, maybe, when she saw how broken he was. But if he ran after Alice, people might notice him and talk about him, and it would come to the knowledge of his father. That would be terrible! He remained where he was, resting against the stone ditch, the lately returned robins busy with their worm search at either side of him.

"I have lost her!"

He started to follow her; then thought of his father, and stopped.

"The neighbors will see me and talk, and he'll hear it!"

He walked slowly back to the chapel.

"I haven't the courage! I've lost her!"

The first bell for the last Mass had finished ringing, and Davey met Mickey Kane, the parish clerk, standing back of the chapel gate. Mickey Kane was first called "Mickey the Galloper," because he was often behind with service bells. But because "Mickey the Galloper" was much too long for spoken speech, the nickname was shortened to "Gallop." That was so perfect a fit, he wore it for life.

"Davey, I've lost her!"

Davey's heart stopped. Had Gallop heard him? Did Gallop know? Would Gallop tell his father? Gallop, seeing Davey's surprise, explained,

"'Tis an old watch I had! She wasn't much, but you could trust her to be within a half hour of the time. I've lost her!"

He felt a sort of comfort as he helped Gallop to find the lost watch—he had a brother in trouble. They searched and searched in the grass of the chapel yard, and around the Mission cross which stood there keeping its record of all the Missions given at Kilbeg, many of which went beyond the memory of any living person.

"I've lost her for good, I'm afraid," Gallop said.

"She'll be found some day by somebody," Davey answered.

"Yes, and I'll be dead, so what good will she be to me then?"

And Davey thought, as he looked about the grass and under the shrubs which were showing signs of life, that maybe he too would be dead by the time his lost Alice was found.

"Here she is, by gor!" Gallop picked up a large, nickel-plated timepiece from where it rested in plain view on the gravelled walk. He clapped the huge thing to his ear.

"She's running like always!" he exclaimed as happy as that woman who found her lost groat after her great search long, long ago.

"I can hear her where I am," Davey said.

"She's loud, I'll admit, Davey. I put her on the table when I'm going to bed, and I can hear her singing till I roll off to sleep."

"I wish we all could find what we lose that easy, Gallop!" It was almost a sigh.

"We can, Davey, if we look long enough and hard enough. We can find anything that way: a strayed ass, a prayer book, or a girl that used to be friendly with us. Aye, and we can find something else, Davey. We can find Ireland, if we aren't afraid to go out and look for her. They're hiding her from us. Lloyd George is, and Carson; and the landlords; and some of the farmers who are getting their big money because of big prices; and some of the farmers' sons who are warming their shins by the fire nights, when they should be out with a gun!"

Davey winced. It was too much.

"Good-day to you, Gallop! I must be going on to do a few Sunday jobs."

"Good-day!" Gallop was surly.

He walked on carrying with him the parish clerk's rebuke to all such as took no chances against Empire in the search for Ireland. He approached the school, brooding over his troubles—troubles of his loss and troubles of his character. People coming to last Mass eyed him—the young men especially. Going down the hill by that high wall which makes the school look like a fortress, he thought sadly,

"If I could only rise out of it! If I could only meet my father!"

The road was vacant at the moment. The vacancy made Davey brave.

"I'll never be anything till I defy The Bog!"

At the turn where the road goes down a leisurely slope, with deep gulches at either side, he saw his father and mother driving up hill toward him on their way to last Mass. He should have been home in time to harness the pony

for them, because the two hired men were given their Sunday free. He remembered that now.

"Where were you all morning?" his father demanded.

"I was helping Gallop to find his watch."

"Your place is home—not gabbing and gadding with neighbors. Let the horses out as soon as you put your foot inside the yard."

"Yes, Sir."

"A nice time to be coming back!"

"The girl will get you a cup of tea, Davey," his mother called to him kindly. It was a miracle to Davey how his mother loved him.

"Get up!" The Bog said gently to the pony.

"If he would only talk like that to me!" Davey reflected as he went on down hill. And as he ascended the other hill that ran past his own gate he witnessed a strange thing. Nano was saying good-bye to Conway as the school-teacher closed the gate after her.

"They must have met The Bog!" he cried, as if that were something beyond the power of imagination.

"I wonder did he lash them with the whip? I bet Nan will be crying when I get in!"

He decided just what he would say to comfort his sister. The Bog never could go by, seeing the two of them walking together, and not lay on the whip.

"She'll be crying very likely, but I'll tell her not to take it too hard!"

He prepared himself for the part of comforter the rest of the way home.

(To be continued.)

—♦—
Mary.
—♦—

BY L. T. B.

NEARER than David to the Holy One,
Precursor before John, His herald blest,
Was she, the lily maid, who called Him Son,
And fed Him at the fountains of her breast.

The Benediction of Duty.

BY P. J. C.

THOSE who have to work sometimes envy those who labor not nor spin. Yet of all human blessings, the safest, most comforting, most helpful is the blessing of a life-wheel upon every spoke of which is perched a duty.

Time trails for all such as have leisure in which to count its hours; it speeds past when duties must be finished before it is fled. Time is long when it is vacant of service, brief when it is filled with assignments.

People who professedly are a leisured class arise in the morning and are confronted by a day. Their problem is to fill out that day with sport, travel, social assemblings. Time is always with them; they must dispose of it somehow; it must not remain on their hands. So they plan to kill it minute by minute, hour by hour. They are not using it as men use sea, air, earth, that it may serve in the production of what is helpful and useful. They make of it a duration for saying a million foolish words, doing a million foolish things. Like their money, it is on their hands. Since they do not see how to use it wisely, they waste it.

Perhaps the most hopeless people are those who ask wonderingly every morning, "What shall we do to-day?" Their chiefest concern about time is how to escape it. Those who have an hundred duties clamoring for attention every hour are concerned how most economically to use the hour.

Even the sick are better off than the idle rich. True, they must stay in doors, lie abed, be ministered to. Yet they are using time—not wasting it. They are performing a service for God, themselves, society. They are afflicted; are using time to be renewed, to sit up, to walk a little, to reach the open world, to be going. That for them is work.

People who have no duties waiting at

their doors should go abroad and find some; and not such occupations as kill time but such services as use it. Playing golf, tennis, baseball is a means to an end. It serves the need of exercise, out-of-doors, air; change from serious plans, problems, studies. It is using time for upbuilding people physically and temperamentally so they may continue to use time for other worthier life aims.

We have divorces and other social irregularities among the idle rich, among so-called artists with only sporadic occupations, because having time on their hands they pursue freedom and excitement rather than duties. The college boy who works is rarely beckoned into conference to answer fretting questions; has not often to stammer excuses for retreats and defeats following the trial-by-fire of an examination; does not experience the necessity of writing an emotional appeal for the mercy of a father, whose prodigal son has wasted his substance, is going home and hopes to be fed with a fatted calf.

Sometimes the factory worker throws an envious eye at the great, silent, secluded English Gothic mansion where the leisured count the hours. He has the comfort of work which takes time off his hands; he has the benediction of rest when sleep spreads her wings above him and when weariness closes down his eyes. The girl who spends a prosaic day with a cash-register, a typewriter, or saying a "thank you" for the co-operation of giving her the number you want, need not envy those screen stars she watches sometimes. They get easily; they spend quickly; they fade out soon.

Labor is spoken of as a punishment. It becomes such only to those who enter it as criminals enter jails to wait and count hours until they have served their term. We grow to like honest work as we grow to like honest people—by contact. Blessed are they who learn to make labor a light burden, a sweet yoke!

Notes and Remarks.

We wish to warn our readers once more against the fake subscription agent. Recently several individuals of this type have been calling at convents offering THE AVE MARIA at reduced rates in certain club combinations with other magazines. The AVE MARIA does not enter into club combinations, nor does it solicit through students working their way through college, or through other laymen. The Brother canvassers who represent THE AVE MARIA carry identification papers marked with the seal of the Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross. They will be glad to produce those papers at any time. Prospective subscribers will always be on the safe side, and will also do us a favor, by sending in their subscriptions by mail. We have felt it necessary to repeat this warning because of the large number of fake agents who have started operations since the beginning of the depression.

Catholic Book Notes says in a review of Mrs. Kathleen Norris' latest story "Tree Haven," that none of her characters believe in God, sin, or the sanctity of marriage. And although Mrs. Norris has the heroine (Cynthia) suffer the consequences of her misplaced affection, "it is simply a social awkwardness." The review adds: "It is an odd book for a Catholic to write." The *Echo* of Buffalo observes: "Kathleen Norris' novels are all, or nearly all, of this type, and it seems about time to cancel her name from the list of Catholic authors." It will be supererogatory to ask some reader to write in and set us right if we are wrong: but a bee does seem to buzz around us to the effect that Mrs. Norris is one of the Committee that puts a halo about the head of the author of the best Catholic book of the month, man or woman. And it sticks remotely and tantalizingly somewhere in our poor, weak

human consciousness that Mrs. Norris was crowned with the nimbus herself. If these suppositions are wrong altogether, lay the blame on our years. We are due for the old age pension.

Those who in Germany are called the "Hitlerites" have set down a foundation for a Protestant Church government, and even have adopted a party name, calling themselves "German Christians." Their program, not yet clearly defined, stands against a number of realities. Here are some: Pacifism, Internationalism, Freemasonry, Judaism, Romanism, and Marxism. You will notice, without calling your attention to it further, the strange opposites that form the battle lines against which the "Hitlerites" propose a frontal attack. In the Hitlerite system, the Church must be subservient to the State—which is not new or unusual, since every dictator, political opportunist and avaricious despot has advocated the same thing from Napoleon to Lenin. Only the Hitlerites will find a solid German Catholic party facing them. A party which has met Bismarck is not likely to run aside from the Neopaganism of Herr Hitler and his "German Christians."

A news heading comes from Madrid that Church and State may reach an agreement on education and other matters. A representative of the Religious Orders and Señor Lopez Peyro appeared before the Committee on Justice now engaged in studying the proposed law regarding Religious Congregations presented to the Cortes by the Government. The Rev. Juan Postius, who was accompanied by members of different Religious Orders, pointed out to the Committee the contradictions of the proposed law with the Constitutions of the Republic in the course of his address. He stressed the ill-concealed attempts to penalize the Church in the present

progress of separating Church and State; and showed that the equality set forth in the Constitutions for all citizens is denied Religious Orders. Under pretence of "liquidating" the historic and artistic past of the Church, the law is given a retroactive force so as to appropriate Church possessions. The President of the Confederation favoring the rights of the Orders, Señor Lopez Peyro, submitted voluminous information supported by impressive data and statistics to the Committee. The President classified his remarks before the Committee under five heads, which space will not permit us to epitomize. One thing is noticeable in the present attempt of certain politicians to drive Catholicity out of Spain—the massing of Catholic Spaniards to fight it out. If the Catholics of Spain are unified and sufficiently in earnest, the politicians will retreat. They always do when the opposition means business.

The President has called together another conference. This time the conference is to devise a method of meeting the present educational crisis due to the rapidly increasing school attendance and the correspondingly rapidly decreasing school revenue. Two considerations come to one who looks over the wall in at the Government. Federally we have taken on duties and problems never even remotely considered in the minds of the Founders of the nation. The national government was designed to hold the States in unity because of the security and permanence which the strength of unity gives. The national government was never thought of as dominating, imperial—a ruler over the States. Arrogating duties not provided for in the scheme of the Founders has multiplied us into a bureaucratic maze. We are so overgoverned we can hardly be said to be governed at all. A second observation applies to both State and Federal government. People

have come to look upon themselves as government wards. They have had so much of their personal concerns regulated, taken over, conducted by the nation and by the states they have ceased to be sturdy, provident and individualistic. "Let the government take care of us" is the plaint of much too high a percentage of the American people. The attitude of mind is quite too common that the government which holds people together owes them a living.



The Director-General of Schools in the State of Vera Cruz recently sent to the head teachers of elementary schools a document from which we quote the following passages: "We recommend the formation of anti-religious committees, which shall, in the best way possible, strive to infuse into the popular conscience the conviction of the need of uprooting religious belief, which constitutes an obstacle to social progress. With reference to action within the school, the purpose of which is to form in the child's mind a materialistic conception of the world, so as to destroy all religious belief or prejudices; we consider the following points useful: To combat family superstition and religious dogma which children are taught, explain that in the beginning work was characteristic of all men; then as society became organized, classes came into existence who lived on the labor of others, insisting especially that priests belong to the class of exploiters. Insist on the anti-hygienic character of religious practices, such as the use of holy water, kissing relics, sacred medals and images. Explain how religious observance has no influence on the weather, and only causes a man to lose the time he should devote to work. Tell the children not to spend money on burning candles before the images of the saints, or give alms for the Church or for Masses; and show them that all this money is for the exclusive profit of the-

priests. Comment upon the ridiculous lies as to the existence of Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, saints, devils, etc., and make the children understand that no religion is necessary in order to lead a moral life, that all religions constitute an obstacle to progress, being based upon lying and hypocrisy; and comment on the immorality of religious belief." These are just a few of the suggestions made in this document, a translation of which is published in full in the *London Tablet*, but they are sufficient to show to what extent Russian propaganda has affected Mexico, and what it is likely to effect in other countries if it be not stamped out in time.

One hundred and one Parish Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in St. Louis city and county spent \$442,-337.38 to alleviate distress during the past year. This according to the annual financial report of the organization which appeared recently. The Central Office of the Society in St. Louis maintains a clothing department which provides clothing to families under its care. In the course of the past year 3916 orders were filled; 6916 pairs of shoes, 14,732 articles of clothing were distributed. Often heretofore we have commented on the splendid work accomplished by this—in the truest sense—"secret" society. Its good works are done in secret that the Father who sees may keep the record.

That people in high places are beginning to worry about a tendency to crime among our younger generation; that they have diagnosed the cause of the evil as a lack of religious instruction and wholesome home discipline, and that they are actually endeavoring to take means to prevent the plague before it spreads farther in its devastation, may be concluded from a resolution recently introduced into the Texas

legislature which was passed by a unanimous vote. The resolution goes on to state that the increase of crime among the young and the increase of divorce, both of which are sure signs of the disintegration of family life, have been brought about by too much stressing of material values in human life as compared with the spiritual values, which latter are, and always have been, of prime importance in building up character and making moral citizens. Parents, therefore, are adjured to exert every effort to restore the old-time influence of the home for the development of conscience and morality, to restore family worship, and in self-sacrificing love to train the little ones in the virtues of truthfulness, honesty and respect for the rights of others. This is, of course, what the Catholic Church and the Catholic school have been endeavoring to do day by day, but she is having a hard, up-hill fight even among her own children, owing to the example that the world is setting before the young of this generation. If other States would not only pass resolutions like this one of the Texas legislature, but would do all in their power to assure some practical carrying out of these ideas, it would help the churches greatly in their fight against irreligion, which is at the bottom of most of our evils.

The spectacle of Catholic priests and nuns being exiled from certain countries to-day is not so discouraging to those who have learned to look beyond the present incident to the gradual working out of God's Providence in the life of His Church. Out of many an apparent tragedy there has blossomed such a variety of blessings that thousands in later years have sung their songs of thanksgiving. A case in point is the recent Golden Jubilee celebration of the Ursuline Nuns in Australia. In the year 1882 a little group of that Order, who

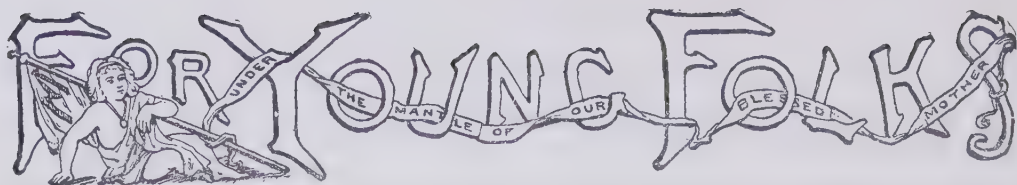
had been driven from home and country five years before by the iniquitous legislation of Bismarck, turned their faces towards the unknown Southland. Singularly enough they landed in Australia on the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, Patroness of that country. The fact that Providence was guiding their footsteps is evident from the fact that in the short period of fifty years there has grown up the splendid College of St. Ursula in Armidale in addition to six flourishing branches in New South Wales and Queensland. For the inauguration sermon of the recent Jubilee celebration, His Grace, the Most Rev. James Duhig, D. D., Archbishop of Brisbane, Queensland, chose as a happy text for the occasion the words of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, "To them that love God, all things work together unto good." Back in 1877, the Catholics of Germany may have looked on the exile of these good Nuns as an unmixed evil, but it would be hard to convince the grateful Catholics of Australia today that the event was anything else than a kindly act of God's Providence.

John W. H. Glasser, a senior at Princeton University, writes a letter to the *Princetonian* in protest over chapel censorship in sermons dealing with Christ. "It is quite strange to encounter such rigid censorship on a campus priding itself on being as liberal and broad-minded as does Princeton, but it is certainly here." You are expecting to read a complaint that the Princeton Preachers are proclaiming the divine Christ of miracle and prophecy, and that Flaming Youth objects. Not so. Listeners at the chapel are given to believe "that Christ was a kind of first-century socialist, pacifist, or some such modernist, if you will, because Chapel censors have shut His mouth, and put their own thoughts and interpretations into what He stated so clearly that

anyone can understand, and have tacitly made Him the chief of madmen and liars in refusing to at least acknowledge His unique claims to be the Creator's special Ambassador to men, the Eternal God Himself, the Light of the World. They refuse to acknowledge even the possibility of His Deity, and so He speaks with no more than mere human authority." It is refreshing to read the simple, manly statement of this college senior to nebulously minded college preachers, who consider vagueness profundity, bold assertativeness mature biblical criticism. In colleges where men are expected to encourage accurate, reverent thinking, we note a slavish pursuit of whatever is shocking to the conscience. With some of our American professors, high scholarship is irreverent writing and speaking about the Person of Christ.

Mr. O. O. McIntyre, well-known syndicated newspaper writer, tells us that nine out of every ten books now published are not worth reading. The paper in which Mr. McIntyre's judgment item appears "beat us to it." We were just ready to write "ninety-nine out of every hundred," when lo! that sharp columnist who does "Random Topics" had his guess in before us. Our consideration has now matured to ripeness, and we set it down as final: Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand books now published are not worth reading. And—between ourselves—include in the list several so-called best sellers.

It was recorded in the *Providence Visitor* not long ago that when the Chief Rabbi of Milan was received by the Pope recently, His Holiness talked with him for two hours in Hebrew. Here is something for the Fellowship Forum to worry about. Can it be that the Catholics and Jews are getting together for that long-expected papal invasion of this country?



The Worried Teacher.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

SIX times two? Ah, yes, of course it's twelve!

'Twas just a second that my mind forgot,
And wandered to a little darkened room,
Where *she* is lying—tossing, fever-hot.

Her desk is empty, there in the front row;
Her little, eager, waving hand is still;
Her wide blue eyes are shadowed—gone her smile.

The baby of the class is very ill.

Six apples, Géorge, at seven cents apiece—
Just how much money will you have to pay?
Mary? Juan? Yes, May, you are correct.
(I wonder what the doctor said to-day?)

My fingers leaf the book, and seek the place.
(The sun falls 'thwart her little vacant seat.
It used to make a halo round her face,
And illumine her smile, so gravely sweet.)

You may take up the papers, Junior Groves.
(She loved to haste and do that task for me.)
Take out your readers, now, and find the page.
The number, Ray? That's right: one hundred three.

(Her temperature was that, just yesterday.
She didn't know me when I stopped beside.
Her fingers plucked the coverlid. Oh, God!
If they should come and tell me that she died!)



BE not of those who think perfection consists in undertaking many things, but of those who place it doing well what little they do. For it is much better to do a little and do it well than to undertake much and do it ill. Yes, little and good, this is the best. Therefore, if we wish to advance, or when we desire to give some special honor to our Lord, we should redouble, not our exercises, but the perfection with which we perform them.—*St. Francis of Sales.*

Small Change.

BY ISABELLE E. KEELER.

(Conclusion.)

MICKEY found his mother sewing when he reached the hotel. Boys of his own age had stopped him, begged for his autograph, or asked him to play with them, but he had told them all he was in a hurry, and had gone on.

There was a flush on his mother's face, a new light shining in her unusually sad brown eyes. She put aside the sewing and held out her arms to the boy who was breathless from trying to reach the suite of rooms before the "Professor" could get there.

"Mickey, do you know, I have been happier to-day than I have for a long, long time," cried his mother, as he bent and kissed her.

"Why, I thought you hated the idea of going on the road, hated to leave New York, where you—met my father," said the wily Mickey, who, for the first time in his life, had a secret to keep from his dear mother.

"I do dread the thought of living in a box car, most of the time, of having you give so many performances a day and not getting your lessons as regularly as you do when Casimir is on vaudeville tour. But, I found an old clipping to-day among your father's letters to me, written years ago, and he was spoken of as the rising young doctor who had been raised on a farm in Old Virginia; there was a picture of his ancestral home, a great, rambling place with roses climbing all over the porches. There was nothing to tell me in what part of Virginia his father's people lived, but Mickey dear, don't you see—we are going to Virginia in a day or

so. It may be that God will direct me to your grandfather's place, that I may find your father there with him, that I shall no longer have to wonder if he met with a horrible death beneath the feet of those monsters. Oh! I am so afraid that if I do find him, he may not want me any more, Mickey! He was much too good for an ignorant little Polish animal trainer."

"Nonsense, mother! Haven't you always said what a help you were to him? Even I can just barely remember him carrying me around on his broad shoulders, teaching me to ride Princess, laughing with us, at night time when the shadows came over the veldt and I would be frightened, getting out his Rosary and making me say the Hail Marys with him until I fell asleep. If my father is alive, he will want you back—I know it."

The boy's young heart burned with a fierce fire to prove that what he told her was true, to show this proud old Virginian that she was as lovely and as beautiful as any of the Southern girls he might have selected for Stephen Lamot to marry. It was with difficulty that he got to sleep that night, and all the next day, having no performance to attend, he was on the alert to see if Hedwig had been able to make her husband change his mind about sending them away.

Late in the afternoon, Janiga called him and bade him pack his costumes which he wore when acting with the elephants.

"Then, I am still to work for you; you are not angry with me?"

The big man looked down at the small boy and smiled. Casimir Janiga was not a mean person at heart, and his smile was a friendly one.

"That wife of mine has need of you. Besides, it is in the contract I signed with your mother that I cannot sell or part with the animals which those holy Fathers out in Africa took all the

trouble to have shipped over here so that she could be of help to me in my business. Ruth is a foolish girl, but as good a one as ever lived and I still must have my 'Small Change' with me so as to make much 'large change' in this summer's work. I am not angry, Michael. But see to it that you keep to the stunts I have taught you, and don't break out into private speeches on your own account again. Circus work is different from vaudeville; you'll not have that scene in the Jungles to watch for the rest of this summer. I suppose it was a bit hard on your nerves, poor young thing. Run along now, before I begin to cry like the women folks do; hurry, there is much to be done," and the "Professor" stalked away, leaving Mickey very happy.

All through March and April they played the larger towns, and Mickey was ever on the look-out for something that would lead him to a house that resembled the one in the clipping. Towards the beginning of May, no clue as to his grandfather's whereabouts had been discovered; nobody in Richmond, or Lynchburg, or Roanoke had ever heard of Stephen Lamot, it seemed, and Mickey was in despair. He could not know that "Questover," his grandfather's estate, was far away from the habitations of city dwellers and known under the name which his great-grandmother had borne—a name he had never heard, but a very famous one in the mountain regions. For, beautiful Angelina Collins had been the belle of her day.

They were located in the lovely Shenandoah Valley now, drawing the country folks to the Big Tent, living in a home on wheels.

"Do you think you can make Princess travel fast, the ponies are all being shod, or I should send you on one of them to a farmhouse I have noticed about two miles down the road. Tell me, can you ride there and get me some milk for baby Stan? Our cows are dry."

"Sure, I'll go at once," replied the boy, running off towards the pasture where Rosie and her daughter were happily rolling on the damp soil. In a few minutes Mickey, clad in ragged overalls, was seated on the home-made howdah he had rigged up for the tiny elephant, and, with final instructions from Janiga as to how to find the farm, had started down the road at a brisk trot, guiding the Princess merely by pulling at her long ears or coaxing her forward with his bare feet. She would go anywhere, do anything, that her beloved master wished, and it was not long before the strange pair arrived at a gate, a rickety farmyard gate, that led to a hillside field which an old Negro was trying to plough. The ploughshares had stuck fast in the hard, red earth, and the two horses refused to "geë" or "haw," no matter how pleadingly the old man talked to them. As Mickey paused and glanced around at the fat, sleek cows and little Jersey calves grazing by a stream, his heart beat high with hope; surely, this kindly, grizzled old colored man would sell him enough milk to make baby Stan well again, he thought. Just then, "Princess Pat" lifted her trunk and trumpeted a greeting to the cows. That queer sound, in the quiet of the spring morning, produced an unexpected effect upon the stubborn horses. They pricked up their ears, broke into a run and took the plough with them, leaving the ploughman lying in a heap on the ground.

Leaping from his mount, Mickey ran to the fence, vaulted it and knelt beside the old man who had turned at least two shades paler than his habitual color. He was jabbering with fright, as his rolling eyes focussed upon the elephant that had followed her master and was playfully tapping him on the shoulder with her long grey trunk.

"Bless de Lawd! white chile, is you all a—a apperition, or is ole Jerry dade an' gone to Hebben?" he inquired.

"You aren't in Heaven," smiled Mickey, reassuringly. "But, as for me and the Princess being an apparition—just what do you mean?"

"Well, it's thissa way. I'ze been a-prayin' dat de Lawd would send us some ellimephlunts to cultiwate dis here lan', an' Massah, he said it would jes' about take one of dem dere critters to do it. So, 'long comes you wit dis ellimephlunt, an' course, I 'spects you all is a—one of dem things dey tells about in de Bible. Hep me up, chile. I'ze got to see what's come of dem pesky brutes. Dey nebber did move so fast sence I put a harness on 'em, as dey did jes' now. Dere, I'ze more fit to talk wit you all now. How come you hyar, an' what you all want wit me?"

"I only want to buy some milk for a sick baby," explained Mickey as the old man brushed himself off and replaced his battered straw hat. "Can you let me milk one of those cows over there? I'll give you fifty cents for a pail of milk," and Mickey held out the coin to old Jerry.

"I dunno 'bout sellin' my Massah's milk. Reckon you all better go up to de house an' ast him, hisself. He's mighty 'ticular, but he'd do 'most anything to 'blige folks in trouble. Jes' walk right on up yonder, an' you all kin see de house standin' at de top ob de hill. But, please, chile, take dat animule wit you, 'cause I'ze not 'zactly used to sich critters."

So Mickey and his faithful friend went toiling up the steep hill, the sound of the small elephant's tread being deadened by the muddy road. As they neared a grape arbor which was just sending forth bright green shoots that would soon bear luscious fruit, Mickey caught the sound of voices. Two men, one with a sleeve hanging empty at his right side, with a severe, limping stride, sought to keep pace with a shorter man who was walking back and forth, gestulating angrily.

"I tell you, Stephen, there is no use arguing with me any further. I pity you, and I own the boy does appeal to me, but his mother's people are impossible. Just common vaudeville actors who are making money through your son. This old place of mine is run down and of not much account, but there is such a thing as tradition, and I won't have the child of a Polish actress brought here to disgrace our name. Forget her. Let the boy go on flaunting your experiences in the Jungle before the public. He will be better off than if we were to seek him out and try to raise him here."

"But, Dad, I can't forget Ruth, ever. She has not deserted me, as you try to make me believe. She must think me dead—lost to her forever in the wilds of Africa. If only I had some money, if only I were not a useless cripple, I would hunt for her myself. You are merciless. I—"

He got no further for a veritable whirlwind of humanity threw itself upon him, almost causing him to lose his balance, while the Princess put her far-reaching trunk around the irate older man and held him securely, winking her little, beady eyes, as he vainly protested against his enforced captivity. Doctor Stephen Lamot's left arm encircled Mickey, and the boy's blue eyes were filled with tears as he gazed up into the face he could remember as always being so filled with tenderness for him.

"Father! oh, Father! I have found you at last," he kept saying over and over again. "How glad my dear mother will be! We have asked God and His dear Mother to lead us to you, and He has answered our prayers. Now, I can bring my own elephants here, help to till your land for you, and mother need no longer travel about in the summer from town to town, or move from one hotel to another in the awful, noisy, crowded cities which we both hate so

much. That funny old colored man down by the gate was telling me you needed elephants, so here we are. Princess, let go of my grandfather and come here," he added as he realized his pet was not behaving very politely. Sputtering somewhat, but with a gleam of admiration for this manly, outspoken lad, Michael Lamot held out his hand to Mickey who seized it joyfully.

"Now we are all three friends," he cried, "and the next thing is to get back to poor Cousin Hedwig with the milk for the baby. May I buy a pail of milk, Grandfather Lamot?" he asked, with a twinkle behind the tears that were quickly drying. The master of "Quest-over" looked astonished.

"Buy milk for a baby—what baby?" he demanded gruffly.

"Why, you see, Sir, we are in camp down in the Valley, giving shows to the smaller villages around here. Pretty soon, we were going to move on up North as it is getting too warm to have our performances. Hedwig Janiga, my mother's cousin—no—I mean my mother's cousin's wife,—has a sick baby who needs fresh milk. Janiga sent me to buy some from the nearest farm. That's how I happened to be here. I must hurry, Sir, for Hedwig said the baby might die if he didn't have plenty of milk. See, I can pay for it," and once again, he brought out the fifty-cent piece.

"Nonsense. Nobody buys life-giving food from a Lamot," said the old man, drawing himself up proudly. "Michael, you go down that hill and tell that worthless Jerry to fetch out the car. We are going to drive to this camp you speak of, my son and I, and see these—these Janigas. Crazy names, I must say, but, since it will make your father happy to have you and your mother back again, I have a plan that may work out for the good of everyone concerned. Run now, and tell Jerry I say to give you the largest pail full of milk

he can find. We shall join you in a moment and you can lead the way to this circus. Humph! 'elephants to run my farm,' not such a bad idea, at that," and, while Mickey flew to do his grandfather's bidding, the man with the crippled leg linked his arm in that of the proud old Southerner and slowly followed his son down the hill.

That was a never-to-be-forgotten procession, one that was almost as spectacular as those planned by Casimir Janiga, when he wanted to show off his marvellous "Jungle Jesters." But, to Ruth, eagerly awaiting the return of her son, tenderly trying to console baby Stan, it was the most beautiful sight she had ever witnessed. Mickey, seated on the Princess, waving a branch of dogwood blossoms in his hand, an ancient Ford, occupied by a stately old man and a handsome, very earnest-looking younger man who at once spied his lost darling and almost jumped out of the car to reach her, while, in the rear, came old Jerry, leading the fattest, most gentle cow to be found at "Quest-over," smiles breaking out all over his kind but wrinkled countenance. To Casimir Janiga and his wife, there could not have been a more wonderful nor appropriate name for the place where Michael Lamot invited them to take up their abode, for now, surely, the quest was over, and they could sell out their circus right as it stood, see their sons growing up to till the soil as all Poles love to do; no more foot lights, no more gaping crowds, no more box-car homes for them.

And, when the "Professor," so called because the title looked well on bill boards, met the "real professor," who, because of his injuries received when he had so rashly, yet bravely, remained behind to take pictures of the beasts who all but destroyed him, it was hard to say which of the two men was the happier, or the more filled with pride.

"See, I have not made my cousin's

lad—your fine son—work for nothing," he explained, bringing out a little green book in which were set down so many neat figures. "All these years, since Ruth came to me from across the globe, I have kept account of what the boy earned with his elephants. 'Small Change' has accumulated a bank account of over two thousand dollars. It is all his—to do with as he wishes."

"And, my son, what do you wish to do with all this money for which you have worked so hard that your dear mother might be taken care of?" asked Doctor Lamot, watching Mickey with loving eyes.

"I should like to build a shrine to Our Lady, right near the grape arbor, where I just found you, Father. Then, if there is anything left, I should want to fix up the fences on Grandfather Lamot's farm, build a little house, perhaps, for Hedwig who has grown so tired of knocking about. Could I do all this, do you think?"

"All that and much more, little son," said his father with a catch in his voice. "You will help to build up the greatest joy we have ever known in the hearts of your mother and father, for this our son, who was lost to me, has been restored by the grace of God, and with his Faith as strong as it was when he was a wee babe, lisping his Hail Marys at my knee. Come, bid your cousins good-night, for you must spend this first night of reunion in your own home. As soon as 'Professor' Janiga's affairs are settled, they shall move up to the hill-top, for there is room for them all in my father's mansion." As Jerry drove the car away, Rosie cried out in anguish, for her "baby" had elected to follow her little master, and nobody could change her mind. So, the oldest Janiga boy released her, and she, too, found a shelter at "Questover" that happy night.



PLAGIARISTS are always suspicious of being stolen from.—*Coleridge*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Prince of Peace," by the Rev. Peter Moran, C. S. P., is a short mystery play of the Nativity which will be welcome to schools and dramatic clubs. It gives briefly the story of the Prophets who foretell the birth of Christ; the Annunciation; the Visitation; the Adoration of the Shepherds, and the Coming of the Magi. Published by the Paulist Press.

—Those who are interested in the liturgical movement, or wish to become so, will welcome the pamphlet "Divine Worship," by the Rev. Dr. Johannes Pinski. This little booklet of thirty pages gives a rather complete discussion of the purpose and progress of the recent liturgical movement which has spread so rapidly over the Church. Published by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Price, 10c.

—We are glad to announce a new edition, the eleventh, of a deservedly popular book of Christian apologetics, "The Truth of Christianity," by Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton, D. S. O. (Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co., Ltd., London. 2s. net.). The Colonel is not a Catholic, but his book is so clear and logical a defense of Christianity, that we heartily commend it to our readers. It is a clear, calm, eminently fair treatment of the great questions of God's existence, Revelation, Miracles, and the Divinity of Christ. Colonel Turton meets the popular objections of to-day, gives them a fair and generous statement and telling answer. We hope it may continue to enjoy its phenomenal sale among Christians of all denominations.

—One of the latest books of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, "The Question and the Answer" (The Bruce Publishing Company. \$1.25), is a popular volume of apologetics. Mr. Belloc welcomes the challenge of the modern skeptic for a reason for all his beliefs, and goes down to him to question, in the manner of the skeptics, the evidences of Christianity. He discusses the nature of man, the existence of God, the possibility of Revelation and the only true witness to it, the Catholic Church. His

language is simple and concrete with illustrations drawn from the life of the man of the street. He follows step by step the logical process that will bring the reasonable man to admit the validity of the Christian claims, and in an epilogue sums up the Catholic position in its skeleton argument. This should be a valuable book for the Catholic layman. It might be the basis, too, of discussion for Catholic study clubs.

—Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's new novel, "Tudor Sunset," has for its central character, Queen Elizabeth about whom the other figures of the story move. The leading figure in the story who brings out the character of Elizabeth as well as that of the unyielding Catholic is Meg, who, though a maid of honor at the court, practises her religion in secret and is present at the death of the queen. The story brings out the heroic sufferings of the Catholics who preferred to suffer persecution rather than to enjoy the privileges of the apostate. Mrs. Wilfrid Ward is a descendant of the Howards and of Sir Walter Scott, being the daughter of James Robert Hope-Scott, Q. C., of Abbotsford. In 1887 she married the late Wilfrid Ward, Newman's biographer. She is the mother of Mrs. F. J. Sheed, who was Miss Mazie Ward.

—A very interesting booklet from the Belmont Abbey Press of Belmont, N. C., is "The Medal-Cross of St. Benedict," by Dom Adalard Bouvilliers, M. A., Mus. Doc. It gives an explanation of the famous St. Benedict's medal and the history of the devotion to it; but it gives much more than this; it is really the story of the various emblems of the Order of St. Benedict and the story of various other medals which, though not Benedictine, resemble somewhat the famous medal-cross of that Order. The Medal of St. Benedict as a material object was not known until the second half of the Seventeenth Century. Before the year 1650 there was no representation of the medal in its medal form or in drawing or painting. The oldest dated medal known was

struck in 1682 for the Archabbey of St. Peter, Salzburg. Its official approbation by the Holy See was obtained from Benedict XIV. through the supplication of Dom Benno Loebel (1741-1742).

—"The Catholic Church in Contemporary Europe (1919-1931)" is a series of papers read at the 1931 meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association. It gives us a sweeping view of the Catholic Church and its problems in the principal countries of Europe, and points out that the Church to-day is the one institution that has a positive answer for the disturbing problems of the contemporary world. As Dr. Carlton Hayes writes in his introduction, the volume "suggests in every paper, and on almost every page, what I would call the private (that is the individual) appeal of Catholic Christianity to disillusioned and suffering humanity of the present day. In the economic chaos of the post-war world, in the welter of its conflicting and shifting philosophies, in the midst of its huge armaments and even more portentous nationalism, Catholic Christianity stands forth as the greatest and most unyielding of international teachers." The papers and their authors are as follows: "The Church in Contemporary Belgium," by Victor Day; "The Church in Contemporary England," by Daniel Sargent; "The Church in Contemporary France," by Charles L. Souvay; "The Church in Contemporary Germany," by Francis S. Betten; "The Church in Contemporary Ireland," by James F. Kenney; "The Church in Contemporary Italy," by Wilfred Parsons; "The Church in Contemporary Poland," by Leonid Strahkovsky; "The Church in Contemporary Russia," by Edmund A. Walsh; and "The Church in Contemporary Spain," by Marie R. Madden. One of the most interesting papers in the volume, and the longest, is Father Walsh's discussion of the Church in Russia. It brings out clearly from documents the evident insincerity of the Russian Government in its dealings with the Holy See, and the kind and fair treatment of the Holy Father of that government in his desire to help the distressed Christians of Russia. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. Price, \$2.75.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The silent influence of good books cannot be overestimated. By means of them we can invite into our own homes the great spiritual teachers of all times.

In the list below there may be just the book that you need for your own use or as a gift to a friend.

Send us the titles you select and the purchase price, plus 15c for postage, and we will have the books mailed to you at once.

- "Napoleon." Hilaire Belloc. \$4.
 "St. Vincent de Paul; a Guide to Priests." D'Angel-Leonard. \$2.15.
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Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

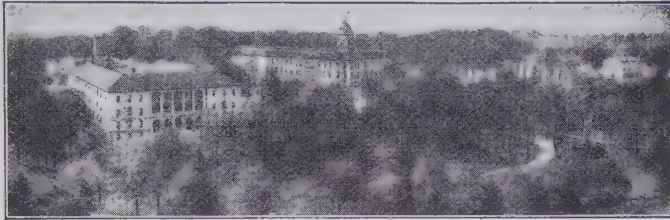
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

JANUARY.

SATURDAY, 21.—St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.
 SUNDAY, 22.—Third after Epiphany. St. Anastasius, M.
 MONDAY, 23.—St. Raymond of Pennafort, C.
 TUESDAY, 24.—St. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr.
 WEDNESDAY, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
 THURSDAY, 26.—St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.
 FRIDAY, 27.—St. John Chrysostom, Bp. D.
 SATURDAY, 28.—St. Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 21, 1933.

No. 3.

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The Mother.

BY K. T. H.

I AM the pillars of the house,
The keystone arch am I;
Take me away, and roof and wall
Would fall to ruin utterly.

I am the fire upon the hearth,
I am the light of the good sun;
I am the heat that warms the earth,
Which else were colder than a stone.

At me the children warm their hands;
I am their light of love alive;
Without me cold the hearthstone stands,
Nor could the precious children thrive.

I am their wall against all danger,
Their door against the wind and snow.
Thou, whom a Woman laid in manger,
Take me not till the children grow.

Our Crumbling Civilization.

BY THE REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH. D.

ONE is not necessarily a pessimist who feels that we are being whirled toward a crisis in our civilization, more terrible for the magnitude of its conflicting causes, more tremendous for the gravity of its issues, more appalling for the seriousness of its consequences, than any which history has yet recorded. This thought was expressed three decades ago by the illustrious Leo XIII. in the immortal encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*: "The momentous seriousness of the

crisis fills every thoughtful mind with anxiety and dread. Wise men discuss it, practical men propose schemes, platforms, clubs, parliaments, and potentates, all think of it and talk of it. Nor is there any subject which so completely engrosses the attention of the world." Furthermore, he told us to what the pending crisis is due: economic changes in the material order; false philosophy in the intellectual order; professional agitators in the social order. Since his day, conditions have not improved; and the world to-day seems to rest on the thin edge of a volcano of which the ominous rumblings are being heard throughout the length and breadth of every civilized nation.

Recently there came into my possession a copy of a splendid pastoral letter issued for the Advent season by the Archbishop of Birmingham, which, *mutatis mutandis*, is applicable to conditions existing in the United States. It says that in the sphere of doctrine and morals, when people set aside the principles taught by Christ, there is a complete absence of a guiding principle and of positive standards by which we may judge and estimate problems which face us. The Protestant view of religion is that it is a purely private affair; it rejects the idea of a Church with a central teaching authority. The result is that no Christian body, except the Catholic Church, can declare authoritatively what it believes and what it requires its ministers to teach.

Statesmen, when engaged in formu-

lating treaties or agreements, do not mention God, nor do they pay heed to His commandments. Men engaged in commerce or trade do not submit to the guidance of Christian principles. Greed, not conscience, rules; and the inexorable law of "supply and demand" has supplanted the command to "do unto others as others would do unto you." Wealth is hardening its purse-strings, entrenching itself behind huge trusts; and it is daily drawing to itself powers that make it well-nigh impregnable. Workmen look with distrust upon their employer, whom they have come to regard as their natural foe; and they give willing ear to every extravagant theory for the amelioration of their condition; they grasp at every weapon left to the hands of desperate men, in their frantic desire to pull down the strong.

Time was when the world acclaimed the Church as the bounteous mother of humanity, and hymned her praises in divers tones; but to-day the welkin rings with the frenzied cry of evil men who rend the air with blasphemous shibboleths. They have forgotten that the Church is the moral self of the loving Christ, who, nineteen centuries ago, under the shadow of the Hill of Hattin, said: "I will have compassion on the multitude." As Christ is the "way, the truth, and life," so it is that only through the Church that man or nation can survive in healthy normal life. She teaches the rich that they are merely the stewards of their wealth—that the right of ownership brings with it an imperious duty to give unto the poor whatever is above their reasonable needs.

She likewise teaches the poor that they have duties as well as rights. The Church is independent of economic change; and she fears neither those who sally forth from the "Tents of Wickedness," nor the loud moaning of turbulent passions. Christ's power is as

active now in the Church as when He trod the earth. His voice can be heard as it was heard that night upon the Sea of Galilee, when, 'mid shrieking winds and blinding spray, it rang out clear through the murky shadows: "It is I; be not afraid!" Over the tempest-tossed sea of the ages, over the surges of passion and sin, through the darkness of doubt and denial, the Church of Christ has safely passed, when the wicked thought she should be engulfed.

Our social and educational reformers aim at developing healthy minds and bodies; but they seem to ignore the reminder given by Christ that the gain of the whole world will not compensate for the loss of a soul. Dogmatic Christian teaching cannot be given in our public schools because those responsible for them cannot say what ought to be taught. Thus the majority of American children grow up with no definite Christian teaching.

Hence it is that our civilization is crumbling. God is not mentioned, nor is there any word of our duty to Him; and He is ignored in the political, social, and economic life of the nation. Sometimes, even, He is opposed. It may be a far cry from the United States to Russia; but are we not heading in the direction of the dreadful situation that exists under the domination of Sovietism? The transition is logically not a very big step, for Christ says: "He who is not with Me is against Me." The danger in our midst, of an anti-God movement is perhaps not far distant.

If we desire to prevent the crumbling of our civilization, and to stem the tide of anarchy that threatens to overwhelm the nation, we must seek the guidance of the Church which is the only power on earth to withstand the thunderous blows that are being directed against our social fabric. The Church speaks not only with a commission from Christ, but with an absolute guarantee of His guidance: "Behold! I am with you all

days unto the consummation of the world." The Church never compromises on doctrine or morals, whatever scientists and social reformers may say. However low human nature may fall she never despairs of it; divine grace can transform and heal it. Race and color, social rank and customs, riches and political power count for nothing with her.

The only constructive ideas for human peace and happiness were taught by Christ, and the commonwealth of man and the unity of mankind can come only through Christ. Yet it must not be forgotten that the Church, which is a replica of the moral self of Christ, cannot bring order out of chaos or solve the problems which now confront our civilization, if her children are apathetic or disloyal. We must be loyal to her teachings and to the commands of those whose duty it is to instruct us. We must be dutiful in submission, generous in our support, and, above all, be watchful, lest we be drawn into the vortex of pernicious principles which threaten to engulf society:

God! Give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, stout hearts, true faith, and
willing hands—

Men who can stand before the demagogue,
And damn his flattering treasons without
winking—

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

To stave off the perils that threaten us we must "aim to restore all things in Christ." We must develop a stronger common consciousness. This possibly may differentiate us from other people, in education, in trade, in commerce, and in many other departments of public life. The more we realize this truth, the greater will be our influence in solving existing problems, and in saving civilization from wreckage. It is of tremendous importance that we understand how numerous and how insidious are the agencies that imperil our civic and social life.

Recently Father Ronald Knox, the noted convert, who directs the Catholic students at Oxford, published a book that grips you from preface to Index. Its theme is the "Broadcast Mind." Though written for British readers, it contains much that applies to the United States. The book was interpreted recently in *America*, by Hilaire Belloc, during the course of a learned article on what he terms "The New Atheism." Belloc says that Fr. Knox's book deals drastically with the principal mark of our time—unintelligence. This applies to persons who talk over the radio, to large audiences, concerning matters of which the speakers know nothing. He continues: "Modern unintelligence is especially noticeable in those who attack religion positively or negatively." The broadcasts "deluge millions . . . with uncertain science, false history and childish, crude philosophy. . . . Through all their learned (?) discussions there runs the note of irreligion, the denial of the supernatural, what may be called the atheism of the half-educated."

This, I may say, is not peculiar to England. Only a few evenings ago I was an unwilling auditor of stuff coming in to an audience (largely Catholic) that was just as worthy of condemnation as some of the utterances of the Rev. Bob Schuler, who lost his broadcasting license some days ago, by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Such stuff is, in my judgment, equally as harmful as many other things that are contributing to the destruction of our social fabric.

Possibly the most serious menace to our civilization is the persistent effort being made to educate the children of this country under a system that is fraught with serious consequences. The main purpose of this system is to develop "good citizenship." Those who support the system hug the delusion that citizenry is the only function of man, and they forget, or do not under-

stand, that the individual means much more than the citizen. It is not enough for a boy or a girl to become a good citizen, for "the preparation that our boys and girls must receive is not merely for life, but for membership in the great community of the hereafter." These words were spoken recently by an English educator. He added (quoting the celebrated dictum of the Duke of Wellington): "If you teach your children the three R's and leave out the great R of religion, you will produce a fourth R—Rascaldom."

Whilst the intellectual aberrations are deplorable, the economic tendency in our country is infinitely worse. The most lamentable feature of this is the fact that very many Catholics are ill-informed of the nature of the protean cult which is being propagated by its votaries, who, under various disguises, are hoodwinking the American public. This cult is the hydra-headed monstrosity known as Socialism. In some of its forms the modern, or popular, brand of this monstrosity differs from the crude system outlined by Marx and Engels, yet it is fundamentally the same: "The voice indeed is the voice of Jacob; but the hands are the hands of Esau (Gen. xxvii, 22). Hence no Catholic may subscribe to its teachings. This point is admirably set forth by Dr. John A. Ryan in the December issue of the *Ecclesiastical Review*.

Socialism, no matter how disguised, tends to sap the foundations of the social order, and to destroy the vital principle of national existence, the civil power. The socialist spider deftly spins the web in which the proletariat will sacrifice their liberty and lose the meaning of a higher life, while its vampire-like officialdom, will suck the life-blood of the unfortunates who become enmeshed. Were this system realized, the workingman should lose his independence, his home, the fruits of his

labor—everything that his toil renders sacred. He would have no protection against lawlessness, for the system recognizes no established authority. It stigmatizes patriotism as mere sentiment, and it regards the national flag as "a piece of calico fastened to a stick." It rants vociferously of the "brotherhood of man," but it eliminates the august Person of the Incarnate God who became our brother in the mystery of the Incarnation. It clamors for the destruction of everything that makes for the welfare of humanity. The socialist rabble must follow the dictates of the high-priests of the cult who assert: "law is but a clumsy pretext to bolster up the right to rule and rob"; "violence must be the lever of reform"; revolution is the only means to attain success; "religion is a fantastic degradation of human nature, the opium of the people"; "Christianity stands for what is basest and lowest in human life."

A former candidate for the highest office in the United States styled Christ "The Tramp of Galilee"; and the author of a horrible book, "God and my Neighbor," tells us, "Free will is a myth"; "there is no such thing as sin"; "Carlyle is more moral than Jeremiah"; "Ruskin is superior to Isaiah"; "Ingersoll, the atheist, is a nobler and better moralist than Moses." Another Shavian individual, a high priest of the socialistic cult, holds up for derision and derisive laughter that supreme moment on Calvary, burlesques the adorable Figure on the Cross, toward whom the noblest minds are turned, and with whose Sacrifice are entwined our deepest sympathies.

This system leads to anarchy and to mob supremacy, oscillating wildly between a despotism, an oligarchy, and a universal muddle. We need not go to Bolshevik Russia for an example. Picture that evening some two years ago in Catholic Spain! The glory of the Cas-

tilian sun is obscured by huge clouds of smoke that roll upwards from burning churches, convents, orphanages, and asylums, while the daylight is mocked by the lurid glare of flames that flash like eruptions from the infernal regions. Round about the burning buildings seething socialistic masses circulate in fiendish delight, heaping fuel on the deadly fagots.

Such an outrage is possible anywhere when a frenzied mob is intoxicated with principles that appeal to brutish passions. History is ever repeating itself; and it will do so with terrible emphasis, and with horrible accuracy, if the people are taught that they have no God but Mammon, no master but socialist officialdom, no altars but the shrines of vengeance.

Socialism would revive the principle that the State is supreme. It would change the home into a mere lodging-place where are fed and sheltered the dupes of the system. It would deprive the father of the God-given right to be master of his own fireside; it would banish the mother from what should be her kingdom. It would make the child a ward of the State, and a chattel of the community. The child would thus become a stranger to its father and mother, without the influence of a home, without any knowledge of God or religion, to become a mere mechanical unit in the machinery of the State, moved only by human pleasure, deterred only by human pain, until its time should come to sink into death like any brute beast.

Our people should realize that socialism is not a panacea for the ills of mankind. It can provide no remedy for existing conditions. It would subvert the entire social fabric, and it would cause modern society to swing back into barbaric callousness or the cultured cruelty of paganism. It deals only in chimeras and futilities.

The progress of this monstrous cult is being accelerated in our land, because many do not understand what it actually means. Catholics are unaware of its true aim and purpose; and the time has come for us to dig beneath the surface and find what the specious pleas of the followers of the red flag really mean. That Socialism constitutes a dreadful menace is not fully appreciated. More than two decades ago Pius X. warned us: "Socialism, breathing hatred of Christianity, advances with ruin in its trail—blotting out the hopes of Heaven from the hearts of the people—to destroy the whole fabric of society."

Leo XIII. issued a similar warning, and he made the following appeal to the Catholic world: "Catholics must take the initiative in all true social progress; to show themselves the steadfast and enlightened counsellors of the weak and defenceless; to be champions of the eternal principles of justice and Christian civilization."

Do we need even a more recent pronouncement from the Chair of Peter? We find it in the encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno* of Pius XI.: "Whether Socialism be considered as a doctrine, or as a historical fact, if it really remains Socialism, it cannot be brought into harmony with the dogmas of the Catholic Church, even after it has yielded to truth and justice in the points we have mentioned: the reason being that it conceives human society in a way utterly alien to Christian truth."

The Scholars.

BY CHARLES M. CAREY, C. S. C.

OF all the scholars Jewry ever knew
 There was no fairer grouping than the one
 Which brought Three Wise Men diligently to
 The Seat of Wisdom and Her Infant Son.

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

III.

NANO came out from her room after putting away her hat and gloves as Davey entered the house. He was surprised not to find her crying.

"Did you meet him?"

She did not answer; spoke to the girl instead.

"Kate, put on the kettle and make some tea; a cup of good tea, not too strong."

"Yes, Miss."

"How about you, Davey?"

He nodded. He wondered how his sister could think of tea after the way The Bog had talked to her in the presence of John Conway!

"Did you meet him?" he repeated, perplexed that she could bother about anything after what happened.

"You mean Dad? Why, of course."

She removed a book from the table and set it in the book-shelf. Nano was methodical.

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Good morning.'"

"And what else?"

"Not much, except he ordered the pony to get up."

"For God's sake!"

He went nearer and spoke softly so as not to be heard by the girl.

"Nan, tell the truth! Didn't he say anything when he saw you with Conway? Didn't he roar? Didn't he tell Conway to go about his business? And didn't he use the whip?"

"Use the whip? Davey, are you mad?"

He sat down, picked up a broom from where it stood against the wall and moved it rhythmically back and forth along the kitchen floor. He often did something in rhythm when he was puzzled.

"And he didn't put the whip upon either of you?"

"Davey, don't be a simpleton! Why, if he did that—"

"What would you do?"

The tea was ready; the mountainy girl set two cups on the table and some fruit cake.

"The tea, Miss."

"Yes, the tea—come on, Davey."

They sat at either side of the table directly facing each other. Hardly would you select them for brother and sister. Nano was slightly above middle height, blue-eyed, her hair a shade less than black. Her features were nearer to long than to oval; her face white with a suggestion of color below the cheekbones; her figure athletic, set in firmness rather than in wavering curves. You could tell Davey worked on the farm. Yet stooping over the plow had not bent him; and he kept the effects of the weather and contacts with the soil from his hands. Like his sister he looked athletic; was compact almost to hardness. His face was gentle enough, and when he spoke—especially when he spoke under inspection—a nervous smile played around his mouth. You would say he might be a good man in a hurling team.

He repeated his question—he could not resist repeating it.

"What would you do? Tell me, Nan!"

"Davey, listen! Don't ask me what I'd do. I mean, what I'd be tempted to do. Anyhow, nothing happened, so let's talk of something else."

"Something has happened me," he said suddenly.

"Late for Mass?"

"Don't be silly! I'm a bit late every second Sunday."

"Scolded by Dad?"

"I was—always am. 'Tis something worse this time."

There was a wait during which the mountainy girl went upstairs. She knew from her years in The Bog's service just when to get out of hearing. Davey did not know how to begin; he never

knew how to begin when what he had to say would be listened to with attention. Many a time he had a perfectly justifiable explanation to offer for the broken car-shaft or the over-sweating horse, but when his father turned searching eyes on him, and listened as a schoolmaster will to the story of a truant scholar, he lost all points of direction, became confused and wandered aimlessly. And then he received a stinging rebuke.

Nano picked out a book. It was an old, well-worn book which she had read many times in her school days. She pretended to read it now, as she sipped her tea, to give Davey a chance to assemble his story. Davey reached for a white, bone-handled knife and began to cut into the wood of the table, but checked himself; then he twisted the knife between his fingers.

"Nan, please help me," he begged finally, as people sometimes say to a kindly priest in Confession.

"Help you with what?"

She looked at him and smiled; a gentle, understanding smile, and Davey loved his sister as he never loved her before.

"'Tis about Alice."

"What about Alice?" She stood up, set the book back in the book-shelf and went nearer to her brother.

"I've lost her!"

Tears were in his eyes, and they overflowed and ran down his face.

"Tell me about it," she said gently. He spoke haltingly.

"She found out, when I talked to her after Mass this morning, that I didn't go into the drill because of my father. I told her I was afraid of him."

He stopped as if he had nothing more to add.

"I would expect that. Just what did she say?"

"She said, 'I'm sorry, Davey, but we can't go on together any more.'"

"That's not final."

"I think 'tis—her voice was hard."

"No, that's not the last chapter."

"Why do you think it isn't? Her voice was hard."

"I think it isn't, because more chapters are coming; wonderful chapters in which great things will be done. Alice thinks you're a coward, Davey, and that's why she says she can't go on. You're no coward—as I know very well. Do you think I don't remember the day you leaped across the wall of the hill-field and caught the runaway colt I was riding before she had time to dash my brains out? Do you suppose I forget how last year you swam half across the bog to save the two Carey lads, who were holding on for life to the upturned boat? You're no coward. You may be afraid of Dad, and that's no wonder; but you're not a coward."

"I wish I knew what to do," he said hopelessly.

"I'll tell you—do nothing. Wait for things to happen. Things always happen at a time like this; and when things happen, you'll move right with them."

"But Alice is gone from me."

"She'll be back."

"You don't understand, Nan,—I love her. I want to see her and talk to her and hear her; even hear her rave when I say something foolish."

"She'll be back."

"But what'll I do? Will I write her? Will I say I'm as sorry as the devil, and will do anything in the world, if she'll make up?"

Nano spoke gently, but he could not mistake her.

"Davey, write no letters, make no excuses, ask for no chance to talk it over. Wait—things will happen. You'll be in the midst of them, and you'll be swept along with them. Alice will be back—and you'll have no need to explain."

There is not any love more genuine than the love between brother and sister. With the love between man and

woman literature is packed. Some of it high, rich, wonderful; much of it shamefully misnamed. Mother love, child love,—we have that too; it is traditional. The love between brother and sister has not often been exalted. It has not found many chroniclers.

Nano admired Davey's simple, retreating manner; his unstudied speech, his unpretentious ways. She felt the joy of his presence. He was always uncontentious, yielding, easy of approach. What seemed to others weakness, was to her bashfulness. Only that morning on the way home from Mass she had said to John Conway,

"When Davey joins the fight he'll stay to the end. Now his ghost in the graveyard is Dad. He'll face the ghost some night."

"I know that," Conway answered simply and sincerely.

It is difficult to indicate Davey's feelings for his sister. When some one asserts that one person "adores" another, there is no pretence at exactness. It is definitely exaggeration. In that inexact sense Davey "adored" Nano. He looked to her, sought her, was proud of her. He would never weary talking to her and felt any advice she gave was wiser than that offered by anyone else. Often they went about together—to dances, games, races. His tongue was unloosed when he spoke with her, and all the timid mirth that lay in the quieter depths of his nature rose to the surface under the spell of her encouragement.

"Davey, you'll have to enter the fight like the others," she said after a brief silence.

"I'm crazy to!"

"Then why don't you?"

"Nan, you know why—so what's the use asking."

"Don't you think you can talk reason into Dad? Surely he doesn't want you to be disloyal to your country?"

"Listen, Nan, you're smart in some

ways; but in other ways you're simple. Don't you know The Bog—"

"Davey, don't call him The Bog—he's our father."

"All right. Well, The Bog—Dad, I mean—doesn't care a damn for the Cause or the grip of England or anything else in the whole world; he cares for nothing but prices, profits and good weather for the crops."

"You must talk to him, Davey."

"Don't be cracked! Do you suppose anybody could talk to him! Didn't Father Healy try to talk another two pounds out of him for the new pews, and didn't he tell the priest his conscience was made up, and that he wouldn't make it up again for the Pope."

"Davey, it can't go on; we'll be in disgrace before the country."

"I know. I suppose I'll have to start a row, if I'm to rise up to it. I'd need three pints of porter to start me, although Gallop says gin is powerful to put courage into you."

"Davey, listen! You're not going to begin this thing with drink. I'd never forgive you if you borrowed courage from alcohol. Our nation—our people—our freedom must be your inspiration. Nothing else."

"Three pints would do it nicely," he reflected.

"Not a drop! Promise me."

"All right—I will. I'd have to anyhow, because you'd keep on badgering me till I'd be blind with worry!"

"I knew you would, you good Davey."

She reached over and kissed him.

"If Alice would only do that!"

"Davey, is that how you value my kisses?"

"I don't mean it that way, Nan. I mean if Alice would do that I'd feel we're engaged the same as they are in America, where they kiss for nothing at all. In this country you're not supposed to kiss a girl until after you've married her and paid the priest."

"That's enough. You're going to talk it over with The Bog."

"Don't call him The Bog, Nan. He's our father—who art in heaven."

They laughed, until Davey remembered.

"Heavens, Nan, I haven't let the horses out yet!" He just thought of the order given him by his father and made for the door.

"Saddle the colt, Davey—I want a gallop."

He let out the working horses and saddled the black colt which Nano rode from time to time.

She drove carefully down hill to the bog's edge. Between the hill and the bog there was a stretch of peaty lane in which short, rough grass was rooted. She often cantered up and down there. To-day Spring was in her blood, and she galloped. The cool March air beat upon her and color mounted to her face, warmth to her limbs. Rocks, shrubs, and little water trenches, out of which turf had been lifted, swept by her in her mad race. The world was young and wonderful, like Spring. There was the Sunday rest upon everything; of all things she alone seemed alive and in motion. How she liked it all,—the peace, the odors of the land, the sudden rise of game out of the rushes, hearing the rhythmic beat of hoofs! Sheep resting on the slopes—resting and dreaming—looked at her wonderingly, but were not disturbed; they were safe behind the stone ditch. Cows chewing reflective cuds gazed at her out of meek eyes, Nano Byrne was a part of her mount as she was swept along, inhaling pungent peat scents and feeling all the joy of young life. She reined the colt finally at the upper end of the bog, and held her to a walk around the curving sweep to the east side.

In that leisurely walk she began to think and to question. She often thought and put questions these secret, dangerous times through which the

country was passing. A great war had gripped the best part of the world, and her own country was in it officially as a small unit of a powerful empire; that is, those of her country who were favored by the Empire and were satisfied to remain as they were. Not such a numerous company, but an influential one. They lived in Ireland, but were not of the household; they sojourned there, but their true country was beyond St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea. And now in the midst of this war, in which most of the great nations of the world were at grips, Ireland was about to make one other try to heave from her shoulders the great weight of Dublin Castle. The preparations were thought to be secret; but Nano knew, as hundreds knew, they were not. An embarrassed British Empire was watching rebellious Ireland, but could not afford to strike just then. Her agents knew about the drilling men and kept watch on their movements. There would be a Rising—a great general Rising, it was hoped. Would it be successful? Or would the blaze be trampled out by Britain as it had been trampled out so often in times past?

"Davey must get in," she said half aloud as she brought the colt to a halt at the far side of the bog. She looked across the country; over the sloping hills to the west; and the sweep of fields to the east. She wondered if, when, the fight was all over, the Irish people would own their country. How wonderful if Ireland had a president and a senate, judges, soldiers, schools, postoffices! Now everything was foreign; everything was administered, as people in jails, poorhouses, county hospitals are cared for and watched. Thousands of other peoples could rule themselves—the Irish were ruled. It was necessary for the protection of the British Empire that they be ruled. Statesmen said so. The thought made Nano angry and rebellious.

"Davey must get in!"

She drove slowly down the east wing of the marshy land, planning to circle the lower end as she had circled the upper. She neared that elevation which stands above the flat land of the east side and pushes a shoulder of rock to the bog's edge, leaving only a comfortable walking space between itself and the water. There she met two policemen.

Nano was not afraid of policemen. Whatever else they were, they were courteous and administered odious laws without unnecessary harshness. The two officers wore regulation black uniforms and carried leather-covered truncheons harnessed to their belts. They were from Rathdrum. They waited at the far side of the rock to permit the colt to pass along the narrow passageway between hill and bog. One cannot say there was an exchange of greetings. There was that unspoken salutation of a look, that nervous smile which lingers a moment and vanishes. Nano circled the north end while the two policemen followed the way she had come. Just why were they at Kilbeg this Sunday morning? She was quietly watchful as she circled the brackish water. She would time herself to reach the hill leading up home shortly after them. They would climb that hill and cross that field down which she had come, then journey out to the road.

They did not go that way at all. They walked on south where the land is dry and level, then west toward the main highway. She rode down the east side where she had galloped the colt, then up hill and across the flat field home. The two policemen climbed the stone ditch at the main road farther south, and walked to the cross where the Cahermoyle highway stops at the road running to Kilbeg schoolhouse and chapel. They viewed the house of the Downeys,

the old couple with whom John Conway lodged. It was a convenient, quiet place, which explains why Conway selected it. The policemen, Nano noticed, went a short distance west on the Cahermoyle road, then crossed the fence and walked north to where the land glides into a basin-shaped hollow.

"The drill ground!"

They examined the trampled grass casually, and disappeared into the wood set against the hill behind which lies Cahermoyle.

"Did you have a good canter?"

Davey asked when she drove in.

"Great! And now I'm going to walk a bit."

"You're surely out for your exercise this morning! I suppose 'tis for your character development."

She laughed. She could always laugh at Davey's sudden turns of language.

"We need character these times, don't we?"

"I do at any rate."

When she reached the gate at the end of the lane she saw people coming up the highway from last Mass. She was glad to be ahead of them; glad her errand did not take her in their direction. She stopped at Downeys' house which the police had examined a short while before and entered as soon as Conway opened the door.

"Here I am, John!"

"Yes?"

"I'm here from the Intelligence Department. Two policemen were down from Rathdrum this morning, and examined your house here; then went to the drill ground."

"Thanks for being such a good look-out. I'm just as thankful as if I hadn't learned yesterday they were coming, and as if I hadn't watched every step they took since they came up from the bog."

"Does it mean danger?"

"Nano, we'll have danger always

now; and the farther along we go the more danger we'll have."

"You'll be careful, won't you? You know how we depend on you."

It was not so much of Conway the leader she was thinking; she was thinking of the man she loved. The future held the settlements of certain questions which always arise in Ireland when there is approach at marriage. They loved each other. The questions would be answered.

"I'll be careful—and be careful yourself. There are times ahead when we'll be all hard pressed. I hope you know how much you mean to me."

She looked at him. Seeing her, you would know she loved him. The old couple just then came in from Mass.

"Good-bye. Be careful." Nano held out her hand.

He took it, held it.

"Nano, I can love you in spite of hell and Britain!"

"There were two police at Mass and left before it was over," Mrs. Downey said the minute she and her husband reached the yard. Nano nodded to the old couple and went back home.

(To be continued.)



Memoranda in a Priest's Note-Book.

I.

To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your heart.

THIS Scriptural quotation serves "to point a moral and adorn a tale." It was autumn, and the sear and yellow leaves that fringed the pathway betokened the gradual approach of winter. I was going my usual rounds in one of the largest hospitals in the United Kingdom when I was summoned to the bed of a patient whose condition showed he was nearing his end. I seated myself beside him and at once set about preparing his soul for the journey into another world. I put on my stole and

asked him to make his peace with God by a good confession, which might be his last. Then the old man—for such he was—answered: "No, Father: I don't intend making any confession, because I've made up my mind to that."

Questioned as to why he should have determined on a course which could only spell ruin to his soul, he repeated: "No. Years ago I was denied assistance by a priest, and from that moment I gave up my religion and have never practised it since, and don't intend to." All arguments proved useless; and after begging of him to try to realize the awfulness of appearing before his Judge unprepared, and warning him that he might die at a moment when he least expected death, without the sacraments, if he delayed his repentance, I left him. Again and again, however, I visited him and urged him to make his confession; but all entreaties, all warnings, failed to move his heart. He was obdurate.

The last time I saw him was on a Saturday evening before I returned to the church to hear confessions. Now, what forms the strange part of my story lends color to the saying of Holy Writ that God will not be mocked, and shows how Divine Justice intervenes at times to prevent even the reception of the sacraments. I returned to the presbytery with a heavy heart—for what heart could be light when burdened with the thought of a perishing soul!—and was resting a little before hearing confessions when I thought I heard a faint ring of the telephone bell. The housekeeper, who has a keen ear for the bell, knowing that any ring may be urgent, had just come down the hall passage to my room. "Did you hear my bell?" I asked. "No," she replied: "it is only a bicycle bell."

Satisfied with her statement, I put on my cassock and went into the church. I had been there about a quarter of an hour when I was called from the con-

fessional with the news that a porter had come over from the hospital saying that they had been "ringing up" for twenty minutes but could get no reply. Hastily throwing off my cassock, I hurried to the ward where I knew the old man was dying, with a whispered prayer that he might yet be spared long enough to be absolved. I had hardly reached the threshold when the nurse met me saying that he had just died.

The telephone which communicates with the hospital was in perfect working order, and yet neither the house-keeper nor myself had been attracted by the bell. I came back from the ward with a fuller realization of the text: "To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your heart."

II.

I will not the death of a sinner, but rather that he be converted and live.

Father N. was stationed in what is called the Black Country in England. He had done a hard day's work among the poor in a slum district; and in the evening, by way of a little relaxation, had set out to visit an old friend who was in charge of a grammar school in a distant part of the town. The portion of the neighborhood he had to traverse was not then so thickly populated as now. There were many courts and alleys on the way; but within a mile or so of the school the scene grew desolate, a large tract of waste ground stretching out for considerable distance between the populated quarter and the school buildings.

Father N. sauntered along leisurely, reciting his Rosary as he went. When he reached the school he heard sounds in the house adjoining and saw figures reflected on the blinds; for it was now dusk and the upper rooms were lighted. He rang the door-bell once, twice, three times, but elicited no response. He knocked repeatedly, but could attract no attention. The gate at the side of the

house was locked; so he rang again, but with fruitless effort. A policeman happened to be passing at the time; and on the good priest remarking that he could make no one hear, he also knocked and pulled the bell vigorously, but all to no purpose.

Father N. bent his steps homeward, wondering within himself what could account for his vain endeavor to attract attention. He was just passing one of the courts on his way when suddenly a little boy rushed into him, quite breathless, and, recognizing him to be a priest, said in gasps: "O Father, come and see mother! She is dying and wants to see a priest." He hurried down the court and followed the urchin quickly up the creaking staircase of a poverty-stricken tenement; and on entering the room saw a woman lying on a pallet, evidently in the hand-to-hand grip of death. As he bent over her a gleam of hope flitted across her pallid features. She cast one look of entreaty upon him, and as soon as he had breathed over her the words of absolution she passed away.

She had not, he learned afterward, been to her duties for years; but she had prayed that she might be reconciled to God before she died, and had asked Him to send her a priest that she might be absolved from her sins. That penitent's prayer had pierced the clouds, and the Good Shepherd had gathered another stray sheep to the loving shelter of His Sacred Heart.

III.

The following story is connected with the lamented Dr. Green, the author of an invaluable and erudite work called "The Tax-Tables." It was related to me by my late father, who was a personal acquaintance of the learned writer. At the date of this story Dr. Green lived at Aldenham in Herts; and, judging by a letter of his now in my possession, the incident probably occurred about the year 1865.

My father was chatting with him one evening in November on the subject of indulgences, of which doctrine Dr. Green was an able vindicator. During the conversation my father ventured to ask him if he believed in the appearance of departed souls to friends on earth. The question elicited the following conclusive evidence of the same.

"I must admit," said the Doctor, "I was always somewhat sceptical about the actual fact, though of course not of the possibility of such occurrences, when I was, strange to say, disillusioned by a personal experience that left no doubt that visions of the dead do happen. I was on a visit, not long ago, to an old family I had known for years. At dinner a question arose between my host and hostess as to where I should sleep during my short stay with them. There was, they said, a spare room which was wont to be used by visitors; but, on account of mysterious sounds and sights which had frightened its occupants, it had become disused and grown to be regarded as a haunted room. I smiled incredulously at the story, assuring them I should have no hesitation in occupying the room in question, as I believed there was no solid foundation for the curious story circulated in regard to it. And so that night I took up my quarters in the 'haunted chamber.'

"I slept soundly the night through, and came down to breakfast next morning thoroughly refreshed, looking as the kind host remarked, 'quite the pink of perfection.' I joked at dinner that evening about ghosts and visions, and attributed the strange apparitions to indigestion and fancy on the part of the guests who were said to have been disturbed in their slumbers.

"But that night I did not sleep so calmly as on the previous night. I had fallen into a profound slumber, when,

so far as I could tell, about midnight I suddenly awoke with a feeling of uneasiness, as though there were some one in the room. My eyes were heavy, and, thinking that the stories I had heard must have affected my nerves and that I was the victim of an attack of neuritis, I turned over and strove to resume my slumber. But all to no purpose. There seemed to be something uncanny happening for which I could not account. So I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes and looked toward the end of the bed, where I saw—believe me, quite distinctly: there was no delusion—the upper portion of a lady's figure swinging to and fro as one in dire anguish and moaning like one in great sorrow. As if by instinct—I was not in the least afraid—I recited the *De profundis*, and immediately the apparition vanished, and was from that time never seen again.

"Undoubtedly it was a soul from purgatory pleading for a prayer which was necessary to break asunder the last link that bound her to her bed of pain."

❖❖❖ This Earth.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

THIS earth is good enough for me
As long as it will hold a tree,
Or lift a flower from its breast,
Or spread a sunset in the west.

As long as I can have the grass
To take my footsteps as I pass,
And feel the sun upon my head,
And linger by a tulip bed;
And sense the touch of violet dusk,
And smell the evening's subtle musk,
And watch the stars come out at night,
And know that everything's all right—

This earth is good enough for me.
Its truest riches all are free.
And I don't care how long I stay
So long as I'm not in the way.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

III.

FARMER GREY was a shrewd old man, given to sudden bursts of violent temper at times—when the weather disagreed with his health or his crops, or when Aunt Kate made indiscreet comments on what was good and what was bad for his liver. As for the weather, considering his subscriptions, the fields he let them have for sports and shows, etc., for nothing, he considered the least the Rector could do was to “clap on a prayer for rain” as he had asked him once, and been met with the rectorial regret, that he could not in conscience do so.

He was getting on in years was Farmer Grey, and Susan got into the habit of going up, whenever she had the time, to sit and talk to him for a bit whilst he smoked a pipe; or perhaps stroll down to the fields or the barns, or wherever he might be coming from, to meet him. It was not always an easy thing to do, because there was so much crowding her mind that mustn't, that couldn't, in fact, be put into words.

She who had thought life so simple and easy; she who, in old days, if she were not sure how to act, what to do, asked Father, who told her at once the right thing. Or she asked Aunt Kate, and was told her duty according to Aunt Kate's lights. Later it was to John she submitted any vexed question, generally quite simple, domestic ones, and there had always been a blindly radiant belief that the possibly mistaken advice he had given her would be all right in the end, because it was obedience to the dear man she had solemnly promised to obey, and didn't she know that to obey was better than sacrifice, and something, she couldn't remember what, was better than the fat of rams.

Yes, indeed, and she would continue

to obey him when she was unable to impose her gentle will on him; but as she entered the little wood that was a short cut to Bluebell Farm, there was a troubled feeling that she was coming from a country where she was something of a foreigner, back to where life had no—no what? Complications? Susan did not think it could be called that—but just that at Bluebell Farm you thought plain and lived plain. Well, they lived plain at Thurston. No, she could not say her John thought plain. He went off into long silences, and often she had thought it good to break into them with some quiet question or remark about the farm or the children; and John would take a bit of time getting back, and startle her by the things he would say, till, seeing her troubled eyes, he would ask her what it was? Once, when she had gone to the old panelled room in the disused part of Thurston Farm, his “office,” he called it, she had found the door locked. That had never happened before. He had not answered, but she had heard him moving about, so she had waited a minute and then gone away.

“Why did you lock yourself in, John, in the office this morning?” she had asked him later. And he had stood for a moment with his old grey felt hat in his hands, looking down at her curiously.

“I was taking a dip into the past, Susan—dusty work—so I locked the door.”

Well, she knew, of course, that all the papers and documents of importance were kept there. It had once been called the Muniment room, but not now. She had seen, in a deep recess, almost a small room behind the panelling, the deed boxes, and an old iron chest; and another big one of old oak, bound with iron clasps and bands that had once, John told her, been full of old family silver, but which was empty now. All sorts of leather cases, that had once

held jewels that had been gambled away long ago or sold. Poor John—fancy storing all that rubbish! •

Susan gave a little sigh as she opened the gate by the farm. It worried her that she should feel as if she had come into a quieter, more simple atmosphere. To think such a thought reflected on John, on her home, and she pushed the idea from her. There was no one in the world like him; and young John and Margaret were so good, and so sweet and clever,—my word!—but—and the starry eyes of Susan looked a little troubled again—for they didn't either take life simple like, as it seemed to her.

And yet, they were simple too—like real children, the three of them—but so often it seemed to Susan, with no warning, suddenly talking of things in quite another sense to what she understood them. And it was like a game of ball, she thought. A remark, a question, a reply that to her seemed foolish, but that one of them would take up, and another would add to, and John, her John, would look younger and happier, and the three faces she loved so dearly would all light up; and whatever the argument or question was, it would finish by making John talk whilst the children listened to him with rapt attention, and as they got older, often with challenge, even with contradiction. Yes, once or twice Margaret—little Peggy—had “caught him out,” as young John called it, and the girl had proved her point. Susan had a queer feeling on those occasions that her John, puffing at his pipe, shaking his head now and then,—that he had a curious gleam of satisfaction in his eyes that he tried to hide.

“Peggy, love, don't you contradict your father,” she had murmured once, and John had said quietly,

“Let her be—I'm not infallible. Go on Peggy. We'd just got to Infallibility, hadn't we?” And so on.

Yes, life seemed queer sometimes—

almost as if the walls of Thurston were closing in on her, because she didn't “belong” there. And yet—she stopped to look unseeingly at a bed of tulips—and yet she knew John—well, yes, she knew he had a real affection and respect for her; and young John and Peggy—there was no mistaking their beautiful love for their mother. It was just that, before you knew where you were, some word had sent them all off into flights she could not follow.

But when they came back—well, she was always there to meet them on the landing ground, and that moment was worth waiting for. She smiled a little uncertainly as she opened the door of the old farm. It wouldn't do to let father think she was worried about anything, because she wasn't. As long as they came back from those talking flights, as long as she lived, she would be there to meet them—just as she was always there in the porch to meet them when John drove them home from Tesford, and there was a race between the children as to who should get to mother first.

“Bags I heart!” young John would shriek, meaning that he put special value on planting an exuberant kiss on her left cheek, supposed to be closer to the heart, whilst Peggy scrambled after, to be gathered, with her brother, into Susan's arms. They did it even still, and Peggy getting on to sixteen and young John over eighteen! She must try to keep the children out of any talk with her father, or with Aunt Kate.

“Yes, father, all well. I just ran in to see how that rheumatism was. Better? That's good! No; I can't stay for tea, Aunt Kate.”

She sat down near Farmer Grey, who was sitting with a leg up on a big cushioned settee by the open window. She could see it was one of his bad days. A power o' things to attend to, and that dratted foot gone lame again. He had hobbled on two sticks to the yard this morning, mounted, with the help of a

chair and two men, his old grey pony, and had been out most of the day. But he was paying for it now, and he sat looking glum as his daughter gently scolded him.

"What's doing with the lad? Here's a big farm he can learn his business on. Thurston can't learn him what Bluebells can. I'd ha' trained him as Carfax can't wi' all his learning. Tell John to take the lad from his schooling an' send him to me. I could do with him well."

This was what Susan had dreamed of when young John was first born. But it did not express all Grey's idea. When his daughter had married Carfax, Thurston was just beginning to "see daylight" from a business point of view. No wonder John had turned grey in the struggle. His father-in-law had watched him with almost a sense of amusement, shaking his head at any scientific reasons, any modern hygiene, any up-to-date methods of treating with earth, air, water, beasts and cattle, or even human beings. What had served him and his fathers for generations was good enough for him. For the land, the rule of thumb 'did.'

But he was glad for Susan's and the children's sakes that Thurston was doing well, that, small as it was and employing a minimum of labor, it was getting to be spoken of as a promising little model farm. All the same, if Carfax had failed, Grey would have seen to it that they did not lose. His benevolent plans got a jolt when, instead of failure, John succeeded, and there was no need for Farmer Grey and his bulging pockets to come to the rescue. He had foreseen debt—the time-honored habit of a Carfax—and he had never been asked for a penny.

That was where he had seen himself scoring out of the marriage. John having to shut up Thurston, or remaining in it as tenant if he liked; Grey buying up the small property, and the two together working it all, John his paid

agent or bailiff, later perhaps a partner, but ultimately, the big Bluebell Farm and Thurston, some of whose land marched with Grey's—ultimately, it would all be Susan's and her sons'.

But Farmer Grey saw, year after year, all his hopes of "scoring" vanish, and when, two years ago, he had heard that the last mortgage had been paid off Thurston, he was divided between keen disappointment and honest pride in Carfax's success. And now he clung to the hope of young John coming to him after he left school. Ridiculous keeping him at his books till now—they'd never make a farmer of him that way. Susan sat very straight in the horse-hair arm-chair beside him, her small hands clasped on her knee. She looked absurdly young with her fair hair parted in the middle and neatly drawn into a little "bun" behind. There were hints of little curls too modest to let themselves be seen, though one, more audacious than the others, had curled itself over one of her small shell-like ears. She raised a hand to put it in its place, and for a moment, her eyes met her father's. They were singularly unlike each other, but they had a great respect and affection for each other.

"You've hit on a bad day, Sue. I'm feeling a bit savage. What's Carfax thinking to do with young John? Thought he'd 'a been up to see me about him this long time—knows I'm fond o' the lad, let alone him being my Sue's boy." He gave a little smile but looked grim again quickly. "Nothing worrying you, eh, my lass?" he added in a lower voice, looking at Susan curiously.

"Why, no, father, what should be worrying me! I think John'll be up one of these days and you can talk to him. They say he's done amazing well at school—"

Susan's natural pride in her boy was her undoing. Grey's face got red and he thumped a strong clenched fist on the arm of his couch.

"An' what's the use of Latin and gimcracks for a man who's going to farm his land and fight and battle wi' his land, and coax and wheedle 'is land, an' nurse an' dandle it afore it'll give him his daily bread? If anyone knows that, it's John Carfax, your husband; and he began on Thurston lands when they were good for nothing. Aye, it weren't only sweat of his brow, 'twere tears o' heart rack he dropped on 'em, for I saw him, though he never knew; and don't you tell him I said so, Susan, neither."

As Grey spoke, Susan raised her eyes to his in a startled regard, her body held stiff in attention, her cheeks suddenly flushing delicately.

"When was that, father?" she asked in a hushed voice, and Grey, brushing up his short beard with a rough hand, replied shortly:

"Oh, long enough ago—year his father died and he came back from Milford. There were classes or something, and his father thought to make another 'Squire' of him likely, though how he paid for 'em I don't know. I mind the day he came back, for he had an almighty fight with a young fellow—I forget his name—in the 'Carfax woods.'"

Susan sat still for a moment, and then stooped to pick up her father's flamboyant handkerchief he had dropped, and he mopped his head with it. It always made him hot to get angry; and what was the use of venting his annoyance with John on Susan? I remember Mr. Smith, the schoolmaster, saying Milford was the place you'd get classes. Where did John go those days?

"Kate!" shouted her father, hearing his sister moving about in the big kitchen beyond the little parlor. "What was the name o' them people had a tutor for their lame son at Milford—folk from India—"

Aunt Kate, in a hurry to attend to her scones in the oven, snapped back, "Burnham," and hoped it wasn't bad

luck to say such a word when she was cooking.

"Aye, Burnham, that was it. A tutor they called him, and so that the lame lad shouldn't feel lonely, there were two or three other lads, sons o' friends, though I never saw any one friends with old Carfax, John's father. Well, well!"

Grey felt he had said enough of his son-in-law's early disabilities. If the man hadn't talked of them himself to Susan, it wasn't for him, her father, to rake them up; only he didn't want young John to be "spoilt wi' learnin'."

She got away at last—relieved, surprised, grateful that she was going back to her own home, that was so dear to her, though its still waters had begun to spread in disconcerting ripples around her. She must warn John about her father, and they must keep him quiet till things were more certain. Once or twice she had said to her husband:

"You're overworked, John. Do have the boy home and let him learn his work."

The first time she had said it, he had answered quickly,

"Young John's learning his work all right," but his voice had sounded not quite natural; and when she had caught her breath and murmured,

"Nothing wrong, John?" he had patted her shoulder with a sudden smile and replied,

"Nothing wrong, Susan—we'll call you in when we get to the cross-roads."

The second time she had said it, he had told her he was going in to Tesford to see young John, and he'd have more to say when he came back.

It was a little late when he drove into the stable yard. She heard him call out some order to the boy, and something in his voice made her put down her knitting.

"Stand!" Was it a vision of the old schoolroom? She stood waiting, wishing she could run out to meet him, wishing

she dare throw her arms around his neck and smooth away those deep lines that had seemed to be more marked than usual lately. It was only when he came into the room that she relaxed and took a step towards him.

"You'll be ready for your supper," she said quietly, and wished she had lit the lamps. She could not see his face very clearly.

"No. Young John and I had something in Tesford. He sent his love to you." And presently he said there was some talking to be done so she'd better sit down. And at her hurried, "Nothing wrong with the boy?" he suddenly had a belated glimpse of her mind.

"No, no, Susan, nothing wrong in one sense—only the lad's whole future."

Well, that need not be a difficulty, thank God! thought Susan. *That* stretched out smiling and sure over the scented hay stacks and golden corn of Thurston, to the rich pastures of Bluebells. Her eyes came back from that mental vista and fell on the Carfax coat of arms deeply carved on the old stone chimneypiece, against which her husband stood, his head just touching it, as if seeking support in the tradition for which it stood. Susan had never been able to understand the cryptic words of the family motto—"Losynge I gayne." John's great-grandfather had applied them to his apostasy after his own fashion: the gambling grandfather had been certain that it meant his luck would "come in"; John's father, that his crusading ancestor had been "in his cups" when he took the device, and John dreamed dreams at times.

He was telling her that the Head Master had spoken very fully about the boy's excellent work. When he had entered the school, John had insisted that he take the Classical side, rather against the discreet advice of Dr. Mead, who saw visions of Farmer Grey and had heard about the paternal grandfather. Now he was admitting that the

boy had surpassed all his expectations, and he was anxious to enter him for an Oxford scholarship. He foresaw young John bringing reflected glory and credit to the Tesford grammar school.

Susan's eyes took on a veiled look. By the time John had finished a little abruptly his report of the conversation with the Principal, she seemed to have shrunk a little.

"Oxford?" she said in a lifeless voice. "It's a town full of colleges. What'll it do for our John?"

She hadn't the heart to say didn't your own father come to grief there!

There was a silence that was like a shadow approaching. Carfax stood by the great empty fireplace, his head bent, his hands behind him. Susan sat stiff and taut, looking at this man whom she loved, but who had such "ways" of looking at things, as she put it to herself. And for a moment John Carfax almost wished that he had been content to be nothing more or less than were his farm hands, than was his father-in-law—a son of the soil with no consciousness of compelling forces that struggled to rise above circumstances. He had meant, if ever he had sons, that they at least should be brought up in the fullest acceptance of the "son-of-the-soil" idea. No foolish training of wrong ideas there, such as he had had.

And no sooner was young John born than Carfax's whole soul, heart and mind, became absorbed in the desire, the determination, that his son should become the super-Carfax, combining all the qualities of the race of men who had led honorable, quietly distinguished lives—up to the time of his great-grandfather—the old man who had sold his soul for a mess of pottage, as John put it.

And now—now! Young John with Oxford before him—all the chances his father had never had! The Head Master had spoken very plainly, very forcibly, with a background in his mind of Car-

fax traditions as he knew them, of the seeming irresolution of character of young John's father, and particularly of the fear of "the land" in the shape of the Grey element, rich and prosperous, being too strong for the lad. He even spoke of young John's good looks, his natural grace and simple manner, not as something that would mean certain danger for the boy, but as great assets, together with his intellectual gifts. He added, discreetly and not pointedly, that together with his name, he decidedly thought the boy had a future before him, and that it behooved his father to get him out of the narrow circle of Thurston and "give him his chance."

Whilst Carfax took a few steps across the wide room and back again, forgetting to fill the pipe he was holding in his hand, Susan saw for the first time the lot of the average mother, and herself joining their company. Henceforth, then, her boy was to be equipped for a world that was not hers, for a life she had no part in. A swift vision of what a mother's part was—to bear children, feed, fight and fend for them; and then send them off, and henceforth be only their hostess. She had hugged the thought that young John would help his father, and succeed to Bluebell Farm.

The room was nearly dark now. John stumbled against something, and Susan came out of her dreams.

"And what becomes of Thurston when we're gone?" It was not what she wanted to say. Men fought, strove, sweated to succeed at their task for their children to benefit, and for them, the fathers, to benefit of their children. But John was sacrificing his Isaac, it seemed to her, for those curious ideas that made him different from other men.

"Thurston? It's John that matters." Carfax's deep voice spoke slowly, as if weighing his words. "If he hadn't it in him to do better, it's here I'd keep him. He may not get the scholarship next year—but he will."

There seemed a ray of hope in Susan's mind. If he failed, her boy would come to the farm! And John's voice went on. He had to be careful how he put it. He wanted to shout aloud his exultation that his son, *their* son, had it in him to rise far above the Carfax "Squires," and the Grey grandfather. For a moment young John seemed to be standing before him, slim, broad-shouldered, a little lanky still, his well-shaped, close-cropped head, with the suspicion of red in the dark hair, his face so like the regular Carfax face, with its good features, but with life and determination behind those steady grey eyes which had looked—defiance, was it?—into his, so short a time ago. And the sudden smile, the flash of humor, the quick rubbing of his shoulder against his father's in the hall of the hotel—and his final words.

"What does he want himself?" said Susan. She wished she had lit the lamps. The darkness hurt her—put some troubled thoughts into her mind.

"This is where I want your help, Susan; the boy can't see for himself all it means—he—refused it."

No, he needn't tell her how the boy had deliberately set his face against what seemed to him a life that was going to separate him from Thurston. He meant to help his father. He had tremendous plans about farming, and the two of them together had always meant to reclaim that stretch of land known as Carfax marsh. Had he forgotten? And he loved the place and would work like a nigger. They had argued and talked—that Thurston would always be there for him; but that for John the father to consent to John the son's becoming the little struggling farmer of little, unproductive—not so unproductive, threw in young John—little unproductive Thurston, would be murder on John the father's part, and suicide on John the son's. And then the boy had said,

"How can I build up Carfax, if you

send me off?" And John had replied,

"It's to build up Carfax that I'm sending you away. You won't find your brick field at Thurston. It's served me—but in a building-up you want other things besides bricks. There's been a lack of steel girders, for example, and quarried corner stones."

But at the back of all young John's arguments, Carfax glimpsed the keen, alert joy of the huntsman for the chase—the chase of adventure, of life; the keen, alert joy of the student who had mastered the first pages of knowledge, and who saw within his reach the rest of that book of many volumes.

It was when John had gathered up the reins, and was in the dog-cart, prepared to come back, that the boy, standing by, had said, with a smile in his eyes that somehow smote his father, and made him think of Susan—"I say, father, I'll build up Carfax into a regular sky-scraper."

John had smiled uncertainly at the lad. He wanted to say "Please God!" He wanted to say the sudden, tender things a man can't express well. So he had nodded instead and given a jerk to the reins.

"So, Susan, if we show any weakening, any signs of disappointment, any feeling that work here was waiting for him, it'll maybe ruin a fine career. You can't put a possible Derby winner to the plough."

Susan could not see his smile, but something made her get up. There was an unformed, vague sense in her mind. Her son too. Stand! And neither did John see her little fleeting smile that had a suggestion of tears in it. Here were her two children—hers!—well, yes, John's too,—seemingly before the gates of a life that would lead them far from her and the world she knew; the world that was bounded by the hawthorn hedges of Bluebells and Thurston; by the stagnant pond where the village boys fished for newts, by the Rectory

grounds. Symbolic—but she did not know it. What lay beyond the gates her children would enter, she was not sure, but it would be something of the strange world that John lived in when he talked or was silent in that language she could not understand.

"It's very dark," was all she said, and got up from her chair. When she came back with the lamp, John took the heavy thing from her small hands and put it on a solid oak table. Then he turned to her. She had taken up some work, and he could not see her face,—only the soft curve of her cheek and the little straight nose. "You'll back me up if necessary—eh, Susan?" he said a little anxiously.

She looked up then into his face. Had she ever gone against him?

"Yes, John, I'll mind all you say," she said at last; and John, satisfied, stretched his tired legs and went straightway into his world of dreams.

(To be continued.)

More White than Black.

There is a little story-poem which tells of a shepherd-boy leading his sheep through a valley, when a stranger meeting him looked over his flock and said, "I see you have more white sheep than black."

"Yes," answered the boy, "it is always so."

Then we may take a wider view, and we shall find that everywhere in life there is more white than black. It is so in nature. There are some desert spots on the earth, but on the other hand, we may think of the broad, fertile fields—more white than black.

It is so in the matter of human conditions. There are more songs than wails, there is more laughter than weeping—more white than black.

There are some cloudy days, but there are more days of sunshine and blue skies—more white than black.—*Miller.*

Drifting.

BY P. J. C.

THE boat, not moored, drifts. A drifting movement is often a purposeless one. Freed from the security of anchorage, without compelling forces to drive and steer, the boat lands at any or no harbor.

Imagination has extended by trope the drifting of boats to other expressions of life. Men, their thoughts, their activities, their principles are spoken of as drifting. Freed from anchorage, without government, they are unwatched, unpropelled, insecure, subject to every current of wind and wave.

In domestic life the wife, the husband, will slip from the anchorage of home ties. It is prosaic and boresome in the living room; children are so annoying with their quarrels, problems, insistence on foolish attentions! How tempting to lift anchor and drift out from the harbor of the home! It is so pleasant to be away from shouting children, a bickering mate, long, long evenings of boredom. The boy, the girl, gets weary of lying at anchor within a small port surrounded by four walls. They drift to cinema, dance hall; to those parties where young people become old and wise suddenly. Blessed is the boy who has work to do and does it, and is so tired at night he welcomes the comfort of sleep! Blessed is the girl who does not surrender to "dates"! She is practising the discretion which gives hope to her future.

And how men and women, coal-diggers and savants, college students and shop workers drift from the Faith! Rarely are they torn suddenly from anchorage as if hit by a hurricane. Faith is said to be *lost*—and things are lost quickly for the most part. Faith more generally languishes in us; fades, ceases to be. Like a plant, it withers and

dies; like a fire or a lamp it lessens, grows dim, goes out.

Loss of Faith is the result of a gradual going out from safe harbor to high, dangerous seas. The intervals between Confession and Holy Communion grow longer, until Confession and Holy Communion are discontinued altogether. Mass becomes burdensome—the rising, the getting ready, the wait in church, the sermon. Night and morning prayers, so regularly said in the old days, are never said now. No Sign of the Cross, no kneeling at the bedside to ask for blessings on a new day, for protection during the night which closes over a day completed. Perhaps the last hold on most of those who drift is the Friday abstinence. It seems peculiar that vanishing Catholics will abandon the Sacraments, Mass, prayer and cling to the Friday discipline. Perhaps the strange inconsistency comes sometimes from the memory that their forefathers were tempted to apostasy through a meat dinner on Friday. And a stranger inconsistency yet—many of those who drift beyond any sight of harborage are emotionally loyal to the Church.

There is an acceptance among us to the effect that "bad" books are books picturing violations of the Sixth Commandment. There are books, however, which may well be called "bad" that do not treat of sex. We will never know how many of our young men, our young women, have drifted away from their Faith due to reading just such "bad" books; books that treat casually, slightly, ironically of the things of our Faith and practice. And in the word "books" is included many secular magazines.

Faith is a secure harbor from which people are seldom swept out, though often they drift out. Indeed, people, unless wantonly venturesome, are never swept out. People who keep themselves spiritually active cannot drift.

Notes and Remarks.

A distinguished honor is coming to America this year in its being selected as the place for the International Marian Congress. It will be held August 12-15 in the Sanctuary of our Sorrowful Mother erected in Portland, Oregon, by the Servite Fathers. This honor comes to the Servite Fathers because of their celebration this year of the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of their Order. The papers to be read at the Congress will defend Marian theses to be selected by His Eminence Cardinal Lepicier, who is a member of the Servite Order. THE AVE MARIA rejoices in this opportunity to honor Our Blessed Lady in America, whose patron she is under the beautiful title of the Immaculate Conception. We shall be happy to report to our readers from time to time the progress of the plans for this celebration in honor of the Mother of God.

An article by Robert C. Wright, entitled "Masonry in Spain," sponsored by the Philalethes Society—international organization of forty Masonic writers—recently appeared in American Masonic magazines. The treatise urges a Masonic movement in the United States against religion, like that in Spain and Mexico. And by "religion" is meant the Catholic Church. Why should there be in the United States a movement by the Masonic Fraternity against the Catholic Church? Are Catholics plotting against the Government? Refusing to pay taxes even when, like now, they are very, very high? Do they run off to cover when there is a call to arms? Do they cheat or steal—setting aside certain exceptions which we expect in the mass? Are they obstructing even the Prohibition law—Bishop Cannon, Jr., to the contrary? What are they doing or not doing to cause Mr. Robert C. Wright to be writing the Masons in America to manhandle fellow citizens

who make no claim to any special bill of rights as members of the Commonwealth? Mr. Wright may think he will win American Masons to engage in a war of extermination against American Catholics. We, perhaps, do not know American Masons as well as Mr. Wright seems to think he knows them. Yet we venture to assert Mr. Wright is wrong.

A Holy Year of Jubilee is to mark the Nineteenth Century of the Death of Christ. It is an opportune time in which to pray. There is so much to be prayed for and against. For: goodness among men and nations, spirituality, Christian belief, decency, peace, the love of man for God, temperate living in every right sense, domestic virtues, honesty, restraint, the love of man for man. And there is so much to pray against: atheism and a litter of offspring; hate, deception, spiritual and temporal depression, sex madness, over-dosage of intellectualism, self-sufficiency, immoderation, animalism, foolish everlasting talking about holy things which call for reverent silence. It is a blessed proclamation this by Pius XI. calling on us to kneel and pray during the coming year. We can take our troubles to God. He somehow has been left out of every Fact-Finding Commission so far sent out to study us and report.

Archbishop Curley of Baltimore gives advice to his flock on "religious racketeers." Certain paragraphs from a very specific tabulation of "religious racketeers" you should note for your personal advantage. We quote:

You have given your money on occasions to men dressed as priests, to women attired in nun's garb, when as a matter of fact those individuals were not priests, not nuns, and are, some of them, now in jail.

You have subscribed to worthless papers and magazines that would be too dear if sent to you for a thousand years at a cost of five cents, and you have not subscribed to your own paper, the *Baltimore Catholic Review*.

Save yourselves at least from now on by demanding from the agent who approaches you a letter signed by your Archbishop. If you have any doubts about the letter presented (because some letters have been forged), call up the Chancellor of this Archdiocese. The mere presentation of a letter signed by us does not impose any obligation whatever on you of purchasing or donating.

Never give Mass intentions to men or women going from door to door. We have no hesitation in saying to you that they are frauds, all of them. Do not allow yourselves to be moved to generosity by their soft voices, stirring appeals, or "saintly appearances." They are "artists" in their methods, so much so that they are capable of deceiving even "the elect." Have nothing to do with them.

There is no more reason why Catholic people should be taken in by impostors, near-impostors, simoniacal jugglers than other people. Except, perhaps, they sometimes yield to saccharine pietisms too easily and bestow charity to fraud. Seven or eight letters on the editor's desk indicating how AVE MARIA subscriptions were fraudulently secured within the past few weeks give point to these remarks. The magazine has no "gold bricks" to offer, no concessions or dispensations. It must sell itself—under the guiding of God's Mother. If our readers cannot take the magazine for its own sake, we will be sorry we do not please them. We cannot offer premium or privilege to keep them "constant readers."

* * *

While on this subject it is to be noted that Catholics lost some time ago more than \$3,000,000 in a campaign to promote "clean motion pictures" sponsored by the National Diversified Corporation. Nine officers and employees of the corporation were brought to trial by Assistant United States Attorney Jacob J. Rosenblum of New York. Letters written by prominent Catholic prelates three years before were used by the promoters to sell stocks, one witness—an officer of the corporation who pleaded guilty—testified. Whatever happens to the officers of the corporation, the

\$3,000,000 and over will not come back to the Catholic contributors. The slogan "It pays to advertise" should be reinforced by, "It pays to know the advertiser." A good rule: Postpone. Tell him to come back. Meantime, investigate.



The following item is taken from *The Kablegram*, a house organ of the Kable Brothers, Publication Printers of Mount Morris, Illinois: "A ban has been placed on broadcasting of murder, divorce, and other sensational trials, from the court room. The American Bar Association brands such broadcasts as a 'breach of court decorum.'" If our journalists will only follow suit to the extent of cutting all except the bare news facts of such trials, we will have gone a long way towards discouraging that particular type of moron whose chief object in life seems to be to do something, no matter what, in order to get into the columns of our newspapers.



The Rev. John J. Preston, Kearney, N. J., has been making appeals for a statue of Christ the King in the United States. "Nowhere," he writes in his Parish Monthly, "in the broad reaches of our land do we find one memorial raised to Jesus Christ by the State or nation on any highway, public building, park or square." Nor will you find, for that matter, monument, tombstone or mausoleum in Protestant or secular cemeteries surmounted by crosses. Nor will you find anywhere the great Symbol set high above the unanswering dead. Protestant churches generally are not crowned by crosses. Outside the Catholic Church, our United States Christianity is utilitarian, prayerless, unconvincing, perfunctory. We start the proceedings of senates, conventions, meetings with prayer as an order of business. In Christian acceptance we are not skin deep. Our ministers function as orators making speeches to God. Prayer to many Protestants is a long-distance tele-

phone call to the Eternal Father by one of His foreign representatives to tell Him "All's right with the world." Ministers are too busy downing the "Happy Warrior," to take out time to preach in campaign for a statue to Christ the King. This is not written as a set back to Father Preston's splendid project. Until, however, the United States accepts Christ for what He is, Congress should not be petitioned to vote Him a statue. Since so many ministers, professors, fictionists, poets, senators, shopkeepers, and what not, attempt to strip Him of His divine character and to substitute a man near perfect for God all perfect, why set up a statue to One whose origin is denied? If the people of this country project a statue to Christ, it is proper they first answer Christ's own questions: "What think you of Christ? Whose Son is He?"



One of the most notable conversions of the past year, a conversion which has created a profound impression throughout the Austrian capital, is Dr. Beno Karpeles' acceptance of the Catholic faith as a result of his visit to Konnersreuth, where he was privileged to meet Theresa Neumann. Dr. Karpeles was a Jew and a former well-known Socialist leader who performed pioneer work as an organizer in the Socialist party by founding big co-operative societies. The reason for his conversion he put forth in a very simple way during the course of a lecture given in the St. Sion Convent, Vienna. We quote his words as recorded in the London *Catholic Times*: "The war and post-war times, the terrible events overtaking mankind, which I cannot reconcile with the will of God, had made me unsettled in my faith. I had been a Jew, and up to then had faithfully obeyed the laws of my religion. But I had become confused, as it were. Now I confess that under the impression of what I have seen and experienced at Konnersreuth and in my meeting

with the stigmatized girl, Theresa Neumann—not my impressions of what I read or heard—I found the way to the Catholic Church and the Faith. I met this girl in one of her visions. She was sitting in bed with her arms stretched out with a strange play of her fingers and features such as not even the greatest actress would be able to perform. Pain, emotion, mental anguish, jubilation, transportation, and again pain, pass over her face. Her hands are touching her head to take the thorns out, blood is dripping from her forehead into her eyes—a terrible sight. When I came her eyes were closed and covered with blood. Nevertheless, she sat up and, pointing at me, said: 'Over there is standing one who does not yet belong to the Saviour, but he has the good will, and so I shall help him. I shall suffer and then it will be possible.' In all my life I have never seen a person on whose face perfect truth was so clearly written as on hers. I had decided then to become a convert and wanted to be baptized at Konnersreuth." Those who knew Dr. Karpeles as "hard boiled," to use a colloquial word, are astonished at the result of his visit. They forget, perhaps, that faith is a gift of God and that the Lord chooses His own way of leading those of good will into His fold.



Hunger marching to capitals should not be encouraged. For one thing, it is theatrical and may become revolutionary. Merely marching to Washington or elsewhere to indicate empty stomachs is not convincing. Nor is it practical. Surely Government can be reached somehow in spite of desk-clerks and bureaucratic chiefs, so as to hear the cry of hunger in the land. And, anyhow, running to Washington, whenever we are confronted with a problem, takes from our ancient rock-bed of individualism, and tends to make us Federal wards. If the State—as intended in our scheme of organization—is not able to

take care of its needy and suffering, something is wrong with it. It is only within the past twenty years that states have ceased to be sovereign. To-day they are willing to receive Federal patronage and help, in return for a ceding of ancient rights which have made this country a nation of united—and also independent—states.

◆

Bolivia and Paraguay consented to stop fighting on Christmas Day at the request of His Holiness, Pius XI. From 10 p. m. Christmas Eve to 10 p. m. Christmas night was the duration of the armistice. Our Catholic papers are very happy over the Pontiff's successful mediation. We could wish His Holiness had been able to make a truce of at least twenty-four years instead of twenty-four hours. We should have everlasting truce were people to penetrate the essential truth that war as a settlement of any disagreement is thrust upon us because we are avaricious, hate each other, are deceitful and mutually mistrustful. When peoples—rulers and ruled—are honest to the extent of not seeking what belongs to somebody else we will have peace. We have wars because men are predatory. If the Beatitudes were the law for nations, which law the nations observed, Pius XI. could as easily have extended the Bolivia-Paraguay pact from twenty-four hours to twenty-four centuries.

◆

Because they conducted a reformatory, rather than a convent, four Sisters of the Good Shepherd are now in a Mexican penal hospital. These Good Shepherd nuns carried on the work for which they were founded in caring for delinquent and unfortunate girls; hence Mexican soldiers surrounded the institution June 29 last, and arrested four of the nuns. They were charged with violation of the Law of Cults and the sequestration of girls and women,—were sentenced to six years' imprison-

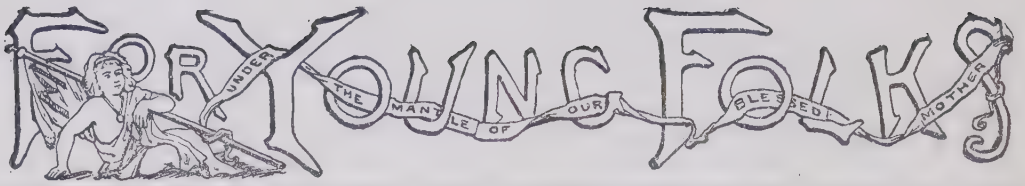
ment, and sent to a penal institution. Two of them were found to be suffering from tuberculosis and were removed to the prison hospital, where they were joined later by their two companions. Last August, for the third time, an attempt was made to have the Sisters released on bail pending appeal, but the case was not called. Another hearing was set for September 15, but the complainant did not appear, and strange to say, the Sisters were not released. All this in the year 1932 shortly to the south of us.

◆

William Wordsworth's great-niece, who died recently at the age of ninety-two, is described in the London *Universe* in the following words: "That wonderful old lady, Dame Elizabeth Wordsworth, founder of women's University education in Oxford, had not only tremendous driving power and personality, but also a pretty wit. She herself chose the title of Lady Margaret Hall, over which she presided, and is reported to have given these reasons for her choice: Lady Margaret was a gentlewoman, a scholar and a saint (one notes the ascending series), and having three times married, took a vow of celibacy. What more could be expected of any woman?"

◆

The cathedral of La Paz, Bolivia, was dedicated Christmas at Midnight Mass. The dedication of this cathedral is not nearly so remarkable as the fact that it has been in the progress of erection for 100 years. The cost of building is set down at \$500,000; not so large if you think in terms of a more or less recent past. At the present time, however, the sum is not to be considered lightly. The organ in this finished cathedral is the largest in the world—64 registers and 4500 pipes. These registers and pipes will mean something to you if you know organ construction. Otherwise not.



Voices of the Year.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

"OTHER months may bring more joys,
But I am the month that makes most noise."
And January puffed and blew,
Making great stir for one so new.
"February is short, but I
Am very clever, even sly:
Some sunlit morning, I may show
All silver-white, in sleet and snow."
"I, March, am subtle: for the while
I roar and romp, I hide a smile;
And I would never let you guess—
Beneath my coat is a party dress."
"When it comes to guessing, I declare,"
Said April, "just you watch my air:
Now I am silent, moody, gray,
Then of a sudden, buoyant, gay."
"I laugh at February; May
Can make of flowers the whitest day;
And if she has no silver sheen,
Neither has February green."
"The poet gave to June a phrase,
Telling the world of perfect days;
That I have a soul the world well knows,
For I am the month that bears the rose."
In red and white and blue, July
Stood proudly, saying: "It is I
Who helped the world make history:
The glorious Fourth was given me!"
"That August is important, plain
Enough it is, for golden grain
That springs from out the earth's warm breast,
Wears sunlight in a shimmering crest."
"For September sound a horn
With silver notes, for seas of corn
That over fertile acres spread,
Singing a song of nations fed."
"A month so colorfully clad,
With skies so blue, should be all glad!
October, month of falling leaves,
Is not a month that sighs and grieves."
"Some call November month of pain,

Because my days are full of rain;
But I find life quite worth the living
When people make of me Thanksgiving!"
"And I—" December's voice was low;
One could not hear: but in the glow
Of many stars, was written plain:
"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The Go-Getter.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

THE children were pouring out of the big schools attached to the Presentation Convent in the little Irish town. Maggie Costello was hopping from one foot to another, bubbling over with a secret which she wished to impart to her great friend, Molly Foyle. At last the other little girl appeared in the doorway and Maggie rushed towards her, butting her way through the crowd with her curly red hair, and unceremoniously elbowing the other children out of her way.

"I've something to tell you," she gasped, seizing Molly's arm. "Come on now out of this—"

She dragged Molly into the street, and, releasing her, gazed into her face with eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Wasn't it grand?" she exclaimed.

"What's that?" queried Molly.

"Why, what Sister Aloysius was after telling us—that even children could help the Church and go get sinners to repent?"

Molly stared. Her brain worked more slowly than her friend's.

"My Uncle Mick—the one who was in America—says they call a fellow who is dead keen on business a 'go-getter' over there. The sort of fellow who's ever and always searching about after jobs."

"But, Molly—you're not listening—I was saying—" Maggie began impatiently. Then she paused, a new and yet more brilliant idea eclipsing the first one. "That's it! We'll be go-getters!" she cried, clapping her hands ecstatically.

"Ah, I don't know what gab you have there at all," retorted Molly, mystified and irritated in her turn.

Maggie explained, pouring forth the words impetuously as they walked down the road.

Hadn't Sister Aloysius said they ought all to work for the conversion of sinners, and weren't Molly and Maggie quite old enough? Why wouldn't they go and get a sinner?

"But how could we?" Molly was doubtful.

"Mr. Heggerty!" responded her friend triumphantly. "He's awful wicked, so he is. He beats Mrs. Heggerty when he has a drop taken, and he never goes to church."

"Well, but we couldn't make him change unless—it is praying for him you mean?" said Molly.

"Not at all. We ought to speak to him—to tell him the danger he's in. I wouldn't be afraid," pursued Maggie valorously. "I wouldn't be afraid to call out at him—through the door at least," she added truthfully.

"And what would you call out?" asked Molly cautiously.

Maggie stood still, shaking back her fiery curls.

"I'd just tell him he'll be going to hell if he didn't mend his ways," she remarked simply.

"He'd think that was impudence," declared Molly, shaking her head. "That wouldn't do at all, Maggie. He'd get angry, of course, and that'd be a sin for you as well, and you'd be pushing him down instead of helping him up."

"Well, what would you say?" demanded Maggie.

"I wouldn't go next or nigh him," cried Molly. "He might hit you—I've

seen him hit the boy an awful skelp and him a cripple and all."

Maggie's ardor was slightly damped, but she would not give up the idea. She told Mammy about it when they were feeding the hens, and Mammy very decidedly forbade the project.

"Sure, that's not the way at all," she declared. "Molly was in the right of it for once. Not but what—"

She stopped and Maggie looked up.

"Not but what there isn't something you could be doing for the Lord. That poor little fellow beyond—little Dan Heggerty—he knows no more than a heathen. His mother is thrashed out with work with such a long little family, and he can't walk, so he never gets to school."

"Ah, but Mammy, I don't like Dan at all!" exclaimed the would-be missionary. "He can't move about and he gets cross awful easy."

"It wouldn't do to make him cross, but it would be nice to make him a little happier," said Mrs. Costello. "If you want to bring sinners to Our Lord you must conquer yourself first, child."

Maggie went to bed feeling very flat. She was grumpy and out of sorts all next day and sat down on her little stool when she came in from school instead of tearing off to play with her younger brothers.

"Maggie," said her mother presently, "I want you to run over to Mrs. Heggerty's with this can of goat's milk. I hear their cow is gone dry on them."

Maggie jumped up and took the can. The weight which had lain heavy on her heart all day was suddenly lifted. As she crossed the bog it was all she could do to keep her little sunburned feet from skipping and dancing. Maggie always whipped off her boots directly she got in from school. She had promised mother not to spill the milk, so she walked sedately, only pausing to gather a handful of pale-blue hairbells from under a gorse bush.

In spite of her valiant assertions on the previous day Maggie was greatly in dread of meeting Mr. Heggerty, who was more or less the bogey of the neighborhood. He was smoking in the tiny dark kitchen, where Mrs. Heggerty was ironing clothes, two small children were crawling about the floor, and the poor little hunch-back sat crying quietly in a corner.

"What ails him?" inquired Maggie, when she had presented the milk.

"He wants to go out, the creature, but I haven't the time to take him to-night," replied Mrs. Heggerty.

"Could I push him just round about the house in his little chair?" asked the little girl.

"You'd not be up to any tricks, then?" said the mother. "You wouldn't go upsetting him or hurting him any way?"

"I would not," promised Maggie.

Mrs. Heggerty took the shawl off her own shoulders, wrapped it round her little son, and lifted him into the queer home-made carriage—half a soap-box mounted on old bicycle wheels.

Maggie dragged her charge carefully round the corner of the house. Then she faced about prepared for conversation.

"How old is it you are?"

"Going on nine," faltered Dan shyly.

Maggie was astonished; she had thought him under seven.

"Is that so?" she queried politely. "You should have your First Communion made so."

Dan hung his head in silence, and Maggie was horrified to see tears stealing down his cheeks.

"Ah, don't cry now and you a great boy!" she exclaimed. "Sure, it's not your fault, avick, nor your Mammy's either."

"Me da won't let the priest come next or nigh the place," sobbed Dan. "But me mother learns me my prayers."

Carefully propping the shafts of the cart against the chopping log Maggie drew a little nearer. She knew only one way of comforting, and throwing her

arms round him, hump and all, she hugged him close.

"Don't cry now. You couldn't get to school, of course, the way you are, but maybe you'll let me learn you?"

"I'd like that," said Dan. "But you'll forget or you'll get calling me names like the other children."

"I will not," Maggie assured him. "I'll ask Sister Aloysius to lend me the books, and I'll bring me own catechism."

Maggie felt full of importance for the next few days, but when the boys planned a nutting expedition the following Saturday, she gave her pupil a holiday. When she strolled up to the cabin next day, Dan reproached her bitterly, and as Maggie replied with great sharpness there was soon a quarrel, and they parted in wrath.

She reached home just as Mammy was calling the children in to say the rosary. The Da was already on his knees before the crucifix. Maggie hung back. All at once it became plain to her that in her pride and vain glory at being a "go-getter" she had lost sight of the object in view. After prayers she slipped out of the cabin and flew across the bog, with her most precious possession wrapped up in the end of her jumper. Dan was already in bed when Maggie pattered in.

"Here," she whispered, "I'm sorry I acted so bad. I was selfish and wrong and a bad girl altogether, and it's heart-scalded I am to have treated you that way. Will you make up, Dan? And will you say a prayer that I may be a better girl and learn you right?"

"'Twas me began," confessed the boy.

"No, 'twas me—for I went off nutting instead o' keeping my promise. Look, I've brought you my own Blessed Virgin. It's for you to keep. She has Our Lord in her arms, you see, when He was a little fellow, and she's smiling down at you the way she's smiling at Him."

She set the little plaster statue,

where the warm glow of the turf fire fell on it, and ran away home again.

At the end of the summer Mrs. Costello visited Mrs. Heggerty, and together they questioned Dan. It seemed to both women that the child was sufficiently prepared to make his First Communion. Mrs. Heggerty could not leave the babies and Mrs. Costello had a bad knee, but Maggie undertook to arrange with some of her older school-fellows to drag the little carriage in turns to the church two miles off.

Sister Aloysius obtained Reverend Mother's leave to take the little boy into the convent for the night, so that he could make his First Communion with the other children on the following morning—the Feast of the Nativity of Mary. The Heggerties possessed an "ass-car," but no one was allowed to drive it save the master of the house—and who dared speak to him of Danny's First Communion?

The boy had been preparing very seriously; he had taught himself to check his peevishness; he never complained now about his aches and pains, and tried hard not to envy other boys. Maggie faithfully repeated Sister Aloysius' lessons, about prayers and sacrifices offered up in union with Jesus, which would adorn the soul in preparation for Holy Communion.

Maggie had secured her team of helpers in good time, but at the last moment an unexpected hitch occurred. It was announced at morning school that Father Delaney was coming over that very afternoon with his magic-lantern and would give an entertainment in the big class-room. The good priest belonged to the next parish and his shows were famous, but he had not been to the convent for some years, and all the children were wild with delight.

"You'll never get my brother Pat now," whispered Molly—"nor the other lads either, so you'll be able to come to the fun yourself."

Maggie's heart leaped. She had never seen a magic-lantern, and the very name seemed to promise marvels. Children who go to the "pictures" every week could not imagine what this chance meant to a little girl brought up on a gorsey hillside—who had never had a toy, or seen any entertainment other than the annual concert got up by the school for Reverend Mother's birthday. If the others wouldn't come to fetch Dan she would be free for the entertainment! She tried not to think of Dan's disappointment.

The entertainment was to begin at four o'clock—the very hour at which they had arranged to start off from the Heggerties. Maggie's father worked in the town. He would let Mammy know that they would all be late coming home, and Mammy would send word to Mrs. Heggerty.

Maggie was brimming over with excitement as she took her place beside Molly on the long bench, a good half hour before anything could be expected to appear on that exciting white sheet, which was pinned up over the maps on the wall. And then as she stared about, her eyes fell on the crucifix with the little lamp burning before it, and all her joy and excitement died away.

"You're a nice go-getter, Maggie Costello," she murmured to herself. "Aren't you forgetting Our Lord altogether and thinking of no one but yourself?"

She sat quite still for a moment, and then stood up.

"It's no good, Molly—I've got to go for Dan. I just feel I've got to."

And struggling out of the room, she snatched up her coat and walked, her eyes blinded with uncontrollable tears, out of the gate. Once on the homeward road, she ran.

It was a quarter to five when, gasping for breath, her face beaded with perspiration, Maggie climbed up the steep path to the Heggerties' cabin. Mrs. Heggerty met her at the half door.

"I'm not blaming you, child. We heard about Father Delaney's show. The poor little fellow is breaking his heart—but what can we do? None of the lads will come—"

Maggie looked up, hot but determined.

"Do you give me the baby, Ma'am, and I'll keep an eye on Brian. If you'll just wheel Danny down that ugly steep old bit of a bank into the lane, I'll drag him to the church meself."

"Sure, you wouldn't be able, alanna," said Mrs. Heggerty.

"I would so!" declared Maggie. "It's a grand evenin' and it won't be dark till nigh eight."

"Maybe God will send someone to help us," came Danny's quavering voice, still hoarse with tears, from the dark interior of the cottage.

"You'll not so much as have had your tea taken," said Mrs. Heggerty.

"Never mind, Ma'am. It's better for us to start right off, the way we'll get there before the priest leaves the church."

Mrs. Heggerty stooped and kissed Maggie's little hot face as she handed over the baby.

"God love you, child," she said.

(Conclusion next week.)



A Lesson from the Echo.

The story is told of a boy who was playing in the meadow one day. Seeing a squirrel frisking along the branches of a near-by tree, little George, for that was his name, cried out "Ho! ho!" in order to frighten the animal. The squirrel of course hopped rapidly away jumping from branch to branch until it had disappeared; but from out of the woods came a faint answer to George's cry, "Ho! ho!"

The astonished boy had no idea what an echo was, so thinking that it must be a real person he called out as loud as he could, "Who are you?" Of course

the mysterious voice repeated the words, "Who are you?" Then George became angry and shouted back, "You must be a very foolish fellow." He could hardly believe his ears when from the thicket came a mocking repetition rather obscure in the beginning but ending with two very clear words, "foolish fellow." Then George became angrier than before and began shouting and scolding and calling ugly names. Without any hesitancy the voice in the woods replied by repeating the very identical abuse which George expressed in his anger.

Finding that he was not getting anywhere with his opponent, George ran back to his home and complained bitterly to his mother of the wicked boy in the woods who had been abusing him. But his mother gave him no sympathy. "You are only accusing yourself," she said. "If you had called out kind and obliging words you would have received the same."

What a world of truth there was in that mother's advice. If her little boy really heeded the lesson of his experience as she explained it to him that day, how he must have thanked her from his heart many, many times over during the later years of his life. For it is true that the world gives us back just about the same kind of treatment that we offer to it. If we are kind and generous and ever ready to help those who happen to be in need, we will find that our friendships will multiply and our days be filled with the kindness of others. If on the other hand we allow selfishness to rule our lives so that we are constantly thinking of our own comfort, we will find the faces of others averted and their hands closed on those occasions in life when we really need help. "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you" might also have been accompanied by this expression: "As you do unto others so will they do unto you."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A short life of Gemma Galgani, the Italian girl mystic, has been written by Benedict Williamson in "Gemma of Lucca." For the most part Gemma speaks for herself, the author interpreting and analyzing her words when necessary. The result is a biography of this lover of the Passion that is true, accurate, and exceptionally interesting. Father Williamson, who is already known for his distinctive style, has added to his reputation as one of the best modern writers of hagiography. Older persons especially will like this book. Publisher, Herder, Price, \$1.25.

—We have spoken very highly more than once of the purpose behind "Medal Stories," by the Sisters of Charity, Emmitsburg, Maryland. Truths of faith, and moral principles are taught by the narrative method. The effect on the minds and hearts of children cannot but be fruitful. Grown-ups, looking for interesting Catholic reading for the story-time period, would do well to make themselves acquainted with "Medal Stories." Book Three, recently published, is a splendid continuation of this series. Publisher, Brown-Morrison Company, Lynchburg, Va.

—In spite of the hard times a new publication, called the *Linacre Quarterly*, has just come into existence as the official journal of the Federated Catholic Physicians' Guild. The new *Quarterly*, which is edited by Dr. Anthony Basseler, of Brooklyn, assisted by Dr. Matthew G. Golden, of the same city, as managing editor, is appropriately named after the priest-physician who once served as Royal Physician to King Henry VIII., and was also the founder of the Royal College of Physicians. The initial issue is modest but promising, carrying as a leader, a well-written article explaining the reason for a Catholic Physicians' Guild.

—We have read through with interest and pleasure the first issue of "Measure," the journal of the Gerard Manley Hopkins Poetry Society of Georgetown University. It is proof of the live interest taken

in creative work by professors and students who make up the membership of the Society. Dr. Maynard's offerings are exceptionally good, and we liked the simple beauty of Kenton Kilmer's "Credo." But we were completely baffled by Mr. Hendrickson's "Arrangement for Piano, Flute, Harp and Violin." After a third reading we are convinced that the bagpipes should have been added to the title.

—It is perhaps not generally known that the oldest library in New York city dates back to 1754 when it was founded by the Van Cortlandts, De Peysters and the Gallatins. It is known as the New York Society Library, and holds a charter from George III., dated 1772. It is housed in an old brick building, which most of its members have never visited. Books are delivered in a light truck and many clubs are supplied in this way. The library too sends books all over the country by parcel post. Some of the books date as far back as 1492; many of them are forgotten novels of old days. There are a number of little alcoves around the main room in which authors frequently work. It is said that Washington Irving and Poe were frequent users of this famous library.

—"Sea Air," by Isabel C. Clarke, turns out to be quite as stimulating as its title. It is the story of two chronic travellers, mother and daughter, who are spending their lives moving from one point of interest to another. The daughter's health suffers from this constant change, and the doctor, in an effort to root her to one place without interfering too much with the travel tendencies of the mother, recommends a Mediterranean cruise. Aboard ship the young lady falls in love with a wealthy Catholic gentleman some years her senior. The mother, who is determined that her daughter will never marry a Catholic, threatens, if necessary, to reveal a mysterious obstacle out of their past family history. This so-called obstacle is as much a mystery to the daughter as it is to the reader until it

reveals itself rather unexpectedly in a way that astounds even the mother. There are other complications and surprises which help to bring the story to an interesting and satisfactory dramatic climax. In addition to its story value, "Sea Air" has two other qualities which deserve mention: it gives us a fairly accurate insight into a certain type of anti-Catholic mind; and it reproduces, with the utmost fidelity, life as it is lived on one of our luxury liners. Published by Longmans, Green and Company. Price, \$2.50.

—"Guy de Fontgalland," by Lawrence McReavy, is an absorbing and intimate biography, written with unusual charm, of a saintly French boy who died in 1925, when he was but twelve years of age. Practically unknown then outside his immediate home circle, he has since been proclaimed to the world as a worthy addition to the long and increasing list of child saints. Guy was a spirited boy, who, in spite of his faults, had a remarkable supernatural sense at an early age. From the time he made his First Communion, at seven, he was an ardent lover of Jesus and Mary, in whose presence he lived with the same certainty of reality as he lived in the presence of the members of his own family. He is in his simple innocence altogether lovable. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1.25.

—A new life of St. John of the Cross, and one decidedly modern and scientific in its method, has been written by Fr. Bruno, O. D. C., and published by Benziger Brothers. Some may think that too much labor has been given to reconstruct places and buildings which St. John had made worthy of remembrance, but this careful study, by the author, Mr. Jacques Maritain says in his Introduction, "has succeeded in placing the life of his subject in its exact framework, in reconstituting all the surroundings and circumstances that went to make up its human setting." Of course, the majority of readers will be chiefly interested in the mystical doctrines of St. John of the Cross, and they will find them treated fully in this volume. The book is supplied, too, with a number of interesting illustrations. Price, \$5.50.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

Rev. Joseph A. Flynn, V. G., Diocese of Covington; Reverend Edward J. Coyne, Diocese of Hartford.

Sister M. Fabia and Sister Ann Margaret, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Evarista and Sister M. Cesla, Sisters of St. Dominic.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, 28.—St. Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria.
SUNDAY, 29.—Fourth after Epiphany, St. Francis de Sales, B. D.
MONDAY, 30.—St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.
TUESDAY, 31.—St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor.

FEBRUARY.

WEDNESDAY, 1.—St. Ignatius of Antioch, Bishop and Martyr.
THURSDAY, 2.—Purification of the Blessed Virgin.
FRIDAY, 3.—St. Blase, Bishop and Martyr.
SATURDAY, 4.—St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Stabat Mater Speciosa.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

OLD Simeon was a kindly man,
As eighty years should be;
He scanned each prophet's ancient plan,
And waited patiently:
Like courage in his visions ran
The Promise he would see.

His brow kept clear, his eyes benign,
Through years of Hope's alarms;
He traced the routes of David's line
And Expectation's charms:
And blessingly he knew the Sign,
With the Christ Child in his arms.

Then up he spoke in prophet art,
Prayed his dismissal prayer,
And yet a sword for Mary's heart
Cruel would he declare:
Ah, why, O Simeon, why impart
That stroke of sorrow there!

Oh, bitter the kindly words may be
When God speaks to His own,
Yet courage He gives above degree,
And mercy fills His tone:
Christ's Mother stood all graciously,
With her heart a sworded throne.

Then chant we *Stabat Mater* now,
Though Simeon's voice be still,
And as our Mother sweetly bow
To God's all-saving will:
Her courage will lead us o'er the brow
Of Calvary's sworded hill.



HE who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

The Church and Italy.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

ON the tenth anniversary of Mussolini's March on Rome there appeared in the *Osservatore Romano*, the organ of the Holy See, a striking commendation of the Fascist régime. "One of the first acts of Mussolini," it states, "was to reinstate the Crucifix in the schools and in the Courts of Justice, and to return to religious instruction in the schools. All this, and more, was afterwards sanctioned in the Lateran Treaty and the reconciliation of the State with the Church. Other things deserve praise besides the innumerable material works and benefits created by the Fascist régime, and it is the protection, without hesitation and weaknesses, of infancy, of restoring to honor among the people Christian language and dignity, the protection of the family ties, of maternity, public morals, the suppression of licentious houses and acts against the Divine and natural laws. Catholics, therefore, and the Church can well collaborate with these efforts of the Italian State, which has placed before it such great, religious and noble aims."

Even this tribute, however, scarcely does full justice to the essentially Catholic character of the system which has been inaugurated in Italy. In fact, it does not refer to the system as such, but only to certain legislative features. These features are remarkable, but it is

the order of ideas revealed in the institutions that Mussolini has established which at present claims our attention.

At the time when the Dictator assumed power his country was rent in factions. The politicians responsible for the government of the realm failed to check the disorder that prevailed. Strikes, lock-outs, and outbreaks of violence were frequent, and all the forces of destruction seemed let loose to batten on the dying body of this once great land. There were republicans deriving their inspiration from the Liberal Reformers of the Nineteenth Century, Socialists, Syndicalists and Communists. Each of these were divided among themselves, with the result that Italy was ravaged by what was little less than civil war between the various factions. In the end it was those who stood for definitely national interests and ideals who won. The War had inflamed patriotism, and for this reason the internationalism of Socialists and Communists became unacceptable. The desire to see Italy her true self triumphed over the passions of the class-war as well as over "Liberal" philosophy derived originally from the French Revolution. Of this nationalist movement Mussolini became the Leader.

I am conscious that the above statement reverses the usual order. It is customary to speak of the Duce as the creator of the Fascist movement, but it would be more correct to describe him as being the outcome of that movement. This resurgence of the national spirit is a bigger thing than he. One writer, indeed, has gone so far as to declare that he has initiated a Revolution which he does not himself understand. It might even be said that his government possesses features which are not in accord with his own personal sentiments. This is particularly the case as regards the relationship with the Church.

Mussolini started life as a violent anti-clerical, and, though his ideas have been modified, there is no evidence that the alliance with the Vatican, so far as he is concerned, is more than political. But Italy in this respect has been too strong for him. As an exponent of the national spirit he was bound to recognize the place held by Catholicism in the life of the people. Wisely he has sought to govern by interpreting the soul of those he governed rather than by imposing on them a policy alien to their genius.

It was the mistake of the *Risorgimento* that it failed to allow for the strength of the religious tradition. For that reason it never succeeded in really establishing itself. The parliamentary institutions which it favored were importations, and never flourished on Italian soil. Catholic teaching has so interwound itself with the thought of the people that no government could function for long which ignored this fact. Mussolini's wisdom consists in bowing to the innate Catholicism of his countrymen.

Hence we are able to understand why the Lateran Treaty is no mere formal affair, but the symbol of a profound correspondence between Catholicism and Fascist legislation. The closeness of the relationship can be best seen by comparing the institutions set up by the Dictator with the pronouncements of papal Encyclicals regarding social questions. On this point it is interesting to note the view expressed by Sir Charles Petrie in the life of Mussolini. Says Sir Charles: "It is claimed by his admirers that the whole social system of Fascism is but the logical development of the famous *Rerum Novarum* Encyclical of Leo XIII.; and that there is a good deal to be said for this point of view would appear to be proved by the remarkable similarity of the attitude adopted by the present Pope towards the question of

Capital and Labor and that of Fascism." The reference, of course, is to Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno*.

It goes without saying that no papal pronouncement can be quoted in favor of a dictatorship any more than such authority can be cited in support of parliamentary institutions. Undoubtedly, however, Catholic social principles are opposed to the *laissez-faire* philosophy which minimized the functions of government and regarded the control of industry and commerce as unwarrantable interference. This is made clear by the present Holy Father. "With regard to the civil power," he declared, "Leo XIII. boldly passed beyond the restrictions imposed by Liberalism, and fearlessly proclaimed the doctrine that the civil power is more than the mere guardian of law and order. . . . In fact, the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* completely overthrew those tottering tenets of Liberalism which had long hampered effective interference by the government."

There can be no question that Mussolini has fulfilled the requirements demanded by this conception of government. While definitely repudiating the Socialist idea that State ownership should supersede private ownership, he does not hesitate to assert both by words and deeds his right to control the operations of capitalists and workers in the interests of the community as a whole. Strikes and lock-outs have been made illegal. Profiteers have been checked, and landowners who failed to cultivate their property have been dispossessed and their estates handed over to the unemployed. The passage quoted from the *Osservatore Romano* shows how far the government goes in dealing with the recreational side of the nation's life. It also informs us that, in exerting its authority in this way, it has the approval of the Holy See.

But we must not assume that the

State bears the whole burden of authority. The Dictator has seen the wisdom of delegating his powers and decentralizing governmental action. This is especially the case with regard to industry. By the creation of corporations with functions similar to those of the Medieval guilds each branch of industry is made responsible for the conduct of its affairs, employers and employees co-operating to maintain a high standard of quality and to adjust differences among themselves. A hierarchy of such bodies links up the local unit with the craft or profession as a whole, and a more general association keeps those it represents in touch with the central authority. It is interesting to see how closely this arrangement follows the lines laid down by the Pope. In *Quadragesimo Anno*, Pius XI. wrote:

"When we speak of the reform of the social order it is principally the State we have in mind. Not indeed that all salvation is to be hoped from its intervention; but because on account of the evil of 'individualism,' as we called it, things have come to such a pass that the highly developed social life, which once flourished in a variety of prosperous institutions organically linked with each other, has been damaged and all but ruined, leaving thus virtually only individuals and the State. Social life has lost entirely its organic form; the State which was now encumbered with all the burdens once borne by associations rendered extinct by it, was in consequence submerged and overwhelmed by an infinity of affairs and duties. . . .

"The aim of social legislation must therefore be the re-establishment of vocational groups . . . vocational groups, namely, binding men together not according to the position they occupy in the labor market, but according to the diverse functions which they exercise in society. For as nature induces those who dwell in close proximity to unite

into municipalities, so those who practise the same trade or profession, economic or otherwise, combine into vocational groups."

Since all such bodies receive their authority from the Government and are parts of the national whole, it is obvious that they must allow their members no course of action which is opposed to the interests of the nation. The State exists for the sake of its members grouped in this way, and the individual associations which the crafts and professions may form exist for the good of the community at large. The relationship is reciprocal.

One distinct advantage of this form of association is that it eliminates the class-war, for both the employers and the employees are brought into intimate touch in their guilds, and are taught by the system under which they work to consider themselves as co-operating in a common task. Both the Encyclicals referred to, it will be remembered, use strong words about the class-war. But even papal pronouncements are likely to prove ineffective if society is organized on a basis which pre-supposes conflicting interests as between Capital and Labor. It is to the credit of Fascism that it has given a body to the spiritual counsels of the Holy Father.

Nothing is more characteristic of the civilization fostered by Protestantism than the tendency to create mammoth cities. These urban communities, engaged, for the most part, in commercial or financial operations, or, as mechanics in large factories and mills, are divorced from the soil. This means that they are dependent for food and clothing on others. It also means that they are cut off from the sources of physical health, nervous strength and moral stability. The emphasis given by the Popes to the private ownership of land sufficiently indicates that they perceived this evil, and it is a significant fact that all Catholic countries

have managed to preserve the peasant type.

With the policy found in these countries Mussolini is in complete agreement. He regards with the gravest suspicion the modern tendency of the big city to develop at the expense of the countryside. Writing in the *Saturday Review* a short while ago, he said: "It is an old conviction of mine that so rapid an industrial development (i. e., as that of modern Germany) represents a fearful danger for civilization, and that the only true and permanent wealth of a nation is that which derives from the earth—the soil. . . . True riches come from the earth." The first object of the Italian agriculturalist is to produce for himself, his family and the home-market. Thus dependence on other nations and all the complications of such an arrangement are minimized.

The question of private property has been mentioned, and it would be possible to produce long parallel columns showing, on the one hand, the teaching of the Holy Father on this subject, and, on the other hand, the legislation of the Italian Government in regard to the same matter. They would be found in complete harmony.

So, too, the safeguarding of family life and the lessening of temptations to licentiousness are features of the Fascist régime. A brief passage from Professor Schneider's work on "Making the Fascist State" will sufficiently indicate this. Says the Professor: "All dance halls and cabarets must be closed at midnight, partly because they are sources of immorality, but chiefly because they are uneconomical, unwholesome and, above all, un-Italian. There is a censorship of moving pictures and theatres in the interest of morals. . . . There is an intensive campaign against swearing, either in the name of God or country, and 25,000 of the 187,000 bars and wine rooms, 'cheap vendors of ruinous felicity,' as

Mussolini has called them, have been closed, and more are threatened with the same treatment. In general, the Government has no hesitation about regulating morals and amusements as it (or perhaps the Church) may deem fit."

It will be agreed, I think, that the commendation of the Dictatorship expressed in the *Osservatore Romano* was not, from a Catholic point of view, without substantial grounds. It must not be assumed, of course, that the principles described are always observed any more than were the same principles in the Middle Ages. But Medieval society, unlike most modern nations, had definite principles. Its social order was not a matter of expediency or due to the personal preferences of politicians. And to that extent, however lax was the observance of its laws, it was superior to the pagan state of to-day. The same superiority may be claimed by Italy.

Thus Mussolini's system of government affords us a living and working illustration of the ideals outlined by Leo XIII. and Pius XI. An Encyclical is regarded by many as dry reading. Of necessity it avoids rhetoric and the imagination is held severely in check. But no one can regard as dry or lacking in dramatic interest the effort of an ancient race and a gifted people to embody in their social system the ideals dictated by the religion they profess. Many who might not study either *Rerum Novarum* or *Quadragesimo Anno* may be induced to contemplate the spectacle of a nation which is attempting to incarnate these Encyclicals in its political life and economic order.

Bargaining.

BY CHARLES M. CAREY, C. S. C.

HE bought us with a price no man could pay,
And in that pact surpassed all human loves;
Himself we stole with shabby heed that day
His Mother gave the Priest two turtledoves.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

IV.

"HULLLO, hullo, hullo! Aunt Kate! Aunt Ka-a-ate!" Two young gay voices took up the song as they entered the big kitchen of Bluebells and found it empty. Young John put the basket he had been carrying on the table and flopped into a chair.

"Murdered, no doubt!—and at this moment lying in sections under the hearthstones. Motive, unrequited affection. Look under the table, Peggy, for the particular brand of cigarette or probably wad of black 'baccy dropped by the villain, and don't touch anything, because your finger marks'll be taken. You look hot and flushed, my child—they may suspect you."

"Ass!" said Peggy, "she'll be in the dairy."

She had the same fascinating voice of her childhood, with its little suggestion of hoarseness; and as she took off the big shady hat, the sun streaming in from the open door caught the auburn tints of her hair. At seventeen, she was uncommonly like her brother, though shorter by a head. Slim, a little angular as yet, but with perfect proportions and the grace of a young fawn. The pale green cotton dress she wore was homemade and looked it; the straw hat, with its narrow green ribbon, was not in its first youth, but there was something about the girl that expressed distinction, even when, as now, she took a plum from a dish on the table, and aimed it accurately at her brother.

"Hand me that dish, wench, and then go and unearth Aunt— Oh, here you are, Aunt Kate!" Young John got out of his chair. "I was just going to rescue those plums from Peggy's clutches— she's not to be trusted with fruit."

But Aunt Kate, wrinkled and slightly bent, with an ancient silk handkerchief

tied over her grey hairs—Aunt Kate took no notice of what he said. She came in drying her hands on her apron, her face wreathed in smiles. She adored young John and Margaret. She would have let them trample on her if they had shown any inclination to do so. In the manner of maiden aunts and maiden grandaunts, she had a huge, overflowing reservoir of maternal love for the two children.

"Eh, my lambs, an' me not to hear you come! I was expectin' you round this mornin'. Eh, well, then, one at a time," she gurgled, half choked with John's embrace and Peggy's young arms thrown round her.

"An' fine an' bonny you both look. Sit you down. My word, but young John, when're you going to stop growing? Taller'n your father, I'll wager. Well, well! Your grandpa'll be fair pleased to see you both. Nice an' worrying he's been about you, my lad," she said, sitting down and smiling at them both.

John pulled his old flannel trousers up at the knee and smiled unabashed at his great-aunt.

"I hope you've smoothed him down, Aunt Kate. When people worry over me it makes me nervous and puts me off my stride. Besides, I'm not a young fellow-my-lad for grandfathers to get nervous about—a nice, gentle creature of modest habits."

The rest was lost in Aunt Kate's cackles of laughter, and Peggy called her attention to the two bottles of cowslip wine that her mother excelled in making and which she had sent up with her love, also a pot of honey from the Thurston hives. Farmer Grey was very partial to both offerings.

"The cowslip wine might be judiciously administered perhaps, before I and my grandsire meet," murmured John, who had been warned that there was much thunder in the air at Bluebells Farm on account of his going to Oxford.

"Go easy with the old man. He's very

sore about it all," Carfax had said, and Susan, as she gave him the basket that morning had whispered,

"Johnnie love, you won't say anything to hurt Grandy, will you, even if he speaks rough like?"

And young John had put his arm round her and kissed her.

"Give you my word, Mother. I'll let him flay Peggy alive before I do more than turn him her other cheek." But seeing her troubled look he had added, "It'll be all right, Mother," in such a serious voice that Susan had suddenly had another alarm. The boy mustn't be coerced; he must do what his father planned.

"But you mustn't give in, Johnnie, no matter what he says," and young John had replied, smiling, "Not much," which was Greek to his mother, but somehow conveyed assurance.

Aunt Kate watched her plums disappear with satisfaction. Peggy was taking cautious and delicate nibbles from her over-ripe one, keeping an anxious eye on the dish which was rapidly growing lighter by her brother's application to the business in hand.

"You'll be an acquisition to Oxford with what I may call your table manners," she said, rescuing the dish and choosing another.

"Table manners maketh man. Steady on, Peg, with that dish. Where is Grandy, Aunt Kate? Can I go and find him?"

Young John got up. He wanted to get the interview over. Ever since the old man had heard that the boy was going to be a "scholar" and not follow the life Farmer Grey had mapped out for him since the moment he had been told that Susan was expecting her first baby, there had been storms and explosions. He had even avoided speaking to Carfax at the local markets, and Maydon and the Royal George had had prolific subjects for conversation in the last twelve months.

There had been heavy betting on the

chances of young John's passing his examination and getting the scholarship. Those in favor of his success had been in the minority, but they had magnanimously stood drinks all round the night the news came that he had come out first. It was reported by one who had heard him, that Tom Lane had foreboded that no good would come of it; and from the fact that William Bent had seen the Rector lift his eyebrows at the news, it was generally conceded that there was more trouble brewing for them Carfaxes.

"You'll find him down in Long Acres; they're threshing there. Get him to come up, Johnnie, it's too hot for him there."

"Shall I come too?" asked Peggy, suddenly fearful that Grandy might make himself unpleasant.

"No. It's my funeral. You sit tight and don't eat all the plums."

The boy smiled at them both as he took up his hat and left the room; but there was a sudden setting firm of the lips as he shut the door, a squaring of the shoulders to meet emergencies. He passed through the yard where a few men were working, stopping to speak to one or two whom he knew, nodding to others. They seemed a little shy of him, and perhaps he of them. He was not sure if he had not caught the words, "Not 'arf a young Squoire!" but he rammed his hands in his pockets and walked on, conscious that when his grandfather was in his "tantrums" he took his immediate world into his confidence, and there would not be much family history that had been unrevealed in the last few months. He came on the old man quite suddenly beyond some sheds. For a moment there was a gleam of genuine affection and pleasure in Grey's eyes as John gave a little wave with his old straw hat, but the next minute he looked grim, and his under lip shot out ominously. There were two of the farm hands with him, one old,

the other young—a youth who had been at the village school with young John. They nodded as he came up to them, and both prepared to leave the old man with his grandson, but Grey stormed suddenly:

"You stay where you are!" but stopped short as John tucked his hand into his grandfather's arm, and said smiling,

"Hullo, Grandy; it's jolly nice to be here again! Morning, Burton—morning, Tim Burke! Last time I saw you we weren't as aged as we are now."

The man and the boy grinned. There was something infectious in the gaiety of the young voice; and Farmer Grey ran his shrewd eyes over the lad, pride and affection struggling in mortal combat with temper at being balked of a grandson he could be proud of at his side, imbibing knowledge and wisdom with sundry mugs o' beer at all the local markets, instead of waiting indefinitely for a young stranger from Oxford to pay him visits.

Just for the moment Grey felt he did not want to storm. Here was the boy—a rare 'un, up-standing, clean all through, he'd be bound; always pleasant spoken, with a youthful impudence that was kept within bounds and that rather amused his grandfather. True blue he was, and the old man chuckled internally as he said to himself, all Grey too—none of your Carfax mix-ups—gets his rouse from his mother's side—an' his wool-gathering from his father's.

But he had rehearsed this meeting with young John so often that he could not in decency forego the exhausting satisfaction of a "blow out," as he called it.

"So the land that raised you ain't good enough for your young lordship? You're going to sweat your brow an' addle your pate over larnin' that won't be a damn bit o' use to you—unless you're aiming at being parson here,

p'raps"—he finished sarcastically, and young John grinned.

"Well, I can't say I'd exactly thought of it. If I preached too long sermons you'd probably heave something at my head. I say, Grandy, Peggy's got Mother's best brand of cowslip wine and a pot of tip-top honey—"

But Grey having opened the ball, so to speak, was not going to be done out of the dance. He jerked away from the hand young John was insinuating into his arm. He was beginning to warm up, and as Burton showed signs of moving off, he suddenly roared:

"First your sister! Sent her to a nunnery to learn her to know better'n her parents—doin' the same with you, I'll be bound."

Young John's laughter rather disconcerted the old man.

"I say, Grandy, what a scandalous idea! They don't take likely young men like me into nunneries."

"I tell you your father's got a maggot in his head—none too strong the Carfax heads. You stand there laughing at your grandfather with your 'ands in your pockets lookin' at me as if I was a 'movie,' but I tell you you wouldn't be there if it hadn't a been for me. Who saved Thurston?"

"My father," broke in young John, and with great daring turned to Burton and Burke who were standing first on one leg then on the other, anxious to get off.

"Don't wait—go."

For a moment Grey was paralyzed with surprise at the boy's audacity. He let them go, but his eyes glared with fury as he shouted:

"And who are you—damn it—to give orders!"

"I'm my father's son, and his affairs aren't Burke's and Burton's property. Look here, sir, Thurston owes you its best possession, Mother. No wonder father, even with your maggot in his head, pulled up the place! But a man hangs

by his fathers, and if mine has got the idea that I'm going to benefit by all he missed in the way of education—why, I can tell you, sir, I'm going to sweat blood to get there."

Grey had stood, leaning on his stick, watching the boy from under his bushy eyebrows. All round them lay the rich fields, the stored barns, the signs of a prosperous farm that ought, one day, to be taken over by this boy. First he had built on his father, Carfax, but Thurston had swallowed him up. Then there was the lad—and quite suddenly his anger melted—the fact is it had been only words and bluster. He knew no other way of enforcing his authority. And if the boy was going to "sweat blood" at his work whatever it might be, there must be some good in him—and in the work.

"If I 'ear you call me sir again, I'll lay this stick across you," was his surprisingly mild response to young John's oratory.

"Then it's to be peace and not war, isn't it, Grandy?" Nothing like following up a small gain. They were turning to go back and John close on his grandfather's heels.

"Aye, aye, lad—I'll say no more," and added slowly, "What was it you said about a man hanging by his fathers?"

There was no double meaning in his words, and he stopped whilst John stammered a little, touched by the old man's collapse.

"I think I meant that—though there's been bad breaks in Carfaxes, Father's made the line straight and taut, and he counts on me to carry on. He says it'll take more than he's done to build up—that is, to make good."

The old man nodded and moved on. He did not own pedigree cattle for nothing. There was something in race. He had hoped Susan was going to produce a family of sturdy young yokels for his lands, and here was this "throw back." Well, no. Being his father's son,

he was truer to type probably than his immediate forefathers. But it was a bad blow—a bad blow. He, too, without putting it into words, was “hanging by his fathers,” but there was no son to follow after. He looked back into the early years of his life,—into that later Victorian age when it was a sign of latter-day intelligence to have one or two children to order. He had married a “cut above him”—a pretty young nursery governess from the Rectory, with ideas. “We’ll have one boy—and perhaps a girl later on. I don’t want a large family,” she had said, and he had been entranced in those days.

The boy had arrived, and had died. And after waiting a terrible time whilst his wife recovered her health and spirits, little Susan had come; and it was the wife who had died that time. Aye—it was those ideas that had ruined the land. He ought to have had strong sons—but he had been too full of his work, too busy, too blind to the future to marry again—and he had counted on Susan’s sons.

“What’s it going to lead to—all this schooling and colleging?” he asked, but his voice was no longer aggressive. Men’s plans miscarried like the fruits of the field sometimes,—after a bit you could get used to it.

“If you’ll ask me in six months’ time, Grandy, I’ll be better able to tell you. Possibly the Indian Civil Service, according to Dr. Mead; but I’m not too keen on that. Oxford will beat into some definite shape things that are looming vaguely in my mind.”

They were coming into sight of the home, and the old man made a sign for young John to walk beside him. They had been following each other on a narrow footpath.

“It seems to me a bit serious, my lad, at nineteen to be having only vague ideas in your head about the future. What does your father want—or is he vague, too?”

A troubled look seemed to cloud the young man’s eyes and for an instant he hesitated. Yes, decidedly, his father had some views about John’s future career, but they were being cautiously hidden. He had declared more than once that John must decide for himself; that Oxford would reveal to him his possibilities. She was, or should be, a mother who whispered wise counsel to her children if they sought it of her. More than that he could not or would not say. Wait—and make the best of your time there.

“No. Father’s quite sure that everything depends on the next six months or so. I say, Grandy, you are a brick to be so good about it,” he said hurriedly, as he saw in the distance Peggy coming out of the garden gate to meet them.

“Well, well,—do your duty there and mind you don’t get into mischief.” The old man turned suddenly and looked at the boy with his tall slim figure and his fine face. “Women an’ drink an’ gamblin’s the devil, lad. They say there’s lashings of ’em all at these fine college places. Don’t you break your mother’s heart!”

“You bet, I won’t, Grandy,” said John soberly, and his grandfather added,

“What you said about your mother’s being Thurston’s best possession—yes—’twas a darned heartsome thing to hear, so it was. We’ll try a drop o’ that cow-slip wine if your Aunt Kate’s left any—she be rare fond of it.”

And then Peggy, with a swift glance at their evidently peaceful faces, had precipitated herself on them like a young whirlwind, and embraced her grandfather. It was all right here! There was going to be no more unhappiness between Thurston and Bluebells, no suspicion of pain and anxiety in her mother’s patient eyes.

“I thought you were never coming,” she said, tucking her hand into the old man’s arm. “I’ve such heaps to tell you, Grandy, but it’ll have to keep. There’s a wretched man waiting to see you, and Aunt Kate said I wasn’t to delay you.”

"Dang y'r Aunt Kate!" laughed Farmer Grey, boisterously, suddenly feeling reconciled to life, with these two jolly grandchildren on either side of him. "We'll make short work o' him; turn him out neck and crop, we will, yon man who wants to see me first day o' the holidays, eh, Peggy?"

The high-cut hedges of the garden hid the small gate they were approaching, but their voices came clear and distinct to the young man who was stooping inside it, blowing up the front wheel of his bicycle. He straightened himself slowly, a little hot with the exertion, a smile flickering on his lips. A lithe, slim young man, but not a boy. No English sun had burned his face to that pale tan, and there was a marked line on his forehead that showed white, above which perhaps a pith hat or helmet had protected. He was in a rather shabby old khaki drill suit, but it defined his athletic figure well, and seemed to be the same color as his skin.

Perhaps a better appraising, the glance of his grey eyes, certainly a little amused, as they met the startled regard of the three who stared at him over the gate. He was carrying his cap in his hand, but he made a little stiff bow as he said in a pleasant voice, smiling chiefly at Peggy,

"It was inexcusable to come the first day of the holidays, but—"

Farmer Grey was chuckling softly. The man was a complete stranger to him, probably come for permission to fish down in the small river beyond his woods. Strangers sometimes did, but not often.

"That's all right, sir. I was just having a joke wi' my granddaughter—"

The stranger's words were addressed to Grey, but certainly his eyes missed nothing of the girl's fresh young beauty, her little quiet air of amusement, of dignity. She had dropped her grandfather's arm and fallen a little behind him with young John.

"I could come another time if you prefer, Mr. Grey. I understand you are an authority on short-horns. I thought of introducing them into our small place at Milford."

Business was business. Farmer Grey's manner changed from the apologetic, chuckling grandfather's to that of the astute and intelligent owner of lands and beasts.

Milford—their "small place"? Who was he? He knew all the landowners, big and little, but this brown, young man was a complete stranger.

"I've come back from India to see what I can do with my people's, the Burnhams', old place. You knew my father, I believe, Francis Burnham?"

Aye, to be sure—Mr. Francis was the eldest son of old Colonel Burnham, but he'd gone to India—a judge, was he?—oh, dear, he hadn't known he'd died. He'd had little to do with Milford beyond attending its markets. They might stroll down straight away to look at the short-horns, and he could explain what he wanted on the way.

When the old man suddenly bethought him of John and Peggy, they had disappeared. He remembered the brown young man had bowed, and that his eyes had wandered a little. Well, well. The Burnhams' little place wouldn't be a bad one to stock; but it'd be a toy as a farming proposition—not big enough, the land round there too unproductive, to be profitable. But good pasture for beasts, and money enough to run it well. If he remembered rightly, it had been shut up, the old home, for some years, since the old lady's death.

Aunt Kate received the young people with a little anxiety. Where was grandfather? Had he been—she hesitated, not wishing to suggest that her old brother could possibly have received them in a "tantrum."

"He's been a brick," said John, and Peggy added, "He's a real old love o' duck as you used to call me when I was

little. He's gone off with the man. Rather nice looking, wasn't he, John? What did he say his name was?"

John made a slight grimace.

"I didn't notice anything particular about his looks. I liked the stuff his breeches were made of—what do they call it, Peggy?—jolly cool, nice, solid stuff."

"How should I know, juggins? I'll sell you some old cotton frocks if you like and you can copy the gentleman. Plus fours out of this green linen would mark you out for honors at Oxford."

For the next few moments there was a wild skirmish; the only two hard cushions in the room were brought into requisition. John aimed with deadly accuracy, but Peggy avoided the devastating cushion with maddening skill, ducking, jumping, and returning the missile with ingenuity. It was the sight of Farmer Grey and the young man walking up the meadow to the home that brought them to their senses. Peggy rushed to an ancient mirror relegated to the darkest corner of the big living room.

"Come on, John, let's fly, by the stable yard. Pity his first impression of my lovely face should be spoiled. I could see his heart melting. Good-bye, Aunt Kate."

"Well, I never!" cackled Aunt Kate, as the two hurriedly kissed her, "in my day a young lass didn't run away from a proper-looking young man."

"Ah—them was days!" threw in John. "In these days it's we proper-looking young men who have to run away from saucy girls. Get a move on, Peg, or we'll be caught."

As they went down the road between the deep hedges, they were curiously silent. Being the best of friends, each respected the other's mood. It was young John who spoke first.

"I'd like to talk to him about India," was all he said, but apparently Peggy

understood the reference to the stranger.

"Mother Veronica was born in India. She had an ayah named Aïcha. She used to tell us such lots about it that I could draw a map of—of—what *was* the name of it, where they lived?"

John strode along, swishing, every now and then with his stick, the tall grasses of the roadside. The sight of that brown-faced man, with his assured manner of having found his work in the world, had impressed the boy. What age could he be? What had he done? Probably he'd had his career lying open before him, just waiting for him to enter. Young John's brow wrinkled slightly. One side of him ached to throw himself heart and soul into his father's work. Looking back, he had the feeling that his father's struggles had not only been with a neglected land. There had been, perhaps there still were, other battlefields. Hard to fight alone, thought the boy. But he wants me to go—and perhaps young John's eyes shone at the prospect of his own battles to come.

Suddenly the tinkle of a bicycle bell, and, raising his cap as he passed them on the steep hill, the "brown man" saluted them. He was out of sight in a minute.

"I wish he'd stopped," said John in his ruminating voice.

"He will, next time," replied Peggy confidently; "then I can ask him if he knew—whatever was it, Mother Veronica's place—something ending in—pore."

"What was her name—Smith, Jones or Robinson?" asked John.

"Nobody knew—it wasn't our affair. She was just Mother Veronica,—a darling and a saint," said Peggy, and was silent again.

(To be continued.)

IT is a sober truth that people who live only to amuse themselves, work harder at the task than most people do in earning their daily bread.—*H. More.*

Catholic Standing in Canada.

BY E. L. CHICANOT.

THOSE features of the recently concluded census of Canada which deal with the standing of Catholics in the Dominion were somewhat revealing to Canadians of that faith, particularly where there had been no study of past statistics. They may prove equally interesting to co-religionists elsewhere. The last decennial enumeration of the people of Canada showed the Dominion to have a population of 10,374,196, which represented an increase of 18.04 per cent for the previous decade, and for the sixty years subsequent to the first Dominion census taken in 1871, four years after the Confederation of the provinces, one of 181.2 per cent.

Canada is apparently never categorized by students or writers according to religion. If they were called upon to do so, the great majority of people would, no doubt, be inclined to class it among the Protestant countries. In its modern development, in the manner it claims and attracts the attention of the rest of the world, there is nothing particular, beyond the inclusion of the territory of Quebec within its confines, to mark it as especially Catholic. It may, therefore, come as somewhat of a surprise to many people to learn that in the religion of its people, Canada is a good deal more Catholic than anything else, that it is more Catholic than the United States, certainly the most Catholic Dominion of the British Empire.

Whatever else may be said or thought of Canada she is at least revealed as an essentially Christian country. Of the entire population 97.15 per cent declare themselves as belonging to some definitely Christian body. In all, some thirty-five creeds are listed as having adherents, there actually being several others whose following was not deemed to be

sufficiently large to warrant separate recording by the census officials.

The 4,098,547 Catholics registered in the census just taken represent 39.48 per cent of the total population of the country. The next highest percentage is 27.83, representing the United Church of Canada, which resulted from the union of Presbyterian and Methodist churches some years ago. The Anglican church ranked third with 15.76 per cent of the population professing that faith. Other creeds ranked far below this; the Baptist, which was next in line, recording 4.27 per cent.

Going back in survey and examining the figures of each census to Confederation, when modern Canada may be considered as having come into being, one finds that the proportion of professing Catholics to the total population has remained virtually the same. It has, to be absolutely accurate, fallen off to the extent of some 3.3 per cent.

In 1871, when there were 1,492,029 Catholics in Canada, they represented 42.8 per cent of the total population. Ten years later, in 1881, there were 1,791,982 Catholics in the Dominion who made up 41.43 per cent of the aggregate of inhabitants. By 1891, Catholics had reached a total of 1,992,017, and their proportion was virtually the same at 41.21 per cent. In 1901 the Catholic population had reached 2,229,600, and their representation had increased minutely to 41.51 per cent. When in 1911 Canada's Catholic population had attained the figure of 2,833,041, its proportion was 39.31 per cent. The 1921 census showed 3,389,636 Catholics, or 38.51 per cent of the total. During the following decade they increased numerically by 708,911, and proportionately by .97 per cent to show 4,098,547 and 39.48 per cent respectively.

One might at first be inclined to view an ability to merely hold their own over a period of sixty years as some-

what disappointing on the part of Catholics in Canada. It would, however, be unfair to pass such a judgment without at least delving a little way beneath the surface. When this showing is considered in the light of the manner in which Canada has been developing and certain vicissitudes of her advance, it represents a creditable achievement.

The backbone of Catholicism in Canada is, of course, the French Canadian race whose members account for more than half the Catholics in the country. Now the establishment of the French in Canada goes back some two hundred and fifty years. While the factor of greatest moment in the modern growth of Canada has been immigration, France has contributed nothing to this. Natural increase has been entirely responsible for the numerical growth of the French Canadian people, though it has been the highest in Canada, the rate in Quebec province averaging around sixteen per annum per thousand.

On top of this must be taken into account the heavy exodus in past years of French Canadians to the United States. This ceaseless drain took enormous toll until, according to some estimates, there are nearly half a million former residents of Quebec province living in the Republic. These and their progeny are naturally lost to the Catholic population of Canada.

The same is true to only a lesser extent of that other great component in Canada's Catholic population, the Irish people. Their establishment as an actual factor in Canadian life and progress dates back to the times of the distress movements from the Emerald Isle prior to Confederation and the development of the modern Dominion. Not only have they been inadequately represented in the movement of millions of immigrants Canada has received since that time, but the same economic stress as induced French Canadians to leave their native

land caused them to move in large numbers also.

It is astonishing to discover that Canada's citizens of Irish birth to-day number only about one-third of what they did in 1871. Their proportion of the total population at that time was 6.2 per cent, whereas to-day it is only 1.04 per cent. Compare this figure with the 6.98 per cent of English-born, the 2.70 per cent of Scotland, the foreign born's 10.82 per cent, or the 3.32 per cent of the United States alone.

While in fact the early settlement of Canada was largely accomplished by Catholic people, and others of the same religion were among those who gave it its early impulses, immigration, so important in the modern building of Canada, has largely been of a non-Catholic content. Furthermore the two Catholic races have been those to lose to the heaviest extent from the economic seepage. Therefore, having regard solely to those Catholics who remained in Canada, an ability to maintain their position in the population in the face of this immigration and exodus is certainly meritorious.

This showing becomes all the more remarkable when compared with what other creeds have accomplished in the period since Confederation. Anglicans show a slight gain over this time, but nothing like what one would be led to expect from the volume of immigration in those years. How the United Church has fared is somewhat difficult to determine since the union took place comparatively recently. The Baptist proportion of 4.27 per cent shows a decided falling off decade by decade. The substantial gain made by the Lutheran church, whose representation stood at 3.80 per cent in 1931, is directly traceable to the influx of people from the Scandinavian countries who have played such a part in the building up of Western Canada.

The province of Quebec, of course, accounts for the bulk of Canada's Catholic population, there being 2,458,285 Catholic residents or 85.5 per cent of all. This is, however, not the only part of Canada which is preponderantly Catholic, and not the only factor in keeping this at the head of creeds in the Dominion. In each of the Maritime Provinces there are more Catholics than those professing any other belief. To an extent this is attributable to early Acadian settlements which since establishment in Canada's earliest days have steadfastly adhered to the faith throughout succeeding generations.

In the little province of Prince Edward Island there are 39,084 Catholics, or 44.4 per cent of the total population. In Nova Scotia there are 161,855 Catholics who make up 31.55 per cent of all inhabitants. Most Catholic of all, strangely enough, is the adjoining province of New Brunswick, whose 188,007 Catholics constitute 46.5 per cent of all the population. Cognizance should also be taken here of a serious loss of population to the United States. It is often said there are as many people of Maritime Province birth in the New England states as there are left in these provinces, and in this ceaseless drain there is naturally an appreciable Catholic content.

The province of Ontario, commonly considered as being the solidest Protestant section of Canada, reveals itself as being not insignificantly Catholic with 715,848 souls or 20.8 per cent of the total population. A substantial part of this is attributable to the French Canadian people. That part of Ontario which touches on Quebec is virtually French Canadian territory, that people having scant regard for an inter-provincial boundary. It is here, where the two peoples meet, that one encounters the attitude of compromise between the French and English tongues, exhibited in such ways as reciting one-half of the

rosary in one language and the remainder in the other. And there are many colonies to be found in Ontario which appear to be little pieces of Ireland set down in the New World where the same brogue, the same countenances, the same devotion to the faith are encountered, even though the farmers there represent the second and third generation of the colonists who settled there.

In Ontario, Catholics rank numerically third, being substantially exceeded by members of the United Church, but only slightly by those of the Anglican.

In the western provinces, which have been built up entirely by immigration from Europe, the United States and Eastern Canada during the last half century, the Catholic proportion of the population is naturally not as large. The people of French Canada show little disposition to wander beyond the homeland of Quebec when not forced by economic circumstances, and are represented only by a few colonies on the western prairies. The same is largely true of the Irish settled in Canada. Note might appropriately be made here of the valuable work of Irish and Scottish Catholic settlements commenced in recent years by the Scottish Immigration Aid Society.

The most Catholic of the western provinces, strangely enough, because it is the most characteristically English, is British Columbia. There Catholics number 87,333 or 23.7 per cent. of the province's population. Catholics are there outnumbered by members of the United and Anglican churches.

In Saskatchewan there are 189,703 Catholics, who represent 20.5 per cent of the population. Alberta, the province of Father Lacombe and other noted missionaries, which has a large French settlement in the north and which has seen the establishment of the first Scottish-Irish Catholic colonies in the west, has 130,893 Catholics who make up 17.8 per cent of all residents. The older

prairie province of Manitoba has 122,982 Catholics or 17.5 per cent of its citizens. In each of these three Prairie Provinces, Catholics are exceeded in numbers only by members of the United Church.

The sparsely populated Northwest Territories is 40.15 per cent Catholic, with but 3930 followers of the faith. This is not surprising in a knowledge of the history of this remote territory, of the spiritual and material development there attributable to Catholic missionaries who have written one of the most glowing chapters of modern Canadian history. On the other hand, the more northern Yukon territory is only 15.2 per cent Catholic, with 647 members of the Church.

This broadly sums up the situation as regards the standing of Catholics among their fellow Canadians to-day. In a consideration of events as they have taken place, it must be regarded as satisfactory, though some disappointment may be expressed when the probabilities are reckoned, if Catholics had remained to play a greater part in modern Canadian development. Looking into the future, however, and visioning the next stage of Canada's evolution, the foundation upon which to build is a splendid one. And in the years ahead the Catholic Church in Canada may more and more look for growth after the manner accretion is taking place in England and the United States.

Conversions to the Catholic faith in Canada annually are relatively few. It must be realized that Canada is yet a very young country, still at the rough, elemental work with which other countries have long since finished. People have been engrossed in the hewing out of homes, the establishing of means of livelihood. As part of their heritage they have deep spiritual instincts, and religion is deep rooted in their lives. But with most it is still largely a religion of tradition and heredity. It has not

yet evidenced itself to any extent in those stirrings and gropings which develop movements in the direction of Catholicism, such as England and the United States know. The extent of missionary work has been to care for the absolutely ignorant aborigines, or hold together scattered Catholics over enormous parishes.

But more and more can logically be expected from internal expansion in the future. Canada is steadily emerging from the pioneer stage to more established conditions, to a manner of living which is more conducive to reflection and introspection, the intellectual pursuit of spiritual affairs. And there is evidence of greater Catholic action to take advantage of this in the more extensive use of publicity on Catholic doctrine and practice. In this respect Canada can be expected to come more and more into line with older Anglo-Saxon countries!

At the same time with more stabilized conditions in the Dominion, with the hemorrhage of population largely arrested, and in fact lost sons and daughters showing a disposition to return in increasing numbers, the possibilities of future immigration are not to be disregarded. Of recent years organized Catholic effort has done more to stimulate, systematize and regulate the movement of new people from the British Isles than probably any other agency. There is now a complete chain of Catholic units operating between the two continents. There are enormous possibilities of accomplishment when the haze beclouding the situation at present is dissipated and a new era of vigorous immigration opens up.



THERE is a nobleness which ariseth in every person, by the goodness of nature, whereby full often such as come of right poor and unnoble father and mother, have great abilities of nature to noble deeds.—*Cardinal Fisher.*

Candlemas Day.

BY VIRGINIA MCSHERRY.

GARLANDS were hung and gifts were brought,
 While hearts re-echoed the Christmas hymn;
 The star shone bright and it seemed that
 nought
 Could ever its brilliant radiance dim.
 Swiftly the forty days have passed,
 Homeward the Kings and the shepherds have
 turned;
 The Christmas garlands have faded at last
 And Christmas candles no longer are burned.
 But from our altars stream the rays
 Of myriads of candles burning bright;
 The Star of the Morning this day of days
 Brings to the temple the God of Light.
 For earthly pomp we look in vain:
 No stately herald, or silken page,
 No costly gifts, or royal train,—
 Two turtledoves in a wicker cage.
 Peaceful on Mary's arm He lies,
 And smiles at the cooing of the doves;
 The light of love is in the eyes
 That look on the face of the Mother He loves.

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The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

IV.

THERE was to be a concert in the Father Mathew Hall to meet a part payment on the new pews. Conway, Alice and some others met at Nano's for rehearsals. While The Bog liked his quiet evenings, he could endure an infrequent novelty; and these practices would not last forever. Davey kept out of the way; he would feel like a piece of furniture if he remained inside.

The last Monday in March, while one of these rehearsals was on, he sat in the barn exchanging aimless shots of talk with Mike O'Neill, a hired man.

"I saw two peelers last night," Mike said.

"What were they doing?"

"They leaned upon the road ditch; then crossed the road and went into the hollow."

"Why so, do you suppose?"

"I do—everybody supposes that, who supposes anything at all."

"Ay." Davey was not hurt at the workman's abruptness; he felt he had no right to be. Mike O'Neill gave him this scrap anyhow:

"They were spying, but nobody was there. The boys were drilling in another field entirely."

"Ay."

Davey said no more. The Rebellion was a world shut out to him. To talk of it might mean he knew of it. He did not want people to think that.

"It beats the devil!" he said to his own heart.

"Davey," the workman said softly, "there's no use hiding it any longer, because you'll find out anyhow bye and bye—I've joined. The Bog will sack me when he finds out, but I don't care."

Davey said nothing to that. In his heart he loved the man whose brief statement meant so much. He had joined! He was part of that secret world hidden from himself. Just then Gallop came from nowhere, followed by eight or nine young fellows, all of whom Davey knew, who greeted one another without formalities and took positions, as if by instinct, like those quieter animals of the fields. One leaned a shoulder against the jamb of the door; another set his back against the wall and thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets; a third and a fourth and a fifth lighted pipes and stood apart at little distances on the floor. The talk was about crops and the weather; about a hurling match at Croom the Sunday previous; about the man who was out from Limerick the week before trying to sell sewing

machines. Not a word about the Rebellion.

Then out of the house came a song, which floated and hovered like a bird with spread wings:

I know what will happen, sweet,
When you and I are one;
Calm and bright and very fleet,
All our days will run.
Fond and kind our words will be,
Mixed no more with sighs;
Thoughts too fine for words we'll see
Within each other's eyes.

"That's Alice Farley," Gallop said. "I suppose Nano is at the piano, and Conway playing the fiddle."

"Alice has a good voice," Mike O'Neill noted.

"She has, man!" the boy whose shoulder propped the jamb said.

"I think—"

"Sh!" Alice began again.

Sweet, when you and I are one,
Earth will bloom anew!
Brighter than the stars and sun,
Softer than the dew.
Sweeter scents will then arise
From the fields and flowers;
Holier calm will fill the skies
In the midnight hours.

Silence inside the house for a space; then voices in the yard.

"They're finished—let's be off!" Gallop said to the boys in the barn.

"John," Nano was saying, "you must accompany the girls part way home."

"That would be wonderful; but I've an engagement which takes me to the other side of the bog."

Nano understood. She loved all the more her lover who was working for the Cause.

They were outside now: musicians from the house, Rebels from the barn, Davey alone remaining where he was. The Bog stood at the front door, Mrs. Byrne at his side. There were times when Hugh Byrne could be good humored—he was good humored that night.

"The concert will equal the best they can do in Dublin," he declared.

"When we get toned down, it won't be half bad," Conway answered.

"Alice has a lovely voice," Mrs. Byrne noted.

"A nightingale," Conway commented.

"No, an Irish thrush," Nano corrected.

"Don't be crazy all of you!" Alice snapped.

The Bog laughed, and Davey heard him. When before had he heard his father laugh? Maybe a year ago, after he had outwitted a cattle buyer in Newcastle. Or was it two years? It was a hard laugh anyhow. To-night the laugh was more human-kind.

Conway said good-night, as The Bog and Mrs. Byrne retired within the house. The Bog did not miss the lads who went through the yard gate a short time before, but said nothing. If young fellows wanted to be asses that was no business of his.

"I'm very sorry I can't see you home," Conway said to Alice and her girl friends.

"Oh, if we see a ghost we'll scream," Alice answered lightly.

Conway passed through the gate and joined the Rebels; and a few seconds later Mike O'Neill followed him. It was a moonless night, and the small company melted quickly into the dark.

Alice and her friends remained outside while Nano hurried in to get her coat; she would accompany them to the road.

Davey felt ashamed. Conway and his men were gone off to make ready for a great day; Gallop, bell-ringer and parish clerk, his life taken up with a round of tasks, was gone with them. Even Mike O'Neill, the hired man, had gone out. And here was himself, who had manned the gap in many a hard game, skulking in the barn while all Ireland was rising for one more try to drive England out. Only the week before there was re-

ported to him a sentence from words spoken by Conway to the men at the end of a night's drill: "Ireland is calling her men, and every man must answer 'present.'" Another young man was to assert a like challenge with a new arrogance some weeks later to the British court-martial that condemned him to be shot in the morning: "The generous, high-bred youth of Ireland will never fail to blaze forth in the red rage of war to win their country's freedom."

Nano returned in her wraps, just as Davey came out from the barn. At least he would take the girls home. He saw the irony of that—the bravery of walking with three girls along a quiet country road! He would meet Alice anyhow. She would scorn him, but he would hear her talk. Even if she refused to talk to him he would be near her.

"I'll go along with them," he said sheepishly, as he stood in the pathway of light made by the lamp inside the window.

"All right." Nano was not expecting her brother.

"Nano,"—Alice studiously ignored him—"we need no escort; the roads are safe."

"The peelers are travelling the roads these nights."

Alice did not ignore him any longer.

"And if they are, it isn't girls they're after! 'Tis men they're after, Mr. Davey Byrne! Strong men who aren't afraid they'll be sent out upon the roads and lose their farms if they go! Men who don't hide in a barn shaking for fear of The Bog!"

Hugh Byrne hurried out the door of the living room where he had been listening ever since Nano went in for her wraps. He would listen in secret any time for information. He did not expect to hear what he heard; he had hoped for some gossip about Conway and Nano as the girls chaffed and chatted before going home; or, perhaps, about Davey and Alice. He heard something

he had not expected; and from a girl!

"So that's what I hear, is it! And that's what you call me! And that's what you have to say! Well, here's what I tell you—and your kind!"

"Dad," Nano broke in, "remember these girls are our guests."

"Oh, they are! Well, if you don't like what I'm going to say, you can go inside to your mother—because I'm going to say it."

"If you do, I won't forget it."

He paused and Nano hoped he had softened. She was mistaken.

"I don't want you to forget it! I want you to remember it for always. And I want you to remember it too, young fellow!"

He spoke at the shrinking figure that had gone out of the track of the lamp-light back into the darkness.

A hand touched his arm. Mrs. Byrne, the woman who won all her conquests by a soft voice, stood beside him.

"Hugh, it would be better, I think, if you'd come in."

He looked down at her. The light coming through the open front door shone on her face and figure. She was a small, but not a shrinking woman. Her face was white and quiet, and the beauty of an earlier time was not all gone. She made you think of Nano; or, perhaps, Nano made you think of her. The Bog said specifically to his wife,

"And now that you're here, I don't want you to forget it either. I don't want any one of ye to forget."

"It would be better if you'd come in. If you do, you won't be sorry for the things you're going to say," his wife repeated.

"Well, I'm going to say them, and I won't be sorry."

He turned to Alice. She had been watching him wonderingly; as women sometimes watch terrible, elemental things.

"Here's what I tell you and your kind!"

Nano put her hand on the arm from which her mother's hand had dropped.

"Dad, please don't!"

"That's enough from you! The man ye call The Bog behind his back is The Bog in front of ye now!"

He faced Alice. The light through the open door shone on him.

"You're a Farley! And the Farleys are the big people in the goings on around us at this time. I'm told your brothers're out nights with the rest of them. Very good. But you leave that fellow over there alone! He's a half fool, and no match for you. Leave him alone! When 'tis decided he's to marry, I'll find the mate. Leave him alone! And I tell you moreover, and you can tell the Farleys and the rest of them, that The Bog is The Bog, and will be The Bog when all of them are swinging from trees and their necks cracked!"

Nano was going to say something, but Alice checked her. She had not made a specialty of dramatics for nothing those convent school days at Bruff. Here was her chance.

"What you've just said, and said so crudely, is right in a sense—Mr. Byrne. I've loved your son over there, whom you call a half-fool. If he is, blame yourself. You've brought him up that way. I don't know why I loved him, but I did. You needn't be afraid—I won't harpoon him. Find him the girl *you* like; she'll suit *him*. She must, because he's your galley-slave. You're right when you say we call you The Bog behind your back. 'Tis a good name—and fits. Keep your horses, your cows, your turnips, your potatoes, your barns, your stables. And keep your bog. The Farleys, the Donovans, the Burkes are fools! Conway and Gallop are fools! Some of them may be shot and some hanged. And whether they win or lose, The Bog will have his bog and his bank account. He can have them!"

And then she surprised The Bog more by what she did than by anything she

said. She walked over to Davey where he stood in the dark in a panic of fear. Took his hand. It was cold and shaking.

"Good-bye, Davey! Stay home nights and you'll never end up like the Farleys, the Donovans, the Burkes and all the other fools—'swinging from trees and their necks cracked!'"

Her imitation of The Bog here was almost perfect. She went to Mrs. Byrne, put an arm around her neck and kissed her.

"You'd better get in from the chill," she admonished.

"Good-night, Mr. Byrne! Get rich on the war. God save Ireland! Up the Republic!"

Hugh Byrne was too dumfounded to answer.

"Come on, Nan. The peelers won't worry us. 'God give us men' is what the peelers are saying these days."

Going out the lane to the road Nano began to make apologies, but Alice checked her.

"Nan, I feel heroic—like Deirdre the night she flashed her anger upon Conchabar, when Naise and his brothers were dead outside the dun."

"I used to think I was the only one could face him, but I'm just a school-girl."

"I was shaking from fright, and wondered which one of ninety-nine things he'd do."

Kathleen Donovan had hardly spoken all evening. She was timid.

Mary O'Sullivan, the other singer, who had a brother working for the Cause, turned to Nano.

"Nan, I'm glad you couldn't stop him. What he heard will do him good."

When they reached the gate three members of the Constabulary marched down hill toward the schoolhouse.

"Let's give them a start," Alice whispered.

The police saw the girls, but did not stop. When they were some distance on, Alice and her companions said good-

night to Nano and followed them.

The Royal Irish Constabulary were part of a system. They were courteous, and their record for decency will stand well with the records of policemen anywhere; but in disturbed times men will be harsh. Alice kept up a brave front before her friends; not for the world would the girl who had lectured The Bog admit she was afraid of a few R. I. C. When they reached the incline which half circles the schoolhouse, they heard voices ahead—perhaps a hundred yards ahead. They stopped. Yes, indistinct voices came to them—voices of men.

"The three policemen," Kathleen Donovan whispered.

"Very likely." Alice began to consider just what to do—whether to go on or turn back. And then a shot fired inside the east fence made all three jump and scream. The policemen rushed back.

"Where was that shot from?" the first to reach them shouted.

Alice remembered the Irish principle of never telling the truth to a policeman; and more important, exercised her art of acting.

She rushed to the road fence opposite to that from which the shot had come and pointed down.

"There somewhere! Hurry! Quick!"

The three men, rifles ready, leaped over the ditch and vanished into the dark.

The girls hurried on, thoroughly frightened. It was very near—that shot. And those policemen—would they follow them to ask more questions?

"You should have let Davey come, Alice," Mary O'Sullivan said, as they passed Kilbeg chapel. "It would have looked better before the police."

"The Bog would order Davey out on the roads if he tried to come."

"I think Davey would come. You know how he likes you," Kathleen Donovan said.

Alice put on a braver manner than she felt.

"I don't want his love. Why should I want the love of a man who's afraid to salute me without asking his father? I don't want him. Let him stay home and be in bed by nine! Davey indeed! The Bog ordered him to bed after we turned the corner."

Davey at the moment moved stealthily along the fields some fifty yards away. He carried a double barrel shotgun, one chamber of which was empty.

(To be continued.)

Bunker Hill Monument.

Once I went up the winding staircase of Bunker Hill monument. Its great walls shut in the view on all sides. I could see only the bit of dusty floor at my feet and the cheerless walls that surrounded me. But as I climbed up the staircase there were windows here and there, and through these I looked out and caught glimpses of a very beautiful world outside,—green fields, rich gardens, picturesque landscapes, streams flashing like silver in the sunshine, the sea yonder, and far away, on the other hand, the shadowy forms of great mountains. How little, how dark and gloomy, seemed the close, narrow limits of the staircase as I looked out upon the illimitable view that stretched from the windows!

This earthly life, hemmed in as it is by its limitations and its narrow horizons, is like that tower—a little patch of dusty floor, with cheerless walls around it. But while we climb heavily and wearily up its steep, dark stairway, there lies outside the thick walls a glorious world, reaching away into eternity, filled with the rarest things of God's love. And through the windows of revelation we get glimpses of the infinite sweep and stretch of life beyond this hampered, broken, fragmentary existence of earth. Beyond earth comes heaven.—*Miller.*

Comforts of the Faith.

BY P. J. C.

YOU no doubt will think of the Mass, the Sacraments, grace, prayer should you take time out to look at this title. These are not the objects of pursuit in the present search, however. There are certain visible realities associated with our Catholic life which we come upon sometimes that quicken in us the joy of recognition and surprise.

These human elements that cheer and comfort us because of the Faith that we hold are neither trivial nor unworthy. They are experiences which we respond to because of our belief. Without Faith we would not respond to them at all. To one not of us, they have no significance.

We read so much in ascetic writings about the evils of the "human," we may be led to believe that whatever is human is bad. Human nature is much like soil. It is good, fair, bad and every degree in between. Human nature, when good, should not be railed at. When bad it should be treated, to make it serviceable and docile, just as unproductive soil is treated.

A priest on board ship bound for Liverpool or Cherbourg is a source of comfort and security to every Catholic making the voyage. Some of these Catholics may not be in the state of grace; some may not be "practical Catholics," as we say. Whatever their spiritual condition—in grace or out of it, Massgoing or Massmissing, living so as to edify or to scandalize—they are consoled and encouraged seeing the priest. It is not ecstasy they experience, nor even that lesser exaltation which devout people feel after Holy Communion; nor the peace which sometimes comes during prayer.

It is the comfort of security which springs from the thought that a spiritual physician is at hand. There may be a fire, a collision, a submerged iceberg. There may be sudden sickness. It so

eases the mind to have one who can "hear" and absolve should the worst come to the very worst. It is not merely "good Catholics," so-called, who feel this comfort of assurance; it is the "bad" and the "very bad" who take most heart at the vision of the cleric. They will have a chance to declare undeclared sins to God's customs officer before they land at Judgment. Perhaps the figure does not fit in so snugly as it might, but you will have to be satisfied.

Why do all these "good," "bad," and "very bad" Catholics feel more at ease seeing clerical elbows resting on the ship's railing? Their Faith accounts for it. If they did not believe in God, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, the power of the Church to bind and to loose, as expressed in that priest up there, they would not concern themselves with his presence or his absence.

A Catholic school near at hand is a source of uplift to Catholic parents whose children are of school age. A nearby church brings comfort to Catholics who live in country districts. They at least can hear Mass every Sunday. And they will see a priest occasionally. To a Catholic living in town or country a Catholic neighbor gives a sense of comradeship, security; removes certain barriers of reserve, quickens the confidence on which is established friendship. We are not always brave enough to admit it, but is it not true that we are more confident, feel more at home, more "with ourselves," when in mixed assemblies we meet fellow Catholics. We can say much to them—not secret and conniving things, as Protestants sometimes think; but things that appertain to the household of the Faith which the outsider will not understand. All this is not supernatural. It is very human. A human reward, if you will, which comes to us as a result of our belonging to the Faith. We often speak of the burdens of our Religion. We should speak some times of its comforts.

Notes and Remarks.

The Bavarian Episcopate some time ago expressed a desire to Theresa Neumann that she agree to submit to a new medical examination over a given period to ascertain definitely that she is completely foregoing all food and drink, and that she lives exclusively on the small Host received daily at Holy Communion. The mystic has been reluctant to submit to the embarrassing experiences of medical watching and checking. She went through a two weeks' testing five years ago, and the memories of the observation time are not all gold. If a two weeks' scrutiny of five years ago are not satisfying now, will a two or a ten-weeks' scrutiny now be satisfying two or ten years hence? In the case of this extraordinary young woman—a highly favored servant of God, probably—there might arise from these visits, interviews, observations, examinations, certain mundane complacencies that would tend to withdraw God's exceptions in favor of His servant. And, anyhow, a two or a ten-weeks' test might satisfy only some. Others—many others—would be skeptical and demand another fact-finding commission. Certain of His enemies told Christ to come down from the Cross and they would believe in Him. He did something manifestly greater—rose out of the grave after He was buried. And they did not believe. If this Bavarian girl is a favored child of God, He will in His own time, His own way, make it appear beyond question. If He manifests His power through her, He will make the truth of it apparent without an examination of stomach contents. And, anyhow, whether God wishes or does not wish to make His favors manifest is a matter of divine decision.

His Eminence Cardinal MacRory of Armagh has transmitted to the Holy See a petition supported by more than two hundred bishops who attended the Dub-

lin Eucharistic Congress. The petition seeks that a number of Irish saints now restricted to the Irish calendar be placed in the calendar of the Universal Church. The reality of religious and civil persecution for so many centuries left Ireland without time or opportunity to take up the liturgical standing of her confessors, virgins, martyrs. At the present time St. Patrick is the only Irish saint in the calendar of the whole Church. The Island of Saints has sent her saints careering over the world to win peoples to Christ. They lived, suffered, died for the spread of the Gospel. Surely some of them should be read about and prayed to beyond the appendix to the missal in Ireland—if you should by some chance be saying Mass there.

A sub-committee of the Codification Commission in Poland, composed of seven members, all of them radicals or Jews, have proposed the secularization of marriage for the new legal code. If their suggestion is accepted, and there is every reason to believe that it will be, the divorce situation in Poland will be worse than anything in Europe, the Soviet government of Russia alone excepted. The State at the present time recognizes all the church marriages, but it is proposed under the new code that all couples go through a civil ceremony first, if they would have their marriages recognized as legal. Separation of husbands and wives will hereafter require no other authority than the consent of the parties, and divorce will be granted on several grounds including nothing more serious than a violent exchange of words. Divorce, too, may be obtained by the common consent of the principals if after three years of married life the husband and wife have no children. The Polish Hierarchy at a recent meeting in Warsaw put forth every effort in an endeavor to keep the late proposal from becoming law; whether they will

be successful or not remains to be seen. That such a law should at this time be forced upon the Polish people is a sign of our times, and an indication of the far-reaching effect Russia's anti-Christian propaganda is having.



Of recent years we have noticed a rather consistent effort to stress the fact of George Washington's membership in the Masonic order. Here is a little item, for example, culled from one of our current publications: "At Fredericksburg, Va., recently, George Washington, a direct descendant of President Washington's grandfather, was initiated in the same Masonic lodge in which the first President became a Mason. The same Bible, printed in 1668, was used on both occasions." Yes, George Washington did join the Masons. If the present George Washington follows the example of his illustrious ancestor, however, he will proceed from this moment to chalk up a list of absences from regular meetings which will look like an all-American record. The original George Washington did just that, and there is documentary evidence to prove it.



Surprise and regret by Catholic Auxiliary Bishop Brown of Southwark, England, over the action of the Crown Lands Commissioners. Why? The Crown Lands Commissioners insisted upon a clause in the conveyance of a piece of property for church purposes, at Nottingham, Kent, that "no church or bells shall be placed on any part of the premises." No doubt neurotics and late-abeds are responsible for the Commissioners' conveyance condition. People who are dominated by nerves or spend all morning between bedclothes object to a bell which rings people to prayer and praise. They have equally valid reasons for objecting to tram noises, train whistles, dog barking, cow mooing. Yet the tram noises along, the dog barks, the cow moos. Of course, church bells can be

rung to excess, but generally they are kept within reason. Train whistles, tram noises are business heart beats—"all's right with the world." Barks and moos indicate bucolic activity.

Sunday morning bells call Christians to devotions—tell them to hurry up, for time is on the wing. Must the business of this world and the world beyond it be limited to bee murmurs and insect hum because people insist on being ruled by their nerves or Morpheus? "Ring out wild bells to the wild sky," Gentlemen of the Crown Lands Commission. Do not permit neurotics to rule England.



We have come to believe recently that in spite of the work of the Religious Press in condemning filth and immorality in the moving pictures, the screen is becoming steadily worse, and that the pictures of the present day that have not at least one objectionable scene are so few and far between as to make them almost negligible. There was a time when one could pick the plays of certain actors or of a few companies and be rather sure of getting a clean picture; now one seems never sure that he will not find lewdness in a picture, no matter who the actors may be, or what company is responsible for the production of the picture. The producers object, of course, is to sell the picture, regardless of whether the morals of its patrons are injured or not, and they are laboring under the delusion that people want filthy pictures. This in general, we believe, is a false theory. There are people among us, no doubt, who are vicious and who want to indulge in immorality; but such people know well enough where they can satisfy their vicious inclinations, and they are not depending on the movies for any such gratification of their passions. The average person who goes to the movies, goes there for recreation and amusement, and if he endures a lewd scene it is

because he has to do so, to see the rest of the picture, not because he wants it. Picture producers in this country might be surprised to know how clean minded a large majority of the people are, and what a mistake they are making by forcing immoral scenes upon them in their productions. The producer who comes out with good strong plays, full of snappy dialogue and good acting, and who can advertise: "An Absolutely Clean Picture; Nothing in It that Small Children Should not See," will be surprised to know that he will appeal to a much larger class than the man who advertises, "For Adults Only." A poor play is not saved by an immoral scene, and a really good play, not only doesn't need such a scene, but is really hurt by it. It isn't true that people want filth in the movies. The producers who think they do, don't know the average person who goes to moving picture shows.

We had always been of the opinion that the game of bridge was peculiarly American, and that no women were so interested in this game as a form of pastime and petty gambling as the American women; now we find a cable from Budapest appearing in our daily press to the effect that the Hungarian government is to handle directly the bridge-playing epidemic in that country. As wives seem to be more interested in a grand slam than in housekeeping, and as the only worth-while honors seem to be those that can be converted into pennies, the ministry of justice is formulating a law forbidding women to play bridge in parlors run for profit. The action of the government seems to have been brought about by thousands of irritated husbands who signed a petition complaining about their wives. We are not told in the cable that any of the bridge players took the game so seriously as to shoot their partners for bid-

ding no trump with only three suits—something that has occurred a few times in this country—but the neglect of work on the part of housewives has been sufficient to bring about a regulation. There may be a suggestion here for husbands who have to do their own sewing because their wives are out every night playing bridge.

The Catholic press contains items on the subject of Catholic Action in Hungary and Poland. In the former country the Prince Primate of Hungary has been elected president of National Catholic Action, assisted by Most Rev. Julius Glattfelder, Bishop of Csanad. Catholic laymen are represented on the board by Count Apponiji, well-known Hungarian statesman; by Nagy von Versegh, former Hungarian minister to the Vatican, and many others. From Warsaw comes news that Catholic Action is progressing rapidly in Poland due to the active interest of the Episcopate. Catholic halls have been erected for meetings, film projections and other evidences of Catholic service. At the present moment every effort is made to effect the organization of diocesan federations which have received the name "Caritas." The chief purpose of these organizations is to give frequent and efficient help to the poor. Every parish is to have its "Caritas," the major purpose of which will be relieving distress. All which is good reading from Hungary and Poland.

One of the most aggravating of motor car problems is that of keeping ice from the wind shield. Many more or less satisfactory devices for dealing with this problem are already on the market, and probably just as many individual discoveries are being tried out by hopeful motorists. As our contribution towards cutting down on the "language" which often accompanies wind-shield trouble, we mention two inexpensive

helps which are said to be effective, namely the application of glycerine to the wind shield and the rubbing thereon of a dampened bag of smoking tobacco. Another device, certain to be effective, according to *The Pathfinder*, providing it is done properly, "is to raise the hood on the driver's side of the car and place a strip of rubber, soft wood, folded piece of cloth, or folded cardboard, under the back edge to stop the hood from closing down tightly. When the motor is running the fan will drive the warm air from the engine back through the resulting opening. The forward motion of the car will keep this stream of warm air playing on the wind shield and keep it free from ice."

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The latest word from Winnipeg is to the effect that Catholic schools were reopened January 3. A petition signed by 10,000 Catholics was presented to Archbishop Alfred A. Sinnott requesting that the Catholic schools carry on. Each parish will bear its burden of maintenance. That is cheering news—especially the item about the 10,000 Catholic signers. It indicates convictions that parish schools are worth sacrifices to keep them going. Some Catholic people here, and likely in Canada, are indifferent observers. They send their children to a state school when they could just as easily send them to the parish school. You think they will see the mistake and be sorry later on. Do not be certain of that. They are so caloused by worldliness, perhaps so embittered some times by fancied or real slights, they have no room in their minds for sad memories to make them contrite. As for the children—they will grow up ignorant of what they missed.

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The Catholic physicians in Shanghai, China, have formed a corporation for the purpose of erecting a new Catholic hospital, to be called "Humanity." The

name is inclusive enough, anyhow. If and when social workers of all kinds take "humanity" within the scope of their ministrations they will aim at the ideal of Christ who came to serve and save all. Of necessity, in certain expressions of service, there must be lines of demarcation. A school for the blind is not a school for such as have vision. The intelligent should not be housed where morons are taught the elements. And so on. In the treatment of physical diseases intelligent classification is called for. Withal, humanity, which is not limited by class, creed, social standing, material resources, should be the outside ring that surrounds every special ring for any kind of ministration to human want. All humanity must be within the horizon of people's charity, if charity is to be divine.

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Father Joseph A. McCaffery urges members of the Holy Name Society St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, to rid New York of its indecent theatricals. A very wholesome appeal. The Holy Name men of Greater New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco; Catholic men, women, boys, girls of these cities or of any cities, or of towns, villages, country districts—members of Catholic societies or not—can respond effectively by exercising virtue through omission. Will they? The unclean, irreligious, scoffing play or picture advertises itself through trade euphemisms. Are Catholic men, women, boys, girls spiritually selfish enough to practise virtue for their own—not for virtue's—sake. Will they refuse to patronize obscenity, irreligion, so as to keep their minds clean and reverent? Helping ourselves religiously is the noblest expression of self-help. And we help others too thereby through good example. Will we? Just answer for yourself. What picture—if any—are you planning to see to-morrow evening?



Balloons.

BY A. P. C.

I LOVE balloons! Blue, green, and red,
They tug and dance above my head.

Suppose they should break loose and fly
Straight up into the starry sky?

The little angel children there,
Out walking for the Heavenly air,

Would see my gay balloons float by
And lift their lovely wings and fly

To catch them. Oh, what lovely things
For toys, for little folks with wings!

If they should float away too far
Or catch themselves upon a star,

The angel children would fly fast
And bring them back to Heaven at last.

I wonder if the round, bright moon
Is God's own special, pet balloon!

The Go-Getter.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

(Conclusion.)

"NOW, Danny, do you be telling your beads," urged Maggie, as she struggled along the lane. Every now and then the little cart stuck in the ruts and she had to push and jerk to get it going again. The road seemed deserted, as far as they could see. Far away over the bog the mountains stood up like shapes of blue glass against the reddening west. There was no sound except Maggie's gasping breath, the squeak of the wheels, Danny's murmured prayers, and the silvery whistle of a curlew circling high over head. Maggie's tired little legs began to lag in spite of her efforts, the cart squeaked more and

more, and at last, after passing a particularly rough bit of road it emitted an alarming crack and collapsed sideways against the green bank.

"Oh, Danny, whatever will we do!" wailed the little girl. "The wheel has come off, and we're not half way yet."

"I'll creep out if you'll give me a hand, and then maybe you can mend it, Maggie."

Maggie was obliged to admit that this was beyond her power.

"Well, then," said Dan firmly, "we'll just ask Jesus to help us. Didn't you tell me He wanted little children to go to Him and amn't I doing my best to come?"

Maggie knelt down beside him on the grass, shut her eyes and prayed with all her heart. When she opened her eyes again it was to behold a heavily laden donkey cart crawling towards them, but alas, coming from the direction in which they were going.

Dan saw it too and he caught her arm in a frightened grasp.

"That's me Da," he whispered. "He'll be angry."

Maggie's heart quailed—she remembered the blow of which Molly had spoken. But there could be no giving way to fear now.

"I'll go meet him," she volunteered bravely.

When Maggie walked up to Mr. Heggerty and faltered out her tale, he did look very cross at first.

"I've got your Danny here," she announced. "I was taking him in to the town—he was to stay at the convent and make his First Communion to-morrow, but the cart is broke on us."

Heggerty growled to the donkey and came slowly on, with foot-sore Maggie limping anxiously beside him.

"Some of the boys was to have helped us," she said, "but they've gone to the grand entertainment at the school."

The cart was piled high with sods of turf. The man halted the donkey and flung an armful of sods at the side of the road.

"Can you make shift to sit on top of the sods?" he asked his son.

Danny looked up. "I don't want to go home," he said. "I want to go on; couldn't you take me on, Da?"

For a moment Maggie thought there was going to be an explosion of anger. She sprang forward to Danny's side, but Heggerty was only reaching up to fling more sods off the load. The children watched spellbound as the heap at the side of the road grew bigger until the cart was empty. Then the unwilling donkey was turned round, and the two children lifted in. Heggerty got in last and urged the donkey to a trot.

"If you'll see the little fellow right, I'll wait and take you home, Maggie," he announced.

Maggie joyfully thanked him. To ride in a donkey cart was to her the height of bliss, but she supported Danny carefully lest the shaking should give him pain.

The church was all lit up when they arrived and little children were trooping in turn into the confessional. Maggie assumed command.

"Will you carry in Danny, please, Mr. Heggerty?" she said. "I wouldn't be able for it. If you put him down in the Sacred Heart Chapel, I'll get Father Kelly for him."

Mr. Heggerty obeyed, feeling conscious of his soil-stained hands and clothes as he walked up the aisle, and propped his little son in the corner of a bench. They were alone for a moment and Danny summoned all his courage.

"Dear Jesus," he said eagerly, "I've come! I'll not mind about being a cripple if you'll make my poor Da good. Sure, you can do it."

When Maggie had brought the priest to her little friend, and had afterwards introduced him to the kind Sisters, who were busy decorating the altar, she went to confession herself, and then sought about for Mr. Heggerty. He was not with the cart and she came back to the church again. The children had all gone home and the sacristan was putting out the lights, but a murmur of men's voices sounded forth from one of the confessionals.

"Oh, Maggie, I seen Mr. Heggerty at the altar this morning," said Molly next day. "So you got your sinner after all."

"I didn't then," returned her friend. "'Twas Danny did it. Wasn't he offering up all his pains and aches for months for his Da? The Sisters are going to keep him altogether for a while, and then he's to go to a grand hospital in Dublin. Sure the Doctor says they'll be able to make him walk, even if he stays a bit hunchy."

"Glory be to God!" cried Molly in delight.

It was what the priest had said last night, when, after all the little lambs of the flock, the poor black sheep had been led back to the fold.

❖❖❖ Athletes of the Air.

I AM very sure you have often watched the swallows, the chimney swifts, circling overhead. They are regular athletes, and dart and curve in a wonderful way. Ruskin, who told you about the robins, has an interesting chapter on swallows; and he explains all about the way their wings are formed and how they propel themselves through the air. Any one who has sailed in a yacht will understand the explanation easily.

Just as soon as the warm days come, myriads of flies and insects fill the air; they swarm in the sunshine, they hang in buzzing clouds over swamps and along the river's edge; they skim over the

surface of the water; and as soon as they make their appearance, up from the South come the swallows. And if you were to watch them eat you would think they were rightly named!

Sometimes the swallows build their clay nests under the eaves of houses or among the rafters of barns. I heard of a pair of swifts who set up housekeeping in a veranda, building their nest around a wire bell-rope. The bell was seldom used; but when it was, it pulled the nest down. This happened twice, and those wise swallows actually built the nest so as to leave a hole through which the wire moved without damaging the home. The American Mr. Swallow is more thoughtful than his French brother; for he takes his turn keeping the eggs warm while Mrs. Swallow has time for exercise or to do a little shopping. But here are the best parts of Ruskin's talk on these interesting citizens of birddom.

* * *

We were to-day to take note of the form of a creature which gives us a singular example of the unity of what artists call beauty, with the fineness of mechanical structure, often mistaken for it. It is the swallow, a bird of kindly and homely qualities; but its principal virtue, for us, is its being an incarnate voracity, and that it moves as a consuming and cleansing power. You sometimes hear it said of a humane person that he would not kill a fly; from seven hundred to a thousand flies a day are a moderate allowance for a baby swallow. Perhaps as I say this it may occur to you to think, for the first time, of the reason of the bird's name. For it is very interesting, as a piece of language study, to consider the different power on our minds—nay the different sweetness to the ear,—which, from association, these same two syllables receive when we read them as a noun or as a verb. Also, the word is a curious instance of the traps which are continually open for rash etymolo-

gists. At first, nothing would appear more natural than that the name should have been given to the bird from its reckless function of devouring. But if you look to your Johnson, you will find, to your better satisfaction, that the name means "bird of porticos," or porches, from the Gothic *swale*; *subdivale*,—so that it goes back in thought as far as Virgil's *Et nunc porticibus vacuis, nunc humida circum, stagna sonat*.

It belongs, as most of you know, to a family of birds called Fissi-rostris, or literally split-beaks. Split-heads would be a better term; for it is the enormous width of mouth and power of gaping which the epithet is meant to express. A dull sermon, for instance, makes half the congregation *fissi-rostris*. The bird, however, is most vigilant when its mouth is widest; for it opens as a net to catch whatever comes in its way,—hence the French, giving the whole family the more literal name "gobble-fly"—*gobemouche*,—extend the term to the open-mouthed and too acceptant appearance of a simpleton.

Partly in order to provide for this width of mouth, but more for the advantage in flight, the head of the swallow is rounded into a bullet shape, and sunk down on the shoulders, with no neck whatever between, so as to nearly give the aspect of a conical rifle bullet to the entire front of the body; and, indeed, the bird moves more like a bullet than an arrow, dependent on a certain impetus of weight rather than on sharp penetration of the air. I say dependent on, but I have not yet been able to trace distinct relation between the shapes of birds and their powers of flight. I suppose the form of the body is first determined by the general habits and food, and that nature can make any form she chooses volatile; only one point I think is always notable: that a complete master of the art of flight must be short-necked; so that he turns altogether, if he turns at all. You don't expect a swal-

low to look round a corner before he goes round it: he must take his chance. The main point is that he may be able to stop himself and turn in a moment.

Of the mode in which his flight is accomplished you will as yet find no undisputed account in any book on natural history; and scarcely, as far as I know, definite notice even of the rate of flight. What do you suppose it is? We are apt to think of the migration of a swallow as we should ourselves of a serious journey. How long do you think it would take him, if he flew uninterruptedly, to get from here to Africa? Taking Michelet's estimate—eighty French leagues (roughly two hundred and fifty miles) an hour—we have a thousand miles in four hours. That is to say, leaving Devonshire after an early breakfast, he could be in Africa to lunch. He could, I say, if his flight were constant; but, though there is much inconsistency in the accounts, the sum of testimony seems definite that the swallow is among the most fatigable of birds. When the weather is hazy (I quote Yarrell) he will alight on a fishing boat a league or two from land, so tired that when any one tries to catch him he can scarcely fly away.

Few other birds approach the swallow in the beauty of wing or apparent power. And yet, after all this care taken about it, he gets tired; and instead of flying, as we should do in his place, all over the world, and tasting the flavor of the midges in every marsh, he is of all birds, characteristically, except when he absolutely can't help it, the stayer at home; and contentedly lodges himself and his family in an old chimney when he might be flying all over the world.

At least you would think if he built in an English chimney this year he would build in a French one next. But no. Michelet prettily says of him, "He is the bird of return." If you will only treat him kindly, year after year he

comes back to the same niche and to the same hearth for his nest,—to the same niche, and builds himself an opaque walled house within that. Think of this a little, as if you heard of it for the first time. Suppose you had never seen a swallow, but that its general habit of life had been described to you, and you had been asked how you thought such a bird would build its nest. A creature, observe, whose life is to be passed in the air, whose beak and throat are shaped with the fineness of a net for the catching of gnats; and whose feet, in the most perfect of the species, are so feeble that it is called the Footless Swallow and cannot stand for a moment on the ground with comfort. Of all land birds, the one that has least to do with the earth; of all, the least disposed and the least able to stop to pick anything up. What will it build with? Gossamer, we should say; thistledown—anything it can catch floating, like flies. But it builds with stiff clay.

And, then, observe its chosen place for building. You would think by its play in the air that not only of all birds but of all creatures it most delighted in space and freedom. You would fancy its notion of the place for a nest would be the openest field it could find; that anything like confinement would be an agony to it; that it would almost expire of horror at the sight of a black hole. And its favorite home is down a chimney. Not for your hearth's sake nor for your company's. Do not think it. The bird will love you if you treat it kindly; is as frank and friendly as bird can be; but it does not, more than others, seek your society. It comes to your house because in no wild wood nor rough rock can it find a cavity close enough to please it. It comes for the blessedness of imprisonment, and the solemnity of an unbroken and constant shadow, in the tower or under the eaves.

To-day, then, I believe for the first time, I have been able to put before you

some means of guidance to understand the beauty of the bird which lives with you in your own houses, and which purifies for you, from its insect pestilence, the air that you breathe. Thus the sweet domestic thing has done, for men at least, these four thousand years. She has been their companion, not of the home merely, but of the hearth and the threshold; companion endeared only by departure, and showing better her loving-kindness by her faithful return. Type sometimes of the stranger, she has softened us to hospitality; type always of the suppliant, she has enchanted us to mercy; and in her feeble presence the cowardice or the wrath of sacrilege has changed into the fidelities of sanctuary. Herald of our summer, she glances through our days of gladness; numberer of our years, she would teach us to apply our hearts to wisdom. And yet so little have we regarded her that this very day, scarcely able to gather from all I can find told of her enough to explain so much as the unfolding of her wings, I can tell you nothing of her life, nothing of her journeying; I cannot learn how she builds, nor how she chooses the place of her wandering, nor how she traces the path of her return.

Remaining thus blind and careless to the true ministries of the humble creature whom God has really sent to serve us, we, in our pride, thinking ourselves surrounded by the pursuivants of the sky, can yet only invest them with majesty by giving them the calm of the bird's motion and shade of the bird's plume; and, after all, it is well for us if when even for God's best mercies, and in His temples marble-built, we think that, "with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify His glorious name,"—well for us if our attempt be not only an insult, and His ears open rather to the inarticulate and unintended praise of "the swallow twittering from her straw-built shed."

Post-Mortem Kindnesses.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your affection sealed and laid away until your friends are dead. Fill their days with tenderness. Speak your words of commendation while their ears can hear them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send before hand to brighten and sweeten their homes ere they go out of them. I have often said—and I know I speak for thousands of other weary, plodding toilers—that if my friends have vases laid away, filled with the perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would far rather they would bring them out along my toilsome days and open them, when I can enjoy them and be refreshed by them.

What use that the spurring pæan roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed
in death?

No, no; if you have a word of cheer
Speak it while I am alive to hear.

Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Tears falling on the icy brow of death make poor and too tardy atonement for coldness, neglect, and cruel selfishness in life's long, struggling years. Appreciation when the heart is stilled has no inspiration for the spirit. Justice comes too late when it is pronounced only in funeral eulogium. Flowers piled on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over weary days.—*J. R. M.*



WHILE we need not acquiesce with error, it is often better not to dispute. Silence is sometimes a powerful weapon against the sophistries of anger.

IT is a great thing when the cup of bitterness is pressed to our lips, to feel that it is not fate or necessity, but divine love working upon us for good ends.—*E. H. Chapin.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Appleton Company announces for February a new biography of Mark Twain, by Stephen Leacock. It takes a humorist to appreciate a humorist. This volume should give us a new and true appreciation of Samuel Clemens.

—It has been ordered in Turkey that the name "Allah," which is Arabic for the Creator, is no longer to be used as the Muezzins' cry from the tops of minarets. In future the peon's call must be "Tanrı," the Turkish name for Almighty God.

—The series of papers by the Reverend Bernard R. Hubbard, S. J., on his adventures in Alaska, and his scientific studies of the craters of that country, have been put into book form under the title, "Mush, You Malemites!" (The America Press, \$3.20). The book is full of thrilling adventure that reads like a romance, and will be delightful reading for young and old. There are numerous photographs that give an added interest to the volume.

—We have had a number of requests from our readers to have the series of articles, "The Saints and Friendship," by Miss Marian Nesbitt, reprinted in book form. We are glad to announce that these articles have been brought out by *Assisi*, an Irish Franciscan Monthly, 4 Merchants' Quay, Dublin. It is a unique little volume in matter, teaching the lesson of Friendship as illustrated from the writings and the lives of the saints. We feel that many of our readers will be glad to have this beautiful little study in permanent form. Price, 25c.

—The life of Sir Bertram Windle is particularly interesting because of the sterling Catholicity of this brilliant scholar, and his devotion to Catholic education. While he was an eminent physician, a scientist who loved research, he will be remembered best as a professor who inspired his pupils with a love of science and a confidence in the truth of the teachings of the Catholic Church. And he was delightfully human. His letters, and there are

many of them in this volume, show a tender affection for his friends, and for little children, and his criticisms of life and manners are always keen though kindly and very frequently witty. It was a life that was crowded with projects, and full of labor, but a labor that never soured or discouraged the worker. Mr. Windle's contacts with men in this country and Europe make his letters extremely interesting. Published by Longman's, Green & Company. Price, \$4.

—"Voodooos and Obeahs," by Joseph J. Williams, S. J., proves to be of the same high quality which characterized "Whence the 'Black Irish' of Jamaica," by the same author. It is an earnest but unprejudiced study of the various manifestations of witchcraft as practised in the West Indies. Father Williams goes back to the African origins of these mysterious practices, tracing them through their weird variations of Python Worship, Obeahism, Voodooism, Myalism, etc., down to their somewhat less public manifestations to-day. Over a quarter of a century of study and approximately six years of observation enter into the writing of this book, making it not only a scientific but also an intensely interesting document as well. The student of religion will be particularly interested in the groping after God which characterized the beginnings of most of these later perversions. The book is well documented besides including an extensive bibliography. Published by Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. Price, \$3.

—The Negro residents of Harlem, New York, which, since 1910, grew from 17.3 to 97.4 in 1930, while coming mostly from the Southern States, are not entirely of that origin. Clyde Vernon Kiser, in "Sea Island to City" (Columbia Univ. Press), has made a special study of one group whose native place is St. Helena—not the island which the exile of Napoleon "put on the map" but one of the so-called Sea Islands stretching along the South Atlantic coast from Charleston to Florida and separated from the mainland by wide

marshes. His record is made largely from personal interviews with a considerable number of the newcomers and a study of the social and economic conditions in their original home as well as in Harlem. St. Helena is about fifteen miles long and from four to seven wide. Its land is entirely owned by descendants of former slaves in holdings ranging from one or two acres to fifty. There is no railway and no hard-surfaced highway; no town either, and no occupation but farming, whose chief aids are oxen and very crude implements.

—We have found increasing pleasure in the "Science and Culture" series of books published by the Bruce Publishing Company. They are well written, modern and scientific, though popular enough in method to be enjoyed by the ordinary reader. The latest volume to come to us, "The Gospel Guide," by the Rev. William A. Dowd, S. J., A. M., L. S. Scrip., is an excellent introduction to the Scriptures and a fine Exegesis of the Gospels. It is scientific, done by a specialist who has a wide acquaintance with the problems and literature of the Bible, but it is written for the college student and the Catholic layman generally, and therefore is purposely not technical. The author takes up the regular questions of general introduction, Inspiration, the Canon, the Biblical Text, and the versions, and follows these with a special introduction to the Gospels, and their Exegesis. A student in our colleges who will master this volume will have a sound knowledge of the Scriptures and will be able to answer most of the questions of Scripture which too frequently embarrass our Catholic laymen. We recommend it to our colleges and high schools as a valuable text for a course in Scripture. Price, \$2.50.

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- "The Virtue of Trust." Rev. Paul de Jaegher. \$2.90.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Brother Bede, C. S. C.

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Little Stories
from
Real Life

(No. 2)

PREACHING---

With his tongue
In his cheek.

HE had an intense desire to help in the saving of souls. ¶ But he didn't have a vocation to the priesthood. ¶ And even if he did, he wouldn't have been able to preach for the life of him. ¶ But he had good eyes and good ears, and he had put by some pennies for an occasional charity. ¶ So he bought himself a selected list of good books and good pamphlets. ¶ And whenever he heard a person spoken about as being broad-minded or wherever he saw a suggestion of the same, he sent out a pamphlet knowing that its seed would fall upon fertile ground. ¶ No one knows of his preaching, but men of great influence are learning something about the Church through his activities. ¶ His is an apostolate of silence. He is an eloquent missionary with his tongue in his cheek. ¶ In case you would like to do a similar work, here are some publications from which to choose.

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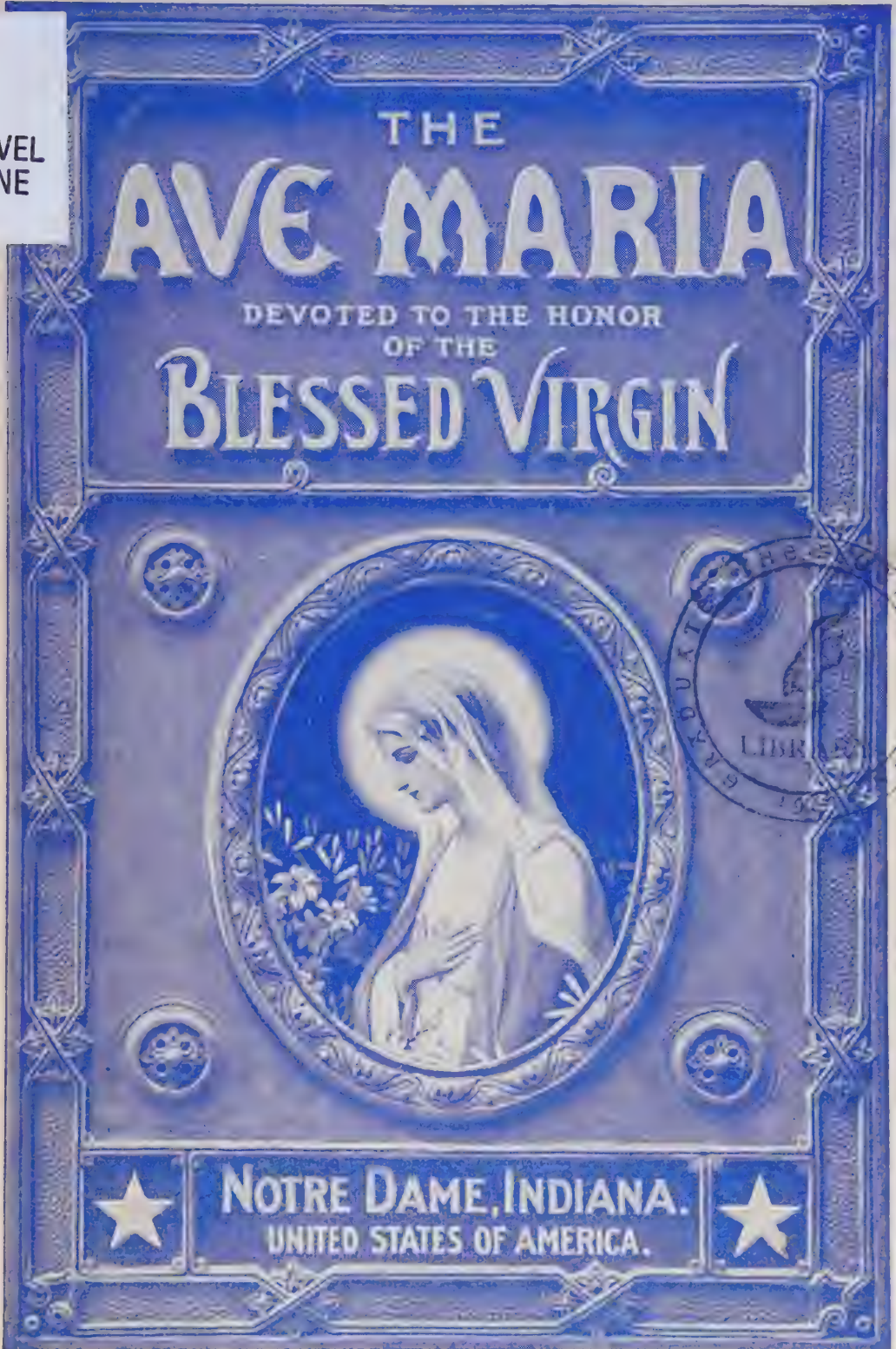
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

FEBRUARY.

- SATURDAY, 4.—St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop.
SUNDAY, 5.—Fifth after Epiphany. St. Agatha, V. M.
MONDAY, 6.—St. Dorothy, Virgin and Martyr.
TUESDAY, 7.—St. Romuald, Abbot. St. Juliana, Widow.
WEDNESDAY, 8.—St. John of Matha, Confessor.
THURSDAY, 9.—St. Apollonia, Virgin and Martyr.
FRIDAY, 10.—St. Scholastica, V. St. Silvan, Bishop.
SATURDAY, 11.—Our Lady of Lourdes.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 4, 1933.

No. 5.

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In Nazareth.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C. S. C.

SOMEWHERE below my heart, Holy of
Holies,
I felt you stir, a fledgling in the nest;
I of all souls, the lowliest of the lowly,
Knew Heaven's dawn was bursting in my
breast.

Scarce would I breathe lest somehow I might
wake You

Before Your rest was finished; how I feared
That other arms were reaching out to take
You

As the white hour of Your coming neared.

Now all is done. Grief's wounds are vanished
nearly,

You gave me strength to do my little part,
Yet of all life those days are mine most dearly,
When You were there, cradled below my heart.

Our Lady's Smiling Troubadour.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

NO one ever looked less like the
traditional troubadour, and appar-
ently he had but little excuse for
smiling. Throughout his life, so crippled
that he could not walk or even stand
erect, he could sit only in a chair made
expressly for him, and there none too
comfortably; could lie only in a
cramped and wearisome posture: why
should he have smiled much and been
"always pleasant," as his biographers
tell? How had he the heart to sing?

His palate was misshaped, making
speech an effort, but he became famous
as a teacher. With fingers so weak and
twisted that it was difficult for him to
hold a pen, he wrote voluminously and
well. Because of his manifold infirmities
he was nicknamed, "Contracted"; and
to this day, although it will soon be nine
hundred years since he died, the name
is his: Hermann Contractus.

Hermann, born in February, 1013,
was one of the fifteen children of Wol-
frad, Count of Altshausen, in Swabia,
and his good wife, Hiltrud. Both father
and mother belonged to families which
for generations produced illustrious
noblemen, crusaders and prelates; but
all of these have been forgotten for
hundreds of years, and the only member
of the proud race whom the world re-
members is the sickly, deformed child
of whom, in all probability, many of
his kinfolk were half ashamed.

Perceiving that the crippled child
was gifted intellectually, his parents
when he was seven years of age, took
him to a famous monastery on a lovely
island in Lake Constance: Reichenau.
There he remained to the close of his
comparatively short life of forty-one
years, during twenty-one of which he
had been a monk.

Not only was Hermann's mind as
brilliant as his body was weakly and
deformed, he had a will of iron; and,
handicapped as he was, by tireless effort
he became distinguished even in such a
centre of culture and learning as Reich-
enau, and in fact "one of the most cel-

ebreated men of his time." He was chronicler, mathematician, musician and poet; he was proficient in Latin, Greek and Arabic. With his pitifully twisted hands he made clocks, astrolabes and musical instruments. As teacher he was remarkably successful, deeply influencing the hearts and minds of the pupils who thronged to him.

More heroic, if less showy, although Hermann lived in constant discomfort and frequently suffered pain, he was always sweet-tempered, always smiling, and was friendly with everyone. He keenly enjoyed fun and joking, even at his own expense; for example, in the preface of one of his treatises he speaks thus laughingly of himself, "Hermann, the least of God's poor little ones, more slow than the donkey, yes, than the snail," had been urged to write the pages in question, but by reason of his "lumpish laziness" had long deferred doing so.

This crippled monk wrote a chronicle, of the kind so popular during the Middle Ages, relating the most important events which had occurred since the time of Christ. His is the earliest of such histories which has been preserved to us, and would be a proud monument to any scholar's industry, accuracy and wide learning. Hermann wrote, too, a history of his own time which is still highly esteemed.

But it was as poet that his work became the heritage, not only of the learned, but of all Catholics everywhere. He was the author of a didactic poem, once famous, which was addressed particularly to nuns: "De octo vitiis principalibus." He is sometimes credited with the authorship of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus"; apparently on very slight evidence. But two of the most beloved of Our Lady's hymns are attributed to him: the "Alma Redemptoris Mater" and the "Salve Regina."

The "Alma Redemptoris Mater" ("Kindly Mother of the Redeemer") is

one of four Breviary hymns which are sung at Compline and Lauds in our Mother's honor at various seasons of the year; the others being "Hail, Holy Queen," the "Hail, Queen of Heaven" and "Oh, Queen of Heaven rejoice." It is assigned to the days between the first Sunday of Advent and February second, the feast of the Purification. To the laity it is familiar through translations made by Cardinal Newman, Father Caswall, J. Wallace and the Marquis of Bute. Because it is given in the Manual of Prayers, Father Caswall's version, beginning, "Mother of Christ, hear thy people's cry," is widely known in this country.

The "Alma Redemptoris Mater" was probably familiar to all in Chaucer's time, for he wove the "Prioress' Tale" about it. The child who had learned both words and melody at school sings them on the streets, and is murdered by Jews for doing so.

The most celebrated and best beloved of Breviary hymns in praise of our Blessed Mother is the "Salve Regina." Hermann Contractus is believed to have written both the words and the exquisite plain-song melody for them. It is sung from Trinity Sunday until the Saturday before Advent: somewhat more than half the year; and we recite it after every Low Mass.

No anthem has had more illustrious friends; nor so bitter an enemy. St. Bernard loved it and spread appreciation of it wherever he went. An old legend tells that it was he who added the ejaculation, "O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary"; but as the words are found in manuscripts of a day earlier than his, the story must be unfounded. In Italy the "Salve Regina" was always a favorite. Sailors and fishermen everywhere loved it. It is interesting to know that it was chanted by the crew of Columbus.

From the early days of their Order, the Dominicans used the hymn constant-

ly; the Franciscans incorporated it into their Breviary, whence it was introduced into the Roman. It figured prominently in the evening devotions of the guilds and confraternities which were founded in great numbers in the Thirteenth Century. In many places choirs of boys, for whom an endowment was provided, were trained to sing it as a separate service. In France this service was called a *Salut*; in Germany and England, the *Salve*. In time the Blessed Sacrament was exposed before the singing began; still later, the people were blessed with It. It is said that our service of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament originated in this way.

Curiously enough the "Salve Regina" is associated with Martin Luther. Saints loved and praised it, but he loudly complained that it was sung everywhere throughout the world, and the great bells of the churches were rung in its honor; also, that the words, "our life, our sweetness and our hope," are applicable only to God. In short, that our Blessed Mother and her hymn were receiving too much attention. Needless to say, the words which so angered him are the language of love, and do not mean that even Our Lady is "our life, our sweetness and our hope" in the same sense as is her Divine Son.

Little did the smiling, suffering cripple of Reichenau realize what fit and undying tribute he had paid to the Queen whom he loved. The hymn could hardly have been known outside his own monastery before his life was cut short, his exile was ended.

At the age of forty-one Hermann was attacked by pleurisy. For ten days he suffered intensely, knowing all the while that death was at hand. He was not dismayed, but there was deep grief at Reichenau. "The world to come and eternal life have become so unspeakably desirable and dear that I hold all earthly things as light as thistledown. I am tired of living," he said. And to his

closest friend, he whispered, "Heart's beloved, do not weep, do not weep for me."

It was on the twenty-fourth of September, 1054, that Hermann Contractus died. A few days later he was buried, with "great lamentation," within the family estate at Altshausen which he had left as a little child. He had fought the good fight, and what a welcome must have awaited him from the Lord whom he had so cheerfully served and the Queen of whom he had so sweetly sung.

Building up Carfax.*

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

V.

THERE seemed no reason why Anthony Burnham should leave the high road on his way from Bluebells to Milford. The direct route was through Maydon, and you left Thurston well on the right, hidden behind that stretch of coverts which supplied sundry gentry of the neighborhood with ill-gotten game—chiefly ground game. Carfax did not preserve. Pity, thought the young man, and remembered a road that he might take which would pass by the picturesque Thurston property and give him a glimpse of the old home. Not that he wouldn't have liked to meet those two again and speak to them. In fact, he had every intention of following up the *rencontre* this morning, and he had debated swiftly in his mind whether or not to get off his bicycle and perhaps walk a little way down the hill with them.

Farmer Grey's grandchildren! That told him nothing much, he had been out of England so long. Certainly neither

* REVIEW OF CHAPTERS:—John Carfax of Thurston came of an old Catholic stock. His grandfather, however, had given up the Faith for worldly advantages, and his father had

of them looked as if they belonged to him. Aunt Mary Margaret had told him how Thurston was improved out of all knowledge. He knew it had been farmed by Carfax, the son of the last Squire who had died of drink; but he knew nothing of his connection with the Greys. His father had often said it was one of the most picturesque old homes in the neighborhood, but that it had been allowed to fall into a bad state. At one time he told Anthony, that if ever Thurston had fallen into the market, as there had been a great likelihood, his grandfather had intended buying it for one of his sons.

And now, of the two sons and two daughters, he was the only male Burnham left. Uncle Bernard, whom he remembered always as a white statue lying on a long-wheeled stretcher, had died years ago. As a boy, Anthony had always expected he would be "made a saint" on the spot, being quite convinced that such a marvel of cleverness at shaping ships and soldiers, beasts and birds out of wood, such a teller of gorgeous tales, such a gentle bearer of bodily sufferings, and such—so it had seemed to his small nephew,—such an intimate friend of God's and of all the saints, must naturally become one of their great company on his death, and wear a halo. Though it had a little worried him that he might be mixed up with the great St. Bernard who had been very active on his legs and preached Crusades and such like.

And there had been Aunt Mary Margaret and Aunt Margaret Mary. That had always been a great joke to him, their names reversed like that. Aunt Mary Margaret was the oldest of the family, and rather inclined to be strict and severe, but Aunt Margaret Mary

died of drink. The old manor had fallen into decay, but John, who had married Susan Grey, by constant labor had made it respectable. He sent his daughter to the Catholic school, to the surprise of his wife and the neighbors. When the children returned for vacation it was

was the youngest—younger than his father, Francis, and she had been a great pal, almost as good as a boy—climbing trees, bird's nesting, inventing games and adventures, and saving him once when they had fallen through thin ice into a shallow pond, and she had hauled him out and made him race home.

He had been very little then; and often since those days he had begun to realize that he had not been the only one who adored her. There had always been great comings and goings, lots of cheery young men, picnics, tennis parties, and dances; and his pretty young Aunt Margaret Mary always the centre of everything, though she had been just as keen to attend the classes Uncle Bernard's tutor gave to her brother and a few neighbors' sons, as to go to any dance. Both aunts had followed the course, and old Mrs. Burnham had, as often as not, been present too.

It was when he had been away with his mother's relatives in Ireland, that he had been told that Aunt Margaret Mary had entered a religious Order, and he had come to the conclusion that now he would never be able to climb that giant oak in the meadow, which she had always promised him he should do when he was a little older. Very annoying!

As Anthony Burnham bicycled slowly down the little road that passed through the Thurston property, he passed a man crossing it from the fields on one side, to enter the long avenue that led to the house. A tall, spare man, in an old shooting coat and a shabby pair of breeches, carrying a stick under his arm, followed by a couple of dogs who started to bark at the stranger.

A sharp order brought them to heel, and Burnham had a glimpse of a face that reminded him of some one's, but for

learned that young John was to go to Oxford. This angered Farmer Grey, who planned that his grandson should be a farmer. Young John met him and settled the problem, and Farmer Grey went off with a young stranger to talk cattle.

the moment he could not remember whose. He rode slowly, his head turned constantly to look at the old white, low-built, rambling house set between two long avenues of chestnuts, facing the low-lying hills that lay bathed in the midday sun. A dignified, almost sombre-looking old farm house, that had been restored under heavy difficulties and that yet could not hide its distinction. Something, Burnham thought, like that man he had just passed, in his old patched shooting coat and shabby breeches. There had been something unmistakable in his voice as he called to the dogs—in the way even he had regarded the passing stranger on his bicycle.

He was a little late for lunch when he arrived at Four Orchards, the home that his grandfather had bought on settling down in England. Colonel Burnham had been fond of declaring that it was a house that let you down in every respect except in its position. To begin with, there were only two orchards; but where in all the land was there a lovelier sight than when the one was a mass of cherry blossoms and the other of apple blossoms? Attractive barns had allured the gallant ex-cavalry officer to amateur farming, and the smiling land had proved unworkable. He began to find out, at much cost, that to be successful and popular commanding officer of a crack cavalry regiment in India did not warrant him in assuming that he would be a successful and popular amateur farmer in a county of small and jealous farmers. Added to which he was a Catholic, and had turned an old tithe barn into a chapel.

But his unpopularity had diminished with his unsuccess as a rival. He forbore to exhibit his fine beasts at the local shows, and when the neighborhood realized that the genial old gentleman was only "farming" after his manner, to occupy his latter days, and that his competition backed by his comfort-

able wealth was no danger to them, they winked and nodded and accepted him.

It was only poachers, and beaters of wives and animals who roused his furious wrath on the bench; and it was only little pale Father Page who had saved Tim Murphy, an incorrigible poacher, from a great thrashing when the Colonel, walking through the woods one evening, had caught that gentleman red-handed. Murphy, in spite of his name, was no Catholic, but the little priest had spread his frail figure between the two men, and faced the tall, white-haired old Colonel and his apoplectic wrath, with the calm and dignity of his calling. The old gentleman had roared over the little man's head, to the miscreant crouching behind,

"Off you go then, you rogue! Lucky for you his reverence was here."

And as old Mrs. Burnham used to add with a tender smile in her husband's direction, "and that proved to be the salvation of the man, for he became a lamb under Father Page."

A big old Georgian house with a heavy pillared porch, where one expected to see slim-waisted gentlemen in tall silk hats and Dundreary whiskers handing equally slim-waisted belles in ringlets and crinolines into the family carriage. Instead, a couple of girls and a Sealyham terrier met him as he dismounted, and for a moment he wondered which of the three was making the most noise. The girls were in short white skirts and had thrown sweaters over their shoulders. One of them threatened the barking dog with her racquet—a pleasant, round-faced, freckled girl with a laughing face and curly short hair.

"Will you be keeping a man out of his own house, Midge?"

"Be quiet, sir!" No Sassenach, Petrea."

The other girl, taller, with regular features and very fine eyes, which she

was an adept at using, a laughing mouth that had more than a faint suggestion of lip-stick, and the darkest hair Anthony had ever seen out of India,—Isabel Mefford was trying to make herself heard above the din.

"What price our gentle host who manages to get himself lost for a whole morning? What penance shall we give him for making us get up at an unearthly hour to play tennis in the cool—and he, coolly decamps?"

"I say—" began Anthony, tilting up his machine by a pillar of the porch, "you don't usually appear in public till about eleven or thereabouts, and I heard Maddox and Sandy fixing up your games, so I did a stroke of business."

"If it was business we'll let him off, but we four 'bright young things' have been invited here to make things gay for you, and if you're going to dodge us—" began the freckled-faced girl, when two men, also in flannels, came out of the cool depths of the hall.

Ralph Maddox towered over them all, even Anthony, who was a tall man, and it was his habit, possibly encouraged by his *metier* at the bar, to appear to tower mentally over his immediate neighborhood. Not that he was a vain man—as yet—but he liked to count even in such a modest circle as this. And Sandy Mefford had been getting on his nerves, pleasant ass that he was, and his host, because he was the Meffords' guest when Miss Burnham had 'phoned for all their party to come over for a few days to welcome her nephew. Old Judge Mefford and his wife were coming to dine to-morrow night, and they were all returning to Mefford House for Isabel's twenty-first birthday dance.

No mistaking her brother, with the same coal black hair and fine eyes, but perhaps the air of delicacy was responsible for the quieter manner, the half deprecating way he had of speaking.

"Here is the heir, come let us kill him," he said, thrusting his racquet at

Anthony. "The girls have both been crying and Maddox and I choking back our sobs."

"Liar! And there's the gong and nobody changed," threw in Petrea. "Aunt Mary likes everyone to sit down as the clock strikes, and it's just going to unless some one hangs on to the pendulum."

"Curfew shall *not* ring to-night! Fly!"

Anthony followed more leisurely as his four guests raced up the broad oak staircase and disappeared laughing to their rooms.

Rather amusing how everyone claimed auntship with Aunt Mary. Even old Judge Mefford, who had married late in life and was much older than his wife, even he called her Aunt Mary. As Sandy had remarked with embarrassing candor before a room full of amused visitors, and addressing Anthony, who had wished himself back in India, it gives you all the privileges of cousinship with the most charming society in the world, himself included.

They lunched at a round table, where Aunt Mary, surrounded by all these young people whom she loved better than her contemporaries, sat smiling and erect, facing her beloved nephew. White-haired, and with a fragile air that seemed to accord badly with her activities and slight manner of command, her kindly, wrinkled face gave no other indication of the passage of time. She had been the eldest of the four children, the deputy-mother, and in those days perhaps strict and severe, though never for Bernard, the adored brother who depended on her. But Francis and Margaret Mary had always been up to mischief; they had "hunted in couples, climbed trees together and fallen from them together, ruined their clothes together, danced and sang together,—and shared their punishments together, till Mrs. Burnham, finding it was no punishment in each other's com-

pany, put an end to it and confined them to cells" at far ends of the house.

But the years had brought her understanding, or else what use rain and sunshine, pain or joy? Bernard had died, Francis had gone to India, and something in the lovely young sister seemed to have died too. About that, Mary had never been quite certain. Perhaps it was not so much something that had died as that something had seemed to come to life. And Mary had lavished upon this sister all the love she had given Bernard. Yes—it had been worth while—though there had been times she wished she had been more discerning, because she remembered that little Father Page, whom she had expected to be overwhelmed and perhaps unsympathetic at the news of Margaret's announcement that she was entering a religious Order, —Father Page had simply said gently,

"Ah!—it was bound to come. She had a perfect vocation."

That had made Mary reflect. Vocation! With all that overflowing gaiety, those high spirits, that love of sport, and hunting, and amusement! The night before she had told her mother of her decision, she had not missed a dance nor any of the extras at the Hunt Ball at Mefford House. How often Mary had remembered a little scene in their bedroom as they undressed in the early hours. Margaret standing for a moment in her little short white slip with her pretty ball dress at her feet—where some faded roses had tumbled.

"Roses die so soon. Why didn't you wear artificial ones?" Mary had said, and Margaret had laughed back quickly:

"Fresh roses every day, Mary, that'll never die! Just think of it!" But she had supposed it was only Margaret's nonsense. And apparently it had been all cut and dried, and she had begged her mother to say nothing during that year of waiting. Only Mary remembered saying to Mrs. Burnham that if it was only some thwarted love affair, it was a pity

Margaret—and the old lady had replied gently,

"Certainly it's a very old-standing love affair, my dear, but in no way thwarted."

Mary had been shocked.

"Who is it, then, and why?"

"A very old-standing love affair, my dear," Mrs. Burnham had repeated, smiling—"with Our Lord."

"And what did you find out about short horns, Anthony?" asked Aunt Mary presently. "What did he advise—Farmer Grey?"

"He thought they'd give you more trouble than they're worth. Didn't think much of our land evidently, either arable or pasture."

"Ah, that's local jealousy. Can any good come out of Milford, says Maydon; am I my brother's keeper, says Milford, when it goes poaching in Thurston where there ain't no keepers," threw in Sandy, taking a large helping of mayonnaise.

"Thurston?" murmured Petrea, pausing with her fork half way to her mouth—"I've heard that name."

"Read his novels, I expect, *one* Thurston—these young things do read so indiscriminately, don't they, Aunt Mary, these days?" from Sandy.

"He doesn't write novels, silly; he gave us a Retreat, but it wasn't one or the other." Everyone was talking, and Maddox was discussing with his neighbor, the young, middle-aged and fashionable wife of the Member for the County, the benefit the Board of Works did in preserving old ruins of historic interest. Some ancient Abbey in Scotland was in question.

"By the way, talking of ruins—I see Carfax Home is still as it was when I was a kiddy. It must have been a fine place at one time. No one left of them?" asked Anthony, and there was a babel for answer.

"Rather. The ghost walks every night—in an old burberry and slouch hat."

"Regular Edgar Wallace mystery, that man."

"No mystery at all," Aunt Mary's voice was heard to say, and the others listened. "I believe it's always his hope, so they say, to build up the place again."

"Surely that is proof of a slightly disordered mind, in the circumstances, isn't it?" said Isabel Mefford. "Isn't he bailiff, or something, for Farmer Grey?"

"Carfax—why—" began Petrea excitedly, but Aunt Mary was speaking.

"Certainly not. He's quite a successful farmer as farming goes in these days. Not to the extent that his father-in-law, Farmer Grey, is, but on a small, compacter scale."

And suddenly Anthony Burnham was looking into the grey eyes of those two who were regarding him from behind the old man's shoulder—and instantaneously he remembered the likeness in that man's face to some one—that man in the patched shooting jacket. Those two—they must have been Carfax's children. The man was on the Carfax property, and old Grey had mentioned his granddaughter. Good heavens!

"Funny blighter, who turned his back on all his family's old friends—so my governor says," said Sandy.

"Do tell me, some one! Years ago when I was quite young—"

"Board o' works forward!" exclaimed Sandy.

"Well, I was ten then and I'm twenty now, so it *was* years ago, clever Mr. Alexander the Great."

"Never mind our Sandy. Go on," said Isabel laughing.

"I went once, for a year when my people had gone to Ireland, to the convent school at Tesford, and there was a Carfax girl there; and she went to Thurston, I remember now, for the week ends. Oh, yes—and she was a Protestant—it's that that made me remember. So funny—you don't see that in Ireland—"

"What don't you see in Ireland, Miss Paddy Petrea? None of your sauce now. Of course, we keep our most respectable people in England, so—"

"Be quiet, Sandy. We want to hear about the little Carfax girl," laughed Aunt Mary. "When I used to go and see my dear sister, we had such a short time to talk of so many other things than one's neighbors."

Anthony was peeling a pear very deliberately, waiting for the girl to continue. He was a little intrigued by the history of Carfax, and now he had seen old Grey, he was not sorry to hear more about those two good-looking young people who had—he was sure—laughed at him over the farmer's shoulders. For a moment his eyes glanced round the table—Maddox, with his thin, clever face and his pleasant, assured man-of-the-world air, Mrs. Malet, the woman he was talking to, who had dropped in unexpectedly and was delighted to find two men amongst the youthful party, who were worth while—Judge Mefford had told her Maddox was a coming man. Anthony's eyes did not rest long on the lady—having chiefly met women of her kind—pleasant, sometimes witty, easy, almost too easy to get on with, the sort of genial acquaintance "without result," as Napoleon once said ironically of one of his officers, and which was to be said later of the great man himself.

Isabel—she had touched up her face a little quite discreetly, and he smiled back as her dark eyes caught his and the pretty mouth,—beastly trick, that lip stick—broke into a gay laugh.

And Sandy—nothing special about him—neither looks nor anything remarkable about his brains unless it was genius to be superlatively satisfied with his small place in the General Scheme.

Petrea reminded him of a kitten. He liked her freckles, and was glad she had used no lip stick. Yes, she "belonged" too, but—and back his eyes came to his

pear, with a little internal smile as he cut it. Those two in their old flannels and cottons, flanking the hot-faced old farmer who had lapsed into broad dialect as they talked of beasts—those two “belonged,” he would swear it. And suddenly he knew quite definitely that he meant to follow up that chance meeting. With a curious flash of mental vision he could see that girl with the flickering sunlight through the trees lighting up the warm tints of her hair—he could see her sitting here at this round table, holding her own with a gay dignity that somehow, these jolly, modern girls perhaps lacked. That young fellow too, her brother; after all, he wouldn’t lose much by comparison with that rattle pate Sandy.

Petrea was saying something, with her fascinating faint Irish accent.

“It was the last night I was there. We’d all been to Confession, and the little Carfax girl was crying her eyes out because she wasn’t allowed to go too. She kept repeating, ‘what do I do with mine, then—what do I do with mine?’ ”

“Let’s go and ask her what she’s done with ’em,” suggested Sandy. “We could go in the spirit of missionaries.”

Petrea continued, as Miss Burnham seemed interested.

“It was Mother Veronica who comforted her. Everyone loved her, but that little Carfax girl simply clung to her. I wonder if she’s there still.”

For a moment Anthony’s eyes met Miss Burnham’s.

“No, my dear, Mother Veronica has been at their Paris home for the last two years. But I think she is soon coming back again,” she said, and smiled at Anthony.

“Oh, you know her then! She was a darling”—said Petrea fervently. “She was so *understanding!*”

“Yes, I know her, my dear. She is my sister, Margaret.”

(To be continued.)

The Great American Silence.

BY JOHN J. O’CONNOR.

“WHAT is badly needed to-day,” a saintly old priest once said to me, “is a call to order. We need gleaners to gather up the shattered fragments of our bankrupt and chaotic civilization and weld them together into a new Christian economy. All our young people are clever, but they lack discipline; and without discipline we can accomplish nothing.”

He turned to me, resting his hand on my arm.

“You have inherited a glorious tradition of leadership that is nineteen hundred years old. In order to be worthy of it, in these days, you must discipline yourself. You must give yourself an horizon of three weeks—no more; live your Faith intensely; master yourself in order that you may learn to do the will of God in all things.”

Discipline! Courage! Action!

We have but one life to live; and life is such a fragile, delicate thing. In three weeks we may be dead. What fruits of our labors could we then lay before His feet?

Bishop Schrembs once remarked that we need “fewer leading Catholics and more Catholic leaders among the laity.” Now leadership implies personality; and the full development of our poor personality consists, as Garrigou-Lagrange has taught us, “in losing it in some way in that of God, who alone possesses personality in the perfect sense of the word, for He alone is absolutely independent in His being and action.”

Jacques Maritain, in his essay on Luther, emphasizes the idea by saying that “the privileges of personality—the pure life of intelligence and liberty, the pure agility of the spirit, which is self-sufficient for action as for being,—are so deeply buried in our case in the matter of our fleshly individuality that we

can only free them by being ready to fall to earth and die there in order to bear divine fruit, and we shall only know our true face if we receive the white stone on which God has written our new name. Truly perfect personality is found only in saints."

We shall have leaders among the laity when, and only when, in every thought and action of our entire being we radiate the Spirit of God. We have not drawn upon the tremendous depth and stretch of our Catholic Faith. We have not possessed it richly. In the words of Dr. Karl Adam, we have "dug for ourselves various trivial and paltry cisterns, although we had in our dogma and in our liturgy rich wells of the water of life."

In England, the intellectual battle for the Faith has been won. Protestantism is on the defensive for the first time in four centuries. The old redoubts are fast crumbling. It has long since been fully realized that martyrdom is not the acid test of true and loyal Catholicity. That is only the approach and the beginning. The Catholic who is not ready and willing at all times to lay down his life in the service of Christ the King is only a parasite and a bothersome camp-follower,—a slouch in the vestibule of the Church.

Have you ever heard of the Birmingham "bull-ring?" That is where Catholic Evidence Guild speakers, in acquainting the man in the street with the truths of the Catholic religion, are insulted, abused and tormented. Have you ever seen the crucifix that is always affixed to the Hyde Park speaking stand? It bears the marks of many hard-fought battles in the streets of London. Judged by these standards, America's answer to the world mobilization of the lay apostolate has been: "I pray you, hold me excused."

It is high time we descended from the shoulders of Belloc and Chesterton. The sun of Catholicity does not shine

exclusively on Europe. The Faith is *not* Europe. It never was and it will never be. It may be well for us, from time to time, to look to Europe for the measure of our accomplishment. But let us do something more than silently applaud. Let us begin to begin.

We in America were born poor religiously. We lead a timid, faltering and uncertain religious life. We are acquainted only with the gray ghost of Catholicism, with a pale, lukewarm, anæmic and diluted Catholicism, a Deistic and Jansenist Catholicism; a Catholicism that is woefully impoverished and threadbare.

What a sorry, miserable muddle, for example, professional hagiographers have made of sanctity! These religiously morbid and poorly equipped biographers of the saints have persistently concentrated our attention upon such unimportant details as levitation, prodigious fasts, and other severe bodily mortifications—to the utter exclusion of all else.

St. Ignatius, as great a mystic as St. John of the Cross or St. Teresa of Avila, is always represented as a grim martinet or drill sergeant. We are told, at great length, that St. Aloysius Gonzaga consumed two, or possibly three, ounces of food a day. What of it? What follows? What is the point of the whole futile discussion as to the exact number of times a saint scourged himself? That is only the circus side of prayer.

Let us be very grateful for the modern renaissance of Catholic mysticism. It will teach us that the attainment of sanctity is a very common-sense business. What really matters in the lives of the saints is their progress in prayer, their final victory in a mystical union with the Incarnate Word, the perilous and giddy ascent of the soul, the exaltation and rejoicing of the soul, the unutterable sighing of the spirit within us, Christ's love and hope and charity at home in our hearts.

All of us are born with the destiny of

eternal life upon us. We are all touched with a supernatural finality. We are members of Christ's mystical body and one with Him. "I live," wrote St. Paul to the Galatians, "now not I; but Christ liveth in me." We are called to sanctity. It is within the reach of even the lowliest of us.

"It may be well," writes Theodore Maynard, "that God suffers our stucco churches, and still more, our expensive display, and our liturgical obtuseness, and our choirs who should have their throats cut singing tawdry hymns to wretched music, and our gaudy statuary merely as a kind of fallow period from which shall follow a renewal of Catholic art that will bring home to us, in new forms, the heart-shattering significance of the Catholic Faith."

But are we moving in the right direction when some of our churches have recently installed electric votive lamps? Ten cents in a slot and the electric current continues for five hours.

"Yet I wonder," concludes Dr. Adam, "if we are not ourselves responsible for the fact that in many regions of devotional life there seems to be little appreciation of the inmost treasures of Christianity, of its truest glory and strength. Has not that Christianity, which we plant and water, become variously a weary, wilted, morose Christianity, and not a victorious and glad Christianity? Do we Catholics really feel and realize that holy unity and sacred fellowship whose Head is Christ, or are we not isolated and separated one from another, forming all too often no more than an external organization? I see but one road to renewal, and that is the road which both dogma and liturgy point out to us, and of which we ourselves shall be daily reminded as often as we pray 'through Christ our Lord!'"

HE who does not practise what he believes gradually ceases to believe in what he does not practise.—*Abbé Hogan.*

The Bog.*

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

V.

"SO I'm a half fool! That's what he thinks! That's what they all think! I'm a drivelling half-wit! Alice Farley can stand up and talk, and I can't open my mouth. 'Tis no wonder they think me a coward. Well, that's the end of it—I'm going to rise out of it. Alice Farley will see whether I'm a coward!"

He went into the house. The Bog sat before the grate fire which sputtered and sent up little flames that shone briefly and then died down. To forget his irritation following the lecture which Alice read him, he turned to the markets in the *Irish Times*. The *Times* was a good, level paper which gave no encouragement to the madness taking hold upon the country. That impudent hussy! The *Times* gave no encouragement to wild, mad devils!

Mrs. Byrne knitted below the lamp which sent that pathway of light across the yard. She was a quiet woman—had been a quiet girl. Her fingers directed the needles with the ease which follows skill like a shadow. You would say she was an autumn garden where bits of summer lingered. Though a quiet woman, she knew how to manage her husband. Everybody admitted that.

Hugh Byrne recrossed his legs again—the left over the right this time. He had finished "Cork Butter," and was going to "Limerick Hams and Bacon." The pages rustled as he turned them; the packed, partially burned coals sputtered and sent up bluish squirts of smoke or little fingers of flame; then

* REVIEW OF CHAPTERS:—Hugh Byrne, a Limerick farmer, loved his land and resented the activities of the young Sinn Feiners who were drilling for Ireland. His son, Davey, longed to join the "boys," but feared his Father. Alice Farley, a neighbor, whom Davey

sank deeper into the grate. Mrs. Byrne worked her fingers, which you would watch to admire their skill; but once your eyes rested on her face they would never return to her fingers. It was such a calm face: a harbor which the storms of life seemed never able to break in upon and ruffle! If you were a boy you would want just such a mother.

Davey entered the house conscious of two possessions. He owned a hurley which he kept secure within the chimney where it was seasoned and hardened by the smoke. Once his mother had said to him,

"Davey, for goodness sake why don't you take that stick out of there?"

"Ah, it needs the smoke, Mother, to season it." The hurley remained in the chimney.

He owned a gun—a double-barrel shot-gun—which rested on two hooks driven into the wall just above the delf dresser. When it is said Davey owned these things, it must be understood as relative possession. Hugh Byrne owned all things; those subject to him owned things relatively. He owned all things from the beginning, as it shall be now and forever; others owned things subject to his will.

Davey picked up a chair; which circumstance The Bog did not notice, because his eyes were watching soaring Limerick hams. Mounting hams were lovelier to him than mounting eagles to a poet. Davey set the chair beside the delf dresser and stood on it. Two gentle eyes looked up and watched one hand resting against the dresser for support, the other reaching for the gun.

"Davey!" she whispered. Was it a flutter of fear, or a heart-cry of joy?

The chair creaked below Davey's weight and his father ceased to fol-

low mounting hams. He turned around.

"What's it you're doing there?"

It was like a blast out of a furnace, and Davey grew weak. He thought of the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, Robert Emmett, John Mitchell. He thought of John Conway and Mike O'Neill; the Burkes, the Farleys, Gallop and the rest of them. They were out somewhere now. He fancied he heard them:

"March—Halt—March—Halt."

He thought of Alice; he heard her brave words which he hoped would make him unafraid. He remembered them. They were hammering within his brain; their scorn was singing to him.

"The Farleys, the Donovans, the Burkes are fools! John Conway and Gallop are fools! Some of them may be shot and some of them hanged—and whether they win or lose The Bog will have his bog and his bank account. He can have them!" These were her very words.

"Tell me what's it you're doing there?"

"Jesus, Mary help me!" he whispered, as he did the day he saved the lads from drowning in the bog. With the gun in one hand, just before stepping out from the chair, he said down to his father,

"I'm going to show you I'm not a half-fool!"

The Bog stood up and threw down the paper. An end of it caught fire, which he stamped out with his foot. He was methodical that way. Even if Ireland were on fire he would look to his own house.

"You natural fool! Put that gun up before I use the whip on you!"

"I wont put the gun up! And you wont use the whip on me! You wont put a finger on me! This gun is my gun, and I'm going to use it!"

loved, gave him up because she thought, he was afraid. At the close of a rehearsal in the Byrne home, for a concert, Alice Farley denounced Mr. Byrne, "The Bog," for his attitude toward the Sinn Feiners, and left with

her companions, Kathleen Donovan and Mary O'Sullivan. As they walked the country road they heard a shot, and sent the police who came up to inquire, scurrying in the wrong direction.

His father walked toward him; walked slowly, because he was never hurried. He had his right hand raised threateningly. He would surely knock Davey and his gun off the chair. He had his mind made up just how he would do it.

"Father, take care! Don't come any nearer!"

Davey aimed the gun at him. A loaded gun—though Davey did not know it at the moment. The Bog stood. He had intended to knock Davey gun and all off the chair. He planned just where he would hit him. And after the fool was down, he would lay on the whip; just like the Government would lay the whip upon all the fools bye and bye. He remained standing, watching; much as a fierce animal stands to watch what he is going to devour.

He was not far from Davey—ten feet, perhaps. He had planned just how and where he would hit him; now he hesitated. It might not be safe.

"Hugh, stop where you are! Not another inch! Stop right where you are—and go back where you came from!"

The little mother had put away her needles, her half-finished sock. She stood between her husband and her son. She always looked so like a peaceful, autumn garden, her face keeping certain reminders of summer! She looked that way now; only you could not miss a quickening of color on her face. Her husband towered above her; a large, rugged, wide-shouldered oak that made you think of elemental things. He looked down at the small woman who was not afraid of him. He knew she was not.

"What business is it of yours? Sit down! I know how to handle the fool." In his heart he was glad she was interfering.

"I'll not sit down. 'Tis you are going to sit down."

"He's mine, and I'm going to handle him."

"He's mine, too. Sit down and behave

yourself. 'Tis many the folly I've saved you from, and I'm saving you from another now. Sit down and don't provoke things will make this night a bad one to remember!"

"I'm master in my house!" he shouted.

"I know; we all know. Only sit down like a good man!"

She suggested him back to his chair by the fire, much as people used to suggest their wishes to the planchette on the ouija board. And he was happy to be shown to his corner in spite of his shouting. When she had handed him back his "Limerick Hams and Bacon," she went quietly to Davey. He had lowered his gun and was tip-toeing across the floor. She set a hand on his shoulder in a pressure not much heavier than the weight of a bird.

"Davey, be sure and come back! Come back when you're finished drilling."

"O Mother, I can't—I can't come back! I won't come back any more!"

She drew his head down to her mouth and whispered words so low they were almost inarticulate.

"Davey, come back—don't leave me! You've won your first battle and the others will be easier. Come back tonight! Don't go away! I'll tell Nano to open the door for you."

Davey nodded. She kissed him. She held his face between her hands and kissed him again and again. And in a surge of love he kissed her; kissed her many times. Then hurried out.

How the cool night of the late March soothed him! The darkness was all about, but Davey was never afraid of darkness. He could walk by a graveyard at night and feel no fear. He had done so many times. Once Nano and himself were returning from a party given at the far end of the parish. It was very late and they had to pass an old cemetery. A church, the broken memory of suffering times, showed gables tucked away in ivy and a white moonlight shone upon head-stones jagged and

falling. As brother and sister walked by the gate—Nano keeping very close to her brother—there was a rattle of iron, and a man walked through. She gripped Davey.

"Virgin Mary, help us!"

"Fine night!" Davey called.

"'Tis so. You didn't see e'er a stray ass on the road? He got out on me, and sometimes he makes for here."

They had seen no ass, and the man walked on. Nano said in a great breath of relief,

"Davey, you didn't seem a bit afraid—I was like ivy in the wind."

"I'm not afraid of ghosts. I'd rather face ten ghosts than one Bog."

Now free at last, and the night all around him—the dark night which he never feared—he walked to the lane leading to the road and crossed the north fence into the garden of newly closed drills where potatoes had lately been set. The odor of plowed earth came pleasantly. Davey always liked the smell of plowed earth. He walked along the headland and heard the beat of light steps—Nano coming back. He did not want to meet her, so hid below the stone ditch until he heard her turn the corner of the house.

He crossed the drilled garden to catch up with the three girls—he would see them home. He thought of Alice and was happy—he was to be her protector. He cut, avenue fashion, over the potato field until he arrived near the highway; then stopped and listened. He heard them—their footfalls, their voices; and as he drew nearer saw their fainter outlines through the night. He was so proud to be the protector of Alice! And he was a Rebel now, she should know, as well as the rest of them! He had his gun under his arm, the barrel facing the ground. He fingered the trigger with a sense of ownership, of pride. Pulled it back with a little thrill of joy; released it. The explosion jerked him out of position, and the charge of

shot dug a hole into the plowed earth.

"My God—it was loaded!"

Presently he heard a scream, and the voices of men on the road. He ran for that clump of bushes below the hill on which the school stands; then hurried around the base of the hill to the east side of the school and entered that grove of beeches which used to grow there. He waited and listened. In a few minutes the girls walked by on the road outside. He followed them, keeping far within the fields.

He would see them home. Alice had the longest journey; three hundred yards after she left her two friends at the cross-roads north of the chapel; the cross-roads at which she turned and vanished the Sunday she taunted him for his cowardice.

"I'll go out now and show her I'm no coward!" He thought better of it, and continued along the fields.

"Those two girls should have come with her!" But reproach surrendered to gentler feelings.

Farleys' house stood in from the highway, a box hedge running along the road-front, and up either side of the yard, giving the entire front a rectangular shape. He hurried up the field, crossed the road and hid back of the east hedge. Alice opened the gate and closed it after her; then went up the gravel walk. The house within was bright, but there was no sound of song or laughter; the days were not days of mirth. As she passed her mute protector, only the box hedge separated them. Davey heard the little, hurried steps—steps that were music to him; heard the rustle of her skirt—or thought he heard it. He was tempted to stand up and look over to catch a glimpse of her through the darkness. He was going to call her softly. Already she was knocking on the door, and he had not moved or spoken.

The door opened and Mike Farley,

Alice's father, stood in the light, his glasses pushed back from his forehead.

"I suppose he'll shout at her for being so late!" Davey thought all fathers shouted at their children, and already he was angry at Mike Farley.

"Weren't you afraid coming alone all the way from the cross?" That was how this father spoke.

"I wasn't; and if I saw a ghost I'd have screamed. You'd have heard me, wouldn't you?"

"I suppose I would, if you screamed loud enough—as you can."

Just as she held the door to close it, Alice asked,

"Are the boys back?"

She referred to her brothers. She wondered might one of them have fired that shot—for the sport of it? Hardly. Conway was dead set against nonsense. She decided to say nothing at all about the shot.

"The boys wont be in before eleven," her father answered.

The door closed. On his way to the field beyond the bog where the men were drilling, Davey painted this picture:

"Mike Farley is sitting by the fire now, with Mrs. Farley; and Alice between them. She's reading the paper for them; not news about Limerick hams and bacon, but about the great stir which is on the country. Bye and bye her mother will hang the kettle and they'll all have tea when the boys come in. 'Tis fine when people live that way."

Here is the factual picture:

"I had it out with The Bog to-night!" Alice cried. Her mother stopped short in her sewing and looked up. Mrs. Farley was tall, and kept that color of youth you notice sometimes on Irish mothers attentive to personal appearance, and not overworked.

"Had what out with The Bog?" Her father reached to the fire the folded scrap of paper which would start his pipe. There were matches,

but Mike Farley was a traditionalist.

"Had everything out with him!" And Alice made a sweeping gesture like commencement orators when they say to the graduating class, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"

"Sit down, child," her mother said with a smile. "Your elocution makes me nervous; and using your arms so much may put your elbows out of joint."

"Mother, don't you know O'Connell's great power was his gestures? He stretched his hand in a wide sweep like this and told the country about the waves that break upon the shores of Labrador."

"The devil a good that did the country, Alice!" The smoke from Mike Farley's pipe was lost in the larger stream that flowed up the chimney.

"And if you get the neuritis from swinging your arms, they'll be pulling out your fine teeth," her mother commented.

"Well, anyway, I had it out with him."

Alice sat down.

"That's better," her father said approvingly. "What did you have out with him?"

"What did I have out with him? I had everything out with him! I'll tell you from the beginning. A straight narrative with description for the sake of illustration; and argument to show how I beat him."

She stood up again.

"Can't you do it sitting down?" her mother urged.

Alice walked over, put an arm around her neck and kissed her.

"All right—give it to us standing."

"With the gestures?"

"Yes—only be careful about your elbow joints."

You have already heard what Alice reproduced. It was a good reproduction. Only she said no word about Davey; nothing about the bitter good-bye and the ironical advice to stay home so as to

save his neck from the loop-end of the rope.

"I'm sorry for The Bog," Mike Farley said when Alice had finished. "He's a crusty sort of a man; but good at heart."

"And was Davey there?" her mother asked, because she noticed how Davey had been omitted from the narrative.

"I'm through with Davey!"

Davey just then was climbing the stone ditch which surrounded the field east of the bog. A little stir of wind brought him turf and rush odors as it careered across the bare, flat land. A tardy moon came out at last, and stars shone feebly where clouds had parted.

"Attention! March!—Halt! March!—Halt! March!—Halt!"

"Thank God, I'm going into the game!" And Davey leaped to the ground.

(To be continued.)

Mary, the Morning Star.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

WHEREVER darkness spreads its wing,
And men are fearful of the night,
There is one sure and certain light
That shines with radiance ever bright
On serf and sage and knight and king,
O'er mountain crest, o'er ocean bar,
Mary, the fair, the Morning Star.

Wherever sorrow bows the heart
And there are tears in human eyes,
There is one path of light that lies
Between earth's shadow and God's skies,
One glory, changeless and apart,
That naught can dim and naught can bar,
Mary, the clear, the Morning Star.

Whatever loss, whatever pain,
Whatever grief the world may know,
All is not dark, all is not woe;
A sign shall flame, a light shall glow,
Man shall not seek, and seek in vain,
Ever shall shine from Heaven afar,
Mary, the blest, the Morning Star.

The Life and Death of Louis Hémon.*

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

"MARIA CHAPDELAINE," the "Mireille" of the Snows, yesterday reached its 650th edition. Thus this romance, of which Yvonne Sarcey said last year that its delicate power and idyllic freshness, while forcing the admiration of the literati against their will, had at the same time penetrated to the very foundation of the public mind. The author's name, hitherto unknown, is to-day on every tongue.

Who was this Louis Hémon whose glory burst so suddenly and with such brilliancy upon the literary firmament? A Breton of the old stock, he was born at Brest, October 12, 1880. His father belonged to the University, his uncle and godfather, Louis Hémon, represented the parliament of Finistère.

Little is known of the early life of the future writer. His sister pictures him as seeking solitude and leading a life of constant meditation. He displayed only a moderate desire for a university career. He followed a course in Oriental languages, and received a diploma for the Ammonite language. But it was not his purpose to establish himself in the land of veiled eyes, pagodas and Chinese junks.

A great interest in physical culture at a time when it was not in great favor, made him abandon himself passionately to sports. He devoured *L'Auto*. This organ conducted a literary contest in 1906, in which he participated, carrying off the first prize. A little later *Le Journal* crowned "La Foire aux Vérités, one of his novels. His family, not realizing his secret ambitions learned of this double success only by chance. However, the spirit of adventure impelled him to overleap his boundaries. He went to live in London, studied the life of the people, and wrote "Lizzie

* From the French of Gaston Guillot.

Blaketon," which was published by *The Times* in March, 1908.

Then he left the Continent, where his robust intellectual appetite found but meagre nourishment. Canada tempted him, not modern Canada, enjoying the charms of civilization, but primitive Canada, with its vast plains, its immense rivers, its heavy snows, its tumultuous rapids, its silent trappers, its fur traders, its reverent pioneers, its life-teeming soil, where the ancestral qualities, the rugged virtues of ancient France flourished intact.

Passing over the great centers, he plunged into the extreme north, arriving at Péribonka. He hired himself out as a farmer, adapting himself bravely to the uninteresting existence of these worthy people whose upright lives were his admiration. He, the brain worker, learned to handle the laborer's tools, taking his place in the evening at the common table. He hired himself out for his board and eight dollars a month.

Was he happy? He writes thus to his sister:

"What pleases me here is that manners are simple and devoid of all affectation. When one finds something in his cup, he politely empties it over his shoulder; and as to flies in the soup, it is only the fussy, priggish people from the cities who remove them. They lie down completely dressed, to save the trouble of making a toilet in the morning, and they take a bath on Sunday. That is all."

Was it indeed all? What Hémon did not say was that he lived in the very heart of the romance which he carried in himself. He observed, he took notes, he played with the children of the house; he assisted at vigils, he listened to the wonderful tales of the wood chopper. On Sundays he wrote in the kitchen. He remained eighteen months with his characters: Samuel Bédard (Samuel Chapdelaine), Mlle. Eva Bouchard (Maria Chapdelaine), Eusèbe

Simard (Tit'Seb le remuancheur), François Lemieux (François Paradis), Eutrope Gaudrault (Eutrope Gagnon). He sent his manuscript to Adrian Hébrard, who wrote to the author, "Your story is accepted." But the letter came back with the sinister word, "Dead."

Louis Hémon, having said good-bye to the Chapdelaines, was walking along the Transcanadian railway when he was overtaken by an express train and killed. He was only thirty-three years old. The Canadians raised a monument to him in the heart of the farm where the story had taken form. Following their touching custom they re-named in his honor *le lac des Islets* and *le lac Vert* which became Lake Hémon and Lake Chapdelaine.

The work, which appeared in *The Times* on the eve of the war was published in Montreal in 1915. In a short time it gained tremendous popularity. In view of this unprecedented success, the question arose: "Are there unpublished works of Louis Hémon?"

Careful investigation by the publisher brought to light among the papers of the deceased, a series of novels which confirmed his undoubted mastery of that literary form. He offers them to the immense army of Louis Hémon's admirers under the charming title: "La Belle que voila." On reading this volume we deplore still more the tragic end of this young man, beloved by the gods, upon whose tomb, Glory, tardy and mournful, has laid her immortal palms.



"My people," quoth the Mikado to St. Francis Xavier, "will not readily assent to what may be said to them; but they will investigate what you may affirm respecting religion by a multitude of questions, and, above all, by observing whether your conduct agrees with your words. This done, the king, the nobility, and adult population, will flock to Christ, being a nation which follows reason as a guide."

God's Gift.

BY N. R.

I.

ANNA, the wife of Richard Gravenor, master dyer, stood by the carved oak chest; and as its lid was opened an odor of mingled balm and lavender stole into the oak-wainscoted room. Through the diamond-paned window she looked out on a white city; for though it was but early October, there had been a heavy fall of snow, across which the bells pealed merrily.

Gently, reverently, Mistress Anna drew out of the chest a white silk hood, all lined with blue; a frock of the same color, and a tiny curl, a baby's ringlet, dark as night, soft as silk, curling like the tendrils of a vine, which twined round the childless woman's fingers as she lifted it from its velvet-lined case.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" said Dame Anna, the good Christian. Then the heart of the mother spoke: "My little Rose Mary!—my dear little Rose! If God had spared ye, ye would be a tall maid now, my comfort and my joy."

She sighed; then the voice of Ciss, the hired wench, broke on the stillness.

"Mistress, Tristan the minstrel, who hath come down to see the Mysteries, would fain speak wi' ye. And, Mistress, in his arms he bears a babe."

"A babe, my girl? Nay, nay! 'Tis more likely an instrument of music. What hath a handsome young harper to do with infants?"

"He saith that he saved the babe from bein' froze to death near the Red Rock, where the woman who was journeyin' wi' it lay dead," answered Ciss. "The poor woman was carried into a reedsman's cot; but Tristan had pity on the child, and brought it here, knowin' that no children played on the hearth in the House o' the Golden Banner."

The words went home to Mistress Anna's heart; and she straightway went down into the hall, and there near the big wood fire, was seated a handsome youth, with what seemed a bundle on his knee. This bundle was wrapped in a long brown cloak, whose hood was drawn over a small dark head.

"Fair greeting, Mistress Gravenor!" said Tristan Leroy, the minstrel. "I have brought ye a rosebud, thinkin' that, if ye and Heaven will it, ye may live to see it a sweet rose. I was crossin' Chorley Waste last even when the snow had fallen, on my way to Fordham, where I am to sing and play in the Mysteries, when I came on a woman, an Egyptian, lyin' still and frozen, at the mouth o' a little hole,—a hole, but big enough to hold a babe or a dog. I, knowing somewhat of surgery, knelt by the wanderer, and rubbed her hands and put my cloak around her. But she was dead. Doubtless the bitter night and weakness had been too much for her. Then I heard a little cry. It came from the hole in the side o' Red Rock; so I felt round it, and drew out a babe. It clung to me; I stumbled over the waste until I gained Jock, the reedsman's cot, where his good-wife mothered the child, gave it hot milk, warmed it, hushed it to sleep. 'Twas a bonnie bairn,—brown eyes like stars, fair face, round limbs, black fringe o' hair, a cooing laugh, a soft kiss. Said Jock's wife: 'How some childless dame would love it!' Then my thoughts turned to the House o' the Golden Banner; and when morn broke I bore this baby here. Will have it, Dame?"

He put the little one on her lap as he spoke, and Anna Gravenor looked at it curiously. The Egyptian had kept it as sweet and clean as a pet lamb. Its frock (which reached just beyond its feet) was of creamy frieze, its under garments of fair linen, all fine of texture. Round its fat and dimpled neck was a thin gold chain of foreign workmanship,

from which depended a strange golden ornament fashioned like a flower.

"See!" cried Mistress Anna, holding it up for inspection. "Ye have been over-seas, Master Tristan; have met men of foreign blood. What saith this token?"

"It is the *fleur-de-lis*, the symbol of France; and I should judge from it that the child is of French parentage on one if not both sides. Also it may well be that one near of kin to it is in trouble, hath fought for the wrong Rose. So one who loved it may have given it to the wandering woman to hide until the danger was overpast."

"So, so!" said the dame. "Leave the child here for a time, kind Tristan. I will ask counsel of my goodman, I—"

She paused; for, roused by the fire, the strange faces and strange scene, the lost child had hidden its face in Anna Gravenor's bosom, and was calling, "Mum, mum, mum!"

"Bless thee, 'twill go hard wi' her if mum doesn't keep thee. Thou shalt be called Margot, and wear her little clothes," murmured Mistress Gravenor, softly. And over the dark, handsome face of the minstrel flitted a smile; for he knew that

In her heart the pain was stilled,
And the empty place was filled.

II.

Fordham lay bathed in the June sunshine. Birds were flying round the wondrous tower of the great church, as two travellers made their way to the House of the Golden Banner. Both were men, but one was considerably older than the other, and had the grave and studious bearing of a scholar.

"This ancient city is sadly changed," said the younger of the two. "Before the dissolution, nuns and friars were as plentiful in the streets as are roses on the hedgerows to-day. *Now* we see neither robe of black, white or brown; and the town seems silent like unto an empty house. Nathless, Dame Anna

Gravenor hath been a mother in Israel to the persecuted faithful. Ye see, a former King, Henry of Agincourt (if memory play me not false), was so nobly entertained by Thomas Gravenor that he made his house privileged, vowing that no guest therein should be harmed or touched so long as the Golden Banner with the emblazoned elephant and castle floated over it. Thus far the dead King's edict hath been honored; but I doubt if it will be much longer in these evil times, especially since Master Richard hath slept with his forefathers. Yet may we warn her; and when we have bided with her a few days, we must shake the dust of Fordham from our shoes."

"And I trust that the maid and her adopted mother will fare forth with us, by Our Lady's grace," said the elder man.

"Amen! There is the House of the Golden Banner," said the younger wayfarer, who was no other than Tristan Leroy, grown older. He pointed as he spoke to the great mansion, with its hooded windows and many gables, standing in its green garden, with dye sheds and dyers' cottages, clustered round it like children round a mother.

Tristan lifted the knocker of the outer door, and in due time it was opened by a tall and beautiful maiden, fair-faced and dark-haired.

"Welcome, Messire Tristan! And you also, Messire!" she said sweetly.

"Peace be with you, daughter!" was the reply. "Before I cross this threshold I must warn ye that I am a priest who took part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, by name Father Cuthbert, of the Order of St. Benedict. But I was also brother to the Earl of Rossett in the North. Tell Dame Anna this before I eat her salt or rest beneath her roof."

As he uttered the last words a comely widow came into the hall-place and said:

"Father, enter! Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

When this house can no longer shelter those who suffer for our Holy Father the Pope, its roof shall not cover me."

So the priest and Tristan stepped into the hall, all green with pine branches and sweet with roses, sweet-williams, lilies; and when they had broken their fast, Tristan told his tale.

"Ye have heard of the Rising in the North," said he, "of that mighty gathering when the bishop left his cathedral, the noble his castle, the farmer his farm, to serve under the Crossed Keys. Ye have heard, too, how Cromwell deceived 'em; how the King's men fell on 'em; how they died by the sword, by hunger, by torture. Yet did some few escape, and of this remnant was Father Cuthbert. I was minstrel to the army, and when it was disbanded, the Rev. Father here agreed to take ship with me to France, there to abide for a season. But as we lay hid in a cave on a northern moor word was brought to him that a dying man wanted to be shrived in a moorman's hut. The good Father went, with his life in his hands; and when he came back he said that the man was John Crosby, of Fordham, one of Cromwell's spies; and a plot was on foot to take Mistress Gravenor, of the House of the Golden Banner, and have her burnt for treason. So we two come to save ye, Dame."

Margot put her arms around her adopted mother. "Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," said she.

Anna Gravenor whispered, "Amen!"

Father Cuthbert now spoke.

"My child," said he, "Tristan hath related your story; and it may be that I can throw light on the past. Wilt show me the golden *fleur-de-lis*?"

Margot unwound the chain, and gave the priest the yellow lily. He turned it over in his hand, and touched a petal, which turned back and disclosed the initials C. D. and a date.

"As I thought!" said the priest. "C.

D. stands for Christopher Darrell, Earl of Rossett, my dear brother, who died on the block on Tower Hill because of his fidelity to Peter. *You*, my daughter, are Lady Esperance Darrell. You were named after your mother, Esperance de Guydon of Provence in France. When a babe you were given to Cassie, a faithful Egyptian, who was bidden to ask some wealthy and childless dame to have pity upon you. The one who did this was old Nurse Margery, who feared for you when the King's guards came for her master. The poor wandering woman would be on her way to this town when God took her and in His good providence found ye a home. Thanks be to God!"

"These are good tidings, Father, to all but Tristan," said the minstrel.

"I have loved this damsel for years. Now I must say good-bye to hope; for I am only a minstrel, and she is of the noble House of Guydon,—though, nathless, I am noble also."

Margot looked at Mistress Anna, and then put her hand in Tristan's.

"Years ago," said she, "when I was but a weakling, ye found and sheltered me; and I have loved ye better than younger and gayer swains. What I said to Mother Anna, that I say to ye. Whither thou goest, I will go. Good Father, your blessing!"

Hand in hand, the pair knelt at the priest's feet, and he blessed them solemnly and tenderly.

"Ye must be wed in our chapel," said Dame Gravenor; "and then we will all take ship to France. I have exchanged my substance for gems, and Father Cuthbert will abide with us as chaplain."

"For a season, friends,—for a season," answered the priest; "then I mean to go where God calls." And even as he said this he was aware that he might return "to the land he called his own," to witness, it might be die, for the Faith of his fathers.

Our Nerves.

BY P. J. C.

WHERE, you often ask, are all those automobiles on the highway bound for? They seem hurried. One car leaps in front of another, to be outdistanced by the car which follows it. Where are they rushing to—these men and women who sit fixed behind a steering wheel and make you think of your life insurance? That middle-aged man, who may be an attorney or a veterinarian,—what motive has he for driving past like a runaway convict? A dying octogenarian wishes to add a codicil to his will, perhaps? A cow has punctured a main artery, is it? Not so. That mad driver is on a visit to a brother who keeps a vegetable garden. The brother has promised him some ripe tomatoes. He hurries so the tomatoes may not get too ripe. That boy whose hair is blown back on his hatless head—he is surely racing for a serum to be injected into a patient in the grip of spinal meningitis. No. He is a college junior who has been invited to spend the day at Mrs. Brown's cottage. Mrs. Brown has a daughter. He is to kill an afternoon on a porch swing, and wants to make a good killing.

Why has everybody in America to rush from where he or she is, to where he or she is not? A mother must "hurry home"—and says so several times. A father must hurry out of church before Mass is finished in order to call in at the drug-store. Big business hurries to New York—or used to before the Depression—because Big Business makes itself believe that a seventeen-hour train to New York will save the stock markets. The seventeen-hour train has not, you have noticed.

Is it a football game on Saturday afternoon? Your seat is waiting for you; and you carry a ticket which gives you the right to possession. You have thirty minutes to spare. Still you hurry

along the line of people at the entrance, hoping to get in out of turn. You squirm through with a lessening of your dignity; and muttered maledictions follow you. You shiver for thirty minutes while brass bands and cheering sections give you local color.

You are in an interurban train going from, say, South Bend, Indiana, to Chicago, Illinois. You notice the lyric name—115th Street. Shortly after, the conductor calls out "Englewood." Twenty people glide into the aisle and wait one behind another, as when people are waiting for Confession the Saturday night before Trinity Sunday. A girl, who never does her own housework and squirms from one foot to the other when she has to stand during a long Gospel, stands patiently now. She holds in her right hand a large satchel. A heavy woman stands in front of her, effectively blocking egress to the great out-of-doors. Is this girl in a hurry? She is going to visit a married sister who will meet her, and they will both have dinner with their aunt three hours hence. The aunt lives four blocks from the married sister; the married sister ten blocks from the station. The twenty persons waiting in the aisle get out at Englewood, including the girl with the satchel. They have plenty time. The train is as stationary as the station until the last passenger has reached the fresh air. "I thought we'd never get here!" the girl with the satchel exclaims to her sister.

We are nervous. Thousands of elements have contributed to make us so. Thus: The doctors who tell us we are neurotic; high-powered salesmen who assail us; lecturers who discuss Russia and the proletariat; business captains on frozen assets; radio announcers, radio humorists, radio singers, radio cranks; preachers who exalt the benefits of Prohibition; Presidential Commissions. Is it any wonder we are nervous? The great wonder is we are not mad.

Notes and Remarks.

Thé Paulist Fathers celebrated their Diamond Jubilee just recently. The circumstance recalls the humbler beginning of this splendid community of religious men, the work they have accomplished for the growth of the Church in this country, the saintly pioneers who laid the foundations of the splendid edifice. Like most founders of religious Orders, Father Isaac Hecker began his life work with courage, resolution, prayer, humility, the grace of God. Of earthly riches he had none or little. He had an apostolic zeal, a flaming love for the Church militant, an unyielding will to advance her conquests of peace for the salvation of souls. Great men were drawn to him. They multiplied. The Paulist Order became a reality—a comforting reality which has carried the truth of the Church to those beyond her gates. We congratulate the Paulists in whose fighting ranks are remembered the great names of Hecker, Hewit, Baker, Deshon, Elliot. May God continue to bless them abundantly in their apostolic service!

As one should expect, most of our Catholic papers have written laudatory editorials on the late former President Coolidge. There have been more spectacular Presidents—men to stir popular enthusiasms. President Theodore Roosevelt, for instance. Men of broader judicial seeing—President William Howard Taft. Men of finer, more finished culture—Woodrow Wilson. President Coolidge was a safe, wise, conservative executive. He was not conspicuously in front. Indeed, he kept to the rear as much as he could in conscience. He was patriotic, but not flamingly so. He was a safe, sane American in the best sense. He never seemed to strike attitudes or do things for show. He was politically minded, party partial, but not to the extent of unpatriotism. He kept to

American tradition in the general tenor of his life. In one conspicuous instance he held to it nobly, and added yet another precedent for the direction of future office holders. He chose not to run for a third term. He could have commanded the nomination. No one doubts he could have won the election. He “did not choose to run,” and kept to his choice. The decision may have been prompted by the motives attached to it in adverse political appraisal. That is not so important to the country as a whole. It is important that President Coolidge held to a great, brave tradition in years when we see traditions crashing to earth everywhere we look.

Because Judge Frank S. Day of the Criminal Branch of the Cleveland Municipal Court fined a druggist for displaying cards on birth-control medicine, certain people are shouting for the freedom of the drug-store. In practically every town and city all over the country druggists are catering to what is euphemistically called scientific birth limitation. If and when the Government—state and national—takes up seriously this menace to the home and family as a problem that threatens its life, we may have some effective legislation. We doubt seriously whether the mass of the people of the country at the present time look upon the practice as a crime against society as well as against God. And that mass ignorance must be cleared away before we can have corrected consciences. Which, of course, takes us back to the old, old question of education which includes in its content religion and morals.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler tells us that lower schools—primary they are called—must bestir themselves and educate, not fuss with experimental psychologies at the cost of worth-while child training. “Happily our Catholic schools,” comments the *Tablet* of Brooklyn, “are

free from the faults that Dr. Butler so strongly condemns." Unhappily, we are sorry to dissent, they are not altogether. Our Catholic colleges have reverently followed every new educational psychology craze given the imprimatur of standardizing agencies, and by doing so have influenced our Catholic high and grammar schools. Not so much as they think, perhaps—but somewhat. Thoughtful men in the work of education are mind-fatigued following the vagaries of gentlemen whose chief occupation is coining names to insert in school catalogues. Have Catholic colleges given any evidence of determining somewhat an educational era when units of credit are accepted for culture and the power to think? If you or anyone you know can report favorably, please do so. You need not begin with an exordium on the "united front" which Catholic educators have ever maintained along the "far-flung battle line." Skip that and make your paragraphs factual.

Elmiro Faccenda, a native of the Austrian Tyrol, who was ordained priest a few weeks ago, is among the comparatively few in history who were permitted to distribute Holy Communion to the faithful when they were mere boys. The London *Catholic Times* tells the following story concerning him: In November, 1915, orders were received in his village to evacuate the town which was in danger of being bombarded. The Austrian authorities had deported the principal inhabitants, and only one chaplain remained with the rest of the citizens. The boy Elmiro, aged seven at that time, was instructed by the chaplain how to take care of the church and especially the tabernacle which still contained the Sacred Hosts. In case of urgent need, he was told, rather than leave the Hosts, he was to give them in Communion to the faithful. The chaplain was then moved without warning, and on November 17, the villagers without

exception received orders to leave. The little altar boy carried out his instructions to the letter, and distributed the Holy Eucharist to the faithful who assembled for the last time in the church. That was seventeen years ago. In December last, Elmiro said his first Mass in the little village church where he had been an altar boy, and those who still lived and had received Holy Communion from him signed an album which was presented to him after his Mass.

The wolf in sheep's clothing has become a "racket" in the moving picture business. It may be "The Sign of the Cross," "The Confessional," or what you will. But it must contain a debauch, nakedness, drunk and alluring to indicate to patrons the broad way that leads to perdition. Only—the road is always made appealing. People never see the destruction to which it leads. They are not expected to. If they did the box office would not send back such good returns to the management. Bishop Schrembs singles out one picture which has been "wolfing" under a sheep's name for some months. "The Sign of the Cross," it is called. Here is what the Bishop of Cleveland thinks of the wolf in the sheep's make-up:

A few days ago the city was made aware through the medium of newspaper, bill board and other advertising that a beautiful film was to be shown in a local theater.

Nothing was spared to dazzle the eye or stir the heart; it had a wonderful name—"The Sign of the Cross." My! What a proud name; what a headline! Surely we might expect a beautiful and inspiring spectacle.

But it was all damnable hypocrisy! For under that name, The Sign of the Cross, which was only a subterfuge in order to trap the unwary, there was spilled out upon us all of the nastiness, all of the filth, all of the dirt, the human mind and heart could conceive, and a specimen of wishy-washy Christianity.

And much else. But you, being clever, already see that the Sign of the Cross does not stand for the thing signified,

as Bishop Schrembs indicates in language not shrouded in the indirections of diplomacy. The Bishop of Cleveland hits hard and properly. His strokes, we hope, will be heard by certain Catholic, blasé critics who seem to think you must search for the pearls of truth and beauty in grimy depths redolent of sewer gas.

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"Taking a lesson from events in Spain," says the London *Universe*, "and faced with the responsibility of voting on the adoption of the new Brazilian Constitution next March, the Catholics of Brazil have organized a Catholic Electoral League. Official representatives of more than four hundred Catholic organizations, some Archbishops and Bishops, priests from every diocese, and a great contingent of laymen, responded to a call from the Cardinal Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro for concerted Catholic action, at this critical period. This League is above all parties; it is limited to an examination of the directions and tendencies of the men and institutions who will be prominent in drafting the Constitution, and to keeping the Catholic electorate informed with regard to individuals or groups who will fail to respect the rights of the Church." If there was more of this kind of thing done among Catholics, even in our own country, there would be less likelihood of having bigots elected to public positions, and of having the Catholic element of the population denied their rightful representation. Nothing is so respected by politicians as an organization that knows just what it wants and that will vote as a unit for the obtaining of its rights.

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The American mother who deliberately lies about her child's age in order to get half-fare transportation may occasionally fool the conductor, but she hardly ever fools the youngster who is

listening to her. When that child begins to use the same method at home in order to get around certain difficulties, any such corrections as the mother may make are apt to fall upon rather unappreciative ears. Over in Vienna they have adopted a device which ought to materially lessen the number of such lies as we constantly hear being told in our American street cars. A measuring mark has been placed on the frame of the door, which mark has the final word as to how much children will pay. Four feet, four inches is the half-fare dead line. For any child over that the mother must pay the full amount no matter what her excuses. It is pretty hard to argue with a measuring rod, but even at that some mothers probably manage to work up a fair dispute with the conductor.

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Some time ago we quoted the statistical department of one of our Life Insurance companies as authority for the fact that our people as a whole have enjoyed better health since the depression came upon us. That discovery, it seems, is being verified from other sources. According to the Bureau of the Census, for example, the American mortality rate in 1931 was the lowest yet reached since the government began collecting vital statistics of this type in 1900. The good Christian can generally find something to be thankful for even in the most discouraging surroundings, if he will only look around long enough.

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The Catholics of Milton Heights, Ont., have made a church out of an old railroad car. The site of the "edifice" was donated by one family, the car transported to the site by several families. The car was reroofed, refloored, "repewed" by parish carpenters. And parish painters applied the brushes. An altar was installed, the new church signed with the Sign of the Cross. Total

net cost—one hundred and seventy-five dollars and no cents. The lesson should not be lost to the interested here in the United States. We have been planting two million dollar churches in cities; one million dollar churches in towns; many hundred thousand dollar churches in lesser centers. Will some priests, at some sacrifice, step out, get people into movement and lay down in certain places where sheep are unfolded a box-car church costing one hundred and seventy-five dollars and no cents? We can promise them purple honors at the end of their labors. They will not expect them, working for the one thing necessary.

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In the Roman Catholic churches, with a worship which is high drama to be witnessed by rich and poor occupying a common abject level in the presence of a deity so transcendent as to make all human distinctions irrelevant, there is the appearance of less class distinction. At the same time there is not likely to be any such social fellowship as is characteristic of Protestant churches.

The above is a paragraph from the findings of the Institute of Social Research made public by its secretary, Mr. Ross W. Sanderson. It is true, of course, that there are no social distinctions during regular services within our Catholic churches. We do, however, find distinctions galore at funerals, weddings, and even baptisms. And there are indications of pursuit of the rich and those in high place for certain temporary gains. We mention these matters to indicate that the generality "democracy within our churches" must be taken with a considerable pinch of salt.

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It may ease the minds of women passengers to know that people in automobiles are very seldom struck by lightning. The National Safety Council makes that claim in its monthly leaflet, "The Safe Driver," and backs it up with the record of accident statistics. Not only that, but it also quotes the Bureau

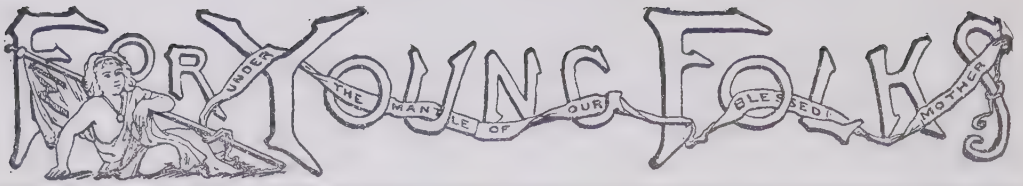
of Standards as authority for the fact that even if an automobile be struck, the occupants within are still comparatively safe because of the more or less complete cage of electrically conducting material formed by the chassis, frame and top of the modern automobile. It seems that while dry rubber tires are electric insulators, in thunderstorms they are usually wet, and thus provide an electrical connection with the ground. The removal of this commonly harbored fear, however, should not prevent us from saying a few prayers and an occasional Act of Contrition when caught in a storm on one of our national highways. Lightning has a way of striking at times the particular spot which it is normally not supposed to hit. Even the Bureau of Standards and the Board of statistics cannot prevent that.

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Archbishop Gilmartin, of Tuam, Ireland, has a message of hope for his people.

I feel sure that if our people work hard, cut out luxuries, turn the produce of the land to the best account, return to the plain food and home-made attire of our forefathers and live up to the ideals of Irish faith and morality, Ireland will come out of the economic crisis not only with a competency, but with increased courage and self-respect and increased determination to work out her temporal as well as her eternal salvation.

As we write, a general election is in progress in Ireland. There is divided political opinion, as we should expect, and consequent divided loyalties. If certain elements in Irish political life can observe a saving reasonableness, which, if it does not approve, at least tolerates an opposite loyalty, Ireland will have peace and as much prosperity as most of the world. In Ireland, as elsewhere, it is important who wins an election. The discipline of accepting a winner in the restraint of obedience is even more important. Civic obedience is what confers the halo of national self-respect.



The Carpenter Shop.

BY WINIFRED CONNELL.

CHILD:

If I had lived in Nazareth
Near Joseph, Mary and the Child,
I'd play about the shop with Him
While Mary came and looked and smiled.
When Joseph planed the shining wood,
And then let fall the spiral whirls,
I'd pick the creamy shavings up
And bind them on my head like curls.
Mother, if now were long ago
And Mary looked in at the door,
I think that she would like to see
Me playing with Him on the floor.

MOTHER:

Yes, little girl, I know she would
Smile sweetly as with Him you'd play,
And now, though far from Nazareth, still
She'll smile if close to Him you'll stay.
For you can play the little tasks
And gentle acts of love you do
Are curling shavings, gleaming white,
Falling from out His hands to you;
And, offering them again to Him
With all the love your soul can bear,
They'll bind your heart to His as you
With glistening shavings bind your hair.

Shadows on Cedarcrest.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

I.—RAINING TROUBLE.

THE afternoon was gray, and Phyllis had lighted the lamps in the living room. Their pleasant glow mellowed the tints in the colorful cushions of the great couch, made warm shadows in the comfortable depths of the cosy chairs, and reflected happily from the gleaming walnut of polished

desk and table. The wind, being a gray wind, to match the day, banged insolently at the shutters, and threw great handfuls of brown sere leaves at the glowing windows, but his boastful challenge passed unheeded by the occupants of the comfortable room.

Each was busy with his or her own affairs. "Weary Willie," the cat, so named because he had been the laziest kitten in the world, napped on a soft cushion before the hearth, his own private cushion. Weary Willie, although now grown into a dignified "Bill," still napped at all hours, thereby demonstrating that "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," and lazy kittens make lazy cats. George, twelve, lanky and brush-headed, sprawled on the rug beside him, wholly absorbed in a fascinating adventure story; Thelma, fourteen, was seated at the tall Governor Winthrop desk, chewing a lead pencil, her brow creased in puzzled bewilderment over the intricacies of Latin; and Phyllis, smallest, yet eldest of the trio, was curled in one corner of the couch, darning stockings.

"Ex-try-y! Extry-y-y! All about the larderfuss trailin'. Ex-try-y!"

George sat abruptly erect. "There's an extra out, Phyl. Want one?"

Thelma lifted her glossy brown head, and stopped chewing her pencil to listen attentively. "What in the world is he yelling? I believe all newsboys and hucksters have adenoids."

Phyllis slid her darning from heel to toe of the sock she was mending, and laughed delightedly. "Like the train caller in the Union Station," she said, "New York Central train East. Local making all stops! Parsnips, Butter, Bread, Wash-on-line, Appendicitis, Blacken-your-shoes, Apple Sauce, 'n'

Jumpin' Crickets! Track Eight! All-l-l 'Board!"

Thelma giggled. "You sound exactly like him, Phyl."

"Ye-ah, but the extra boy is gone. Shall I run after him?"

"No, George. Never mind. It's just more politics, or something. Save the nickel for gumdrops. How's Cæsar, Thelma?"

"He's bridging the Rhine. Why didn't you take Latin, Phyl? Then you could help me."

"I'm sorry I never felt the urge. French and German seemed to be enough, at a time. You *will* be a nurse—now suffer for it."

"Heartless!" Thelma bent again to her book. "Now where was I? Oh, yes: 'Haec directa materia injecta contestebantur ac longuriis cratibusque constestebantur'—well, that last is a good word. It's the way I feel when I start to translate—all 'constestebantur.'"

There was a step on the porch, and Phyllis arose, hastily. "That's the mailman," she said; "he's very late, to-day. We should have Mother's letter."

She went quietly from the room, and Thelma neglected Cæsar again to wait, dreamily. She was thinking of Phyllis, her quickness, her gentleness, her thoughtfulness. "She should be the nurse instead of me," thought Thelma. "I bang doors and drop things, my temper fizzes and my tongue sputters. I'll have to be heavily insulated when I enter the hospital. Darling old Phyl! Isn't she a grand prop, though? George and Daddy and I, all lean on her, now that mother's gone, until I should think she'd bend double."

Phyllis, looking like anything save a strong, husky prop, came back with her letter. "I got it," she announced, triumphantly. "Come out in the kitchen and read it aloud, while I finish dinner. The mailman was so late; Daddy ought to be home, soon. He'll be tired, after tramping all day, looking for work.

Come on, George, here's Mother's letter. It's time to put up your book, anyway."

"Golly! You're right, Phyl." George closed his book with a sigh, "Mother's letter? Good! May I wait to hear it?"

"I said you should. Come to the kitchen."

Phyllis' blonde head bent over the saucepans. She seasoned and stirred, while all three of the young Eatons interjected interested little comments into Thelma's reading. Mother's semi-weekly letter was a bright spot in their lives. Life was very drab without Mother. It was her illness which had brought them from their home in Australia to the United States. Daddy Eaton had felt such confidence in Doctor Rieboldt, whom he had known when a boy. The confidence was justified, for Mother had improved steadily under Doctor Rieboldt's care, until last winter, when she had suffered that bad attack of influenza. After that she had been worse again, breathless, and tired; and Doctor Rieboldt had ordered her away to St. Joseph's Sanitarium, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy in a secluded, distant valley. Mother had thought she couldn't leave them, but the doctor had been wise and firm.

"Home is a place you need to leave behind. I don't want you worrying lest the cake burn, or the dinner not be served on time. I don't want you sewing on a button for George or working algebra for Thelma. I don't want you fretting about all the little minor mishaps about the house. If you're not here, and don't see them, you won't worry about them. You women are all alike—when your hands must be idle, you work your brains overtime. As for the expense, funerals cost just as much as sanitarium care, and they're hopelessly final. Can you afford to leave your children without a mother?"

So Mother was three hundred miles away, getting well—or as well as Mother could ever be. She would always be a

fragile flower, to be carefully tended.

"I seem to miss you more each day," said the letter.

"And how about us?" a tear from one of Phyllis' blue eyes narrowly missed dropping into the creamed carrots.

"I am glad you are such a reliable, trustworthy trio that I need not worry about your getting into mischief. Thelma, do you and George take good care of Phyllis, and see that she does not work herself to death. In her unselfishness, she never spares herself—"

"Nonsense!" Phyllis blushed rosily, and so did Thelma and George. Thelma, because it really was her turn to get supper, and George because Phyllis had to scrub the front porch Saturday when he stayed down on the corner.

"Jim, dear, I hope that things are going all right at the office. Do you think the end of the depression is near at hand? Mrs. French, of whom I spoke to you, went home yesterday, because they could not afford to pay her expenses longer. Even the Sisters, here, are feeling the condition of the business world, keenly."

"Huh! it's a mighty good thing we didn't tell her Dad lost his job," ejaculated George, thoughtfully. "Wouldn't she be having fits, just?"

"Thank God! it isn't necessary for her to know it." Thelma turned another page, "Doctor Claiborne, of the Sanitarium staff, says my heart is getting much stronger. To-day he allowed me to walk as far as the fountain in the rose garden. If I continue to improve, at this rate, Georgie-Porgie, I'll be helping you shoot your firecrackers on the Fourth of July—"

"Hurrah!" shouted George.

"Heavenly!" this from Phyllis.

"Say your prayers regularly, my darlings—" Oh, there was more, much more. Fortunately, writing didn't hurt Mother's exhausted heart. Talking, walking, and worrying were the things she could not stand. But, before the

letter was finished, a shrill yodel from the neighboring house, interrupted it.

"Phyllie-e! Oh-h-h, Phyllie-e! Yoo hoo!"

"There's Mrs. Cunningham. Phyllis hastily turned the gas low under the browning chops, and shoved the creamed carrots to the back of the stove. Pushing the west window high, she thrust a bright, tousled head from the opening. "Yes, Mrs. Cunningham?" she called across the dark area which separated the two houses, "what is it, please?"

"Lawk! child, I thought you'd never hear, and me with my wet hairs all tied up in a towel, so I was scared to come out for fear I'd catch my death of dampness. It's the telephone, dearie. A lady calling you. Sounds like she is somebody uppity."

Phyllis smiled. "Thank you," she said, "I'll be right over. Watch the chops, Thel, darling. It's the telephone."

"The telephone?" Thelma stared, "Daddy?"

"No." Phyllis looked puzzled. They knew so few people. There was no one to call them. "She says a lady. Of course, maybe Daddy got work, and someone's calling for him."

"Well, gee whiz! why don't you go and see?" demanded George.

"Good idea!" giggled Thelma. "Run along, honey, and solve the mystery. I hope you come back and tell me that my great-great-great-grand-auntie, whom we didn't know we had, just left us a huge fortune. I'll bet it's a lady lawyer. Oh, Phyl! how I'd love to buy you a necklace for Christmas!"

"I need a pair of overshoes worse." Phyllis grinned as she slid out the back door, holding a hastily-acquired sweater close against the fingers of the wind.

"She asked for 'Miss Eaton,'" explained Mrs. Cunningham, "I thought it was you she wanted."

"I suppose so." Phyllis nodded. "No one ever calls Thelma that. Oh! she's holding the wire!"

"Yes. Just say 'Hello,' dearie. She'll be right there."

"Hello." Phyllis' voice quivered a little, as she spoke into the transmitter, "This is Miss Eaton—Phyllis Eaton."

"Yes, Miss Eaton," said a crisp voice at the other end of the wire, "this is Mercy Hospital."

"Oh!" Phyllis turned very pale, and the receiver nearly slipped from her trembling fingers, "*Mercy Hospital?*"

"Yes. Don't be alarmed, please. Your father has been injured, and is here at the hospital. He is not in a serious condition—at least we have found no internal injuries. He has a compound fracture of the right leg, which will keep him here for some time."

The room, which had been swimming before Phyllis' vision, righted itself, and her voice steadied. "But—what—what happened?"

"He was struck by a truck while crossing the street. He should not have visitors to-night, but he insists that he be allowed to see you. Do not bring the other children—they can see him tomorrow. And please come as quickly as possible. I do not think he will try to sleep until he sees you. He says it is very important. Just inquire at the office, please."

"Th-thank you." Phyllis replaced the receiver. The room started slipping again.

"Here," Mrs. Cunningham gently eased the girl into a chair, "I'm afraid she's going to faint, Pa. Don't stand there and gawp! Get her a drink. Oh, Lawk! Where's that romantic spirits of ammonia? There, dearie, there!" she drew Phyllis' head to her comfortable shoulder, and crooned to her sympathetically, "what is it, childie? Tell Auntie Cunningham."

"I—I was silly, to get so faint." Phyllis, having drained the proffered glass, was able to talk again. "It's Daddy, Mrs. Cunningham. He's been run over by a truck. He's in the hospital."

"God save us! Is he killed?"

"No,—oh, no! Just a broken leg—and no internal injuries, I think she said. He wants to see me."

"God be praised! Och! that's bad enough, sure. You do have your bad times—your mother sick, your father getting a lay-off, and now this accident. Sure, God blesses them He loves with troubles. I always say it, and I believe it. You going to the hospital, dearie?"

"Yes, Daddy wishes to see me. Oh, Mrs. Cunningham, will you—?"

"Go with you? Indeed, and I will. Pa, you brush around and set the food on the table, while I get up by the base-burner and dry this hair. I don't know what possessed me to wash it at supertime, whatever, but I wanted to do it up in curlers overnight. There's a meeting of the Catholic Ladies to-morrow afternoon, and I'm going to read a speech. Will you drink a cup of tea with us, dearie?"

"Oh, no, thank you. Dinner is ready at home. We were waiting for Daddy." She choked. "Besides, I couldn't eat a bite."

"Of course not. You poor childie! Are you sure you're all right, now? If I could 'a found that romantic spirits—"

"I'm all right, Mrs. Cunningham."

"Well, just you get ready, and so will I. Eat your supper, Pa, and you can drive us down in the decoratin' truck. We'll make shift to squeeze into the front seat. I take up a lot of room, but you and Phyllie, here, ain't no bigger'n a couple of string beans. I'll just wait downstairs in the ante-room, while you see your Pa, Phyllie."

Mr. Eaton, pale and ravaged by pain, yet managed to smile wanly when His daughter was ushered into his room.

"Hello, honey!" he told her, faintly. "Pretty foolish trick you old Dad pulled, wasn't it?"

Phyllis' eyes brimmed with tears. "Oh, Daddy!" she exclaimed, falling on

her knees beside the bed and laying her head against his arm. "Poor, poor Daddy! Does it hurt a lot? And how did it happen?"

"It doesn't feel like ice-cream and cake." He stroked her hair with a weak hand, "but I—I guess it serves me right, at that. Any fellow who walks across the busiest corner downtown, reading a newspaper, deserves to get hit by something. And I did. The truck was turning the corner—I should have been watching."

"I'm so glad you didn't get killed."

"Not very original of you, honey. So'm I. At that, I guess maybe my family'd be in a little better shape financially, than with me alive, and in the hospital. I'm—sort of—a liability, now."

"Daddy!"

"Never mind. I'm just kidding you. Phyllis, did you see the extra that is out?"

"No. I heard them calling one, but I didn't think it important."

"No? Well, it was pretty important, Phyllis—important to us—and a lot of other people. That's what I was reading when Mr. Truck turned the corner—"

"Daddy, should you be talking so much?" Phyllis was alarmed by the gray pallor of his face.

"Talking won't hurt me. I have to talk to you, Phyllis. You see, Mother mustn't know any of this—not *any* of it. She doesn't know I'm not working, and she needn't know about my getting hurt. It isn't as though it were something really serious. I'll be out of here in a few weeks—and the truck driver's firm is going to pay my hospital and doctor bills. That's pretty square of them, when it was my fault. I even told them it was my fault, and they didn't let it make any difference. You can write for me, for awhile. Tell Mother I've a sore finger, or something—anything which will keep her from suspecting there's something wrong. Make her believe that everything is all right.

Oh! thank God her expenses at the sanitarium are paid for the full year. That was the wisest thing I ever did. At the end of the year, she'll be well enough to come home, Rieboldt says."

"Has he seen you, since you were hurt?"

"Yes. He helped set the leg. And the first thing he warned me was not to let Mother know. Says just an inkling of trouble would set her back a year, and undo all the good the rest has done her. I'm depending on you not to let her know, Phyllis."

"I won't, Daddy."

"Have you any money on hand, Phyllis?"

"A little. About seven dollars, house money, I believe. And Thelma had some change left from that shopping she did after school yesterday. Why, Daddy?"

"Get it all together, Phyllis, every bit of it. There's a couple dollars and some small change there in that drawer, too—what was in my pocket when I got hurt. Get it together, and hang onto it, Phyllis. Make it go as far as you can. When that's gone, we'll have to borrow—and God knows I don't want to borrow, without even a job to fall back on. That's trading on the kindness of your friends, Phyllis. The doctor will lend us money, but—I just can't bear to think of that, Phyllis—"

"But, Daddy, why? We've money in the bank, plenty of it. You said we were lots better off than most of the people who haven't any work, because we at least had savings to fall back on. And even if you are in the hospital, if your doctor bill is being paid—"

"Yes, Phyllis, child—I know what you mean to say. But you forget about the paper I was reading, Phyllis—that extra. We *did* have savings—but now we've not a cent in the world. That's what the extra was about. The Harter Savings and Trust Company closed their doors at noon to-day."

(To be continued.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Miss Agnes Blundell's story, "The Forge," which ran serially in *THE AVE MARIA* last year, has been brought out in book form by Hutchinson & Company, England, under the title "The Master's Forge." Price, 7s. 6d.

—"Benedict," by Dom Placid (The Abbey Press, Belmont, N. C. \$1.), is a metrical story of the great founder of the Benedictines. Father Placid has utilized many of the stories of miracles and wonders that cluster about the name of Benedict to make this life of a Saint a delightful spiritual romance.

—We recommend without reservation "Essentials of Elementary English, Fifth Year," and "Essentials of Elementary English, Sixth Year," by Sisters of St. Dominic, for they are perfect text-books. The matter is nicely divided in each for a year's work. Reviews are provided frequently. Attractive pictures accompany the text. And these books are pedagogically sound. The most striking feature of the texts, however, is the blending of the theory of English with its practice. Grammatical rules are given and immediately applied to various types of composition; hence, children are taught how to write correctly. Publisher, Schwartz, Kirwin and Fauss, 53 Park Place, N. Y. Price, each, 88c.

—Almost every public question to-day has its moral issue. One would not always judge so, however, for the simple reason that so many of those who discuss these questions publicly have little or no moral sense themselves. As a consequence, Catholics are often at sea when asked "Just how does your Church look upon this question?" or "What do you, as a Catholic, think about it?" Dr. John A. Ryan has performed a real service for the Catholic layman in his "Questions of the Day," published by The Stratford Company of Boston. This book of over three hundred pages takes up one by one the vital issues of our times, and interprets them in so illuminating a way that the average Catholic should have no difficulty in understanding and appreciating their secular and moral import-

ance. Perhaps the best recommendation the book can be given is the simple statement that there are twenty-three separate discussions on questions of such public interest as Prohibition, Birth Control, Unemployment, the New Morality and its Illusions, Catholicism and Liberalism, etc. Price, \$3.

—We always enjoy a pleasant hour whenever the Almanac edition of "The Franciscan Catholic Monthly Review" comes to us. It is full of information, statistics,—a hundred things you have heard of and forgotten, and hundreds of facts you are interested in knowing. There is, for instance, the famous Prophecy of St. Malachy, the Roman Curia, a list of Catholic Institutions of higher learning in the United States, the names of the bishops of the American hierarchy, a list of what some wag has named the call numbers of the religious, the letters which distinguish their Order or Congregation, etc., etc. We notice that *THE AVE MARIA*, listed among the Catholic weeklies, is published at Indianapolis, Ind. That's interesting, too. Published by the Franciscan Magazine, Paterson, N. J. Price, 25c.

—An interesting and scholarly volume, "Back to Christ," by Rev. J. LeClercq, translated from the French by the Rev. Francis Day, B. A. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2), is an essay in Catholic Morals. The author points out to us not only how one must live to keep within the bounds of the Commandments, but how one should live if he is to make use of the graces that are poured forth abundantly in the Christian life. He explains the dogmatic foundation from which both obligation and opportunity flow, as well as shows the foundations in reason for much that has been taught through revelation. There are only eight chapters to this volume, but under the headings of these chapters the author covers a wide field of spiritual teaching. It will be a valuable volume for either laymen or religious.

—An interesting story in French is "Les Marches De L'Autel," by Berthem-Bontoux (P.

Téqui, Paris. 12 fr.). It is the tale of a young man's battle with the obstacles that confronted his desire to be a priest: the desire for glory, for love, and for life. In the course of his struggle he renounces a brilliant university career, gives up the opportunity of marriage with a girl who loved him intensely, and secretly made the sacrifice of her life that he might persevere in his vocation, and finally he exposes his own life to prevent the suicide of a boyhood friend whom he brings back to the Faith and makes a militant worker for Catholic youth. There is a critical preface by Mgr. Millot.

—Another volume from the House of Téqui that should be particularly serviceable this year which commemorates by jubilee the Passion of Our Lord, is "La Passion de Jésus-Christ," by l'Abbé Francis Mugnier. The author follows St. Thomas in his treatment, and makes use of the commentary of Cajetan. Price, 12 fr.

—Among recent pamphlets received are: "The Story of St. Joseph," by Sister M. Eleanore, C. S. C., written for little children, and "Our Lady's Feasts" by a Religious of the Sacred Heart (The Paulist Press. 10c each). "Outline for the Study of the Missal," by Lawrence J. Gonner, S. M., a series of study topics for the year based upon the St. Andrew's Missal (E. M. Lohmann & Co.). "Hours Off," by Daniel A. Lord, S. J. How to make our leisure profitable (The Queen's Work Press. 10c.). "With Heart and Lips," by Aloysius Croft, A. M., a book of simple and essential prayers for young folks (The Bruce Publishing Company. 10c.). "The Perfect Christian," by Father Canice, O. M. Cap., the story of the Third Order of St. Francis, its rules and ideals, and the answers to some objections to joining it. "The Sacrifice of the Mass," by the Most Rev. M. Sheehan, D. D. A clear explanation of the idea of sacrifice as used in the Old Testament, and applied to the Mass (M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd. 2d each.). "Fun and Not So Funny," by Fr. James, O. F. M., an appeal for united action of our Catholic people against the poison of bad books, movies and plays (Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago. 5c.).

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"St. John of the Cross." Fr. Bruno, O. D. C. \$5.50.

"The Catholic Church in Contemporary Europe"—Papers of the American Catholic Historical Society. Edited by Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.

"A Survey of Sociology." E. J. Ross. \$3.50.

"Christianity and Civilization." Rev. James Gillis. \$1.

"The Life of the Church." Rousselot, De Grandmaison, Huby and D'Arcy of the Society of Jesus. \$2.50.

"Carroll Dare"—Adventure de luxe. Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.

"The Mass." John Steven McGoarty. \$3.

"Charles Carroll of Carrollton." Joseph Gurn. \$3.70.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. W. V. Dailey, Diocese of Harrisburg. Brother Leonide, C. S. C.

Sister M. Martin, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sisters Mary Ellen, Mary Adele, Mary Marcella, Rose Clare, M. de Lellis, and Mary of St. Rose, Sisters of Charity; and Sister Francis Gertrude, Sisters of Providence.

Mr. James McGettigan, Miss Louise Kilfoyle, Dr. D. F. Donoghue, Mr. David P. Martin, Mr. J. J. Kuhn, Mr. D. O'Keefe, Mrs. M. A. Walsh, Mr. Wm. H. Quinn, Mrs. B. Gorman, Miss Lillie M. Thompson, Mrs. T. J. Durnan, Mr. John J. Delaney, Mrs. Florence Carroll, Mrs. Mary Toal, Mrs. Henry Cunningham, Mr. Michael McCormick, Mr. Joseph Kelley, Mr. John Rice, Mr. Francis H. Bowen, Miss Mary Bowen, Mr. John A. Murray, Mr. Jules Anduze, Mr. Andrew MacDonald, Mrs. Catherine O'Brien, Miss Mary Hennigan, Mrs. Annie T. Hogan, Mr. John T. Murphy, Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy, Mrs. E. Moss, and Mrs. Mary Riordan.

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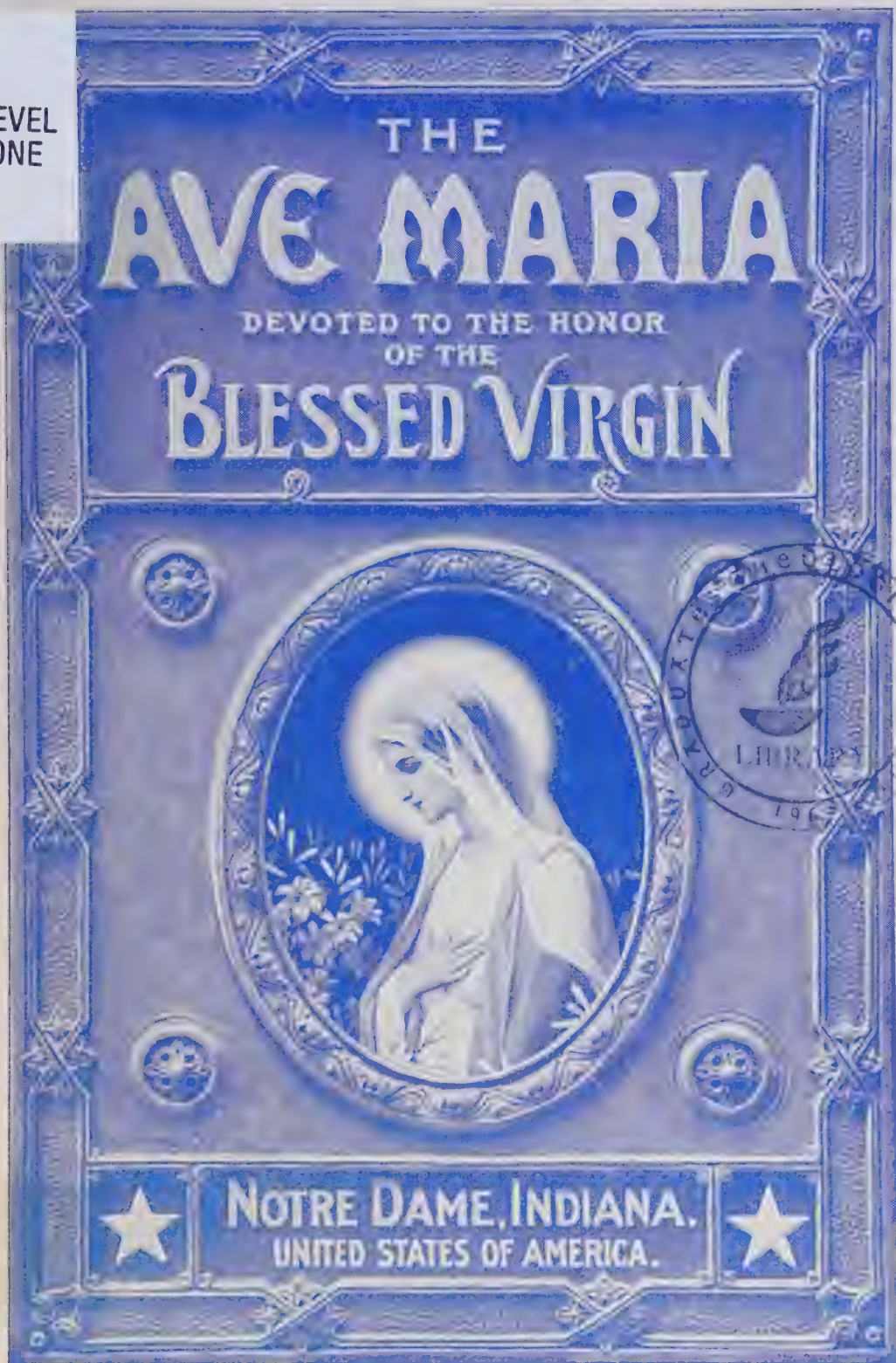
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Mar. 24-93

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

FEBRUARY.

SATURDAY, 11.—Our Lady of Lourdes.
SUNDAY, 12.—Septuagesima Sunday. St. Telesphorus, P. M.
MONDAY, 13.—St. Catherine of Ricci, Virgin.
TUESDAY, 14.—St. Valentine, Priest and Martyr.
WEDNESDAY, 15.—Sts. Faustina and Jovita, Martyrs.
THURSDAY, 16.—St. Gregory X., Pope and Confessor.
FRIDAY, 17.—St. Pintan, Abbot. St. Flavian, Martyr.
SATURDAY, 18.—St. Simeon, Bishop.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 11, 1933.

No. 6.

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Song at Twilight.

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

MOTHER of Mercies, now I go
The way that all young mothers go.
Grant me the strength to bear the pain;
Let not the dreams have been in vain.
You, who pillowed a holy head
Against your breast, consumed the bread
Of loneliness, and knew all sad
And splendid anguish, must have had
Also the breathless, deep delight
Of the awakening from night.
Mother of Mercies, give to me
Gift of a pure serenity;
Lay on my heart thy gentle peace
Until the wonder and longing cease!

Mater Caritatis.

BY REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH. D.

WE hear much about philanthropy and "philanthropic individuals" during the hard times through which we are passing; but we hear little of "charitable persons," for, usually, the latter do not blazon forth their deeds, nor seek publicity for the fulfillment of a paramount Christian duty.

The *Standard Dictionary* defines philanthropy: "Disposition or effort to promote the happiness or social elevation of man, as man, or of mankind on a large scale; desire or effort to mitigate social evils and increase and multiply social comforts, as based on broad and sound views of man's nature and con-

dition; active humanitarianism; usually distinguished from *Christian charity* or *brotherly love*." Recently I heard a description of philanthropy that is not found in any dictionary. It came from a Catholic friend who had just heard a radio broadcast of the magnanimity (?) of a certain monetary institution—"cheap advertising at 6 per cent." By the irony of fate the chief officials of the institution were recently indicted for fraud and speculation.

There are many honest philanthropists throughout the country; but the dubious aspect of their schemes is so obtrusive that the fundamental principle upon which any effort to alleviate human ills seems to be open to grave suspicion.

St. Paul says: "If I speak with the tongues of men, and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as a sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. . . . And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (I. Cor., xiii., 1, 3); and he adds: "Follow after charity, be zealous for spiritual gifts" (xiv., 1).

The line of demarcation between deeds that are termed philanthropic, and works prompted by charity is thus quite obvious. Even in the exercise of charitable deeds there is need of discrimination where efforts are directed to relieving distress. This is perhaps best exemplified in the method whose principles were so admirably developed by St.

Vincent de Paul. He was pre-eminently an Apostle of Charity, and he bequeathed to his followers "the keys of many of these problems whose solution social and political philosophers are still groping after. They will never find it until they return to the principles from which St. Vincent de Paul derived his conclusions."

The charitable achievements of the non-Christian religions have invariably, with a single exception, exhibited all the limitations of their first principles. If we consider, for example, the charitable acts of the Greeks and the Romans we find that "the dominant motive was to secure the good will and civic influence of the crowd." Hebrew charity, however, was of different complexion, and the ideal of the "People of the Covenant" is thus expressed: "There shall be no poor or beggar among you, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in the land which he shall give them in possession" (Deut., xv., 4).

From the first days of its organization the Church gave ample expression to the command of her Founder: "Take heed what you hear. In what measure you shall mete, it shall be measured to you again, and more shall be given to you." (Mark, iv., 24).

Lecky says: "Christianity for the first time made Charity a rudimentary virtue, and it effected a complete revolution in this sphere; by regarding the poor as the special representatives of the Christian Founder, and thus making the love of Christ, rather than the love of man, the principle of Charity. . . . A vast organization of Charity, presided over by bishops, and actively directed by the deacons, soon ramified over Christendom, till the bond of Charity became the bond of unity." ("History of European Morals," vol. ii., p. 79).

During the Apostolic Age the "conception of love and of brotherhood which Christ had brought into the world obtained ample expression in the 'Acts of

the Apostles,' and notably in the 'Epistles of St. Paul.' It was then proclaimed that fraternal Charity exercised in the spirit of Christ effects an equality among all the members of the Christian family." These activities were carried into the daily life of the early Christians, when the Apostles realized that their spiritual mission was being impaired by attention to the material works of Charity; they appointed deacons to serve the poor (Acts, vi., 1-4).

Each congregation of the Faithful had a treasury for the relief of its poor, and many of the congregations shared their stores with other congregations in times of unusual distress. The charity of those early Christians was not confined to the material order; it expanded into the realm of thought, and it promoted the doctrine of brotherhood. The poor man and the slave sat down with the rich man and the master to partake of a meal to which all had contributed according to their means.

In the Patristic Age the characteristics of the earlier days were continued. Says Dr. J. A. Ryan: "In the preaching of the Church at this time the fundamental truths of Christian Charity were constantly applied to the different social needs and institutions. The bishops protested strongly and frequently against excessive taxes and the harsh methods employed in collecting them; against the landowners' oppression of tenants, and the extortion practised by the usurer; against the forcible enslavement of free-men, the tyranny of civic officials, and the injustice of the courts, and in favor of emancipation. In opposition to the almost universal selfishness of the age they incessantly proclaimed the duty of almsgiving, the stewardship of wealth, and the solidarity of mankind" (Art., "Charity," in *Catholic Encyclopedia*).

During the early Middle Ages, owing to the anarchic condition of society, charity towards the poor was neglected, as many institutions of charity were

devoted to other uses. But a change came with the advent of Charlemagne, who effected far-reaching reforms. He recovered the property of the Church, that had been alienated, re-established the law of tithes, and the custom of regarding all the goods of the Church "as primarily the property of the poor." Bishops and other Christian teachers reminded kings, princes, and lords that all earthly power was from God, and that their subjects were their equals before God, and their brothers in Christ.

After the passing of Charlemagne, and during the three centuries that followed the Carolingian era, the work of relieving the poor was transferred from the diocesan clergy to the monasteries. Says Ratzinger: "The energy of Christian life had gone over from the diocese to the monastery. The latter became the center for rich and poor, high and low; for innocent youth and repentant age. In every district, alike on towering mountain and in the lowly valley, arose monasteries which formed the religious life of the neighborhood . . . sheltered the traveller, relieved the poor, reared the orphans, cared for the sick, and were havens of refuge for all who were weighed down by spiritual or corporal misery. For centuries they were the center of all religious, charitable, and cultural activity" (*Armenpflege*, p. 287; Fribourg, 1884). Alms were distributed at the monastery gate; and the needy who were unable to come received assistance in their homes.

Another important agency in the charitable activities was the Pious Foundation, and "here we find the same conception of Charity, as an instrument of equality between rich and poor, which was enunciated by St. Paul, and exemplified in the pious offerings of the early Christians." These foundations consisted of lands or other revenue-producing property, the income of which was to be expended for the benefit of the poor. In return for this charity,

beneficiaries were expected to pray for the donor, or for the repose of his soul.

Still another agency for dispensing charity and the alleviation of distress was the Guild. Says Dr. Ryan: "The guilds, which played such an important and varied rôle in the life of the cities, were not merely associations having charge of trade and industry; they were often mutual benefit societies which cared for all needy members and for the needy families of needy and deceased members." Bishop Shahan says of these guilds: "In the guild meetings a regular and perfect administration of great probity and equity went on, almost unremunerated. . . . The quality and quantity of work in each line, the disputes and quarrels between all workmen, the wages and the sick days, the charity allowances—all these came up in due order, and were one open source of popular education for the uses of real life" (*The Middle Ages*, p. 350).

Before "the great pillage" of Henry VIII. there were 30,000 guilds in England alone, and monasteries studded the nation from Land's End to John O'Groats. Those were the halcyon days of "Merrie England," and peace with plenty dwelt within its borders. Not so to-day; for the gaunt spectre of want haunts even the capital city of the greatest Empire which the world has ever known.

The Reformation dealt a death-blow to charitable institutions in England and elsewhere; and as Dr. Ryan remarks: "The spectre of the modern proletariat, wretched, debased, with no definite place in the social organism, and no definitely recognized claims upon any social group or institution, had no counterpart in the municipal life of that time [The Middle Ages]."

The Council of Trent reaffirmed the regulations that had formerly existed for the relief of the poor; a new era of Charity was initiated, and there then came a re-establishment of a system of

parish relief along the lines of the ordinances formulated by this great Council (1545-1563). The greatest name identified with this work is that of St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan (1538-1584). He personally directed numerous works of charity, and, as a result, his diocese possessed a complete organization for works of charity that surpassed any of his own time, and was worthy of comparison with that of the early Church.

One of the most important features of this period was the rise of religious communities and other associations to relieve all kinds of distress. In 1534 St. John of the Cross organized, in Granada, the Brotherhood of Charity, and the organization spread over Spain, Portugal, Italy, France, and Germany. In distant America there appeared, in Mexico, in 1585, the Brothers of St. Hippolytus, and in Guatemala, at a later date, a brotherhood known as "Bethlemites." Even in Turkey, there came into being a congregation known as "Fathers of Pestilence," of which the members were both priests and physicians. The most noteworthy contribution, however, came from St. Vincent de Paul, "the originator of the modern organization of charitable works" (1576-1660).

When St. Vincent de Paul began his glorious career, France was beset with many difficulties, not only political but social as well. Poverty was widespread, and in its trail followed immorality, irreligion, and social evils that threatened disaster to the nation. Yet this humble son of Gascony faced these difficulties, and became the most remarkable worker in the field of Charity that the world has ever known. He displayed a practical grasp of far-reaching principles, now more generally recognized, but practically unknown in his day; and in the associations which bear his name "he has combined the advantages and eluded the evils of isolated personal

charity on the one hand, and of what we might call 'state charity' on the other." By organization and system he checked the waste and concentrated the energies of private charity, while at the same time relief is administered to the poor not by paid officials, but by the loving hands of those who have learned that to serve is to reign. We need not dwell on the work done by the institutions which St. Vincent de Paul actually founded, chief of which was the Daughters or Sisters of Charity, but we make brief reference to the great institution that bears his name, and perpetuates his system—the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. One of our greatest economists says of this remarkable organization: "Owing to its religious spirit, its central organization, and its method of personal contact with the needy, the St. Vincent de Paul Society is, relatively to its resources, probably the most effective of all existing associations for the relief of distress."

This splendid organization will soon celebrate the centenary of its establishment. It was founded by Antoine-Frédéric Ozanam, a law student at the University of Paris, in 1833. In establishing "Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul" (the first title of the organization), Ozanam had in mind the example of our Divine Lord, expressed in "I have compassion on the multitude," and he aimed to give this expression through the instrumentality of Christian Charity; and in one of the early gatherings of the little group who became his co-workers, he said: "The salutary lesson to soften tender hearts and to bring to them the needs of the poor lies not only in the splendid exhibitions of our faith, but to point out to Christian hearts the wounds of Christ in the requirements of the needy." Since the day of its organization, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has been an important adjunct to the activities of the Church in dispensing its charities. Of Ozanam's work

Albert de Mun wrote some years later: "It is the workshop where every social worker must serve an apprenticeship."

In our own land the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has brought comfort and relief to tens of thousands upon whom penury has laid its chill hand, and it has been the means of saving many from material and spiritual wreckage. It does not confine its ministrations to direct material assistance, but it maintains employment bureaus, and it strives everywhere to extend moral and religious aid and encouragement to those in need of this form of charity. It recognizes neither creed nor color, and its ministrations are performed by workers, of whom few, if any, receive remuneration for their services.

Again to quote from statements made by Dr. John A. Ryan: "Surveying the whole historical field of Catholic Charity we are justified in saying that, in proportion to her resources, the Church met the various forms of distress in every age more adequately than any other agency or system; that her shortcomings in charitable activities were due to the nature of peoples and civilization, and to the political, social, economic, and religious conditions in which she worked; that the instances of heroic charity which stand to her credit surpass by an immeasurable distance all instances of that class outside her fold; that the individual gifts to charity which she has inspired are likewise supereminent; and had she been permitted to reorganize and develop her charities without the interference of the Reformation, the amount of social distress, and of social injustice as well, would be much smaller than it is to-day."

It is well known that Charity as administered by state control has serious limitations: it is more mechanical and is less sympathetic; it is wasteful, and oftentimes inflicts a mortal injury upon the spontaneity of Charity and the

sense of personal responsibility towards those in distress. This, I think, is universally admitted. In the administration of charity the Catholic Church has no such limitations. Says a non-Catholic writer: "Of all the churches the one that still induces the largest amount of giving in proportion to the means of those who give is no doubt the Roman Catholic" (Warner, "American Charities," p. 316: New York, 1878).

This, however, should not be a source of wonder, for the motive impelling the Catholic giver is not merely philanthropic. The Catholic is mindful of the Divine command, and he bestows charity, as a rule, because the brother in distress is a child of God, and the brother of Christ. Furthermore, he realizes that he is a member of a Church which is the moral self of the loving Saviour who, nineteen centuries ago, under the shadow of the Hill of Hattin, said: "I have compassion on the multitude" (Mark, viii, 2). Finally, the Catholic giver knows that his alms are distributed under ecclesiastical supervision, and administered by competent persons whose sole purpose is the alleviation of human suffering.

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

VI.

SIXTY-THREE young fellows were practising an elementary drill. They were divided into squads, each squad under a leader. Conway moved about to encourage and direct. Well, if that wasn't Davey Byrne! Conway went to him.

"Davey!"

"I've come to join," he said.

Conway eyed him.

"Davey, you're sure you're coming into this on your own account? Isn't someone pushing you in? 'Tis a hard game, and if you're not in it for

all it means, you'd better stay out."

Davey lost his temper and found his speech.

"Oh, so that's how the great Conway talks down to us! The schoolmaster must have his scholars! Well, Mr. Schoolmaster, nobody is pushing me in—I'm going in on my own account. And I'll be in as long as you; and I'll face as much as you, and a damn sight more. And I won't be talking down to people either, as if I were God Almighty, when I've done my share!"

Conway clapped hands on Davey's shoulders.

"Davey, I was just coddling. You own your soul! Come on and meet the boys."

He knew them all. Farleys, Burkes, O'Connors, Donovans, Gallop,—all of them. The drill had come to a close. These men and lads were to see none of the glamor of war. No day was coming when they would march away to bands of music and cheering crowds; when they would steam out from packed stations hearing God-speeds and good-byes, and carry with them the memory of a weeping sweetheart. No glittering uniforms, no polished side-arms, no guns of the newest make. If you were a stranger you would be amused. If you loved a country and waited for just such dreams as these lads were striving to make true, you would be distressed, their outlook was so sad. Untrained, untutored, underdisciplined, knowing nothing of the horrors ahead, they would force you to pity them for their mad adventure; and perhaps you would admire them because they were so other-world in their love for what we call freedom.

There they were, armed with shot-guns, hurlies, a few old rifles; drilling in darkness, in secret places. For what? One more try at Britain. One other chance—after all the crushing failures—to give Ireland the ownership of her house. You might be critical of it

all; and curious why men should batter their heads against fate. For all that, you would feel touched that in the Twentieth Century men still lived willing to go into an undertaking so foolish as fighting Britain; especially when, through the stress of war, Britain had most of the world on her side.

The lads crowded about Davey. They were glad to see him—he was more doer than talker. And because he was, he became a leader when there was work to be done. Other boys had captained teams; in the games, Davey's will prevailed.

"Davey, how did you do it?" Tom Farley asked, hoping to hear a saga of Davey at grips with his father.

"Oh, by just making up my mind."

He had no intention of spreading the news of his house among the neighbors.

Before the men dispersed, Conway cautioned them to secrecy.

"Everyone told of our meetings is news carrier. You can't be too careful. You may think this or that one is all right—and maybe he is; but people tell when they don't intend to. If we want secrecy, let's be secret. There are days coming when every bit of news, given out now, may mean a life. Let's be cautious about telling what we're doing. Here again Wednesday. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

The young fellows went to their homes quietly; no laughter, no talking. A late moon glided under and out of those March clouds which drifted below the sky, as Conway and Davey walked around the bog to the field east of Davey's home.

"I suppose I'd better bring this along." Davey referred to his gun.

"Yes; but don't hide it in the house. They'll be searching houses soon."

"I won't—I'm not going back to the house any more."

In spite of the promise made his mother, he was resolved not to

renew the battle with The Bog.

"Of course you are. Why not?"

"I'm willing to fight for the Cause, but I wont carry on two fights."

"What two fights?"

"To-night after you left I had it out with my father. That's the other fight."

"Oh, you had! Well, you're not going to have the two fights at once, are you? One comes before the other, doesn't it? Fight the first now, and have it over with. Make up with your father if you can; if you can't, remain home anyhow. The time will come when you'll take to the roads, and it wont be through your father either. Fight it out with him."

"I don't think I can."

"Why can't you?"

"For one thing, I'm no good at talking; and even if I were, he'd shout me down."

"Davey, 'tis necessary you stay at home. Have it out once for all. Talk it over with Nano—she'll help you."

"She would if I asked; but that's the trouble—I don't want to ask."

They walked along the west side of the bog and were about to climb the stone wall into the flat field which led to Hugh Byrne's house, only to retreat behind a whitethorn bush which grew over the wall. Three policemen, armed with bayonets and rifles, came along on the field, and stopped directly across from the two men. To Davey especially it seemed they would never go. They took quiet stock of the bog and the field east of it which the Rebels had just left. They went on finally, and the hiding men breathed more freely. It was fully fifteen minutes, however, before Conway decided it was safe for them to come out of cover. By then the police were out of sight and hearing. It would have alarmed Davey very much had he known they were very anxious to happen upon any young man carrying a gun. Of course a young man might carry a gun and still be innocent. Still, if

they met a young man who carried a double-barrelled shotgun, one chamber of which was empty, they would certainly hold him for questioning.

At The Bog's gate Conway said casually,

"Good-night, Davey. Sleep well."

"That's the trouble—I wont sleep at all. I'm afraid to sleep." And surreptitiously he began to reopen the gate to escape into the open. Conway gripped him. It was a hard grip; the fingers drew in so tightly, they hurt.

"Davey, you're not going to begin this thing as a coward! You're going into the house, and you're going to sleep there to-night."

The gripping fingers tightened more painfully on his flesh.

"All right—but let go! I'll go in."

The fingers relaxed.

"Where the devil did you get the fingers!" he exclaimed in admiration at a physical wonder.

"That's how we'll grip when we grip Britain."

"That's how I'll grip when I grip The Bog," Davey said.

"Good-night, Davey."

"Good-night! I'm going in."

He tiptoed along the front of the house, past the two east front windows to the front door. He turned the knob very softly—the door was locked. He was glad. He tried to get in, but the door was locked. He had kept his word—had done his duty. He turned for the barn where he would hide the gun, sleep for the night, and make away early in the morning.

"Davey!" a voice called softly through the opening door.

"O God!" He pivoted.

"No—your sister."

"I thought 'twas The Bog! I was sure 'twas The Bog!"

"Put away the gun—and come back!" Nano wore a light bathrobe, and her bare feet were visible within

small felt slippers. She stood outside the door which she pulled to softly, and waited for him. Below the thin robe was suggested, not revealed, her physical outlines.

Her mother had told her of Davey's battle with his father; and now she feared he might lose courage thinking of his second battle to-morrow. Davey returned; Nano reopened the door and drew him in softly. The house was very still; only for their father's heavy breathing, which came from his room in the east side of the house, you would say it was as still as a tomb. The Bog always slept well—he was a man of method. He retired that night at ten, and was asleep five minutes later. There was nothing to keep him awake. He managed everything so perfectly he could afford to sleep on it; and he slept that night. He honored Davey to the extent of staying five minutes over schedule.

"I'll tend to that fool to-morrow!"

After which he turned about as leisurely as an ocean liner, and fell away.

Nano made tea.

"Tea is wonderful against depression."

"Gin is more wonderful," Davey said.

"No, Davey. This fight is to be one of which the rest of the world wont say 'twas lost by drink."

"You're as mad against the drink as the rest of them."

"Thank God, they are! But listen, Davey, I'm very happy you're back."

"I'm not so happy then. And to tell the truth I wouldn't have come back at all only for the way Conway squeezed me into it."

"Didn't I see him from the window here!"

"For God's sake! And why didn't you come out?"

"How could I?" Nano spread out her arms in a gesture which some women use so effectively when they wish to indicate something preposterous.

He looked at his sister. He noted the

bared throat, the hair—not so gathered and so folded as he usually saw it—the robe of thin texture, the slippered feet.

"You're grand, Nan, and that's God's truth! All the same I don't think you could come out."

It was long after midnight when brother and sister finished their talk and tea.

"You'll have to fight it out to-morrow, Davey," she said for the ninth time.

"If I can only rise up to it!"

"God and holy Ireland will be with you!"

"I'll need everybody." She laughed.

"Don't you think God is able for him?"

"He is—if He puts His mind to it."

Both laughed now, and Davey's fear was leaving him. He was always more courageous when Nano was around.

"Come," she whispered as she led him back to her own room at the west side of the house. A small lighted lamp stood on a little table near the head of the bed; and already the bed was prepared for its occupant.

"You stay here to-night, Davey."

Davey rebelled—he would not occupy his sister's room, his sister's bed, and she maybe, having to stay up all night.

"Don't be foolish and make a scene—I've a bed and a room all ready! You know—the empty one next yours."

"But don't let him hear you! Don't drop a lamp or something!"

"Don't worry—he wouldn't hear a cannon."

She looked at her brother. He was well built and manly, and there was a forest of black hair blown carelessly about his head. She was fond of him—he was so trusting and humble. He was brave,—she was sure of that. Some day he would shine with the best of them.

"Davey, I'm sure you'll win. I love you with my whole heart and soul, and with all my strength—Amen."

She kissed him.

(To be continued.)

At Lincoln's Tomb.

BY NOBERT ENGELS.

LIKE running fire paused, like swift wings
flying,

He stood among us briefly once, then fled
Into the darkened hills like some one crying;
And suddenly we heard that he was dead.
He's dead, we heard them say, and yet belief
Walked not with us; for he had held a shield,
And stood alone, a mountain in relief,
The line of sun and shadow on the field.

He was the sun, and we the darkened shade;
Yes, he the shaft that struck to life the grain,
That brought the truth to harvest, and that
made

The warmth to soothe the harvest's after-pain.
Ah, poor dead Lincoln! Take the fallen blade
And slash the clouds, and show us truth again!

Rainy Days.

BY A CATHOLIC WIFE.

MY husband and I have a habit, and I'm sure it is shared by many Catholic couples, of discussing the Sunday sermon over the dinner table. A very holy nun at school used to tell us that there is more grace derived from listening attentively to a tiresome sermon than in the pleasure of listening to an interesting one. I'm afraid Charles and I have not yet arrived at that degree of sanctity. At any rate, we feel ourselves fortunate in knowing that whether our pastor or his assistant is to talk on any particular Sunday, either of them is sure to go straight to the heart of things in an inspiring, convincing way. Last Sunday our sermon was on the depression. Of course, we are all getting a bit tired of that subject, as it is human nature to choose to ignore unpleasant things. However, the Church of God, being the church of truth, will always face facts however long and wherever they exist.

I am not going to quote our sermon, not only because that would be plagiaristic, but also because I could not begin to do justice to it; I want only to sum up quickly one salient fact about it, namely, that although it was about the depression it was *not* depressing. Neither was it in the insipid tones of Pollyanna. Our good pastor recognized the suffering and want it has caused to those whose livelihood it has swept entirely away; he recognized the anguish of those justly proud men and women, who, though willing to work, must present themselves to charity for aid. He recognized the suffering of men in higher worlds of finance whose fortunes have been suddenly lost or looted in the general havoc. He recognized the painful fact that some spirits have been crushed, and nerves shattered even to the point of hopelessness and suicide. But above and beyond all that he recognized that there is one high spiritual truth which will be vindicated by the depression as a whole, the truth that suffering and sacrifice bring out what is fundamentally best in human characters. That was the song of hope that he left in our hearts as we came home that day, and that was the aspect of the situation that my husband and I discussed at dinner. Being young and not yet having acquired, I'm afraid, very much philosophical depth, we soon found ourselves applying theories to personalities and noting what this much-discussed depression has done to persons in our own limited little sphere.

First of all, let me say, we belong to what one might call socially and financially, the higher middle class. None of our friends has suffered actual want; some of them may have been helped out considerably by their more prosperous parents, but certainly none of them has had to seek charitable aid, or even had their incomes entirely abolished. They are simply young married people, who, in present conditions, have had to change

materially their standard of living.

We found several interesting examples which thoroughly proved our theory. One of them was the case of Margaret and Jimmy. Before their marriage, Margaret, through choice and talent rather than necessity, had been employed by an advertising company as a costume drawer for department store ads. She drew an excellent salary, and developed rather expensive personal tastes, since her money was entirely her own. When they were married, Margaret gave up her position, at her husband's proud masculine insistence, and took up the job of housekeeping. Jimmy's salary though not large was sufficient for comfortable living, Margaret had no practice in economy, and found it impossible to stretch it to include a maid or the expensive clothes she had been used to.

As a housekeeper she was a sad failure; as a cook she was worse! Some of the girls criticised her severely, for when our Bridge Club met at her house there were signs of hurried, inadequate cleaning and the food savored of the corner delicatessen. I felt sorry for her in a way; one could tell she simply was not cut out to be a housewife, and she was cut out to be an advertising artist. She tried to see it through, but she grew irritable and restless. She was naturally proud and temperamental, and her financial dependence on Jimmy irked her exceedingly. Likewise her domestic incompetence irked him. They began a series of petty bickerings that soon took on the proportion of actual quarrels. We began to fear that their marriage was headed for the rocks, and then along came old man Depression! Jimmy's salary was cut and cut and cut, until things indeed looked hopeless. They were saved by the fact that they really loved each other, and that Jimmy with his salary cut so low, finally saw the reasonableness of her desire to return to work. Her firm was glad to accept her services, and now Jimmy and

Margaret's home is as orderly and happy as our own. She has an efficient maid at a reasonable fee, thereby giving employment to one other "unemployed," and Margaret, being happy in her own work, keeps Jimmy in a cheerful, encouraged mood.

We had to smile when we thought of another couple of our acquaintance. Clare and Bill had always been fairly hard up. Bill was an ordinarily good salesman, but he had a very old mother to support and two small children besides. They weren't, in popular parlance, "putting anything over on us"; we knew they were going on a very slim margin, but Clare and Bill were victims of that disease of false pride known as "keeping up with the Joneses." Instead of dropping out of things a bit, they insisted upon giving as many parties and putting on as much show as anyone else. They lived in an apartment which they really could not afford, and drove a car which was entirely beyond their means. No telling what painful economies they practised within the privacy of their daily life upon themselves and upon their children, but there must have been plenty!

Of course, there was no reserve fund when the crash came; and after Bill's commissions had fallen to a certain point they simply had to retrench. They moved into a cheap flat in a poorer section of the city, exchanged their high-powered car for a Ford, and began to live within their means at last. They gallantly make a joke of it, and claim "that it is not only smart these days to be poor, but even fun!" Strange to say we all like and respect them more than we ever did before, and they are invited to all of our parties, even though they have had to give up the struggle to reciprocate.

The case of Kathleen and John was quite different. They were the really wealthy couple in our set; that is Kathleen had a large income in her own

right, an inherited share in a large Eastern factory that had been her father's. John was a lawyer, and at the time of their marriage had a nice practice. It was natural, perhaps, that Kathleen should want a beautiful home, and she bought one with her own money. It was such a large and luxurious establishment that John could not hope to keep it up on the money that he made. Kathleen, of course, paid most of the bills. Later when the children came, Kathleen sent them to expensive private schools and gave them every advantage that money could buy. The change in John after their marriage was gradual but sure. He lost something of his old self-confidence, and his ambition and interest in his work dwindled. The responsibility of his home and family was not on his shoulders, and he degenerated into something of a cynical play-boy.

"All I have to worry about in life is my clothes and club dues," he said rather bitterly to Charles on one occasion.

He began to drink heavily. It seemed the only way he could overcome a certain crushed feeling of unimportance that had come into his manner. Kathleen, unconsciously I think, augmented this feeling within him by a dominant air which he thoroughly resented. When he was drinking, this resentment swelled to the bursting point, and we began to dread their presence. Despite the fact that Kathleen entertained lavishly and that they were both, at their best, charming persons, we began to drop them. We could not countenance John's heavy drinking, and we were embarrassed by their quarrels.

Well, all that was changed too. Kathleen's factory, as so many others did or should have done, stopped paying dividends. Her inheritance was tied up someway "in trust," so she fortunately could not sell her interest, and there was nothing for them to do but begin to live on what John could make. They

gave up their expensive house, discharged their three servants, and came down to earth. John became a different man, his manhood thoroughly revived, his ambition came back and he went to work in earnest. Kathleen played her part, too. She chose a small apartment, put her children in the nearby parochial school, and with the help of a very young colored girl, does her own work and does it well. A new respect for her husband is apparent in her attitude, and they seem happier than they have ever been before.

Just the opposite was the case of Joe and Thelma. Joe was the one who inherited a fine established business from his family, a business that had been built up by the sweat of his grandfather's and father's brows. Joe, being of the pampered third generation, did not remember all the toil and sacrifice that had gone into the splendid heritage that was his. It was a business that was so secure that it seemed practically to run itself by the time it descended into Joe's carefree hands.

Thelma, on the other hand, was the one amongst us who had really had to struggle for her own livelihood before her marriage. Her family had managed to put her through school with the rest of us, but after graduation it was understood that she was to make her own way, for there were young sisters and brothers yet to be educated. She was not particularly clever, but she went to business school and eventually obtained a secretarial position. A few years later she married Joe. By a queer twist of psychology, Thelma was one of those women who was destined to "let money go to her head." She had never had it before, and when she finally found herself with a more or less unlimited drawing account she made "good use of lost time." It was the poorest influence in the world for Joe. They joined two country clubs, had two cars, and finally ran amuck with the income from their

three-generation-old business. After the depression struck, however, businesses ceased to run themselves.

The strain of late hours and over-indulgence showed itself in two ways. One was that Thelma, never very strong, began to lose her health. The other was that the business, so industriously built up by Joe's father and grandfather, began to approach bankruptcy. I do not know much of the details of their case, as, in their mad and extravagant rush after pleasure, Joe and Thelma had somewhat outgrown the rest of us. I do know, however, that they woke up in time and realized their danger. Thelma began to take moral and physical stock of herself, and decided to lead a saner, healthier life. Joe, appalled by the disaster that threatened his affairs, began to take constant and intelligent interest in his business, and they were saved from themselves very nearly in the nick of time. Now they are curtailing their expenses in every possible way, and so far Joe's business has successfully weathered the storm. I'm sure that his father and grandfather, looking on from beyond, feel justified now in the hope they placed in their posterity.

"But what," you may ask, if you are interested at all in these little observations of ours, "of you and Charles? What did this depression do to you?"

Well, it dealt us our own particular blow, which, thanks to our religion and our good home training, we accepted like Christian soldiers. We own our own little business, and, thank heaven, it is as solvent and as safe as anything can be these days. Our profits have been greatly reduced, but that was to be expected. We have never been extravagant, and even when times were good we made sacrifices, and forewent many pleasures and luxuries in order to save against the proverbial rainy day. When bonds began to drop in value we sold them at a slight loss; we converted such securities as we had into cash and

put it into a savings account. A year ago it reached the ten-thousand-dollar mark, and we felt very proud. It gave us a happy feeling of security. It seemed so completely our own, because Charles had worked hard for it and I had many personal sacrifices, too. Then the evening came when I heard my husband's step in the hall, and as I listened I realized that the lightness had gone out of it. (It is strange that when two persons love and understand each other, they can read each other's feelings even in such small ways!) I hastened to meet him, and when I saw the droop of his strong, broad shoulders and the utterly crushed expression on his face, I knew something dreadful had happened.

"What is it, dear?" I asked.

He did not answer, he merely handed me the evening paper, and then—I knew. Our bank had closed its doors! For a moment I was speechless and horrified. Through my mind in a resentful flash ran the memory of the hard work and sacrifice that had gone into that savings' account. With some of it we had planned, when times became normal again, to enlarge our business. Some of it was to have been our fund against possible sickness or ill-health. Some of it was to have been the nucleus of an "educational fund" for our children, should God choose to bless us with any. Now it was gone, or at least most of it. I was about to cry out in anger and resentment when I caught sight of Charles. He was slumped in a chair, and the dejection that was apparent in his appearance caused me to forget my own pain in my concern for him. It was the first real trouble we had ever had to face together, and to see him hurt was a new revelation of anguish to me. I pulled my scattered wits together and dropped down on the arm of his chair.

"You big, big silly!" I said, forcing a laugh into my voice, "you nearly frightened me stiff! I thought some one we loved was dead, or—or something!"

"Well, isn't this bad enough?" he asked gloomily.

"Of course, it's bad enough, but it could be a whole lot worse! We've got our business, and own this nice little house. Think of the thousands who have no work, no home, and no money, who are dependent on breadlines and charity!"

"But it's ghastly to have nothing in reserve," he argued.

"What we have in reserve is worth more than a million times what we've lost; we've got our youth and our health, and our love for each other."

He squared his shoulders then, and looked at me. The old smile came back in his eyes.

"You win!" he laughed, and then seriously, "it didn't matter on my account, dear, but I hated to see you hurt!"

"I'm not hurt. We'll have a lot of fun saving it all up again. Come on, let's have dinner and forget all about it."

So we ate our dinner and talked of other things, irrelevant things that weren't really on our minds at all. Each of us was shocked and hurt and disappointed, and each of us knew that the other one was, but neither of us has said so since. Each of us, because of our mutual efforts to be gay that evening, loved the other in a new and more tender way.

So it is that troubles and disappointments and suffering can deepen hearts and souls, and can bind them closer and closer together. It makes them turn to God for consolation and courage. Or at least it should, for, as our pastor said, it would be a small soul indeed that could blame God for this depression. It has been brought about by the greed and mismanagement of men of free-will. It was a self-inflicted chastisement of our race. God permitted it, perhaps, because in His wisdom and love He, who was scourged for our sins, knows that we must occasionally feel a touch of the lash in order that we may turn from the flesh-pots and look higher for the meaning of life.

Purification.

BY T. E. B.

AND must she bring white doves to-day?
Symbols of purity,
Who lately bore His Flesh and Blood
Soul and Divinity.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

VI.

SUSAN was more placidly happy than she had been for a long time. Peace had been restored, by the good sense and affection of the two children, she said to herself, between Thurston and Bluebells. John, her John, had seemed to do less dreaming lately. His eyes, which were always looking at far-off horizons, or dark with troubled thoughts—those eyes that always rested on Susan with a kind, wondering look as if for a moment he had to think how she came there,—John's eyes actually laughed now and then, though it was rarely one heard the man laugh. And she would waste one of her busy minutes to stand at a window, simply to watch her husband and young John go off together, shoulder to shoulder, swinging easily down the meadow, young John vaulting lightly the stiles, her John gravely mounting them, and the dogs chasing each other in wild excitement.

And there was her Margaret, her little Peggy, home for good, not a bit spoiled by her fine school, in fact, perhaps a little quieter, and so deft, so serviceable, Susan wondered every day how she had ever managed without her. She put from her the thought of young John's going away. There were yet a clear six weeks and five more Sundays, when there was no more modestly proud woman in England than Susan, as she sat in the old Hall-pew between her chil-

dren, and gazed reverently, as of old, at the Rector as he preached.

Susan had been very pleased, in fact, not a little flattered, that Mrs. Adams had come up to Thurston one day and asked the two young people to tennis at the Rectory.

"Just ourselves—the Rector and the schoolmaster—to make a four," she had said pleasantly. No one need know that she had refrained from inviting them to the weekly tennis party to which "the county" came, or, at any rate, to which they were invited. That, perhaps, would hardly do,—you had to be so diplomatic as the Rector's wife, and after all, they were—well, nice-looking anyhow, and quite presentable. She had taken great stock of them during the singing of "Conquering kings their titles take," because she could not see them when they sat down.

Really, that Peggy Carfax was quite disturbingly lovely; and though there was nothing Mrs. Adams could object to in her very simple little dress of some thin material of a soft cinnamon color, with the burnt-straw hat that did not entirely hide the pretty auburn hair, there was a certain distinction in the *ensemble* that worried her. Less taste, a little flamboyancy, would have settled matters more decidedly. And to the invitation to join "just ourselves," for tennis, Peggy had shyly begged to be excused as she was very bad at tennis and John was worse, being a little short-sighted; and they were busy at the farm this week with the hay, etc.

Probably no flannels or tennis equipment thought Mrs. Adams, and did not press the girl, though she said, seeing that Susan looked a little sorry at Peggy's reply,

"Well, you must come up to tea one day and bring your brother with you, Margaret. The Rector will be able to tell him a lot about Oxford and put him up to things, even though he is a Cambridge man himself. And you must join

our Choral—oh, I have all sorts of plans for you." She laughed gaily, and Susan had smiled in sympathy. It was when she was at the door, saying good-bye, she had patted Peggy's cheek—"So they didn't make a little Catholic of you at the convent after all?"

There was quite a moment's silence before Peggy had replied:

"I don't think they ever set out to make me one." Perhaps that remark had helped to Susan's placidity, though she would have been pleased if the two had gone off one fine day, in their nice Sunday best, to play tennis with the Rector and Mr. Gent, the new schoolmaster, young and active. Unmarried too, and for a breathless minute Susan's eyes regarded her Peggy under a new aspect. But lovely as she was, she was still a child—not yet seventeen. No need yet to think of such things, but still, there were many girls who thought of nothing but sweethearting at that age. A pretty house, the schoolmaster's—and a nice gentlemanly young man. But dear, how her thoughts did run on, and there was all that linen to be gone through and put away, that Peggy had marked so beautifully! Those Roman Catholic "nuns" did know how to use their needle!

It was getting near tea time. The big, comfortable living room with its great chimney place looked cool and inviting as Peggy stepped back from the table she had prepared. An old lacquer tray which she had unearthed from the attic and cleaned, held a cheap and plain enough row of white cups and saucers. A large brown teapot would be added when she saw her father and John arriving. One of Susan's big plum cakes filled a dish, thick slices of home-made bread and butter filled two others, and a great loaf stood handy, and butter in a "lordly dish," and the famous Thurston honey filled a fanciful yellow pot. There was a dish of clotted cream, and another of late raspberries.

Peggy rolled up her apron and tossed it onto a chair. "Mother! I'll go and fetch them," she called, and Susan's voice came from upstairs gently, "Put your hat on, love, the sun's hot."

But no hat was handy, and she put her head into the big kitchen beyond, where old Prudence, who had come to Thurston with Susan from Bluebells, was brewing great jugs of tea for the haymakers. Exactly—one of the dairy maid's cotton sunbonnets. So she covered her shining little head in its becoming hood, glad that it was a bran' clean one, and white, with a little green sprig on it. She must get one like it—it was just the thing for these hot sunny days.

For a moment she sat on the stile, as she crossed it to enter the meadow. There was a grateful shade there, and she was just going to remove the sunbonnet and fan herself with it, when a man's voice exclaimed, chanting in musical air,

But if you're in the shade,
With a very pretty maid,
It cannot matter much
What the weather may be!

Peggy, with her back to the road that was so rarely used—the road that Burnham had taken the other day—Peggy had not heard nor seen the approach of a man on his bicycle. But as she stood up slowly and turned to see who the stranger was whose impertinent familiarity had offended her, the man slowly removed his hat. A tall man, young too, in flannels, and as he raised the hat with a little exaggerated air of apology, a wealth of red hair exhibited itself. Good heavens—he had put his foot in it! He had seen the trees and the shade, and had meant to rest there a bit. Then he had seen the sunbonnet and the stile and the distant farm, and supposed the rest. And here was a royal princess at least! A nymph, a goddess—great Scott! what eyes, what a complexion, what—

"I beg your pardon! I am the most

short-sighted of all created beings. It was that bewitching bonnet that was my undoing."

His voice, his whole air, were too assured even to Peggy, who was no connoisseur in men's voices. She had not moved as she had glanced at him. Not much older than her brother, but something in the young man's face displeased her. This was the second stranger with a bicycle, she had met unexpectedly in the last few days, and a sudden vision of the "brown man's" face came before her, his honest eyes and frank smile as they had stared, startled, into each other's faces.

With a little swift inclination of her head she turned again to go, and found that her father and brother were close at hand, both looking curiously at the young man who stood leaning casually over the handle bars of his bicycle, though he had straightened himself at their approach.

"I'm afraid I startled this young lady. I came on her suddenly. I hope she will excuse me." He spoke in a guarded, pleasant voice, noting that the girl's hand which she had put into the older man's arm, was evidently giving pressure to convey—a warning?

Carfax's quiet grey eyes seemed fascinated by the mop of red hair on which they rested. There would be, too, the thin, supercilious lips, and the mocking eyes—exactly. But Peggy was gently pinching his arm.

"Quite so. Don't let us detain you. If you will mount your bicycle, sir, we will cross the stile."

It was so unlike their father's voice that for a moment both John and Peggy looked at him. He had spoken quietly, almost pleasantly, almost with a smile, but there was a steely point that was noticed less by the young man addressed than by young John and his sister. Still there was no mistaking the fact that he was being dismissed, and a pucker of discontent gathered round the thin lips.

"I dare say, we shall meet again, sir," he began, and was preparing to mount, when a motor, hooting noisily, as it came down the narrow road, suddenly pulled up in a cloud of dust. Quite a modest little two-seater, driven by the bare-headed, smiling Sandy, with Petrea, bare-headed too, sitting beside him.

The group at the stile stood looking at them, the red-haired young man half on his bicycle, his eyes already noting Petrea's freckles, comparing unfavorably her round pleasant little face with that of the young goddess in the sun-bonnet; and then his eyes met those of Sandy's.

"By Jove, Mefford, I was coming to see you this afternoon!" he exclaimed, as he definitely got off his machine again and propped it against the hedge.

For a moment Sandy Mefford looked none too pleased, though he continued to smile.

"Hullo! What brings you down here?" And without waiting for an answer, he looked across at Carfax.

"Sorry, sir. Are we trespassing? We want to find Thurston, and I believe you are Mr. Carfax."

But Petrea had hardly waited for the car to stop. She had opened the door and jumped out, and as she took a quick step to the stile, on the other side of which the three Carfaxes were still standing, something like a slow smile began to spread over Peggy's face. She dropped her father's arm, and the two girls faced each other, with a laugh.

"Margaret—I'd know you anywhere! 'Specially when you were looking so indignant!"

"And you Petrea—you haven't changed a bit," said Peggy, flushing a little that her annoyance with the strange young man should have been so visible. Then she turned to her father, who seemed to have stiffened himself. These young strangers who were friendly with this red-haired youth who had

recalled unpleasant memories, and who had evidently disagreeably surprised Peggy! or else why should she have looked so annoyed when they had arrived? Carfax was introduced and young John. Sandy, smiling and seemingly unconscious that the red-haired one was evidently waiting to be presented too, stood beaming like a rising sun, in the background.

"I say, Mefford, please present me so that I can express my penitence for alarming Miss Carfax. I came up rather suddenly—"

Somehow, Carfax separated the little group without appearing to do so, and when Sandy rather sullenly turned to the speaker, there seemed only the older man at hand. It was the first time he had ever met Carfax face to face, though he knew that his father had known the family of old and had always regretted, and perhaps admired, John Carfax's hermit life. But he had not expected a Carfax of this type—a keen, grey-eyed man with an austere face and a distinguished bearing, who nodded stiffly in the stranger's direction as Sandy muttered unwillingly, "Robert Preston, sir;" and backed himself into the group who were now standing by the car.

It was curious how Carfax, chatting now to the youth, manœuvred so that he had to push his bicycle a little down the road, the older man sauntering beside him, their backs to the others.

When, with a little hoot, the car with the two girls, and Sandy at the wheel, shot by them, Carfax stopped. John had crossed the road and had entered the field whose narrow footpath was a short-cut to the house.

"I'll say good-morning, now. It's easy to get lost down these little side roads, which are more or less private, but you'll find the high-road down there. I shouldn't try this one again, Mr. Preston, it's a bad one for strangers."

He lifted his hand a little in sign of

good-bye, and missed shaking hands with the young man who felt himself dismissed. What exactly had happened he was not sure. He had thought the old beggar, Carfax, was trying to be genial in his frozen way, and was only leading him to a near gate where he could place his machine. Either he, or that blighted fool, Mefford, had played a trick on him, and if so he would teach them both that no one played tricks with impunity on Mr. Robert Preston. It would be easy to put that Carfax lot in their place, and as for Mefford, he, Robert Preston, wasn't supposed to know that the old Judge had spoken publicly of his father's firm, and especially its senior member, as "sailing perilously near the wind."

Preston & Chayne, or, as it was usually called, Preston-Chaynes, had amassed a fortune and a reputation at the same time. The reputation, in the days when it had been Chayne & Chayne, had served the later development of Chayne and Preston, and then Preston-Chayne for some years. But gradually the old families who had done business with Chayne for generations, began either to die out or to withdraw their affairs, and though the fortunes of the firm seemed rather to increase than diminish, it was a changed clientele who confided their business to the heads; and before long, it was a changed reputation, though, as some people said, nothing you could get hold of. They seemed to defend a great many shady cases, and, as a rule, quite successfully. If any one could get an evil-doer "off" it was known that Preston-Chaynes could.

Robert Preston, superannuated from his public school, and later, sent down from Cambridge, was now recuperating his impaired forces before undertaking further "reading" with a view to entering into his father's office. The paternal wrath at his last escapade had banished him for the time being, and the distant

and hospitable Adams had "invited" him, as a paying guest, to the Rectory at Maydon, where he was to be given not too free a hand, and where a certain amount of study was expected of him.

Robert Preston, late of St. Cyprian's College, Cambridge, chewed the cud of a sulky discontent as he mounted his bicycle, and watched Carfax and his son following each other up the meadow path.

Just because he had displeased that Carfax girl and taken her for a dairy-maid, he was ignored and sent about his business! It wasn't likely they knew anything of his doings at Cambridge, and Mefford himself had never met them before, so it was evidently just that old fool man who thought he'd insulted his precious girl.

Susan wished they would come in, but there was no sign of them yet, so she took up the stocking she was knitting for young John though it was hot work this afternoon, and she would be glad of a cup of tea. And then a babble of young voices broke in on her, and Peggy opened the door from the hall and came in, followed by a laughing, freckle-faced girl in a white silk tennis frock, and a smiling youth in flannels, whose cheerful face became quite radiant as his eyes fell on the well-provisioned tea table.

It was so rarely anyone ever came to Thurston, beyond an occasional flying visit, when she always stood because she had "only just looked in," of the Rector's wife, and the rarer visits of Mr. Adams who was never quite at his ease in Carfax's company, and knew he was a little condescending with Susan Carfax, as he called her to his wife,—there was no one who was an intimate of Thurston Farm.

Susan laid down the knitting as Peggy spoke, and slowly got up from her chair.

"Mother, this is an old schoolfellow, Petrea Cassidy, who has come to see

me—and this is—what did you say your name was?" she laughed, as her guests held their hands out.

"It's Sandy Mefford, Mrs. Carfax. He brought me along to find Peggy. I'm staying there," said the freckle-faced girl smiling. Susan shook hands shyly, slightly smoothing her dress down with the other hand.

"Very pleased to make your acquaintance." She just saved herself from saying "Miss," because her John had once teased her in his funny way for saying "ma'am" to Mrs. Adams.

"Please to be pleased to see me too, Mrs. Carfax," broke in Sandy, thrusting his hand out. "I've reunited two ardent young hearts after years of separation, and—and when Miss Carfax mentioned tea, I felt my just reward had come."

Susan's mild eyes regarded the young man with a little awe. He would be Judge Mefford's son, of course, a nice-faced lad, but not strong-looking, with a pleasant voice and honest eyes.

"Why, sit you down, do, and, Peggy, tell Prudence to make the tea."

Petrea sat down on the big carved oak settee beside Susan and prattled gaily about her pleasure in finding Peggy again, whilst her blue eyes roamed from the little sweet-faced woman before her, with her small plump hands clasped on her lap, to the fine proportions of the room, the almost severe dignity of its bareness,—and to the carved arms on the chimney piece.

What a curious mixture of things, she thought, and somehow Petrea's warm Irish heart went out with a rush to this little shy woman at her side, who was agreeing with her young visitor that the roads were in a bad, dusty condition, but that she hoped the rain would hold off till after their picnic next week.

And then Carfax and John, having performed their ablutions, and been warned, by the presence of the small

car in the avenue, that they would find the runaways in the house, Carfax strode a little gloomily into the room, followed by young John, ill at ease. He had to sit opposite that laughing girl who was Peggy's schoolfellow, and he thought for a moment, as his shy eyes fell on her fascinating freckles and fair hair, on the glint of some amber beads about her neck, that she seemed a sort of golden girl.

"This is a red-letter day in my life," sighed Sandy, suddenly, helping himself to honey. "It's the first time in my life I've ever seen such a noble plum cake. Is Thursday always the day for them, Mrs. Carfax?"

Susan was busy pouring out, but she liked having her things appreciated.

"Why, not as a rule, sir—Mr. Mefford," she corrected herself. "It is usually Saturday I make them. But with John and Peggy home they go quicker, so I made this yesterday."

"Saturdays!—I shall remember. If that's all right, sir?"

There was something so disarming in his look at Carfax, that the older man smiled suddenly. It was not till much later that Sandy wondered if his reply had a double meaning.

"Better wait and see if the cake agrees with you. Farm fare doesn't suit everybody," he said, in an amused, kindly way, and Susan, fearing that the honor of her kitchen was attacked, murmured gently,

"There's nothing to hurt anyone in it—it's all wholesome."

"I'd stake my life on it. I say, Petrea, if you eat so much Mrs. Carfax'll have to make another to-morrow."

There was some talk of the old convent days, and Susan sat silently listening to it. Something of the old, uneasy feeling of long ago came back to her, as Peggy recalled one thing or another, or Petrea mentioned some "Mother" or "Sister." Her John too, her husband, was interested in what the girls said. He

asked questions, and once, when neither of the girls could remember when a certain incident had happened, he had said quietly,

"It was the feast of Corpus Christi. I was driving by your grounds when you were singing."

No one found anything strange in his remark—unless it was Susan, and perhaps young John, who was listening to his neighbor Sandy's stories about Cambridge. But his eyes caught a glimpse of his mother's, and he wondered if it were fear, alarm, he had seen in them for a fleeting instant before they were lowered again. And if it were, why?

"And Mother Veronica's coming back very soon. Bad luck—I shall have gone back to Ireland; but you'll be able to see her, Peggy." Before Peggy could reply except by a sudden light in her eyes, Susan said in a slow, quiet voice,

"Which was that one, Peggy? Wasn't it the one you liked best?"

There was a little ripple of tender laughter from the girl as she answered quickly,

"I loved her! But then everyone did, and that was curious, you know, Petrea, wasn't it, for she had an austerity about her even when she was mothering us tiny ones; and later when she was—" the girl hesitated, seeing her mother look a little fearful, but young John put in.

"What, Peggy?—How else did she show austerity?" Carfax was leaning back in his chair, his fine brown hands loosely clasped before him. He was listening with amused attention, throwing in a word now and then, content to hear the reminiscent chatter.

"She didn't exactly *show* austerity. You felt it was there behind all her tenderness, under all the understanding,—perhaps it was that that gave the understanding. She comforted me when I needed it." Suddenly Peggy flushed. She had not meant to say that, and Petrea, not understanding, laughed gaily.

"When you cried because you couldn't go to Confession! Oh, she loved you—you were the youngest in the convent. By the way, I only knew the other day that Mother Veronica was Margaret Burnham of Four Orchards,—younger sister of Miss Burnham who lives there now, you know. We all call her Aunt Mary."

There was a scraping of chairs presently as they all got up, and when, presently they trooped out to see Petrea and Sandy off, it was Susan who stayed behind in the house. Perhaps it was imagination, but her husband's face seemed to have taken on a grim look that hurt her. Perhaps all this laughing and talking had tired him. It had certainly worried her! Her Peggy crying because—well, I never! What next?

(To be continued.)

Gypsy Children.

BY NELLIE R. IVANCOVICH.

MANY poems, romances without number, operas and ballads have been written about the little princess who was stolen by gypsies, in her infancy, and brought up in ignorance of her royal parentage. Verse and song and many instruments have been employed to tell of the vague longings that filled her heart; the faint memories of her father's house; the dreams of splendor and love and happiness that haunted all her sleeping and many of her waking hours.

We are stolen children, all of us, here in the gypsy camp of the world. In the midst of its sordid activities, its tawdry splendor we almost forget the vision of the sweet Lady in blue who was our Mother, our dear Elder Brother and the wise and kind commands of our Father, the King. Nevertheless,

Not naked do we come,
But trailing clouds of glory,
From Heaven, which is our home;

and it all comes back to us at times: in dreams, in days of sorrow, in dark hours.

Sometimes we ignore these memories, these echoes from out the past that haunt us, and we turn, almost fiercely, to the excitement and allurements of the gypsy camp around us. We fix our eyes and our thoughts upon its glare and cheap splendor, its gaudy haunts of pleasure.

But there comes another hour, when we are by ourselves and when the half-forgotten past will not let us alone. Like a soft, persistent tapping, long continued, on our door, it awakens our slumbering hearts at last, and we arise, half reluctantly, and usher in the shadowy visitors. They speak to us of many things, these visitors: of peace and hope and pardon, of love and courage, of the delight of achievement, of kindly deeds to others. So in the end, still listening to them, we leave behind us the gypsy camp, with its enticements and allurements and start out upon the narrow, rugged path that leads to the Heavenly City and the Palace of the King.

We pause upon the way to wash our soiled garments white in the cleansing waters of penance and so travel with lighter hearts and bright, upturned faces. The way is long. Often our feet are bruised by the rough stones, our hearts are wounded by griefs and sorrows and afflictions. But at least we know we are on the right road, and when our cross is heavy we can remember One who, for love of us, bore a heavier cross up the steep way to Calvary.

The heavenly visitors who knocked so long at our door are our companions on the journey; and sometimes, in the early morning, Our Lord Himself comes to us in Holy Communion and walks with us upon our way, and so, "full of joy and peace in believing," we journey on.

In the far distance are the towers and domes and splendid palaces of that City

which is our home, where awaits us Our Father, the King, in His majesty, our Elder Brother who has so loved us, and the sweet Lady in blue who, all the way, has been watching over us, though we knew it not.

In that fair City we will be united to those dear and beloved ones who have gone before us. There, in that City shall our deepest longings be satisfied, our questions answered, our problems solved. The gypsy camp, with its cheap allurements, will be forgotten, the toilsome journey will be past. Every grief we have suffered in order to reach our heavenly home will but make it more dear to us. At last we shall have arrived at "a place of refreshment, light and peace," and God Himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes!

President for a Day.

When the Presidents of the United States are listed there is at least one who acted in that capacity, but who is not ordinarily given credit for having occupied that very dignified position. Of course, he was only President for a day, but legally he was *the* President during that short period. David Rice Atchison, Senator from Missouri, was the man. His temporary elevation came about in this way. James K. Polk's term as President expired on Sunday, March 4, 1844.

This being Sunday, General Zachary Taylor, out of a religious scruple, postponed the inauguration until Monday. Since the vice-president stepped out of office along with the President, the right of authority shifted automatically to the person of the President *pro tem* of the Senate, who happened at the time to be David Rice Atchison. Of course, Mr. Atchison's position was only temporary and by way of a figurehead, but his descendants can truthfully claim that one of their line was once President of the United States.

Nunc Dimittis.

BY P. J. C.

THIS phrase *Nunc dimittis* ("Now thou dost dismiss") has come to indicate a readiness to obey the call of death. The Simeon of St. Luke's Gospel was resigned to honorable discharge from the here to the hereafter when he had seen and held the Child Messiah. Men and women have been quoting Simeon's phrase ever since to express "Yes," when Death will not have "No."

The act of death is dismissal from service—the service of life. Sometimes the dismissal is abrupt, harsh, painful, violent; or restful, peaceful. The manner is somewhat secondary. It may be very abrupt, leaving no time for farewells or votes of thanks; or leisured, so we have time to wrap "the drapery" about us and listen to the applause. The dismissal is inevitable. No need to prove it. How we have done the job assigned us—which job should mean personal growth to Gospel height—determines the honor or dishonor of the dismissal.

We must work until we are checked out. It is not so important when, where, how checked—if we have achieved the spiritual stature expected of us. Not what we do but what we try to do is within the scope of the assignment. A material *much* may be a spiritual *little*; a material *little*, a spiritual *much*. Work through the morning, into the afternoon, into the twilight and beyond it—until dismissed. Do not dismiss yourself. That is quitting the job—a personal strike on God.

You have harvested your sheaves in a bank. A solid bank, a good harvest. A financial cyclone strikes the bank leaping from any point of the compass for any reason. You run for your sheaves. They are blown away and you return home your arms empty. Your all is

nothing. You have failed. Arsenic, the barrel of a revolver aimed at your head presents itself to you as a way out. You have failed. You will strike.

Have you failed? Has He, your ultimate Employer, told you at any time, that He expects from you money, chat-tels, goods as evidences of service? Has He not said "Blessed are the poor?" He has not said, "Blessed are the rich." Are you less, having nothing, than you were when you had much? Indeed it is likely you are more. Or, anyhow, you can be more by giving more time to multiplying works which will strengthen you in spirit; less to works which add zeroes to your bank balance.

A man, a woman, is, as they say, crossed in love. A released gas jet, a leap from a tenth-story window is an easy way out of time into eternity. It is equivalent to "I quit" to the ultimate Employer. Should a man, or a woman be so immersed in the love of any human being as to challenge God by quitting the God-assigned work, because of the going out of the light of any human love—which is always flickering anyhow? "If you love Me keep My commandments," commands the Employer. One of these Commandments reads "Thou shalt not kill." And "Thou shalt not kill" includes thyself.

"To die, to sleep, perhaps to dream." We must not forget the "dream" when we toy with pistols, fondle the little phial. Neurotic ladies leave notes before they leap, saying they wish "to end it all." They just begin. Long, long eons of it. Ages and ages of waiting for the call to come back to work, the strike is ended. The strike will never end.

Work on the one thing necessary—you. Deflation of currency, depression, presidential triumphs and failures, the Menace, K. K. K., football defeats, war debts, expansion of credit,—these things pass. You will always be. Work on yourself. Do not quit the job. Wait until you merit honorable dismissal.

Notes and Remarks.

Bishop Gilfillan, of St. Joseph, Mo., who died recently, asked that his funeral sermon contain no eulogy and be confined to the subject of preparation for death and a request for prayers for the repose of his soul. That indicates sanity and gives good example. If the dead are permitted to hear their panegyrists, certain dead—may they rest in peace!—must have had a feverish hour of it. They heard themselves exalted in speech that taxed credulity, clothed in a splendor of language that waked up nodding worshippers and made the living who knew the departed, gasp. Why men who can be sane in their appraisals, reasonable and cautious in private speech, lose all sense of realities when in a pulpit speaking of a departed friend or acquaintance, is beyond the reach of this world's understanding. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Certainly. Only that does not mean proclaiming a bull of canonization.

Archbishop John T. McNicholas, of Cincinnati, handed out two principles to guide us through depression in his "Church of the Air" address some weeks ago. First: Love thy neighbor as thyself. Second: In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. Under the first comes service—religious, governmental, capital, labor, rural group, school, press, radio, theater service. All that service must go out for the general interest of people, not for select groups as patronage and privilege. The second heading is concerned with labor and capital, machinery production and production which is more or less by skill of hands. These must interplay in mutual helpfulness as laid down in Christian teaching. "If Christian principles," declares the Archbishop, "can give no solution of our present problems there is no solution. It is hideous

blasphemy to think that Almighty God intends the nations to live, as they are at the present moment, in apostasy from Him and His Christ, and that individuals and groups should be engaged successfully in alienating so many from Him, leaving them bereft of all that is highest and noblest in life."

This possibly seems somewhat old-fashioned, having listened for so long to high-sounding "inflation," "deflation," "reflation." And yet—below every retaining wall erected to hold secure economic peace and prosperity must be the Christian rock bed of charity. Whatever our plan of reconstruction, it must aim at the realization of man's love for man, as God has commanded.

Lord Buckmaster who has for a long time been advocating easier divorce in England was ably answered in a radio debate, a short time past, by Dame Beatrix Lyall. The only telling point that the affirmative debater was able to bring forth in this discussion was the "hard case" that unfortunately occurs at intervals, and which everyone deplores quite as much as Lord Buckmaster. Laws, however, are not made for the exceptional case, but for the normal, average occurrence; and it would be a grave mistake to endanger the welfare of a large majority of citizens to relieve a few mismated couples from hardships. Dame Lyall has summed up the negative's case in a few well-put sentences: "We do not believe that the Easier Divorce Bills, which from time to time have appeared, are remedies at all; we consider they would increase the evil. These Bills all have at least four cardinal faults: They are against the teaching of Our Lord. They preach the doctrine of non-forgiveness, a fatal thing to married happiness—surely love should be capable of forgiving anything, as the best of us find in regard to our children. They set happiness rather than

duty and honor as the ideal of life, and would fail to provide it. They seem entirely to ignore the children, who are, after all, the vital part of the problem. We must put the 'child in the midst,' and in that setting only can our view be a correct one. In the leasehold marriage, to which easier divorce must inevitably lead, children will be regarded, as it were, as the inconvenient fixtures who have to be taken over from the previous tenant, inarticulate and unhappy little fixtures, in whom the new tenant has little interest. It may fairly be asked has easy divorce brought happiness? As the late President Roosevelt put it: 'Easy divorce is a bane to any nation. It is a curse to society and a menace to the home, an incitement to married unhappiness; an evil thing for men and a still more hideous evil thing for women.' " Our own easy divorce laws are a standing proof of every point this woman has made in her radio debate.

Probably every editor wakes up out of a nightmare some time in his life with the terrifying impression that a thousand glaring eyes have been focussed upon him. Those eyes, of course, are the eyes of that great group of readers who are continually in search for the least slip that an editor may make in the performance of his duties. That supervision is a salutary influence, of course, since it keeps an editor pretty close to the truth; but it becomes irksome at times when one is held to account for slight variations from fact which even the most elaborate precautions cannot possibly avoid. Perhaps it was under some such provocation that an editor once wrote a slightly exaggerated comment which was published not long ago in the *Universe-Bulletin* of Cleveland. He states that on the same day on which he received several complaining letters "there was a letter in his

post-office box which did not belong to him; he called for number 98 on the 'phone and got 198; he asked for a spool of No. 50 thread and got No. 60; he got his milk bill, and there was a mistake of 10 cents in his favor; he fell sick and the doctor told him he was eating too much meat, when he hadn't tasted meat in two months; the garage man said the car was missing because it needed a new timer, and he had cleaned a spark plug, and it has been running fine ever since. Yes," he concluded, "newspapers make mistakes—and so do other people."

They are jeremiadizing again over the fatalities of football. The *Yale Alumni Weekly* expresses pain over a "succession of injuries to various pivotal players." And very likely the emphasis is meant for the pivotal players. The game of football is not a sport for invalids, or to get poise. It is rough apparently, and very likely designed as a means to express the more aggressive male play instincts. That young men are injured or killed playing the game is certainly a few counts against it. Is it not possible to denature it to the extent of making it safe? Or is it made safe only by killing it? The football coaches of the country who set our ribs arattle with wit, and lecture us like Y. M. C. A. field men on "clean sports for clean youth" should get their heads together and save their favorite sport to ensure their favorite salary.

We have no inclination to find fault with any organization which functions directly in the work of naming Catholic book lists. Only—a correspondent writes in to say that one committee which assembles a white list included "Second Hand Wife," by Mrs. Kathleen Norris, in its approved column. The theme, according to this writer, glorifies a girl who "instigated the divorce of her handsome employer so that she

might marry him and make his life truly happy." Not having read the book, and not knowing whether or not the committee in the case stamped it "approved," we offer no comments. If a number of literary minded people do a work of charity in naming off good books for us, we hope they first read these books carefully themselves. And we hope, moreover, they are not bestowing an imprimatur on some saccharine nullity wherein a sobbing lady bestows the comfort of her companionship on some moping husband by suggesting that Reno is in Arizona. And after Reno "the wide, wide world for you and me"—as they say in the galvanized boxes which are packed—or are they?—in Hollywood.

There is scarcely anyone, at the present time, who is not willing to admit that the period of want through which we are now passing is having a chastening effect upon our lives. The sores which have broken out upon our spiritual selves as the result of our wild scramble after wealth in the days of prosperity, are now being cauterized by the fire of depression; and although the pain of the burning is severe, it is having a cleansing result in our lives. Edward Angly in an early number of the *New Outlook* made these significant remarks: "This depression, among other good lessons, may teach us that balance is more desirable than bigness. But balance presupposes the presence of discipline, order, integrity, and the courage to face a fact. These four virtues, it has seemed to me, were generally sold short in this country in the days when we were long on prosperity. We need now the courage to cease pretending that our difficulties are merely material, when the evils that are gnawing away at our greatness are essentially spiritual. In our flight from realities, we got far nearer to moral bankruptcy than to

the sort of insolvency which concerns economics. In spite of everything, there are occasional indications that, spiritually and mentally, the country is already turning the corner. Here and there these days one encounters a citizen who is actually angered by dishonesty. One stumbles occasionally into an ultimate consumer who doesn't believe everything that is said by some one who happens to be richer than he is. The chances are almost even that he no longer thinks a corporate enterprise is better because it is bigger. I think, too, I detect another hopeful sign in the fact that savings-bank deposits rose as automobile sales declined. This conveys a hint that quite a number of people are able again to concede that it is a wholesome idea to live within one's means and to think, now and then, of to-morrow." These are, indeed, hopeful signs, and seem to indicate, without doubt, that the future will be brighter if we do not forget the lesson that we have learned.

In these days of want, when so many people who have heretofore worked hard to support themselves and their families, are driven to seek the help of their fellows, in order to ward off starvation, we should remember that when it is necessary to refuse assistance to those seeking aid, it should be done in a kindly manner. Nothing is gained by speaking to a person as if he were an animal, and driving him from our door more wounded than he came. Many people had almost rather starve than go to others for assistance; they may have had to trample on their pride to force themselves to ask for the very necessities of life, and the least that we can do if we are not able to help them is to tell them so in a very kindly, human way. There are, of course, professional beggars who may have to be handled somewhat sternly, but these

are not so difficult to detect because they make a nuisance of themselves after they have been refused help. To make a practice, however, of barking our refusal at everyone that appears at our door, is sure to bring pain to those timid souls whom necessity alone has driven to beg. It is quite as easy to be kindly as to be cruel in refusing people. Nothing is gained by hurting the feelings of those who come to us. If we would try to put ourselves in the condition of those destitute persons who are soliciting our aid, we would probably drop our pose of "superior being" and talk to the poor as if they were God's creatures and our own fellow-men.



Painters and sculptors are very properly supposed to be experts in such things as poses, but we know of at least one artist who could learn a lesson on the natural and proper attitude for prayer from any Catholic child of the first grade. The editor of *The Record*, of Louisville, Kentucky, tells us the story of that situation in the following words:

Conspicuously throughout Louisville appear Community Chest posters, which represent a broken old man of haggard mien, seated before a table upon which his bony hands are outstretched clasped in pathetic appeal. Beneath are the words: "Give us this day our daily bread." We stood with a little child at our side looking at the poster, thinking of all the disappointments and privations and sufferings it was intended to depict, letting our thoughts run into divers channels as to why in this land of plenty such need be. And suddenly the child interrupted, asking: "Daddy, why don't he kneel down?"



Ernest Thompson, son of a Methodist minister, all his relatives non-Catholics, has entered the Christian Brothers in Denver, Colo. It is worth remembering, his interest in the Catholic Church

began through acquaintance with a Catholic family in Denver while he attended high school. The acquaintance-ship must have been unto edification, else Mr. Ernest would not have instanced it to recall his first steps in the right direction. Section off the area which you cover in your examination of conscience and mark it, "Kind of example I give non-Catholics." Check on your conversation—its reverence, charity, white cleanness—in shops, stores, factories, clubs, banquets, at work, at play. What you say influences some light-seeking brother or sister. Check also on what you do. That too influences. What you say, do, and do not do makes seekers converts; or leaves them in mid road—still a question mark.



Joyce Kilmer is recalled most frequently for his poem on the subject of trees. It should be kept in mind, however, that he saw far wider than the visible world of nature, far higher than the heights of trees. While in the service for which he gave his life he wrote his "Prayer of a Soldier in France." You will note it is not on the subject of poppies or star-dust. It is a humble love-prayer of resignation which might well be used as a bookmark in a prayer book.

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

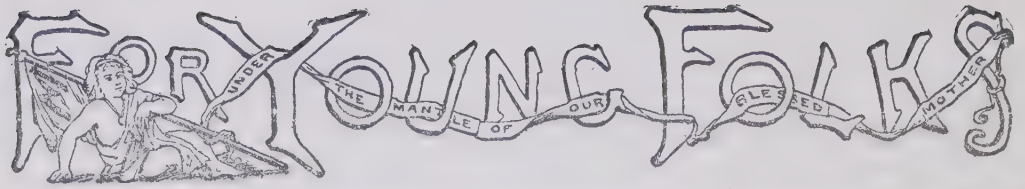
I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land or sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.



The Valentine.

BY VERA MARIE TRACY.

WE were making valentines—
Ruth and Jane and I—
Cardboard, paint, and tinsel twines,
Bits of lace, poetic lines—
These make darling valentines,
If you care to try.

Then I had a little thought—
God might like one too,
Not the kind that can be bought,
But of love and goodness wrought,
Golden prayer and silver thought—
“Jesus, I love You!”

So we straightway set to work
Making our hearts fine,
Tiresome tasks we did not shirk,
Prayed and smiled through rain and murk,
Loving, gentle, was our work
For His valentine.

And He liked it—this, we know!—
Little maidens three;
Love for love He gave us—oh!
Made our souls to overflow,
Whispered to us sweet and low—
Ruth and Jane and me.

Shadows on Cedarcrest.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

II.—DR. RIEBOLDT HAS AN IDEA.

SUNLIGHT came in the hospital window, and slanted across the crucifix on the wall at the foot of Mr. Eaton's bed. Through some trick of shadow, the sweet face of the Corpus seemed to lose its aspect of suffering, and to smile comfortingly upon the worried four in the room before it. It was visiting hour at Mercy Hospital;

other visitors walked up and down the corridors, and the low hum of voices came through the half-opened doors of the other rooms in the men's ward. Any other time the three young people would have found this great hospital, with its soft-footed nurses, its immaculate beds, its long corridors, with their odor of antiseptics and occasionally of anæsthetic, and its glimpses of suffering humanity, a fascinating place. Phyllis, domestically inclined, would have enjoyed a peep into the diet kitchens and the laundry; Thelma, who planned to be a nurse, would have been begging to look into the operating rooms, the classrooms and the lecture rooms; and George, who had the instincts of a good newspaper reporter, would have been making friends with the orderlies, the internes and the nurses, and storing away in his busy young mind a wealth of “human” information. But not to-day. They scarcely knew the hospital activities moved about them. This was a business conference.

“I think I can get a good paper and magazine route, Dad,” confided George, intent on the necessity of earning money, “Shorty O'Day is going to give up his. Now that he goes to Senior High School, it's very late when he gets home. It gets dark so early in the winter time. Of course, I'll have to have a little money to pay down—but Shorty's a good scout. He'll let me have it cheap and on the installment plan. He just wants enough money to get his bike fixed.”

Jim Eaton smiled. “That's the spirit, son,” he said. “We Eatons will beat the old depression yet. Ah, me!” his smile faded as quickly as it had come, “if only I had invested that money as I planned. I'd been planning to talk it over with

Doctor Rieboldt, but just hadn't got around to it."

"Gee! Dad, maybe you would have been in just as bad a fix, anyway. Look what happened on Wall Street not long ago. Stocks go busted, too."

"Yes, Daddy, as George so elegantly expresses it, stocks do "go busted." I don't think you should be blaming yourself for anything. Daddy, I've a perfectly grand idea—I'm going to get a job!"

Mr. Eaton looked startled. "You, Phyllis? Nonsense! What could you do? Why, you're nothing but a baby."

Phyllis drew herself up with dignity. "I'm sixteen," she reminded him! "at least I'm so near sixteen that if I sneezed, I'd be it. And I'm all through high school."

"Yes, thanks to the good education Mother gave you out on the ranch, you were nearly through high school before you started to school at all. How we used to laugh at your topsy-turvy training, Sis. At seven you were jabbering French like a native, and your primer was a Bible History. At the age when most children are spelling 'cat' and 'rat' you were calmly writing 'Jerusalem' and 'Pharisee'; and I don't suppose you'd have had any arithmetic at all, if I hadn't taken you in hand, there. Mother said the figures gave her a headache. But—what about college, Sis?"

"College can wait," said Phyllis, soberly. "It will have to, anyway, Daddy, with things as they are. There isn't any reason why I can't be doing something while I'm waiting."

"But, Phyllis, what could you do? Jobs are very scarce—"

"She's a swell dishwasher," suggested George; "and she cooks like an angel."

"Who ever told you angels cooked?" demanded Thelma, scornfully. "You're wonderful with babies, Phyllis. You might get a place as nursemaid."

"She could sling hash," suggested George, unscquelched.

"Oh, I don't know *what* I can do—that's the trouble. But I'm willing to do almost anything. Of course, I want something that pays more than three or four dollars a week. I want a good salary—"

"You don't want a job—you want a *position*."

"Certainly. But I'll take what I get. I may, mayn't I, Daddy?"

"May what?"

"Go to work, if I can find a good place?"

Mr. Eaton sighed heavily. "Child, you don't know how I hate to let you. But—if you can find something suitable—yes, I suppose so. I'm rather a useless piece of furniture right now. Mother has enough money on deposit at the sanitarium to see her through the year, the fuel is in for winter, and the taxes are paid. So, too, is my insurance. But there's always light, gas, and food, and if anything unforeseen happens—"

"Good gracious!" Phyllis laid soft fingers across his lips, "it seems to me that all the unforeseens have happened. Let's not anticipate more. Let's smile a little, Daddy. Aren't we lucky that you have only a broken leg, and weren't killed? That Mother's stay at the sanitarium is assured until she is well? That we have a lovely home in which to live, and we three youngsters are well and strong, and able to help you?"

Jim Eaton winked back a sudden suspicious mistiness that threatened to obscure his vision. "I'm mighty lucky that I have a girl like you," he said, huskily. "Pollyanna didn't have anything on my girl, Phyllis."

"I wish I could do something," said Thelma, wistfully.

"You can," said Phyllis, promptly. "You can go to school, as always, and, outside of school hours, you can keep the home fires burning. Some one has to do that."

"It'll keep me busy rekindling them, for awhile." Thelma made a little

grimace. "I'm so used to having you there, keeping them alive. I just dropped on a chunk of coal now and then. I'll forget this and that, and have a terrible time."

"But it'll be fine for you, and you'll come through with flying colors," said her father. "Come to think about it, I believe it'll be a good thing for all of us to learn to depend on ourselves instead of Phyllis."

"You're making fun of me," declared Phyllis, believing it. "Well, I don't care. To-morrow I start on my search for a job. It's going to be fun."

But it wasn't. It was no fun at all. After the first exhilaration, Phyllis found it was a discouraging, wearisome task. From one end of the city to another she went, answering ads and following will-'o-the-wisp leads, which got her nowhere. She filled out forms, answered questions, wrote applications, stood in long lines of other discouraged girls, for hours without success.

"I'm getting so sick and tired of hearing just two things," she told her father, on the evening of the seventh day of failure.

"And what are the two things?" asked her father, sympathetically.

"I'm sorry, but you're too young," and "We require experience." Oh, dear! You'd think youth a crime! I tell them I'm getting older as fast as I can—but does that make any impression on them? It does not! And as for experience—oh, dear! How in the world do people *get* experience except by doing the work? And if no one will give them a chance—"

"You mean if no one will give *you* a chance."

"Oh! hush, George. I'm so tired I don't know what I do mean. But someone has to hire them—you—*me*, before I can have experience. And if I must have experience before someone hires—"

"Me, you, them."

"Yes. Is this a grammar lesson?"

"No, it's a riddle. What's the answer?"

"I wish I knew."

"It's a shame," said Thelma, sympathetically. "Did you answer that 'girl for salads' tea-room ad?"

"Yes. And again, they wanted experience. As though I haven't made salads ever since I could drop oil from a cruet. Making them for a tea room would be easy—I know I could have done it. There were probably fifty other girls there, looking for the place. A tall woman with red hair, got it. She must have been forty."

"I thought the ad said 'girl.'"

"Yes. But when an advertisement says 'girl' it means any age, up to seventy."

"And not one of those office jobs was worthwhile?"

"I don't know. I didn't get a chance to try any of them. Experience!"

"Hello, there, Eatons! What is this, a despondency meeting? Did I hear Phyllis getting wrathful, as I came in? *Phyllis*? Now if it were Thelma, with those flashing black eyes—"

"Doctor Rieboldt!" the three children arose, as with one accord, to greet their old family friend, and physician. The doctor shook hands with Phyllis, slapped George on the back, and chucked Thelma under the chin, before turning to his patient.

"Hello, Jim! How's the boy? I was in the operating room all morning, and didn't get in to see you. I just stopped long enough to look at your chart and see that everything was O. K. So I thought I'd drop in for a social call this evening."

"Thanks, Doc. I'm always glad to see you." Eaton squeezed the older man's hand affectionately.

"Here's a chair, sir."

"Thank you, George." The doctor dropped into it, and looked quizzically about the family circle. "You're all looking pretty serious," he said, "at least you were, when I came in. How's the search for a position going, Phyllis?"

Did you go over to see Doctor Ellis about that place as receptionist?"

"Yes, sir—and it was filled. I haven't had any luck at all. Thelma and I have been making a novena to St. Anthony and St. Joseph, and—I've just been hunting my head off. And all I get is 'You're too young,' or, 'We require experience.'"

The doctor tapped the paper in his hand, and gazed into space. He seemed to be intently thinking. "Hum!" he mused, "hum!" And then, suddenly making up his mind concerning some matter he had been mulling over, he leaned forward, and held the paper before Mr. Eaton's face. "I found a little ad in here, to-night," he said; "I'd like to have you read it, Jim. This is it." He tapped with his thermometer case on the second column. Mr. Eaton's eyes followed the pointing case, and the words of the ad leaped to meet his eye.

"WANTED," read the advertisement, "a young woman companion for blind semi-invalid. Must be of excellent character, and come well-recommended. Apply at Room 310, Fisher Building, Wednesday, from two to four P. M. Good salary for right party."

"I thought," said the doctor, his eyes on Eaton's face, "that this might be an excellent place for Phyllis. Steady, Jim," for Mr. Eaton had dropped the paper, "and forgive me for startling you. I didn't know the children would be here when I came over. But, don't you agree with me that this might be an excellent place for your daughter?"

For a moment Mr. Eaton did not answer. He lay with one arm thrown up to shade his eyes, and the doctor watched him, keenly. There was something tense in the attitudes of both men, but the children did not sense it.

"May I see the advertisement?" asked Phyllis, and, without a word, the doctor passed the paper to her. Thelma and George peered over either shoulder, and Thelma exclaimed with pleasure:

"Why—but that would be grand, Phyl! Companion! Doesn't that sound interesting? Blind semi-invalid, and Room 310, Fisher Building! I was up in the Fisher Building once, and it's beautiful—white marble downstairs, and uniformed elevator girls. This must be a rich family."

"It is," said Doctor Rieboldt. "The lady used to be a patient of mine. That is why I was particularly interested in the advertisement. I had a slight disagreement with Dalton—with her stepson, who has the office in the Fisher Building. Therefore a reference from me, would carry no weight. But there's Judge Langley, of the Circuit Court, a friend of mine, who will be reference enough for you, Phyllis. There is one other thing which might prevent your getting the position—your extreme youth. However, how about a little amateur theatrical make-up? Shell-rim glasses with clear lenses, longer and more sedate dresses, and that mop of curls fastened back in a knot at the nape of your neck, will add at least six or seven years to your appearance, Phyllis, and will be sufficient, for the purpose. If you decide to apply for the position, Judge Langley will be glad to telephone to Mr. Carstairs, and make an appointment for you, before he interviews other applicants. What about it, Jim? Would you care to have Phyllis apply for—this place?"

Mr. Eaton spoke slowly in a voice so low the children could not hear. "Is it—wise, Doc?"

"I think it is safe," said the doctor, "and it would be an excellent place for Phyllis. Your—the Carstairs are living in the town house on Morenci Boulevard at present. She could slip home often."

"The blind lady," said Phyllis, eagerly, "is she nice?"

"She is lovely," said the doctor, with deep feeling in his voice. "She is—the loveliest person in the world, I think."

"Phyllis," said her father, in a

strange voice, "let me look at you."

"Why, Daddy—" Puzzled, Phyllis drew nearer the bed.

"Come here, where the light shines on your face," commanded the sick man.

She bent lower, and he searched her every feature with eager, keen eyes. Then he rested back against the pillow, with a sigh of relief. "It will be all right," he said. "She is the picture of her mother. Thelma, now—or George—that would never do—"

"Jim!" said the doctor, warningly.

"You're right, Doc. I shouldn't do my thinking aloud. All right. Go ahead, and call up the Judge, Doc. Perhaps St. Anthony and St. Joseph are pointing the way for Phyllis—and us all."

A white-robed Sister gently opened the door.

"Visiting hours are over—oh! I beg your pardon, Doctor Rieboldt; I didn't know you were here."

"That's all right, Sister Pulcheria," the doctor arose with a smile. "I'm a visitor to-night, too, not a member of the Staff. Say good-night to your father, children, and I'll take you out with me. My car is downstairs, and we will drop around to the drug-store and see about those shell-rims, Phyllis. Good-night, Jim. Don't worry."

"I won't. I feel all right about it, now. Of course, I hate to have Phyllis working—obliged to work."

"Fiddlesticks! Work never killed any one. Thank God she's got backbone enough to be willing to do it. Sometimes I think this business depression is a fine thing for our young people. They're using their heads—trying to figure out for themselves how to get the things young people have always thought their parents ought to give them. Phyllis will appreciate that college education all the more for having it deferred a year or two. Good-night, Jim."

"Good-night, Doc, old friend. Good-night, son. Good-night, Thelma. Good-night, Phyllis."

"Good-night, Daddy. I'll let you know how I come out. Sleep well, and God bless you!"

It was snowing softly when they came out the ambulance entrance of the hospital, and paused in that parking place allotted to cars belonging to the Staff. The light from the hospital windows caught the white flakes and made them sparkle like tiny stars. Thelma's eyes caught some of their radiance, and began to sparkle, too.

"Oh! Doctor," she exclaimed, "are we really going to put shell-rims and long dresses on Phyllis, or were you only joking?"

"I was never more serious in my life," said Doctor Rieboldt, pulling open the door of his car, and letting them in.

"I'll feel like an impostor," said Phyllis, in dismay. "I thought you were joking. Will that be—be—?"

"Ethical? Entirely so. Lots of girls your age try to look twenty. You've always been too sensible. But now, paradoxically, you're going to try to look twenty, and still be sensible. If Carstairs asks your age, you will, of course, tell the truth. Otherwise, it is all right to let him draw his own conclusions. Don't you think so?"

"I know it's all right, or you wouldn't say so," said Phyllis, gratefully. "You are the best man in all the world, Dr. Rieboldt. Daddy and Mother have always said so, and I know so."

"Fiddlesticks!" the doctor was blushing, "you're trying to bribe me with honeyed words—trying to get me to buy you some all-day suckers, or something. Well, you win. Here's the drug-store. What'll you have?"

"Shell-rimmed glasses," giggled Thelma. "Oh, Phyl, I can't wait until we get you rigged out. This is going to be *fun*!"

(To be continued.)



A GOOD name will wear out! a bad one may be turned; a nickname lasts forever.—*Zimmermann*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The second volume of "The March of Democracy," by James Truslow Adams, will be published by Scribner's Sons next month. It is an excellent introduction to our American history.

—A number of publishers, especially English, have been bringing out omnibus volumes, a collection of stories by one author in one volume. One of the most popular of these is "Novels of Mystery," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, a sister of Hilaire Belloc. Published by Longmans, Green & Company.

—A work of scholarship as well as devotion to the interests of the faith in Malta has just been completed in the translation of the whole Bible into the Maltese language. The distinguished scholars who have devoted twelve years to this work are the Rev. Professor P. P. Saydon, D. D., the Rev. Professor Paul Grima, D. D., and Mr. Alphonsos Maria Galea.

—A series of sermons on the Sixth Commandment, preached by the Reverend Albert H. Dolan, O. Carm., at a retreat in honor of the Little Flower, has been published in book form under the title, "A Modern Messenger of Purity." They are extremely practical talks that will be helpful to teachers and pupils in our high schools and colleges. The Carmelite Press, 6401-6413 Dante Ave., Chicago.

—An unpretentious volume, but one full of spiritual doctrine, is "A Spiritual Directory for Religious," the first volume of a translation from the French of "Directoire Spirituel a l'usage des Cisterciens de la Stricte Observance." It is intended first of all for the novices and religious of the Cistercian Order, but, of course, it will be valuable for all religious, since it treats of the principles of the religious life and their practice. There are four parts to this first volume: (1) The Spiritual Life and Perfection; (2) Postulancy and Novitiate; (3) The Vows; (4) Duties in General. Readers will find a solid discussion of the principles and practices of community life

based upon the teachings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. There is an alphabetical index that makes it easy to consult for any subject on religious life. The translator is a priest of New Melleray Abbey, Peosta, Iowa, where, too, the volume is published. Price, \$1.50.

—The insistent plea of the Holy Father to the world for the cure of its many ills has been a return to the teachings of the Gospel. He has pointed out more than once in his Encyclicals that one of the greatest causes of the world's distress is the injustice of men and the fact that their charity has grown cold. The need of a return to fundamental Christian principles in thought and practice is the first readjustment that must be made before the world can return to normalcy. Economic plans have their place, of course, but they will continue to fail unless men in carrying them out are willing to recognize their obligations of Christian justice and charity. The great social reform of St. Francis of Assisi was based upon this idea. Men were created by God with a special supernatural destiny, and unless they recognize that fact and live by it their projects will eventually lead them to disaster. Mr. Paul Martin, in "The Gospel in Action" (The Bruce Publishing Company. \$2.50), gives us the history of the Third Order Secular of St. Francis, outlines its objects and the means to accomplish them, and discusses the fruitful results that have followed upon the practical use of these means in an age not unlike our own. The Third Order Secular of St. Francis is a society for those who live outside the monastery, but a society whose rule has for its object the sanctification of the individual. This is the object of all religious communities, and in appealing to its principles, Mr. Martin points to a practical way of carrying out the suggestion of the Holy Father that men return to the law of the Gospel.

—If we were looking for a Catholic Book of the Month, or a possible Best Seller in

Catholic Literature, we would not hesitate to designate "At the End of the Trail," by Sister Blandina Segale (The Columban Press, Columbus, Ohio. \$2). This is a volume that the novelist or the short-story writer should revel in; it is full of suggestion for romance. And it was never intended to reach the publisher. It is a diary of a Sister of Charity from Mt. St. Vincent, Cincinnati, who, in 1872, was sent to a little mission in Trinidad, Colorado, when the Santa Fé railroad was creeping toward the end of its trail, and outlaws and Indians bent on murder and robbery infested the plains. She was a friend of the outlaws whom she nursed when they were wounded in gun battles, and she had a promise from "Billy the Kid," the terror of the plains, that the Sisters would never be troubled by his gang because of the care she gave to one of his pals who had been shot in a gun duel.

Billy remembered his promise, and later on when she was travelling over the plains in a party, he came upon them; and when he recognized the Sister, waved a salute with his cowboy's hat, and dashed away without molesting them. She knew Kit Carson, and Dick Wooten, and General Lew Wallace. She was teacher and hospital nurse, and friend of all who were in trouble. She prevented by her kindness and wisdom a lynching, and did much to discourage that method of dealing justice in the land of the pioneers. This was the diocese of Archbishop Lamy, the subject of Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop"; he was a special friend of Sister Blandina. We have not found a dull page in this diary, and we promise hours of delightful reading to anyone who follows it to the end of the Santa Fé trail.

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 "St. Vincent de Paul; a Guide to Priests." D'Angel—Leonard. \$2.15.
 "Napoleon." Hilaire Belloc. \$4.
 "The Tragic City"—A Story of Washington in the Eighties. Esther W. Neill. \$1.50.
 "The Pageant of Life"—Apologetics in action. Rev. Owen Francis Dudley. \$2.
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 "The Catholic Catechism." His Eminence, Peter Cardinal Gasparri. \$1.60.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Barry, Diocese of Providence.

Sister M. Daria, Sister M. Dolorosa, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Lawrence, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Ottilia, Sister M. Baptista, Sisters of St. Benedict.

Mrs. Thomas Kearns, Mr. John Ryan, Mrs. J. E. Murray, Mr. Andrew McGowan, Mr. William Kindler, Mrs. James Quinn, Mrs. E. A. Heuer, Mr. Neil McDonald, Mrs. W. A. O'Neil, Mrs. Mary F. Grace, Mrs. Mary A. Casey, Mrs. Thomas A. Kelly, Mrs. Ellen Powers, Mr. T. F. Dwyer, Mrs. Ann McGuinness, Mrs. Thomas Grace, Mr. Joseph McAleer, Mrs. Henry T. Thomas, Miss Mary R. Hayes, Miss Catherine Schmidt, Mr. Mart Flanigan, Mrs. Yude Flanigan, Mrs. Mary Kullmann, Miss Mary F. Fenton, and Mr. Robert S. Shepston.

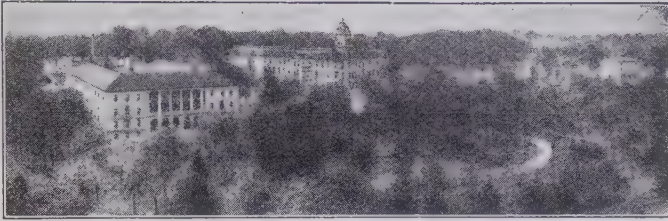
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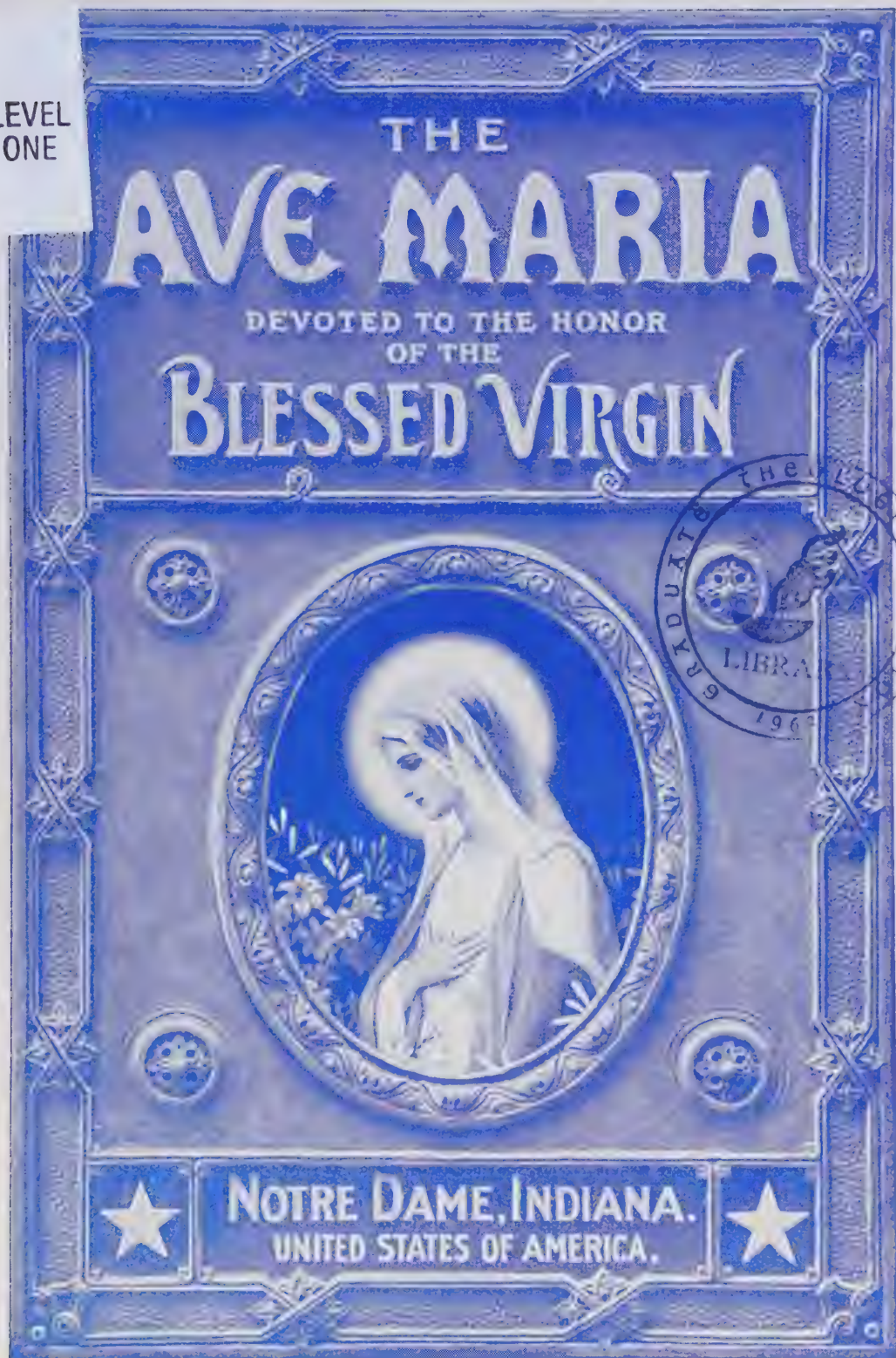
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

FEBRUARY.

SATURDAY, 18.—St. Simeon, Bishop.
 SUNDAY, 19.—Sexagesima. St. Sabinus, Martyr.
 MONDAY, 20.—St. Mildred, Virgin.
 TUESDAY, 21.—St. Severinus, Bishop and Martyr.
 WEDNESDAY, 22.—St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.
 THURSDAY, 23.—St. Peter Damian, Bishop and Doctor.
 FRIDAY, 24.—St. Matthias, Apostle.
 SATURDAY, 25.—St. Tarasius, Bp. M. St. Walburga, V.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 18, 1933.

No. 7.

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Love's Wound.

BY S. C. N.

OH, hurt beyond Life's healing is my heart!
The balm of all the world is bitterness;
Yet cherished and most dear is my distress,
Yet should I grieve to lose one pang or smart;
Nor do I crave a cure, thereby to thwart
The plan that Love employed to gain access,
But secretly the bleeding wound I press,
And even dare to turn therein the dart!

The little heart with its own grief surcharged,
By cords of *Self* so cruelly constrained,
Is oped by Sorrow's sword to love more wide;
Blest be the wound by which it is enlarged,
For He whom all the world hath not contained—
The God of Love—Love's Self—doth there
abide!

Dante and the Spiritists.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.



OW reticent the Church is regarding the after-life! Insisting on a Communion of Saints which makes those now living fellow-members with the faithful departed of the Family of God, she might have been expected to give special knowledge of the conditions under which live those who have put off the flesh. In contradistinction to Protestants, she encourages the invocation of Saints and bids us pray for those in the World Beyond who may need our intercessions. Every Mass offered recognizes

the fellowship of living and dead. The great exemplars of Catholic faith have been as conscious of the invisible as they have been of the visible realm. One of the chief criticisms directed against the Church by an unbelieving generation is that she is "other-worldly." A non-Catholic entering one of her places of worship is struck at once with its prevailing atmosphere of mystery. The building seems to be haunted. Such words as "ghostly" and "eerie" are used to describe this impression. Yet when such a one comes to inquire what the Church can teach him of the state of the dead, he is met with a baffling profession of ignorance. She will not dogmatize as to the fate of even the most notorious sinner. If her poets and artists indulge in imaginary pictures of the Hereafter, she permits them to do so, but they are allowed to claim no authority from her.

To questions concerning the experiences, the occupations, and so forth, of the dead, she returns no answers. This is more amazing because it is a common complaint concerning her that she dogmatizes about matters beyond our reach. No limitations of scientific knowledge prevent her making pronouncements. She presents for the acceptance of the faithful articles of belief which it is impossible for them to verify by the ordinary evidential tests. It certainly cannot be by reason of a lack of courage or any diminution in her claim to be the sole possessor of Revealed Truth

that she declares her ignorance on these points.

This state of things is the more remarkable since there exists, especially in our own day, an insatiable curiosity concerning the matters concerned. About no other subject has there been so much speculation. Their passionate interest in the problems related to our immortality have made even cautious men of science the ready dupes of fraudulent pretenders. The spectacle is presented of men like Sir Oliver Lodge lending an ear to mediums professing to put them into communication with the departed. And if men of that type, trained in the caution of the laboratory, listen to the exponents of spiritism, it is little wonder that the rank and file should succumb to the fascination of the subject, and allow themselves to be imposed upon.

Here is a field of inquiry, therefore, which all sorts of men are eager to explore and it is a field which the Church makes peculiarly her own. To that world which so profoundly excites our curiosity she, and she alone, possesses the key. How easy would it be, on the assumption that her doctrines have been formulated to satisfy an illegitimate craving for knowledge of life's mysteries, to invent a few plausible stories and thus minister to the large multitude of inquirers! The opportunity of exploiting human curiosity in this direction is so great that the Church's reticence points clearly to some higher motive in formulating dogma than that attributed to her. Only the restraining influence of a Divine Authority, sealing her lips, will account for this strange silence.

It is noteworthy that our curiously compounded humanity, which dares to deny so much which the Church does actually teach, no less venturously dares to invent where she refuses to speak. The impatience of the modern world with regard to questions not revealed is

no less striking than its indifference to that which has been revealed. In the present instance curiosity has overleapt all the barriers of discretion. Without guidance of any sort it has "proceeded recklessly to fill up the lacunæ in the Church's teaching out of its own speculative imagination. We are given details of spirit-life as minute as those reported by travellers in foreign countries. A mass of "communications" has been accumulated which, if quantity were the only requisite, should satisfy the most morbid craving for information. It is a singular fact, therefore, that these alleged messages from the Other World should be so tame and unsatisfying.

When we come to analyze the unimpressiveness of the information divulged it is seen to arise from the fact that nothing is revealed which might not have been due to the desires of somewhat commonplace natures. The World from which the veil is withdrawn corresponds so exactly to the wishes of unregenerate human nature. It is a Paradise reflecting faithfully the cheap idealism of unthinking people. Assuming, as we do, that the picture presented is a fiction, it is still strange that there should be such small evidence of a creative mind at work.

It is quite clear that the mediumistic temperament is not allied to poetic genius. With so large a canvas and with so few restrictions, it might have been supposed that the result would have made an appeal of a more overpowering nature than is the case. As a matter of fact, the Abode of the Departed, according to this version, is no more than a reflection of the present world with all the unpleasant things left out. The proper word to apply to it is "nice." Everybody there is kind but it is a kindness which lacks passion. Even our human foibles and hobbies have their place in this new existence; according to one account we may even enjoy the company of our pets. But of the flaming

love which makes men martyrs and of the heroic devotion which makes them saints we catch no glimpse. The moral atmosphere, to tell the truth, is somewhat enervating. Most of us, it seems to me, would be tempted to return if possible to this more strenuous and adventurous sphere.

It would be idle to attempt to discover in the spiritist revelation anything in the nature of a consistent philosophy. The scenery is erected on no framework of thought. No cosmic scheme of things comes to light as we explore the Paradise of the Nice. The moral philosopher who has acquainted himself with the laws governing character and conduct will find himself, in these new regions, without guidance. You might as well ask for traces of modern biological knowledge in a Medieval treatise as expect to find indications of a metaphysic at work in the construction of the spiritists' Universe. The philosopher has been as remote from its making as the poet.

Stress has been laid on the Church's reticence in reference to the After-Life. But if Catholics are not given the petty details which figure in the medium's apocalypse it must not be forgotten that they are possessed of truths which illuminate the meaning of life, whether here or hereafter. The nature of that God who sways all realms is left in no doubt. If we know not "how many there be that be saved," the infinitely more important questions as to what constitutes salvation and the means we should take to secure our final beatitude have been answered in a manner which leaves intelligent faith in no doubt.

We are not unacquainted with the nemesis of unrepented sin and we have been instructed in the purging processes of pain. The relations between the supernatural and the natural and between soul and body have not been left to vague surmise or individual speculation. Of that holy love wherein beatitude con-

sists we have not lacked examples. To picture the life of the saints in Heaven we have but to complete the small arc of the circle they have drawn in this visible sphere.

On the firm foundation of Revealed Truth touching the essentials of life, Catholic philosophers have been enabled to rear a mighty edifice. It is not pretended that all their conclusions carry the authority of the Church. But the imposing nature of the Cosmos they have outlined shows a unity and a reasonableness which are in themselves convincing. When they speak of the hierarchy of being, when they discourse of the nature of angels, when they deal with the possibility of a purely intellectual existence, when they define the moral attributes of the Creator which determine the character of His justice and the nature of the tribunal we must face, when they speak of a timeless Eternity and of a Heaven that is beyond space they are guided both by an authoritative Creed and by a coherent metaphysic which respects the tradition of the noblest human thought.

One rises from a reading of St. Thomas Aquinas on these questions with an overpowering consciousness of the grandeur and harmony of the cosmic scheme as he has outlined it. The unity which binds together the various ramifications of his system is like that which gives harmony to some vast cathedral. That part which deals with life beyond the grave lacks indeed those inconsequent trifles which reports of séances have made familiar; but for that very reason the effect left on the mind is one of sublime spiritual spaciousness. Nor can one doubt that, in the main, the Saint's philosophic speculations shadow forth realities. Being in accord with the eternal canons of divine justice, his cosmic scheme carries conviction in a way impossible for any mediumistic experiment to do. The two are on different levels; the one appeals

to faith and reason, the other to a credulous curiosity.

It was within the frame-work of the Thomistic system that Dante wrote his *Vision of Hades, Purgatory and Paradise*. The boldness of the Poet's imagination is ever subject to the discipline of Catholic dogma and Catholic philosophy. Not that we are to accept all the suggestions with regard to Divine Justice which the "*Commedia*" makes. The writer's interpretation of the Church's teaching is frequently marred by borrowings from his own age, and have been since outgrown. His scientific explanations, in the light of modern knowledge, have become grotesque. He is not infallible even regarding the history of his own times, much less concerning more distant ages. The work is confessedly a work of imagination. It does not pretend to record an actual vision of objective reality.

Dante was not a medium. His poem was not the outcome of "communications" received from within the veil. And the contrast between the futilities of such "communications" and his work emphasizes as nothing else could do the former's intellectual poverty. If we want to realize how foolish the spiritist's vaporings are we have only to place them side by side with the great Catholic Poet's *Vision*. To pass with him from circle to circle of Hell, to climb with him the Mount of Purgatory, to enter in his company the Abode of the Blessed is to undergo a spiritual experience. I have sometimes wondered that the "*Commedia*" is not more frequently recommended for devotional reading. Not only is it an exercise for the religious imagination and a school of Christian philosophy, but it offers a purging experience for the conscience.

The Poet intended it should be that. Dante was not a saint, but he was seriously concerned with the moral decadence he perceived in the world of his time, and he tells us that he wrote this

poem to awaken his countrymen and all who should read it to a sense of eternal issues. It is evident that it records in allegorical form the Poet's own spiritual experience. It is the work of a man who had seen the folly of his former life and had set his face resolutely toward the Abode of the Saints. It is calculated to produce in the reader a mood corresponding to that from which it sprang. Its avowedly fictitious character prevents it ministering to that idle curiosity animating the credulous dupes of spiritism; in that respect it cannot compete with the modern cult.

But it does what that cult utterly fails to do: it overawes the soul and makes it sensible of its eternal destiny. It is something more than a comforting revelation of the happiness awaiting us. There is in it the passionate zeal for righteousness of the reformer. While it is concerned with descriptions of the Other World, its purpose and its actual effect is to better the condition of this world. That can be scarcely said of the messages conveyed in trances to the human agents of "the spirits." In fact, I can think of no more effectual means of discrediting those "messages" than a thoughtful reading of the "*Commedia*."

The sublimity of his work and the deep impression which it makes will be attributed by some to Dante's genius. But that is an inadequate account of the matter. Cardinal Manning called him "the master-poet of the Catholic Faith," and he was right. It was the Church which supplied the material on which his genius labored. Nor did he write as did the poets of Greece, who ornamented even while they derided the stories of their mythology.

Dante not only took over the Church's teaching respecting human destiny but he gave to that Teaching the adherence of a strong personal faith. If his poem humbles the proud spirit of man, if it enlightens him with regard to the mysteries of life, death and providence,

if it has power to make real the invisible world toward which we are moving, and if it presents the Cosmic Scheme as ordered according to the principles of a profound philosophy, the very knowledge of which is an education, this is due to more than the Poet's individual genius. It is due to the fact that, while the Catholic Church has been reticent about those questions related to the After-Life which it does not vitally concern us to know, she has supplied us with all that is necessary to awaken the conscience and move the will.

Dante has shown us how fruitful is the suggestiveness of her Teaching with regard to Heaven, Purgatory and Hell. He has illustrated vividly the awful corollaries of the few hints she has given us. Bringing the light of philosophy to bear upon her Revelation of our destiny, he has shown how reasonable is that Revelation. Once for all, he has demonstrated that the outlines she has given us, illuminated by the imagination, are all-sufficient for our inspiration and guidance during these years of our earthly pilgrimage.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

VII.

CERTAINLY during the haymaking season, the "ghost" had not been noticed walking amongst the ruins of Carfax House, nor would its burberry have been brought into requisition if it had. Never had there been such a lovely month, and even Farmer Grey, who had always strong doubts about the Almighty's exact knowledge of English agriculture and its difficulties,—even Farmer Grey was fairly satisfied, and resolved to patronize the Harvest Festival in his best blacks, when the time arrived.

Young John, almost more than Peggy,

was revelling in the busy, free life of the farm, demanding his allotted work and enjoying every minute of the crowded day. His long, lanky young body was getting well knit; his pale student's face had filled out a little, and the sun and rain had bronzed him. Aunt Kate had even suggested a good layer of lard at nights to preserve it from peeling, and had been met with a gale of laughter.

When Farmer Grey sent him word that the fish were rising in the Forest stretch on his property, Carfax sent the boy off, Peggy at his heels, both gaily protesting that the work of the farm would come to a standstill in their absence. They were to stay for supper at Bluebells, Susan a little regretting that Peggy's green linen skirt and white cotton blouse, though it was all very well for the woods, was not what Aunt Kate might think of sufficient distinction for "supper" by invitation. Perhaps Mr. Gent might be there. Aunt Kate was much addicted to lace collars on tight-fitting alpaca or silk dresses when her work was done; and though the silk dresses were of sombre blue, they helped the good woman to bear the dignity of being Aunt to a Carfax, and grand-aunt to "t'young Squoire," as she had heard, with pleasure, some of the farmhands call young John. Peggy had the wherewithal for tea in a basket. She had also a small sketching block, and two books safely wedged between a thermos and a large parcel of plum cake.

Last night, after the visit of young Mefford and her old schoolfellow, Susan had said to her that if it would give Peggy pleasure, she could ask the young lady to tea again, but perhaps better not the young gentleman, and Peggy, standing in her little white-frilled night-dress by her bed, had replied,

"She can keep, mother. She says she comes over every year, and John's only got a few weeks more."

It had cost Susan something to say as much. Deep in her heart she felt that the less her daughter saw of her old Catholic schoolfellows the better, especially if they were as pleasant and "taking" as that nice, simple young lady they called Petrea. Such a name! It seems she was the only child, and born after the death of her father who was called Peter, so they had turned it into a girl's name. But there was a distinct feeling of relief at Peggy's answer. Of course, young people must meet; she'd want a bit of young company when John had gone, but it could be found in safer quarters than these dangerous Catholic ones.

It took a long time for Susan to realize that it had actually been one of the Burnham family who was the "nun" her Peggy had always talked about during her week-ends at home. Mother Veronica! She was forever quoting her at first, until Susan, if she had not been of such a gentle, placid nature, would have been almost jealous of this "mother." But as the child got older, she babbled less of her, till Susan became filled with another fear that perhaps her Peggy was fickle in her affections. She had said to her one night when she entered her bedroom, just as the girl got up from her knees,

"I hope you don't forget that kind Mother Veronica when you say your prayers. You never talk of her now, but you used to love her."

And Peggy had opened her eyes wide with wonder.

"Forget Mother Veronica! Why, I couldn't if I tried! She's taught me everything."

Queer, that was! For only next day she had heard her husband saying an approving word to the girl for her neat unravelling of some farm accounts she had undertaken, and Peggy had said laughing,

"Mother Theresa drilled me in fig-

ures;" and later, "It was Mother St. Thomas who taught me that."

"Why, Peggy, I thought you were in that Mother Veronica's class. You said she taught you everything," Susan had said, and the girl flushed a little.

"But, mums darling,—she taught me how to—how to—" And catching a glimpse of her father's face—he was smoking in the porch—she had added, laughing softly, "how to fly." He had seemed not to hear her words, and Susan had sighed a little at the difficulty of understanding what her beloved ones meant sometimes. It was only by degrees something began to filter into her mind. Burnham—what was that nonsense Aunt Kate had once said about her John not being good enough for a Burnham! Well, of course—not likely, and them so rich, and Catholic too! Her John! Had he known that this one was teaching in the convent just outside Tesford where he had been so determined to send their Peggy? Had he known? Still, even if he had, admitted Susan honestly to herself, it would be natural he'd rather send her to a school where one of the teachers knew or had known her father, than to a completely strange one. Only she wished he'd told her—it would have made her easier too.

"John—are you awake?" she had murmured that night—"was it the Miss Burnham you once knew—her that taught our Peggy?"

And back came his reply, drowsily—"Must be—but I never knew it." Susan had slept peacefully beside the man whose eyes smiled in the dark.

So they had taught his little Margaret to "fly"! He knew they would; but what he had not known was that it was *she* who had trained her; *she*, who had been the first and only one to show him that a heaven covered the earth, and that it depended on your own will whether you spread your wings and flew in its blue ether, or whether you just plodded in

bogs and mud, and got drawn into its quicksands; she, who had not laughed at his shy, boyish admiration, nor later, at the blind misery of his hopeless devotion. The only comfort had been when, those absorbingly interesting lectures by Bernard's tutor over, and everyone had burst into discussion, into rapid question and answer, into gay laughter, and he had stood dumb and awkward, she had never failed to send him a kindly glance, never failed to try and draw him into the talk. He had been passionately happy in the midst of his passionate misery. Thurston run to weed; his father a byword in the neighborhood; his mother—poor thing! He himself beating the bars of his disabled life. And then—later! Best forget!

The calm, soft breathing of Susan beside him brought tranquillity. And as he had shut his eyes at last, he had felt, gratefully, that the woman beside him had always brought tranquillity. Later, he had opened his eyes again to stare into the darkness. Tranquillity, he pondered. Yes,—but there was a tranquillity that was a drugging,—and he had never minced matters in his own mind. There had been a time when life had thundered in his ears,—you can't! Neither this nor that is for you! One is as impossible as the other! The storm has destroyed race, root, high desire. No, by God, that it had *not* destroyed!

The very hopelessness of the one, with its inevitable *non possumus* had only enhanced the desirability of the other, to him, equally hopeless. But he had shut his eyes, dreamed dreams, and been content to wage unsatisfactory guerilla warfare with his weaker self—a waste self, that he had lacked courage to tackle as he had tackled his waste land. That, he had reclaimed, and turned marsh and bog into productive fields; but he had dallied with his own waste places. And, what was more precious to Margaret Burnham than anything else,

he and his father's had let go, had not tossed away, but deliberately sold, so that one could administer "justice" in a country that had unjustly obliged him to forswear his faith to do so. Another could wear on his breast the decorations that did not honor him in the circumstances, and a third could pose as the broad-minded, genial Squire whose career had been doomed from the beginning. His father's apostasy had been too late for the eldest son to take up a profession. Perhaps it was shame—who knows a man's mind? Certainly fortunes were won—and lost, at his tables; and Gambling Carfax had been the last to reign in the house that was now nothing but a picturesque ruin.

So they had taught his little Margaret to "fly"! She had remembered, his little Peggy had, what she used to call his "flying away." Had she remembered? Of course not though, that he had spoken of a broken wing? And would her flights carry her further than he ventured? Not yet—no—not yet. But her wings were there, he could swear it! He was not so sure about young John's. Would Oxford make or mar him? It all depended on bed-rock—and as there passed through the man's mind in lightning procession the Carfax ingredients that he had passed on, or consciously put into, the boy's making, there came, with swift honesty, the thought that the little woman sleeping quietly beside him had had as much to do with the children's bed-rock as he had. And his last thoughts that night were of a tender gratitude to the wife who had given him all he had ever asked for. He knew her limitations; he had made no great demands. But she had never disappointed him, though she had never understood him. Or had she?

"Come, little stickle back, come and be caught," whispered Peggy, chanting, as she lay back against a tree and

watched young John leisurely pull out his fishing tackle. "It's the worst of fishing—you can't talk," she said, taking her hat off.

"We won't take our pleasures hardly. When you have a brilliant thought, pass it on, and we'll let the fish go hang," said John, examining his bait with a proprietary forefinger.

"You must have something to show Grandy, so I'll keep my brilliant thoughts to myself. Still, it might be as well to let them—the fish, I mean,—get used to my voice. They might like it, and then you needn't bother about bait."

She was hunting in her basket for a pencil. The small falls at the bend of the river would make a nice little sketch, or she might get in the narrow stretch before them, with the woods on either side, and John proceeding to take a precarious position on a jutting rock.

"I don't want any siren stunts, thank you." John was bending over a tin of worms. They had always done him, but one day he meant to do some fly fishing. He had marked down his prey in a fishing tackle shop in Tesford, but for the moment his finances did not run to them.

It was ripping, sitting here in the shade, with the sun just filtering through, here and there, lighting up the delicate green of the birches, putting into sombre shadow the great oaks, and the tangle of growth that stretched to the alders bordering the stream. A corn-crake made unmusical sounds from a distance, and a tiny splash and a ripple showed where a fish had jumped. Once he had turned his head to look at Peggy, but she was sharpening her pencil, and he had made a brotherly grimace to warn her not to talk. It was not till he had two small fish to his account that he turned again. This time she was reading.

"Hand on the goods," he said, moving his legs cautiously with a view

to stretching them. Peggy looked up.

"What goods? Tea already?" she said.

"No—what you're reading. What is it?" He came off his stone, and sat down on a fallen tree near her, busy with his tackle—not noticing that Peggy, after a moment's hesitation, had laid down the book she was reading, and had picked up another one. She opened it haphazard, but seemed not to find anything to her satisfaction.

"It's a novel. One of the girls gave it me when I came away. I haven't read it yet." She turned the pages hurriedly, and John looked across at her curiously. His eyes went from the book in her hand to the one she had put on the ground beside her.

"You artful young puss! That wasn't what you've been wallowing in this last half hour! What was it—an Edgar Wallace or some other blood-curdler?"

He half rolled over to seize the book, prepared to rebuke her, teasingly, for her little trick, but the girl picked it up quickly and held it away from him.

"Roll yourself back again and I'll read you a bit of it," she laughed; and John, muttering at her for being a deceptive wench, and that women were deceivers ever, resumed the unravelling of his tangled line.

"Ever hear of St. Francis de Sales?" came Peggy's voice, and John, who had been expecting the title of something far removed from the Saint, shot a keen glance at the girl.

"Not much—if anything," he said a little gruffly, and as Peggy was turning the leaves to find her place, he added, "Is that a book of Saints? What did you bring that for, and a novel too?" Which was the camouflage, he wondered. But Peggy had found what she wanted.

"When St. Francis' father knew he was dying, his fine vigor of soul returned in full force. All his household weeping round his bed, annoyed him.

He called one of his sons. 'Make these women go away,' he said, 'and lift me up in bed, and bring me my armor, and put my sword in my hand. It is not seemly that a soldier, used to facing death on battlefields, should die on his bed surrounded by sobbing women.'

"'But the service of God demanding simplicity in all its acceptance, and there being some parade in what he asked for, the Saint's father renounced the idea, and asked for a crucifix instead. He blessed his children, telling them to respect Francis as another father. After which he consented to die.'"

Peggy stopped there. John murmured, "Stout man!" and presently asked if there was any more.

"Here's something about him—the Saint; I mean—that I like. 'He kept in the common way, but in a manner so divine and heavenly that nothing else in his life was so admirable.' And the writer says, 'never in his life did he perform a miracle, but his whole life was one continuous miracle because he allowed no moment of it to escape without offering it to God.'"

As the girl closed the book and put it down, John got up. His rod was all right again, but he stooped to gather together a knife and some odds and ends he had scattered.

"Does all that interest you a lot?" he asked as he put them back into his bag.

Peggy had taken up her sketch block again, but she laid it on her lap and looked up. They were such good friends—but—how much of him did she really know, or he of her? It seemed rather, after years of irresponsible childhood, of gaiety and laughter, of romps and games, of confidences given and exchanged—it seemed as if they both were suddenly looking at each other from another plane.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "it's an enchanted world for me—all that."

She rather expected some brotherly

snub, or a warning not to let herself get drawn by high-falutin' books. But John's eyes were regarding her with new interest.

"I say, Peg, I didn't know! And look here, I'd better catch some more fish to satisfy Grandy, but you can read some more to me presently." He turned again as he stepped out to his perch. "Don't leave that book about at Bluebells, or there'll be a shindy." He grinned boyishly, and Peggy laughed. He said presently that he didn't think it was worth while emptying the river of fish. He'd caught a good half dozen, and if Peggy "spread the table" he would come along to tea and plum cake.

"How long have you been reading books like that?" he said suddenly, taking a large bite of cake and settling himself comfortably against the tree trunk.

"Well, they didn't actually read us this or other weighty books when we were little, naturally, but they taught us about the Saints and their lives and their work. It was all the most thrilling fairy story for me, but *true* fairy story! Most of the girls knew something about lots of them, but the only saints I'd ever heard of were

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.

They both laughed.

"Sounds like Aunt Kate's incantations," said John.

"It was. So when I left last term—I say, John, this is private, you know—" she broke off.

"Forge ahead, old girl—of course, it's private," he grunted.

"Well, when I left I auctioned a lot of my belongings for books—of this sort." She patted the *Life of St. Francis de Sales*. "Aunt Kate had given me a wonderful scotch plaid silk scarf which I never had the courage to wear, but I—I—" John laughed again.

"Swopped it for *St. Francis*? My

bright sister! What'll Aunt Kate say! Go on. What other bargains? I expect there was a long-toothed Jew somewhere in the Carfax family—or was it in Grandy's?—who liked two eyes for an eye and three teeth for a tooth,—unless it was a gold-topped one, in which case he'd have the whole jaw."

"Well, then, I gave a girl one of my blouses for an old missal of hers which she didn't use because she'd just had a new one given her. Oh, and I got other books. 'Fabiola'—you'd love that—"

"I've read it—top hole." And seeing Peggy's astonishment, he added, "got it at a second-hand bookstall in Tesford, and that's two in the family. I say, Peg—I think Mother's been terrified all along at your being at a convent school. She won't sleep if she sees St. Francis and the Missal."

Peggy was sitting forward with her hands on the grass at each side, her eyes fixed on John.

"No—I've thought of that! but they're all together on my bedroom shelf with my other books, and she thinks they're all old lesson books. I'd simply hate to hide them, John." She looked at him a little anxiously whilst he held his mug out for more tea from the thermos.

"No—leave them on the shelf. Has Dad seen them?"

"I think he must have done. He told me he'd borrowed one of my books the other day, and as I can't find 'The Hound of Heaven' I think it's that—it was on the shelf."

They both sat silent, and presently John laid himself flat on his back, with his hands clasped under his head. Peggy began to put the things back into the basket, and when she had done, she leaned back against the tree again.

"I wonder what Dad makes of Francis Thompson," murmured John, and Peggy sat up suddenly.

"Oh, you know it? How on *earth*—"

"Matter of fact, I got the wind-up a year or two ago about you being got at

by those nuns. So I made a point of finding out what I was afraid of—"

"John! You silly old lunatic! Father and mother were there—I mean—"

"Father and Mother are heavenly twins, in whom is no guile—at least Mother is. I rather think Father's got a lot of guile of a sort."

They sat silent a bit, not noticing that the shadows were lengthening. Even a few fish rising and making a circle of little ripples failed to move John. He was wondering how far Peggy's books had taken her. What impression her convent training had left on her mind—if he ought to warn her, or, as he would like to do, if he could find out more of her thought.

It was she who spoke first.

"Well, did you find out what you were afraid of?" she asked.

"Do you remember when we were kids, that haunted house, as they called it, on the downs?" he asked, irrelevantly, seemingly, and Peggy nodded indifferently.

"Yes, we were terrified of it, till you got me to go into it one day with you—"

"Just so. And when we'd examined its empty, tumble-down rooms and come out into the road again, you said 'how silly to be frightened.' Even if twenty murders had been committed in it, the *house* isn't guilty,—and—well—I'm not as afraid as I was, that's all. Worst of it is, there's such an army of bogeys, there must be some truth in some of 'em."

Peggy sat hugging her knees. It was the first time she and John had ever got as far as this in their confidences. "I wonder," she said, rocking herself a little, "I do wonder, John, if, in God's house of many mansions, there's a sort of box-room where things—that are not mistakes of course, because He never makes mistakes,—but things that have stuck in our throats for so long, all our bogeys, are stored?—old Medieval horrors, old tortures, old inquisitions—"

She paused and John chuckled.

"With old Motley and his Republic sitting on the top of 'em! Anyway, Motley's been squashed for good and all by Geyl, and *he* won't be with the other guys in the box-room. Say, Peggy, we'd better get along. It's about time."

"What a bother! There's lots more I wanted to say. Why didn't you say all these things before? I thought you were a thousand miles from—from what we've been talking about!"

She got up slowly, reluctantly, and picked up the tea basket.

"Who's to blame if you go camouflaging yourself with yellow-back novels to hide the Saints in your pockets, you 'whited sepulchre!'" parried John, shouldering his bag. They followed each other down the narrow footpath, till Peggy, who was in front, suddenly stopped and faced her brother.

"What did you mean about Daddy's guile?" she asked questioningly.

"Couldn't say offhand. It wants thinking about. But it's a 'sure thing'—only I haven't got the key—yet. Go ahead."

But Peggy still continued to face him on the little path. Her eyes were fixed on her brother's face, but her mind was looking back down the short sunny avenue of her life. Something in his words reminded her of the—the faint shadows that seemed to be there sometimes—as if a cloud had hidden the sun. And it had been always something—something intangible, nebulous, a sense of mystery, that passed, and came again—to do with her Father.

"I say, cut ahead, Peggy. We shall take some tidying up, and it's—"

"A key, did you say?" Then, as if she had suddenly come to her senses, she added quickly, "John, if there's a key, it's something locked—not for us. Promise me you won't hunt for that."

She broke off, feeling she had been rather silly, and John put his hand

on her arm and pushed her on gently.

"I'm not thinking of any Sherlock Holmes' stunt, juggins. I only think that—well, I don't know what I think really, only I rather guess Dad's quite wide-awake and doesn't miss a move of our exploring expeditions."

He kept prodding her gently with the end of his rod to keep her from stopping, and it was only as they approached the farmhouse that he spoke again.

"Seems as if he'd set his mind on finding, say, the South Pole, but was relying on us to do the voyage. In which case my sweet sister Margaret, a key might be useful. Pity if we fetched up at Brighton or Margate, for instance, by mistake."

Peggy gave a sudden laugh.

"I don't see where the key comes in then, juggins yourself! Nor even your oar you're trying to shove in. My goodness, John, has Aunt Kate gone mad and asked visitors to supper—look at that motor at the gate!"

(To be continued.)

Winds at Dusk.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

WITH every eve the mountain winds come
down,
And wander through the little valley town.
To dreaming streets they bring the perfume
sweet
Of laurel bloom from some dim hill retreat.
The tall trees talk with them, the gardens
know
Their sandals' passing, grave and slow.
Where hours were loud with toil, the shadows
pray
The hill winds' blessing for the vanished day.
And like a benediction softly heard,
Peace breathes across the night a tender word.
From sunset's hilly altars winds bring down
God's blessing to the little valley town.

Our Lady of Tongres.

BY H. M. S.

TOWARDS the close of the Eleventh Century there dwelt at the Chateau of Tongres (Hainaut, Belgium) a noble Knight named Hector. Having been obliged, on account of the sudden and complete loss of his eyesight, to leave the army, he had retired from the world, and dwelt secluded in his domain of Tongres, which was situated about half a league from Chièvres and a league from Ath. It was here, in the garden of the château, that an extraordinary incident took place, which occasioned a great increase of devotion towards the Blessed Virgin.

In the year 1081, on the night of the 1st of February, a bright light shone round the château, strains of delightful music filled the air, and angels descended into the garden and deposited there a statue of the Mother of God. The villagers hastened to the spot, and the Knight Hector ordered the image to be taken to his own apartment, where he remained in prayer before it until day-break, together with the other witnesses of the marvellous occurrence. The following day (the Feast of the Purification) he had the statue carried in procession to the parish church, dedicated to St. Martin, where it was placed on the high altar.

But the miraculous image was not destined to remain in St. Martin's. That same evening, about eleven o'clock, it was again transported by angels to Hector's garden, with the same accompaniments of bright light and music as on the preceding night. The lord of the château once more had it carried to his dwelling, where he rendered to it his pious homage, and when day dawned he had it replaced upon the altar of the parish church. At eleven o'clock on the evening of February 3 the statue appeared again, in the same way, in

Hector's garden, and the good Knight was finally convinced that the Blessed Virgin wished to be specially honored on his lands. Considering it his duty to inform the Bishop of Cambrai (to whose diocese Tongres belonged) of these wonders, he sent to him Jean de Brugelotte, one of his vassals, who had been an eyewitness of all that had occurred. The Bishop, by the advice of his council, commissioned four deputies to investigate the circumstances.

Upon their arrival, they found the statue in Hector's garden, beneath a tent which the Knight had placed over it. The Bishop's envoys, wishing to assure themselves of the divine will, ordered the statue to be once more taken to the church, and when night came on, the inhabitants of the neighborhood placed themselves all along the road which separated it from the château. Two of the deputies, with some priests and other persons, were stationed in a tent erected half-way between the church and the castle; while the other two, together with Hector, kept watch from the windows of the mansion. They had not long to wait: towards eleven o'clock, as on the previous occasions, the statue was again transported to the garden, the lights and music lasting, as on the other nights, nearly an hour and a half.

Having assured themselves of the truth of these translations, the deputies hastened back to Cambrai, to render an account of their mission to the Bishop. Accordingly the latter visited Tongres on the 17th of the same month, blessed the garden and its environs, and offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at an altar erected before the miraculous statue, the inhabitants of all the neighboring parishes being present, with their *curés*.

Countless visitors soon hastened to pray before the image of the Blessed Virgin, and Hector immediately set to work to lay the foundations of a chapel

to be dedicated to his glorious Patroness. Miraculous cures now began to be effected, the most wonderful of which was that of Hector himself, who recovered his sight under the following circumstances:

In 1090 Philip I., King of France, who was at war with the Flemish, was encamped in the neighborhood of Tournay, towards Lille. On the night of June 18 Hector heard in his sleep the voice of an angel commanding him to hasten to Philip's assistance; the next day, while he was attending Mass in Our Lady's Chapel, he saw in spirit, and with a feeling of indescribable joy, the image of the Blessed Virgin surrounded by light. The following night he received a second message from the angel. Hesitating no longer, the good Knight assembled his retainers and men-at-arms, and set out with them on the 23d of June. He stopped for a few moments at Tournay to offer a prayer before Our Lady's altar in the cathedral, and then continued his march towards the French camp. Upon his arrival, the King of France advanced to meet him, surrounded by his officers; the Lord of Tongres descended from his litter, accepted the horse presented by Philip, and they entered the camp together, about four o'clock in the afternoon. The next day (Feast of St. John the Baptist) the two armies took up their position opposite each other. Before the battle, Hector, requesting to be placed with his face towards Tongres, began to pray,—an example followed by the King and the entire army. At the same instant he recovered his sight. The Flemish—disconcerted, it would seem, at the news of the miracle—offered but feeble resistance, and soon fled in all directions.

On the 20th of June Philip and his officers went to Tongres to return thanks for the marvellous intercession of Our Lady, and offered rich gifts at Her shrine. He afterward sent from

France several precious relics to adorn the chapel. The Knight Hector insured the invocation of the Blessed Virgin at this new sanctuary by the gift of several large domains for the service of his Heavenly Benefactress. He also desired that he should be interred in the chapel after his death.

Soon after these events Pope Urban II. established a Confraternity of Our Lady of Tongres, and Baudouin II. made his county tributary to the chapel. He also instituted the corporation of mercenaries, whose patroness was the Mother of God, and who bound themselves to contribute to the maintenance of Her altar. From that time the sanctuary always attracted many pilgrims, but principally on the Feasts of the Purification and the Nativity. We must refer our readers to the numerous historians of Tongres for the particulars of its history; it will be of interest, however, to add that the Church of Our Lady was separated from the parish of St. Martin and made a parish church in 1525; that the Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin obtained, in the same year, great privileges from Rome; and that while contagious diseases prevailed in Hainaut many invalids were cured at this shrine.

In several cities altars now began to be raised to Our Lady of Tongres, and confraternities were formed under Her patronage. Here are a few particulars relating to modern times: In 1777 the old church at Tongres had to be rebuilt, and the one which now stands was then constructed. The benediction of the basilica and the return of Our Lady's statue to Her sanctuary were attended with imposing solemnities. The statue was carried in procession by eight priests, while numbers of the clergy chanted hymns in praise of Mary. The church had been completed several years when the 700th anniversary of the miraculous translation (Feb. 2, 1781) was celebrated by a jubilee.

But days of desolation were approaching for the sanctuary of Tongres. By the law of the 9 *Vendémiaire*, of the year V., Belgium was united to France, and soon the troubles caused by the Republican Government succeeded the peace hitherto enjoyed at Our Lady's shrine. The church was closed, and its riches confiscated. Happily the miraculous statue was saved from the Government agents, and taken to a neighboring house, where it was at first hidden in a *coffre*, but for greater security it was afterward placed in an opening made in the wall, which was then carefully closed up again. Another statue, exactly similar to it, was placed on the altar.

Not long after this a clergyman, sworn to the Republic, came to officiate in the church, and thus, perhaps, saved it from destruction. In a few years, however, Catholic worship was re-established, and then the precious Madonna was taken from its hiding-place and reinstated by the same *curé* who had rescued it from the hands of the Nationalists. In 1832, when the cholera morbus decimated the neighboring towns, the pilgrimages to Tongres were resumed with great fervor.

On the 2d of February, 1881, the 800th anniversary of the apparition was celebrated with great pomp. Monseigneur du Roussaux, Bishop of Tournay, presided in person and officiated pontifically. But this was only the prelude to grander and more imposing solemnities. The same year the Sovereign Pontiff authorized the solemn crowning of Our Lady of Tongres. Those who assisted at this incomparable ceremony will never forget it. The pious prelate who had presided at the eighth centennial was present also at the coronation, surrounded by several of his venerable brothers in the episcopacy. It would be difficult to give an adequate idea of the pious concourse of the faithful present on this memorable occasion, and of

the enthusiasm which animated them.

The confraternities in the different cities now send annual deputations to their Holy Patroness, and there is no fear of the decay of this ancient devotion to Our Lady of Tongres, which dates back eight centuries.

❖❖❖ The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

VII.

DAVEY went through the torture of trying to sleep. He had visions of what would happen in the morning and rehearsed the scene: The Bog's opening challenge; Nano and his mother standing behind the parlor door. They were watching. Great words came to him; came to him without effort, and he silenced his father with a volley of speech. The Bog retreated to the house, and Davey was master of his soul.

"If it would only happen that way!"

He turned over to forget. He could not forget. Always he heard the opening challenge, and the next moment made his reply. Nano and his mother watched. Nano waved to him; and because she did, he spoke like a member of parliament.

"I must stop thinking and go to sleep!"

He turned over again and began "Hail Marys"—his mother's cure for sleeplessness. And then, after more turns, twists, readjusting of pillows, he fell away.

He woke shortly before six. The house was silent. He got up and dressed. Nano had left water and towels all ready. Just like Nano! She never forgot those little services which come upon us when we are not expecting them, like bits of landscape in a bleak country.

"Just like Nan!"

He proceeded to wash. He did not splash, as young men will for the joy of noise and exercise. He might awaken

the lion. Sleeping lions are safest. Just before going out he saw an envelope on the little table beside the bed. "For Davey" was written in neat script. He picked it up and turned it over two or three times between his fingers. We all do that sometimes—for the thrill of uncertainty.

"Nan must have put it there while I was asleep."

He turned it over again.

"I wonder what she wants?"

He could find out; but we prefer to speculate sometimes. And then the clock, which hung beside the kitchen window, began a prolonged sound like the start of a cough, counting off six distinct strokes.

"He'll be up any minute!"

He opened the letter. A little gold medal fell to the table as he turned the envelope in his hand. He picked it up, examined it close to the window.

"Our Lady of Victory" was set in raised letters around a crowned woman's head;—the woman for whom people have been making earth more beautiful wherever people honor her. It was fastened to a gold chain which could be made secure around the neck by a clasp. And a note.

"Davey, wear this for Her. She'll be with you in the morning to withstand the high king. Great love—Nano."

"To withstand the high king is no small job. I'll put it on."

He opened his shirt collar and began the hard labor of anchoring hook to ring; but his fingers were large and the bits of gold he tried to unite small and illusive.

"I'll have to postpone it."

He felt fingers gripping his hair.

"Davey, you'll not postpone!"

"My God, Nan, don't come on me like that! I might have screeched! A fellow will screech sometimes when a girl comes on him suddenly."

"Let me have it!"

She took it, and with a twitch of

fingers made it secure around his neck; then completed her work by buttoning the collar of his shirt. He followed his sister into the kitchen where the mountainy girl was ready with breakfast. She was part of the conspiracy of silence; brother and sister could talk freely at their tea, toast and eggs before the lately renewed fire. Davey ate rapidly.

"*Festina lente*, Davey," Nano warned.

"Is that French?"

"It means 'make haste slowly,' whatever the language."

"I hope he makes haste slowly too," he whispered, looking toward the door that led into the hallway.

"And, Davey, don't forget to wear the medal."

"I wont, unless the chain breaks. And if it does, I'll have you fix it."

"But maybe I wont be near!"

"In that case I'll put it into my pocket, so as to keep it till you come."

"Yes. And, Davey, you'll say a prayer to Her every day—for Ireland and for us all!"

"I'll do that surely—every day. In the morning, if I think of it; at night, if I forget it in the morning."

They finished the light breakfast. The mountainy girl went into that little room back of the kitchen for the apron she had left there, and Nano accompanied Davey to the door. She took his hand. Unmistakably a man's hand, her own so small by contrast.

"Davey, I dreamed last night I saw a white flame lighting all the sky above the bog. Then the flame grew red, and after a while faded out of the sky. You're the flame!"

"I'm not such a flame for Alice then! I'm hardly the butt end of a tallow candle for Alice."

"Don't be silly! Alice is fond of you. Do you suppose she'd have scolded you if she didn't like you?"

"How do I know?"

"You would, if you knew anything about love."

"Must people fight when they're in love?"

"Of course—that's the best part of it."

"Well, I hope Conway and you aim flatirons at each other!"

She picked up the broom which stood beside the kitchen door and hit Davey across the head with the yielding whisks.

"Take that as my flatiron for you!"

Outside he turned to say,

"Nan, you should be with Black and Tans."

He was in a good mood as he went out the yard. He felt happy in his sister's encouragement; and, too, this last day of March was peaceful and warm. Climbing out of the bog and over the hill was an early morning sun shedding light everywhere. The shrubs he planted a year ago along the stone fence separating yard from garden sent up young sprouts; as small, tender, yellow-white children's fingers. They seemed to reach out and clutch, as the fingers of infants reach out and clutch from spontaneous urge. Mike O'Neill let the cows out of the cowhouse and was driving them along the south borheen to the pasture land. The released animals tossed their heads, swished their tails in joyous freedom; and exhaled gray breath on the quiet morning air. Robins were everywhere; atilt on tree limbs observant and circumspect; testing the truth of the proverb that the early worm belongs to the early bird. The collie, "Snuff," stretched, yawned, gambolled. Finally he went to Davey, wagging a glad tail. Davey gave him a casual pat on the yellow head, along which ran a white stripe. The dog became demonstrative.

"Don't bother me, Snuff, I've weighty matters on my mind!"

The dog took the hard words bravely, and rolled over a few times; then yawned out his discomfiture and gazed at wise, early robins breakfasting on foolish, early worms. Davey inhaled the morning air and looked up at an un-

clouded sky. He could have said, though he did not, that he wished his soul were unclouded.

"I wonder is Nan right about Alice?" She was one cloud; a white, trailing cloud. Another was his father. That cloud was low, black, terrible; lightning and thunder ready to leap beyond its rim any minute.

"He's a caution!" Davey could think of no better word with which to classify The Bog.

When Mike O'Neill came back from driving the cows into the long field, Davey and he went into the cowhouse.

"What time did you get home?" Mike asked. There was comfort hearing the hired man say that. It meant brotherhood in the Cause; a common secrecy between them. Davey was one of the Rebels. They would not pass secret signs any more; nor use a hidden language when he was among them.

"I'd rather meet the madness of The Bog any day than see them making faces when they think I'm not looking, or hear them using a gab of their own when I'm with them."

"I got home about eleven," Davey answered.

"I was in before you; and I saw three peelers an' I coming up."

"Did they see you?"

"No—I hid behind a bush," Mike said.

They curried and fed the horses to fit them for the day's work in the garden. Hugh Byrne insisted horses be curried and well fed at the beginning of every day. Davey liked the horses—four of them—and ruled them with kindness. Nano's colt stood in a stall by herself; a graceful aristocrat that lived on privilege. Davey, who did not like aristocrats, liked the colt. She represented his sister; and his sister could do no wrong. The hired man fed the patient animals. Bess, the black mare, lowered her head and gathered in the oats with her under lip, as Davey ran his extended palm

along the black back which had the feel of silk below his touch.

"Bess, I'll see you again later—maybe. And maybe I won't. And if I don't—good-bye!"

Bess was busy with her feed and did not show the feeling one would expect when she heard the conditional farewell. He addressed whispered words to Peg, Tom, Bill; but food is food, and hungry horses cannot be expected to interrupt their breakfast for sentiment.

"Are you going to cross-harrow the hill garden to-day, Davey?" Mike called down from the hayloft.

"I suppose so—'twas my intention."

"And he told me to go to Rathdrum to get a couple of bags of flour at the mill. I should go, shouldn't I?"

"I suppose you should—unless he changes his mind." Davey would not dare be absolute, and everything so uncertain.

"And do you think he'll change his mind?" Mike O'Neill was now climbing down the ladder.

"We'll soon find out."

A wholesome hay smell came from the loft which made Davey think of warmth and summer and the open fields. He liked open fields; winds and warmth, the world of growing life.

They were through currying the horses, and Davey went out to get a few more intakes of air while the animals finished their feed. He was ready to expand his chest, when he saw his father emerge from the front door and walk toward him.

"My God!" It was a prayer.

Hugh Byrne always dressed as a faultless gentleman-farmer who won recognition at market and fair. To-day he had on his dark-grey trousers, his lower limbs snug within leather leggings. A turndown collar was completed by a conservative tie that extended down his shirt front. He wore no coat which made more conspicuous the whiteness of his white shirt. The yellow cane,—thick

and masculine—Davey took it in. It was a hard, straight, heavy stick which might be used to subdue a man. He had seen it hundreds of times where it stood behind the dresser, and hated it. He could not look at it without revulsion; never touched it. To him it meant hardness, strictness—a perpetual tyranny upon the warmth, sweetness, joy of life.

He knew he was come upon his hour. A man who has been making ready through months for a serious operation feels that way some morning; or a candidate who faces a hard examination after long, intensive preparation. Hugh Byrne reached the barn-door and faced Davey. Davey, turning his head, felt the contact of the medal chain against his neck.

"Holy Mary, pray for me!" He had no time to say more. The Bog seemed like certain great creatures of the forests, which, they tell us, look complacently upon their prey before devouring it. He surveyed Davey—and spoke; but before he did, you could not miss the impression of overlordship he conveyed.

"What right have you to come back upon this place—will you tell me?"

Davey blew up his bridges.

"I have as much right upon this place as you—and I'm going to stay here."

Hearing Davey, Mike O'Neill, climbing back into the loft, almost fell down from the shock.

"O that's how you talk, is it! O that's what you learn from the blackguards you're running with! Well, I'll show you."

The Bog's heavy cane came down swift and mightily upon Davey's shoulder. The hard blow hurt. It maddened him, bestowed upon his strength the addition of courage. His father stood before him a hated man. He tore the stick, raised for another blow, out of his hand as if The Bog were a child. He was going to break it across his knee, but changed his mind. Instead, he set a

strong hand upon his father's chest and held him at arm's length. He gripped fiercely and took in flesh below that light, white shirt, like Conway the night before. It was painful—that gathered in flesh within tight fingers. Davey spoke slowly as if he were reading a formula:

"You have bullied me now for a long time—that's over! You wont bully me any more. I've taken from you all I'll ever take, And I'm not going to leave this house either. Remember that! Remember it now and always! I've worked here as well as you. What you have, came to you. It will come to us too. Don't forget that! And I have a country, besides, which is more than your damned swampy farm. 'Tis your country, too—only you're too blasted mad for money to know it! You're big, by the way, with your roaring voice and your heavy stick; and you stand with the men who are stamping the life out of the people, because you think that'll swell your blood-money profits! I'm going to live in this house because I've worked for it, and you're not going to put me out of it! I'm no wet sop on the road! I'm no workhouse brat to be bullied and made a fool of by you! I'm going to stay here, remember that! Don't ever forget it! If you do, I'll crack every bone in you!"

Davey's grip sank deeper into flesh the longer he spoke. And he timed every phrase with a fierce shake. The Bog winced—he was not used to hurt flesh. He never had been shaken by anybody. Never in his life. His son pushed him back fiercely, holding him at arm's length.

"And never again, so long as God lets you live in this world, lift a stick to me! If you do, by the God of heaven I'll kill you!"

Davey shook him viciously. Shook him till his head bobbed back and forth like a loose head on a doll.

"A fellow may not always have a reminder round his neck! Never

again—do you hear!—or I'll kill you!"

He whirled him around, tearing the front of his white shirt, and took a new hold just back of his neck. The Bog felt the second grip gather in flesh between his shoulder blades. It seemed as if a tiger's claws were sinking in. Davey forced him, as a strong man will force a truant boy, back to the house and flung him hard against the green painted bench which ran under the front windows. In summer, roses grew behind it and below the windows. Hugh Byrne was breathing hard. He looked up and out stupidly, as if he were stricken. Davey flung the stick beyond the haggard ditch as far as he could, and went back to the stables. Mike O'Neill seeing him return began to tackle Bess. He had thought to rush out and shake hands, but changed his mind. A man must not shake hands with a flame.

Hugh Byrne was sitting vacantly on the bench, his eyes staring at the ground, when Mrs. Byrne came out from the living-room.

"Wont you come in and have a cup of tea?"

He looked at her like one slowly returning to consciousness.

"Ye have set him on me! The two of ye have pushed him to it! Very good—I hope ye're satisfied! But when his neck is in the loop of the rope, don't ask me to go to him. I wont! He can swing for thousands of years, and I wont! The crows can eat the insides out of him, and I wont!"

"Well, he didn't strike you like you struck him, thank God!"

Her husband stood up and walked staggeringly to the east gate leading to the flat field above the bog.

"Wont you come in and have the cup of tea?"

"Ye set him on me! Ye dared him to it! Very good! But when the rope's around his neck squeezing his windpipe, maybe ye wont be so proud of the devil

that's in him! And ye can go to see him then, when his tongue's sticking out, and be as happy as the damned in hell!"

He went through the gate, along the field ditch toward the bog. Looked without pride at grazing cows released into the field a short while before. He had lost his ascendancy. His power was broken. The walls of his castle were falling. He was pulled down from his throne.

"He has thrown me! Very good. I'll be reading my paper by the light of the fire the night he's thrown, a rope cracking his neck, his tongue outside his mouth, his eyes bulging!"

(To be continued.)

The Holy Family and the Christian Home.

BY M. V. REIDY.

DEVOTION to the Holy Family is of the very essence of Christian life. Without it the home is left open and undefended to the enemy. It confers on life a hidden charm. It makes poverty, suffering, sickness, and all the troubles and trials of life endurable. It promotes and maintains a domestic atmosphere of happiness, peace and love.

We knew little of the daily life of the Holy Family, in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, but we may take it for granted that it realized the Christian ideal of home in all its fulness and beauty.

The Home of Jesus, Mary and St. Joseph at Nazareth is the one and only model for all who wish to keep this world safe for Christianity, and all that it implies. It is the only ideal home that has ever appeared in the world. It was at once simple and regal; simple in its domestic life, as befitted the home of the working carpenter, St. Joseph; regal as befitted the home of the King of Heaven and Earth. Men and women of great possessions, of substantial for-

tune, belonging to the same race as Mary and Joseph, would never dream of cultivating their friendship as influential acquaintances, for social or business purposes. St. Joseph's name was of no great account in the world of trade and barter. He was not invited to feasts where all that was great in Jewry attended. He was poor, and in St. Joseph's day as in our own, poverty was regarded as a grave defect, if not as a crime.

Pagan Rome lives for us in the pages of a thousand writers. We see its grandeur, its military power, its civil administration, its supreme capacity in the art of governing, its warriors, statesmen, philosophers and poets. In a remote corner of the world-wide empire, St. Joseph plied his trade. How St. Joseph, the Blessed Virgin, and the child, Jesus, would stand aside when a company of Rome's conquering legions swept by! And yet from the little carpenter's shop in Nazareth came He, whose doctrines triumphed over Rome, and from the proud imperial city flowed forth to all its conquered lands.

How much the world owes to those quiet, humble homes modelled on that of the Holy Family, is known only to God alone! Such homes have enriched the world. Such homes have sent forth a never-ending army of devoted missionary priests and nuns, who have carried the faith into pagan lands throughout the world, and replanted it in countries in which it had been suppressed, and almost annihilated.

The story of the young Scottish working-girl, born in a tenement basement in an Edinburgh slum, is one of the best modern illustrations of what is meant by the peace, the happiness, of the hidden life modelled on that of the Holy Family. Living amidst surroundings of a kind unfavorable to the promotion of spirituality; working in a factory amongst companions who did not share her ideals or aspirations, it is

said of her that she often thought of St. Joseph working daily for the happiness of Jesus and Mary. The home life of Margaret Sinclair and her family was without any of the luxuries, and most of the comforts of life. To millions of people, however, it is more interesting, more inspiring, and more beautiful, than the colorful life of all the stately homes of Edinburgh.

To preserve the security, integrity, and sanctity of the home; to help to make it the one place on earth to bring back sweet and tender memories to the minds of the old, should be the first object of a Christian State. The world is changing all around us, the mechanical civilization built up to its highest perfection, in what are known as progressive nations, is rapidly decaying, and soon will follow other civilizations which have had their day, and are now forgotten. In our own lifetime once mighty empires have fallen. The mind at times is appalled by the prospect of what the world will be in the future, if evil—which to-day dominates large areas of the globe—triumphs in all; if the Catholic Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, is compelled to return to the catacombs; if the earth will become an abode of infamy, where the vices, the follies, the passions of men and women, will be the main incentives to action, if universal rottenness, cloaked under alluring and attractive names, will be allowed to dominate the earth.

The Church, founded by Him who was reared in the home of Joseph and Mary, is the only institution in the world that will keep it fit for God's creatures to live in. It is the only institution on earth against which the malice of men and the gates of hell shall not prevail. It is the only institution in a world subject to decay and death, which will endure forever.



It is the enemy who keeps the sentinel watchful.—*Mme. Swetchine.*

Duty and Pleasure.

BY P. J. C.

PEOPLE play golf, see the movies, summer at the seaside, stay abed late, for pleasure. They prepare briefs, lay bricks, sell insurance, scrub floors as duty. We take up duties because we have to; pleasures because we like to.

Duty and pleasure are often—and falsely—accepted as opposites. One is supposed to exclude the other. We cannot attend to duty and experience pleasure, nor accept pleasure and feel we are performing duty. The point of view, that pleasure is always out of step with duty is erroneous. The closer the harmony between our work and our amusement the sweeter the music of our lives. When duty is pleasure, pleasure duty, we have life harmony made perfect.

Is it not true we find things hard to do because we do not like to do them? Even the objectively difficult thing becomes easier if we carry a will to subdue it. Fighting to make likable what we do not like can be as pleasurable as betting on a race horse.

To instance a primal institution. Why in this country is marriage too often considered a union wherein lurks a battle which often ends as retreat and escape? Is not the break-up often due to conflict between duty and pleasure. Marriage, entered into for the pleasure of the union, fades when pleasure exits.

Work becomes play, as play becomes work. Baseball is an amusement. To such as make the game a business it becomes work. Those occupied in what we consider serious pursuits often find work recreation as the baseball player finds recreation work.

Seeing religious men and women occupied in hospitals, schools and other centers of service, people shake sympathetic heads at what they consider joyless, dissatisfied lives. Were they to come nearer and stay longer they would

withhold sympathy. Those who live within this so-called seclusion are not lonely. They are satisfied inside the restrictions which they entered of their own volition. It is hardly thinkable that these many thousands will continue in a condition of life wherein they are miserable. They are not held there against their will, as certain unthinking people too readily believe. The same authority may be evoked to let them out as was evoked to let them in. A community of life is not an unnatural life. Indeed, one may live and be happy within a religious community without being a member thereof. Retreat masters generalize on the unhappy lot of those who live within the cloister without the "call." Might not a man or a woman like quiet, seclusion, prayers, regularity, the round of duties without taking the vows that are the guide posts to perfection? Might not a man or woman choose the life of duty for the peace of it?

Where do people find those pleasures that are quieting, enrich memory, leave the heart vacant of all regrets? Is it not generally in duty? How many a girl goes out from work—in office or store,—serenity surrounding her like a veil. She leaves the joy of duty where she labored, and goes out where people amuse themselves. She hears laughter; sees much to shock a conscience not shock-proof. She left the pleasure which goes with duty for the pleasure to be found where people play. Ask her which gave the more lasting happiness.

We best serve ourselves if we make duty almost, if not quite, the equivalent of pleasure. We must get pleasure out of duty. People who work hard keep warm. Idle people spread themselves over a fire. The high-school boy who labors like an artist at his home work will not stay out until three o'clock in the morning seeing how much Mabel can consume and remain sober.

Notes and Remarks.

Governor Roosevelt—whom the press always identifies by saying he is the son of his father—has vetoed a bill by the legislature of the Philippine Islands taxing all private schools and religious institutions. Senator Sergio Osmena, president pro-tem of the Philippine Senate, and Manuel Roxas, speaker of the Philippine House of Representatives, in Washington at the time, cabled Manila expressing strong opposition to the legislation. The Governor's veto has settled the question for the moment. It is not at all unlikely, however, that if the Philippines secure absolute independence, certain gentlemen will renew their efforts to have the vetoed bill enacted into law. It will be one way of indicating their concept of freedom.

The reason why the Church is so reluctant to have one of her children marry a non-Catholic is illustrated strikingly in the recent marriage of the schismatic King of Bulgaria with the Princess Ileana, daughter of the King of Italy. Before his marriage the King made the usual promises necessary for the obtaining of a dispensation, wherein he stated that he would not interfere with the faith of his future wife, and that he would allow all the children of the marriage to be brought up in the Catholic religion. The Holy Father, relying on the good faith of the King, granted a dispensation for the union. Later the Pope had to complain that the parties went through a second ceremony in a Greek Schismatic Church, contrary to the promises they had made at the time of receiving the dispensation. Now, we learn from the daily press, that the King has broken his promise a second time by having the little Princess baptized according to the ritual of the Greek Schismatic Church. When the Apostolic Visitor lodged a protest with the Prime Minister to the effect that the

King had broken a solemn promise he was told that the Cabinet, in the interest of the Bulgarian nation, had relieved the King of any such promise. One might have thought that a King's word or a child's soul would not be looked upon lightly even by a Cabinet, and that a promise made to God through his Church would be considered binding. It is the same old story of the mixed marriage. The few that turn out well are the exceptions. Even when the non-Catholic party is well disposed he is very often unable to understand the significance of things that are of fundamental importance to the Catholic.

Seeing, recently, in the January issue of the *Liverpool Diocesan Leaflet*, a form for the admission of Roman Catholics to the Anglican communion, which had been approved by Dr. A. David, the Anglican bishop of Liverpool, a correspondent of the London *Universe* endeavored to find out just how many Catholics were going over to the Church of England in the Liverpool diocese. He visited Bishop David, and was assured by the prelate that the admission form was in constant use, but when pressed to give approximate figures for any length of time, the bishop said he kept no account of such things. He then visited the chancellor of the diocese, and was informed by the Archdeacon, "I haven't the least idea what the number of converts from Rome is." Again he proceeded to the Vicar of St. Anne's who told him that he believed the admission form was seldom used, and assured him that he (the Vicar) had never had an opportunity to use it. "When Roman Catholics lapse," said he, "they generally lapse into nothing, or lose their faith and go into atheism, but always they send for the priest again when they are on their deathbeds. There is, however, a flow to Rome, especially in our diocese," he continued.

"You can see an example of this in this morning's paper. At Norris Green for 1500 people we have built a chapel with accommodations for 320. In the same district Fr. O'Ryan is building a presbytery for eight clergy, a school for 1300 children and a large, permanent church with five altars. An especial emphasis of the progress of Rome is that in practically every case in poor parishes, our rectors live away from their churches. The Roman Catholic clergymen are on the spot, and can be had in five minutes. I can give you case after case of our people who desire to see the minister when they are on their deathbeds. But he is unobtainable, and they send for the priest. An indirect effect of this is that many of our people after a certain amount of instruction are received into the Roman Church." The reporter, after inquiring of a few other ministers, gave up his search as useless. No one had any figures to give. He was sure that if these conversions were numerous the figures would be at hand.

The people of Free State Ireland have retained Mr. De Valera as their president. Their selection expresses national will. There are those who insist Mr. De Valera is a visionary, those who consider him a high type of statesman. The Irish people in the mass seem to regard him as such. His leadership has called for sacrifice, self-denial, courage to carry on in spite of invitations to concession and compromise. It is all-important for the Irish people that they be one if they are to succeed. Divided councils are elements of weakness generally. In the struggle for national political self-expression, division is disastrous. Whether Mr. De Valera succeeds depends more upon the will of the Irish people than upon the will of Mr. De Valera.

Many of our readers may very prop-

only have wondered why certain Irishmen struggling for larger human liberty showed so little respect for it in their noisy, clamorous interference with public meetings when men of opposite views attempted to give expression to these views. As indicating that a nation cannot be indicted for the bad manners of a few, we note Mr. De Valera's warning in his Dublin speech that the reputation of Ireland "must suffer from any interference with public meetings or any attempt to curtail freedom of speech during the election." And the *Limerick Leader*, which supported him, said editorially:

All groups and parties have a perfectly legitimate right to express their views, and to attempt to suppress or limit that right would be downright tyranny and the very negation of the principle of liberty. It is colossal and impudent cheek for anyone to try to prescribe another's convictions, and methods of violence certainly make no converts worth having. The existence of a variety of opinions is in reality a healthy thing, and it is only by the full and free discussion of the different viewpoints that the right course can be chosen by the majority.

An editorial writer in the *New York Times*, commenting recently on the rescuing of "The Exeter City" crew by "The American Merchant," drew the following little lesson which might well be used as an illustration in a sermon: "The captain of 'The American Merchant' asked the officers of 'The Exeter City' to make the approach easier by using oil to quiet the waves. 'The American Merchant' made its own like contribution to their getting nearer together. There was a prayer of 'faith' by the captain, accompanied by the 'works' of the crew in putting out the lifeboat. All of which is here recalled merely to suggest that if the law of the sea could be made the law of the land, much of the international trouble of this earth would be at an end. Pouring out of the oil of conciliation, making the prayer

which is the cry of hope, and then coming alongside with the rescuing line and practical relief—these are, by analogy, the steps toward a better world order." Newspaper men are not much given to moralizing. This writer, reading the account of the rescue in the news columns of the paper, could not refrain from pointing out the lesson which many readers might otherwise have missed.

Mr. Joseph V. Broderick, State Deputy, Knights of Columbus, R. I., urged the Daughters of Isabella at their annual banquet, to do all in their power to combat the divorce menace in the United States. It will take a considerable battle front to do that. Divorce is so frequent it seems casual. Marriage to a multitude of Americans is something to be fitted on as you fit on a hat. You may think the hat suits. You find it does not after a day's wear. You put it away and call for another hat. Husbands and wives give out a news item to the effect, they are about to separate; they cannot continue—and be friends. "Love is gone. We will get a divorce so as to continue friends." This is the sirupy, fluffy stuff on which the American marriage has to thrive. It does not thrive. It is anæmic. The Daughters of Isabella and Catholic women generally will face a titanic task in restoring the tradition of marriage to the non-Catholic portion of the United States. A titanic task which should be faced in a crusading spirit.

We have often thought that of recent years we have had too many fact-finding commissions which produced facts to no avail, and that in spite of all our probing and uncovering we have done very little in a practical way to remedy conditions. A writer in the *New York Times* has recently voiced this opinion in the following words:

One kind of surplus which may turn out to

be largely responsible for the slow progress we are making out of the depression is the over-production of fact-finding and fact-finders. The amount of studying and surveying and consulting and interviewing and feeling-out and sounding that is now under way is stupendous.

The highways are jammed with liaison officers, contact men, unofficial observers, personal representatives, semi-official agents and special keepers of private consciences. On every hand people are breakfasting diplomatically, luncheoning tactically, dining for a serious purpose, and in other ways gathering and distributing information. Openings are being explored, approaches are being prepared, difficulties are being smoothed out, obstacles are being removed, and half the world seems to be engaged in carrying messages for the rest of the world.

There are too many specialists and emissaries hunting for information that can be obtained by looking into the family encyclopedia or in the pages of *The New York Times Index*. What is there to say about war debts and farm relief and tax reduction that has not been said a hundred times over? We need on the part of our statesmen a good deal less time spent in listening and a good deal more time spent in thinking over what one has already heard; and then making up one's mind.

Prejudice is seldom in need of an argument. Out of almost any practice imaginable it can draw either complaint or accusation as the occasion demands. In the old days when books were both costly and could not easily be replaced, the Church was accustomed to preserve the Bible for public reading by chaining it to some prominent position in the Church. From that endeavor to extend Bible reading to as many as possible the jealous mind concocted the story of the Bible being chained away from the great mass of the people so that they might not be enlightened by its contents. To-day, in spite of the rapid and inexpensive multiplication of books, our telephone companies still continue the practice of chaining their directories in the vicinity of public booths. Our critics would hardly maintain that the telephone companies have adopted this cus-

tom in order to prevent the public from using their services. That difference of interpretation regarding the same situation becomes even more interesting in view of the fact that bibles are now actually chained in the pews of the Congregational chapel at Bedworth, England, to prevent their being stolen.

One does not often gloat over peoples' mishaps. Yet the temptation to gloat over the mishap—or mishaps—of the publishers of *Baltimore Brevities* is compelling. They were fined from \$2500 to \$5000 for publishing the sensational *Brevities*; and Joseph Ottenstein, former distributor of the magazine, was assessed \$5000. Jail sentences on all the defendants were suspended on payment of the fines. When people professionally and with matured evil intent send out books, magazines, newspapers, conduct theatres, produce plays and talking pictures for the major purpose of corrupting the morals of men and women, they should be fined, put out of business, all their works and pomps suppressed. When a man or a woman makes a living on the business of making other men and women vicious the business is nefarious *per se*.

Princess Jeanne de Bearn of the French nobility recently joined the Visitation nuns in their monastery at Toulon, France. We noted the item in the society column of the secular press. Another item from a Catholic weekly is to the effect that Miss Dorothy Callaghan, coach, captain and star of the St. Dominic's sodality basketball team of San Francisco, recently left for the Dominican convent at San Rafael to become a Dominican nun. Miss Dorothy, it is reported, was the best-known athlete of the Catholic School Girls' league in the archdiocese of San Francisco. You may, may you not, consider this bit of news as very properly belonging to the sport section?



Mary to the Child in the Temple.

BY ALICE P. CLARK.

MY little Son! My little Son!
Where have You been? What have You done
In these three anguished days' suspense
In which we sought and traced You hence?
Enshadowed by the Temple dome,
Serene, and sweet, and quite at home,
We find You teaching. Ah, my Own!
How could You leave us thus, alone
And sorrowing from dark to dawn,
To think our Darling lost, and gone?—
And searching hills and city street
To trace the wanderings of Your feet?
Oh, little Sun of Righteousness!
The light grew dim, and less and less
As through each court and Temple hall
We sought in vain for You, my All!
Gone is the night, the loss, the pain;
I fold You in my arms again!
You are my Life, my little One:
Oh, Son of God!—My little Son!

Shadows on Cedarcrest.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

III.—3256 MORENCI BOULEVARD.

“PHYL, where are you?” George, home for lunch and finding the table laid but no one there to serve his meal, went banging through the house, boy-fashion, searching for his older sister.

“Here I am. Just a minute.” A muffled voice came from the closed door of Phyllis’ room. “I’ll be right down. Where’s Thelma?”

“Coming, jumping grasshopper! What

you doing, Phyl? I have to be back early. We’re going to practise basketball.”

“Well, dish up your lunch, and fall to. Everything’s in the oven. You’ll have to help get it when I’m not here.”

“I suppose so. Aw, heck! I’ll probably starve to death, when you’re not here, Thel’s so blamed slow. I want to tell you something, too. Hurry up!”

The door slammed in the front hall as George leaped downstairs.

“O-o-h, hoo, Phyl!” That was Thelma.

“Coming.” Phyllis adjusted the white cuffs on the simple, dark-blue serge, which belonged to her mother, dusted powder on her nose, and put on the shell-rimmed glasses. Then she looked at herself in the mirror, and smiled. “I do look very different,” she admitted. “Wait until George and Thelma see me.” Searching in the closet, she found a plain black coat, also her mother’s, and a close-fitting black velvet toque; black gloves and a black bag completed her *ensemble*. She walked sedately downstairs to the dining alcove.

“Well! I’ll be jiggered!” George stared, goggle-eyed.

“‘Oh, if this be I,’” Phyllis quoted demurely from Mother Goose,—“‘Oh, if this be I, and I think it be, I’ve a little dog at home, and he’ll know me.’”

“You mean you’ve a cat.” Thelma, as was her wont, giggled. “Oh! Phyl, I doubt if even Weary Willie himself would know you. You’ve grown up all in a morning. It doesn’t make a bit of difference if you are small. You’re as dignified as—as an old-maid school-ma’am.”

“It’s a good thing. Perhaps people will stop treating me like a child.”

“Like a stepchild,” corrected Thelma. “Are you going now?”

"Yes. I'm too excited to eat. And my appointment's for one. The doctor stopped by on his way to the hospital this morning to tell me that Judge Langley had arranged it for me. Thelma, I'm scared wobbly."

"Silly! Of what?"

"Oh, I don't know. I wasn't scared when I answered those other ads, but this one seems so important; and—oh, this masquerade—and—I'm just scared, that's all."

"You don't look it," said George, critically. "You look swell. You look just like Mother."

"Mother's knees never shook like mine; and my tongue's so dry—I won't be able to talk."

"Oh, yes, you will—you'll do beautifully. Keep saying your prayers all the way to the Fisher Building, Phyl. You won't be scared when you get there."

"Perhaps not." Phyllis was doubtful. "But—I have to go, even if I am scared. Good-bye. Pray for me, won't you?"

"I'll say 'Memorares' all the way to school." Thelma kissed her, and George tossed a "good luck!" after her.

Phyllis took a bus at the corner. Her rosary beads were in her purse, and she transferred them to her coat pocket, closed her fingers about them, and began to find comfort in the dear, familiar prayers. But at the door of the stately, imposing Fisher Building, her heart almost failed her. She gave herself a whimsical little shake.

"What a baby I am after all! Remember, Phyllis Eaton, you *have* to do this. It's for Mother and Daddy, and Thelma, and George. After all, you're silly. Rich people aren't a whit better than poor people; and why should you be scared of white marble and brass trimmings?"

And so, upbraiding herself, she walked bravely in, and took the elevator to the third floor.

"Miss Eaton? Mr. Carstairs is expecting you," the girl at the desk of the outer office, told her. "Just step in here, please. Miss Eaton, Mr. Carstairs."

And Phyllis found herself in the inner office, seated on a straight chair before the desk of Mr. Dalton Carstairs, a lean, hook-nosed, dark-skinned man, with dark, glittering eyes. Mechanically, she answered his questions.

"Any experience?"

"No, sir. This is my first position." Phyllis bit her lip. How inane she sounded. And, of course, she didn't have the position, yet. Did this hawk of a man know how young she was, how rattled?

"My mother requires some one who can read well. Read something from this book."

Phyllis read, a whole paragraph anent the merits of a certain Nevada silver mine. She felt the dark eyes on her, piercing her through and through. At the end of the paragraph, he stopped her abruptly.

"That will do. You read very well. Can you do secretarial work?"

"Yes, sir. I have had some training. And I am accustomed to little duties about a sick room." Phyllis found herself gaining confidence.

"That's good. Judge Langley recommends you highly, Miss Eaton. I think you will do. Now about salary—" he named a figure which made Phyllis gasp with surprised joy. "There is just one other thing, Miss Eaton," and a certain hardness set itself about his thin-lipped mouth. "You are, nominally, in my mother's employ. You are *actually* in *mine*. My orders, and those of my sister, Mrs. Allen, are to be obeyed without question. *And you are to mind your own business.*"

Phyllis stiffened. She felt a queer surge of anger rise in her breast.

"If you do this at all times, you will retain your position. Report for work

in the morning at nine. Here is the address, 3256 Morenci Boulevard. That is all. As you go out, kindly tell my secretary I want her."

"Thank you." Automatically Phyllis obeyed him. She drew a long breath of relief, when she left the Fisher Building arcade behind her. What an ill-mannered, ugly man he was! She didn't like him a bit. "Mind her own business," indeed! As though she should presume to do otherwise.

Consulting the watch on her wrist, she found that she had only about thirty minutes until afternoon visiting hours at the hospital, so she hailed a cross-town car, and rode in that direction. When she reached Mercy, she found her father eagerly watching the door for her coming. He whistled when he saw her.

"Whew! How do you do, Miss Eaton?" he teased. "Where is your little sister, Phyllis, this afternoon?"

"I've lost her completely. Daddy, what do you think? I got the place! I'm going to work in the morning."

A spasm of pain crossed her father's face. An odd expression, wistful and remembering, crept into his eyes. "So—you were successful," he said, slowly. "Rieboldt was sure you would be. But I—I've hardly dared to let my thoughts dwell on it. I only hope that it may be all right." He seemed to be talking to himself rather than her, and Phyllis was dismayed.

"Daddy, how worried you seem! I thought you'd be delighted."

He shook off his gloom, and tried to smile. "I am, Phyllis—I am. Tell me all about it. My! how grown-up you seem! But you can't fool me. I know you're only a little girl underneath. Did the Fisher Building frighten you? And did you stammer and blush and cry when the man asked you questions? And was he a very fierce man—a kind of ogre?"

"Daddy! Now you're teasing me

again. But I was scared. I didn't cry, but Mr. Carstairs is an ogre. He's really very dreadful—he has black eyes that stare at one so, and he barks when he talks. He told me to mind my own business."

"He *what*?"

"He told me that there are two important things for me to remember—that, while I am Mrs. Carstairs' companion, I am actually working for him, and that I must obey orders issued me by him and his sister—and always mind my own business."

"The insolent puppy! Working for *him*!"

"What did you say, Daddy?"

"Never mind, child. Have you seen Mrs. Carstairs?" there was suppressed feeling in his voice.

"No; it was not necessary. I suppose I'll not see you for a few days, now, Daddy; not until I have my afternoon off. I forgot to ask him, but don't companions get an afternoon off each week, the same as maids?"

"I don't know, dear. Certainly they must have some time in which they may attend to their own affairs."

They went on, talking of inconsequential things, until Phyllis decided that she must go. Daddy was preoccupied and absent-minded, and seemed scarcely listening to her chatter. And at home many last-minute tasks awaited her. There was packing to do. She must rummage through Mother's things, and take everything that was suitable for her to wear in her new grown-up rôle. It seemed too bad to appropriate Mother's belongings, without so much as "By-your-leave," but until she was able to buy some of her own such a course was necessary. And Thelma and George must be reminded of this and that. Carefully she enumerated in her mind, as she hurried home, all the things she meant to tell them. George must never, never let the furnace fire go out;

Thelma must water the plants, feed the canary, order the groceries, and get up early enough to have a hot breakfast before she and George left for school. She must keep the mending done.

"Oh, dear!" Phyllis sighed, worriedly, "I know they'll forget nearly everything at first, and have a terrible time. If Mrs. Cunningham weren't right next door, I'd be worried ill about them. I wish now that we were back in New South Wales, with all Mother's family near at hand, to lend us a little assistance. Aunt Anne would be a darling help, and she'd be glad to come—but Sydney is so very far away."

Promptly at nine the next morning, Phyllis stood on the doorstep at 3256 Morenci Boulevard. A white-capped maid answered her ring.

"I'm Mrs. Carstairs' new companion," explained Phyllis, timidly. "Mr. Carstairs told me to come this morning."

The maid nodded. "Mrs. Allen has just gone out," she said, "and Mrs. Carstairs is still resting. But I'll take you up to the linen room, to Mrs. Richards, the housekeeper. We'll take your bag right along."

As they started to mount the stairs, a door flew open somewhere above them, and a small pink-and-white hurricane pounced upon the rail above them, and shot to the foot of the stairs with bewildering rapidity, tumbling upon the floor at the bottom with gleeful shrieks. The maid paused to administer reproof. "Your mother is afraid you'll get hurt, sliding down the rail, Miss Emma. And if you're so noisy, you'll waken your grandmother."

"Who cares?" The child picked herself up from the floor, and shrieked defiance, "Old bossy Marie! You're nothing but a servant—you can't boss me! Old smarty—old smarty! I'm going to get my breakfast, and you can't stop me either,—old bossy Marie-e-e!"

She stuck out her tongue, and danced away.

The maid, whose face had reddened in angry humiliation, spoke apologetically to Phyllis. "You'll get used to that. She's a young imp. Mrs. Allen lets her do as she pleases, and no one dares touch her. How I'd like to put her across my knee! Well—here's the linen room. Here's the new companion, Mrs. Richards. What room is she to have?"

"The same one Miss Earnshaw had, off Miss Mattie's sitting room." The housekeeper, a martial, red-faced woman, with iron-gray hair stopped counting towels, and looked at Phyllis. "How do you do, Miss—Miss—"

"Eaton," supplied Phyllis, smiling at her.

The housekeeper thawed and smiled in return. "Leave her with me, Marie. Take these towels to Hester for me, please."

"Yes, Mrs. Richards."

"Just sit by a moment, dearie, until I finish getting out these linens. Where did you work before?" Mrs. Richards deftly counted out another pile of snowy napkins, as she asked the question.

Phyllis blushed. "This is my first place," she said.

"I thought you looked young. Like a little girl dressed up to play lady." Phyllis had the grace to blush again. "Probably that's why you got the job. Miss Earnshaw was too nosey. Miss Mattie liked her well enough, but Mr. Dalton didn't—"

"Who is Miss Mattie?" asked Phyllis, trying to get this household straightened in her mind.

"Mrs. Carstairs. I call her Miss Mattie, but nobody else does. I've worked for her ever since I was a young girl like Marie. My folks lived in the country out near Cedarcrest. Cedarcrest was the Roswell estate, and Miss Mattie was a Roswell. My mother was the Roswell laundress, and that's how I happened to

go to the big house to work. Miss Mattie was always blind, although they had all kinds of specialists holding consultation over her, trying to figure how to cure her. At first I was nurse girl for Miss Mattie. I watched her to see she didn't fall in the creek or stumble over things. Later she had a governess to look after her, and I was a maid at Cedarcrest, and then when she grew up and married Mr. Stuart, I became her housekeeper, and I've been that ever since. I didn't mind it at Cedarcrest." She sighed, "but there's a lot to this housekeeping here in town. Mrs. Allen entertains a lot, the house is big, and the servants come and go, until I get weary breaking in new ones. Mr. Dalton, he can't get along with anybody, and them he don't scare, Emma runs out—"

"The little girl I saw, who slid down the banister?"

"Yes." Mrs. Richards' smile turned grim, as she locked the door of her cupboard, and restored her jangling bunch of keys to her pocket, "That would be Emma."

"She's Mrs. Allen's little girl—Mrs. Carstairs' grandchild?"

"She's no kin to Miss Mattie," said Mrs. Richards, shortly, "although she's Mrs. Allen's child, right enough. Miss Deborah—Mrs. Allen—is Mrs. Carstairs' stepdaughter, and Mr. Dalton Carstairs is her stepson. The only child Mrs. Carstairs ever had was poor Master Jamie.

"Has Mrs. Allen more children?"

"Heaven forbid! Another one like that one, and I'd be leaving, too, after all these years of service. I'd be running out and leaving poor Miss Mattie to the mercy of the Philistines. But, no! They don't drive *me* away."

Phyllis was still trying to untangle the Carstairs and the Stuarts. "Was Mrs. Carstairs married twice, then?"

"Yes. Master Jamie's father was Philip Stuart—Mr. Phil, we called him,

and a fine man. He died when Jamie was ten, and a few years later Miss Mattie married Mr. Carstairs."

"And he's dead, too?"

"Yes." There was an odd inflection in the housekeeper's voice as she answered this question.

"And Mrs. Carstairs' own son—the one you call Master Jamie?"

"I think we'd better be going along, now," said Mrs. Richards, brusksly. "I'll help you unpack your things, and by the time we get that done, Miss Mattie will be ready to see you. She had a bad night, poor thing. I hope you'll be kind to poor Miss Mattie." There was a world of tender affection in the old woman's voice as she spoke of her mistress.

"Oh, I shall," Phyllis spoke eagerly. "I'll love to do things for her. It must be dreadful to be blind, and ill, too. Is she very ill?"

"It's mostly illness of mind," said Mrs. Richards. "She's had a deal of trouble, poor child! If she could find peace—but I fear she never will. And—well, there are other things worrying her, lately. I can see it, but I can't lay my finger on the cause. Probably you'll learn what it is, child. But be careful. Did you ever see one of those little statuettes of the three monkeys, child—one covering his mouth, and one his ears, and the other his eyes?"

"You mean, 'sees no evil, hears no evil, speaks no evil'?"

"That's it. Well, if you want to stay here, you must see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing. The walls have ears. Ask me questions, but don't ask them of anyone else. The observing, and the loose of tongue, do not linger long in the home of Dalton Carstairs. Here's your room, child—" for they had been walking down the hall as she talked in a low tone. "I suppose you've a trunk?"

"I sent it out this morning."

"It's probably in the service entry,

then. I'll go down and see about it. You can hang up your things."

She left the girl alone. Phyllis stood quite still, inside the room, and looked about her. It was a beautiful place. The long windows were draped in soft blue silk, and the chaise lounge before them was upholstered in quaint blue-and-yellow chintz, and heaped with pretty, expensive cushions. The bed was covered with a blue satin spread and bolster; the beautiful dressing table was ruffled with blue silk, edged with ivory lace, and crystal and silver cosmetic jars were grouped upon its shining top. Pensively keeping watch over these folders was a Dresden china lady, perched demurely on a yellow satin pincushion. Beautifully bound books were in a wall shelf, and the tiny rosewood writing desk was adorned with quaint pewter candle-lamps, set at either end. The wardrobe door swung open to her touch, to disclose dozens of silk-bound hangers, a hat shelf with silk-covered hat trees, and a shoe shelf, with room for more shoes than she ever hoped to own. Absently, Phyllis put her tiny toque on one of the trees, and her coat upon a hanger.

This lovely room, in this lovely house, thought the girl, was a room to delight the heart of any young girl. And yet *she* would be happier back home, in the tiny nook she shared with Thelma—the pleasant little room, with white iron bed, homemade dressing table, hung with dyed sugar sacks, a battered stool, shabby little-girl books, and a sweet Blessed Mother shrine in the corner.

There was something queer about this house, and the people in it. The blind woman, who could not find peace of mind; the unnatural, impish child, whom everyone disliked; Dalton Carstairs, with his glittering eyes; and the servants, who were supposed to "see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing." Would she be happy here? She feared not.

(To be continued.)

Saintly Symbols.

The Medieval artists were very practical minded people. When they painted the figure of a saintly personage for the edification of the faithful, they managed to put into that picture a sort of a dramatic short story, as it were, of the particular type of holiness by which that saint managed to distinguish himself or herself during life. They did this by associating the saint in some way with the object most closely connected with the spiritual accomplishment of his or her life. The following symbols, for example, are used to distinguish certain of the better-known saints: St. Peter, the keys and a triple cross, sometimes a church; St. Paul, a sword, or sometimes a book; St. John the Baptist, a long mantle and a long wand surmounted by a small shaft forming a cross, with a lamb generally at his feet or impressed on the book; St. John the Evangelist, a chalice, with a dragon or serpent issuing from it, together with an open book; St. Thomas, a spear; St. Simon, a saw in a boat; St. Matthew, a fuller's club; St. Bartholomew, a knife; St. Nicholas, a boat with three or four naked infants in it; St. Apollonia, a palm branch and tooth; St. Barbara, the tower in which she was confined; St. Mary Magdalen, dishevelled hair and a box of ointment; St. Sebastian, pierced through with arrows; Edward the Confessor, crowned, with a ring on his right hand, sometimes a spear; St. Christopher, a gigantic figure crossing a river, with the Infant on his shoulder; St. Lawrence, a book and gridiron; St. Crispin, at work in a shoemaker's shop; St. Catherine, her wheel, or a spear with the point downwards; Popes, with a triple crown and anchor, or a triple cross, and a dove whispering in their ears.



A SUSPICIOUS parent makes an artful child.—*Haliburton.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Before the illness which forced Dr. W. E. Orchard to leave Rome to recuperate by the sea, he completed his book on his conversion. It will be published by Putnam under the title "From Faith to Faith."

—In response to some non-Catholics who had asked His Grace to describe the inner spirit of the Catholic Church, Archbishop Goodier, S. J., has in the press a volume entitled, "The Inner Life of the Catholic." It will be published by Longmans.

—A short treatise, entitled "De Suspensione ex Informata Conscientia," in 125 pages by Marius Pistocchi of the archdiocese of Genoa, Italy, treats in scholarly fashion the rather technical procedure for infliction of the suspension which goes by that name. The suspension is one inflicted for reasons known to the Ordinary, and may only be visited as an extraordinary remedy. The book should prove of special interest to bishops, chancellors and all those in any way associated with the episcopal curia. It could be used as a good supplement to the course in Canon Law given in our seminaries. Published by Marietti, Turin.

—O. O. McIntyre's daily syndicated column is always interesting and frequently informing. Some time ago, for example, he commented upon an incident in O. Henry's life which is to the everlasting praise of that deservedly popular author. It seems that a critic, who once wished to flatter the writer mentioned, attempted to do so by calling him the American Maupassant. Instead of being overwhelmed by the intended compliment, however, the American answered at once and with some heat:

"I never wrote a dirty line in my life!"

It is safe to say also that O. Henry's popularity has suffered little because of his respect for the decencies.

—The interest in the origin of the universe created by the lectures of the Abbé Lemaitre in this country may turn attention to a forthcoming book by Sir

Arthur Eddington, one of Abbé Lemaitre's professors. It is entitled "The Expanding Universe," and is based upon a lecture which was delivered last autumn at the meeting of the International Astronomical Union at Cambridge (Massachusetts), and also furnished the subject-matter of three addresses which the author will broadcast later in the United States. In dealing with the view that the whole material universe of stars and galaxies of stars is dispersing, Sir Arthur Eddington treats of very recent developments.

—Most Reverend Francis C. Kelley, D. D., in "The Forgotten God," the latest volume of the Science and Culture series (The Bruce Publishing Company. \$1.50), points out forcibly that the basic reason for the mess the world finds itself in is that men, wise in their own conceits, are attempting to run God's world without God. It is a process that is doomed to failure, and Bishop Kelley asks his readers to understand the earth by looking occasionally up to Heaven. He gives the popular proofs for the existence of God; explains His attributes, and points out the need and place of religion in our lives. This volume is a practical treatment of profound questions done in the popular and simple style of which the bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa is a master.

—The "Capuchin Annual" for 1933, published by the Father Mathew Record, Church Street, Dublin, is of exceptional interest. The pictures of the Dublin Eucharistic Congress, twenty-five pages of them, are the most complete collection we have seen. There is, too, an exceptionally interesting paper on Francis Thompson by His Grace, the Most Reverend Anselm E. J. Kenealy, O. M. Cap., Archbishop of Simla, who was editor of the *Annals* for which Francis Thompson wrote. He was a personal friend of the poet, and gives us many sidelights which are not known to the ordinary reader. There is also a fine paper on Margaret Pearse, the mother of the first president of the Republic. Altogether, this is

a volume that everyone should be glad to have on his book shelf. Price, 2s. 6d.

—The prolific pen of Dr. Matthaeus Conte A. Coronata, O. M. C., has just given us the third volume of the "Institutiones Juris Canonici," which deals with ecclesiastical trials. His commentaries on this very abstract and precise portion of Canon Law are at all times clear and informative, and the method he pursues orderly and thorough. It is quite evident that the author knows all the literature on the subject; but he is not content to cite the opinions of others, he exposes opinions of his own. It is our view that his work ranks among the best texts on Canon Law. His bibliography is comprehensive enough, including works from the German, Spanish, Italian, etc., and the whole is supplemented with valuable appendices which give the rules to be followed in matrimonial trials, and the manner of submitting cases of this kind to the episcopal curia. Published by Marietti.

—We are mildly surprised, I believe, when we hear from converts to the Church the ideas they held about the Catholic's life and practice before they entered the Fold. There can be no doubt that their first year must be filled with revelations that gradually correct the false notions they formerly held. Mr. Penrose Fry, a former minister of the Anglican Church, writes delightfully of these discoveries in "The Church Surprising" (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25). Though he believed in the Branch Theory of the Anglo-Catholic, he was surprised to find that he had found an entirely different Religion in Catholicism; that his ideas of Church Services, Knowledge of the Bible, the doctrine of Purgatory, Indulgences, Intercession of the Saints, the life and practice of the Catholic clergy are quite different from what he and so many of his co-religionists had supposed. He writes pleasantly of these ideas and the corrections he came to make when he became one of the Fold. It will be interesting for Catholics to know the attitude of the non-Catholic, and especially for the priest who will be aided greatly in instructing the convert by having a view of his attitude toward things Catholic.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The silent influence of good books cannot be overestimated. By means of them we can invite into our own homes the great spiritual teachers of all times.

In the list below there may be just the book that you need for your own use or as a gift to a friend.

Send us the titles you select and the purchase price, plus 15c for postage, and we will have the books mailed to you at once.

"The Framework of the Christian State." Rev. E. Cahill, S. J. 15s.

"The Virtue of Trust." Rev. Paul de Jaegher. \$2.90.

"The Question and the Answer." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.25.

"The Catholic Church in Contemporary Europe"—Papers of the American Catholic Historical Society. Edited by Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.

"Campaigners for Christ"—A Handbook of Apologetics for Catholic Laymen. David Goldstein. \$1.

"The Catholic Catechism." His Eminence, Peter Cardinal Gasparri. \$1.60.

"The Mass." John Steven McGoarty. \$3.

"The Tragic City"—A Story of Washington in the Eighties. Esther W. Neill. \$1.50.

"The Life of the Church." Rousselot, De Grandmaison, Huby and D'Arcy of the Society of Jesus. \$2.50.

"Carroll Dare"—Adventure de luxe. Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.

"A Survey of Sociology." E. J. Ross. \$3.50.

"Christianity and Civilization." Rev. James Gillis. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. D. J. Heelan, Diocese of Sioux City; Rev. Nicholas Horan, Diocese of Portland; Rev. Richard F. Howard, Diocese of Boston.

Sister M. John Bernard, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Mary Bridget, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Maria Bernard and Sister Rose Madelaine, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Charles J. Hoffman, Mrs. Philomena Byrne, Miss Elizabeth F. Sheridan, Miss B. Gaffney, Miss Anna Mason, Miss A. Donnelly, Mrs. Mary L. Sullivan, Mr. James A. Mullen, Mr. William F. Maloney, Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher, and Mr. Edward E. Reynolds.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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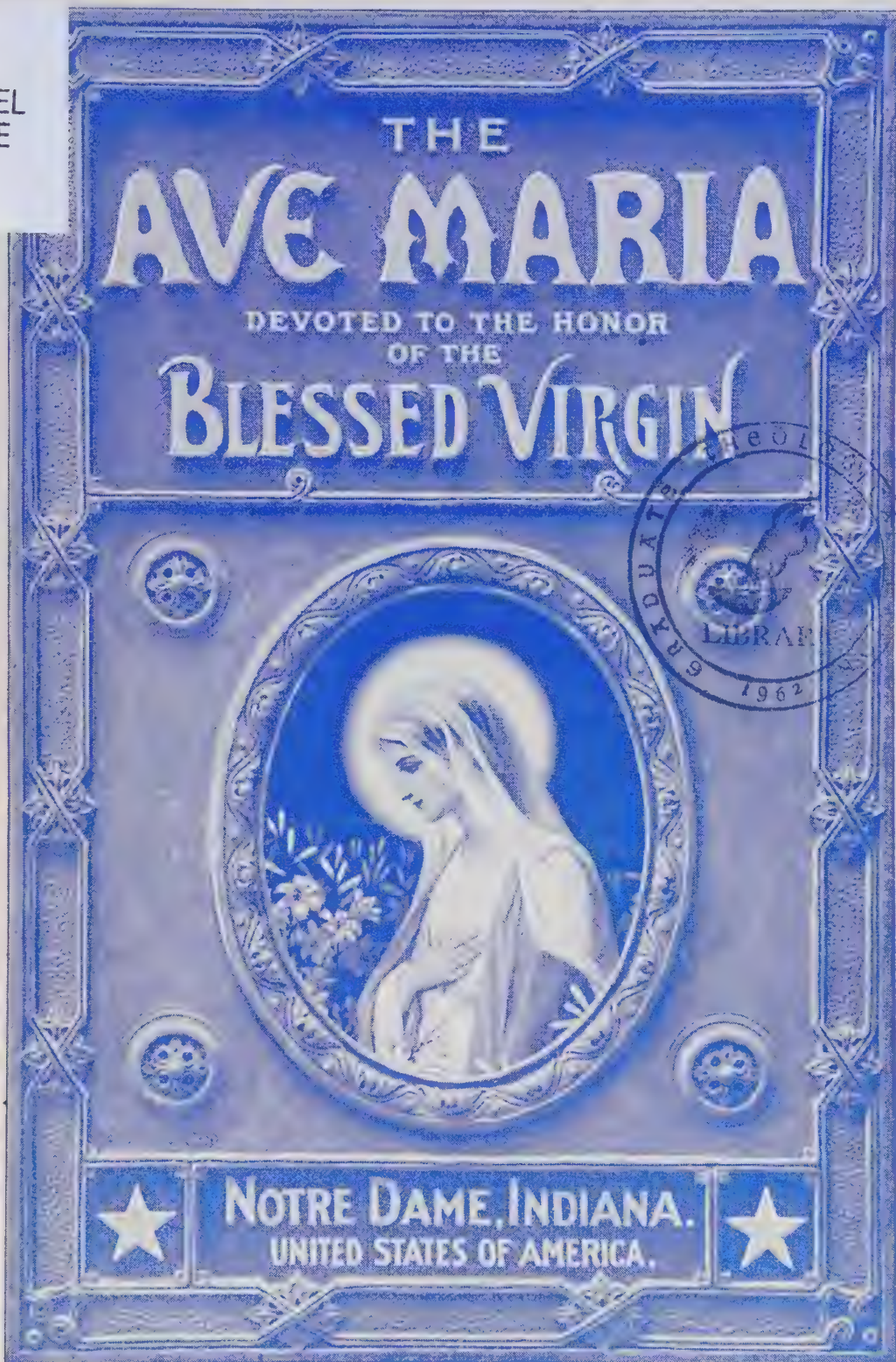
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

FEBRUARY.

SATURDAY, 25.—St. Tarasius, Bp. M. St. Walburga, V.
 SUNDAY, 26.—Quinquagesima. St. Nestor, Bp. M.
 MONDAY, 27.—St. Leander, Bishop and Confessor.
 TUESDAY, 28.—St. Romanus, Abbot.

MARCH.

WEDNESDAY, 1.—Ash Wednesday. St. Albinus, Bp.
 THURSDAY, 2.—St. Simplicius, Pope.
 SATURDAY, 4.—St. Casimir, King of Poland, C.
 FRIDAY, 3.—St. Cunegundis, Empress.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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No. 8.

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To the Madonna Del Gran Duca.

BY AGNES CARLYON.

AS a fair morn after a storm-tossed night
On surging seas, when Hope her course hath
run,

Serene and pure thou breakest on my sight,
Bearing upon thy breast the Eternal Sun.
No cloud nor vapor shall thy brightness dim,
No storm disturb thy deeply pondering calm;
The light that never fadeth flows from Him,—

The gentle Babe thou holdest on thine arm.
To thee I turn throughout my changeful day,
When mist and darkness oft the sun do hide,
Thy radiance shall illuminate my way;

When shadows lengthen I'll with thee abide:
Serene as morning ere the strife's begun,
Peaceful as evening when the battle's won.

Frederic Ozanam.

BY CHARLOTTE M. MEAGHER.

THE spring of 1933 will mark the centenary of the birth of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, as the spring of 1913 marked the centenary of the birth of its founder, Frederic Ozanam. It was a movement of the youth of Paris: youths launched the craft, youths manned the decks, a youth was at the helm. Frederic Ozanam used often to quote the words of a preacher in Notre Dame: "O God, give us saints! It is long since we have had any." The prayer became his own; and in reviewing his life and works one cannot escape the conclusion that he himself became the answer.

Ozanam came of a family devoted to ideals, a family which for three centuries, it was their boast, had produced scientists and religious in every generation. The records trace back to a Jewish prætor bearing the name of Hozan-nam, who had come into Gaul with Cæsar, and it is interesting to note that the name had been changed to its present form only in the time of Frederic's grandfather.

Both of his parents had lived through the horrors of the Revolution. His father had answered the call to arms at the very beginning of the cataclysmic, 1793, and later served with distinction under Napoleon. When the Corsican, however, began to launch his plans of empire, the staunch republicanism of the young soldier refused to allow him to become a party to such measures. He left France, settled in Milan with his young Lyonesse bride and here began his belated study of medicine. A physician's life, he maintained, is or should be a consecrated one, and he upheld his belief by a daily devotion to the sick poor,—a work in which he was aided by his wife, who, for seventeen years, was his companion on all his errands of mercy. Both were devoutly Christian; both had come through the tempests of Revolution and Republic with faith not only unimpaired but deepened. "In the midst of an age of skepticism," wrote Frederic, "God gave me the grace to be born in the Faith. As a child he set me on the knees of a Christian father and a holy mother."

Of his father, Frederic gives us a revealing glimpse when he tells us that when this soldier of the Republic left the Hussars he had "read the Scriptures through from one end to the other"; and of his mother he writes two years after her death that when he received Holy Communion, it was "as if she followed Him into my wretched heart, as many a time she followed Him when He was borne in Viaticum into the dwellings of the poor." It is easy to predicate the heritage which endowed the son.

In Milan, on the twenty-third of April, 1813, Frederic Ozanam was born. Four years later, however, the Austrian occupation drove Dr. Ozanam and his family back to their ancestral city of Lyons.

Here in Lyons, Frederic began his formal studies, and here, too, a few years later he experienced his first trial. "The noises of the world came even to me," he wrote; "I knew all the horror of those doubts which eat into the heart by day, pursuing us even at night to a pillow of tears. Then it was that the teaching of a priest-philosopher (the Abbé Noirot) saved me. . . . I believed henceforth with an assured faith, and touched by this mercy, I vowed to consecrate my days to the service of that truth which had given me peace."

His letters* make frequent reference to this tumultuous period. He had not completed his eighteenth year when he wrote to a schoolfellow, "Having been shaken by doubt, I feel the invincible need of clinging with all my might to the pillar of the temple . . . ; and lo! I find this same pillar supported by science, luminous with beams of wisdom, glory and beauty." At the end of his life he was impelled to write in a beautiful preamble to his will, "I have

known the doubts of the present age, but all my life had convinced me that there is no rest for the mind and heart except in the faith of that Church (Catholic, Apostolic and Roman) and under her authority."

In one of his early letters, in which he opened his heart concerning his doubts, the boy mapped out for himself a career of consecration to the service of truth, a career of championship of Christianity so vast that he himself was constrained to remark, "I too was aghast for a moment at my own boldness, but what is one to do? When an idea has taken hold of you and possesses your mind for two years, are you free to withstand it?" His vow of thanksgiving he kept as generously and as fully as he had recognized his gift of faith. The idea of devoting his powers to the cause of Christianity never left him. Life for him seemed to fall into a pattern, the pieces of which were shaped by Providence as the years moved on. The design never varied; it was simply filled in. "He was an elect soul," was the Abbé Noirot's appraisal.

At the completion of his course at the College of Lyons, Frederic, being too young to be sent to Paris for his law studies, was placed as clerk in a law office in his home city. The work was uncongenial; his heart was not in it. Moreover, the great apologetic work to which he had dedicated himself was like a beacon before him; he would have to read widely in order to accomplish even its beginnings. The two years in distasteful employment gave him a margin of leisure wide enough to take in the study of English, German, Hebrew and Sanscrit, and he made the most of it. It was during this period that he wrote his one-hundred-page treatise on the doctrines of Saint-Simon, and received for it De Lamartine's prophetic praise: "This beginning promises us a new combatant in the sacred struggle of religious and moral philosophy which

* "Frederic Ozanam, Professor at the Sorbonne; His Life and Works," by Kathleen O'Meara. Catholic Publication Society Company, New York.

"Letters of Frederic Ozanam," translated by Ainslie Coates. Published by Elliot Stock; London. 1886.

the century is sustaining." In April, 1831, the pamphlet was published; its author had just reached eighteen, and was ready for his studies in the metropolis.

Paris of 1831 was not a happy place for a fervent young Catholic like Frederic Ozanam. Its unchristian home life, its unbridled licentiousness, and above all the flagrant atheism of its centers of learning seared his sensitive soul. These people," he wrote, ". . . have lighted on the admirable discovery that all religions began with fetichism, and they go about proclaiming it, . . . holding forth about the law of progress, the extinction of Christianity and the approaching advent of a new religion;" and this at the Sorbonne, "that ancient Sorbonne which was founded by Christianity, the dome of which is still crowned by the Cross." Frederic and three others were the only Christian students at the Ecole de Droit; and Frederic was the only one at his pension who observed the Friday abstinence—"a circumstance which diverts them exceedingly," he wrote home to Lyons.

There were, however, a few oases in this waste of free-thinking and atheism. Ozanam early made the acquaintance of the celebrated Ampère, an acquaintance which grew into a lifelong friendship with both the father and his famous son. M. Ampère invited the young student to take up his abode under the Ampère roof, and the invitation was joyfully accepted. "You abstain, so do we," his host had said in offering his hospitality. In his new home Ozanam found all that he had elsewhere missed. In this first year likewise began his friendship with Chateaubriand. Later he found the Abbé Gerbet, De Lamennais (in the zenith of his worth), Lacordaire, Montalembert, Madame Swetchine, and those others "of great mental beauty," to use Cardinal Manning's telling phrase—those others who changed the heart of France in the Nineteenth Century.

Anti-Christian as those early decades surely were, the hundred years which were then being ushered in and are just now drawing to a close were shadowed by a new and different *zeitgeist*. Add to the group of Ozanam's friends of the 1830's the names of Père Ravignan, the De Muns, Huysmans, the Abbé Roux and the glowing name of Paul Claudel, to say nothing of Sophie Barat, the Curé of Ars, and Theresa of Lisieux, and you have a galaxy. A hundred years ago, however, the oases were few. Ozanam not only found the few that existed, but became, not merely an oasis but a living fountain of courage and inspiration.

His first winter in Paris brought to him the acquaintance of a few students who, like himself, were ardently Christian. "We are more numerous than we thought," he writes. "Every time a rationalist professor raises his voice against Revelation, Catholic voices are lifted to answer him. . . . Twice already have I taken my share of this noble work by addressing my objections in writing to these gentlemen." In this same letter he tells of the conferences dealing with the philosophy of history, undertaken by the Abbé Gerbet, at the behest of these youths. During this first season at the university, Ozanam and his little group carried the battle front direct to M. Jouffroy, the rationalist professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne, who had been attacking Revelation. "The audience of over two hundred persons listened with respect to our profession of faith," he reports. "The philosopher . . . promised for the future not to wound the belief of any of his Catholic hearers."

The Ozanam group soon met and made friends with an older man, M. Bailly, a lover of learning and of youth, and at that time proprietor of the *Tribune Catholique*. Using the printing establishment of the paper as their meeting place, the young men formed a

debating society known as the *Société des Bonnes Etudes*. Frederic was happy in this new sphere, but not quite satisfied. "It is all very well talking and arguing and holding one's own against them, but why cannot we *do something*?"

The Saint-Simonians, whose tenets he had refuted in his Lyons days, were unceasing in their demands to the Christian group to show the world their works. Practical good works would offer an answer to the adversary. But what should these works be? Ozanam and his two closest friends met to talk it over; the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was conceived. The debates began to give way to the new plans; M. Bailly, entering enthusiastically into all their projects, gave them his office for their meeting place; he, himself, accepted the presidency of the little group, now augmented to eight—and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was born. It was May, 1833; the founder had just passed his twentieth birthday.

Works of another kind were also in the pattern. Jouffroy and his colleagues at the Sorbonne, De Lamennais and his followers in a still wider sphere, were working havoc with the intellectuals. The remedy was at hand, but who should apply it? Ozanam discovered the man in the Abbé Lacordaire. This brilliant cleric had all the qualifications that Paris asked for: he was young, he was sympathetic, he was eloquent, he was magnetic. Here was the spirit to lead the youth of Paris, "to confound Jouffroy and his school," mused Ozanam. Immediately he was off to the Archbishop of Paris to ask for the Abbé Lacordaire for a series of conferences, not sermons, but conferences that would attract the unbelieving youth of the school and the market-place, conferences such as only the Abbé Lacordaire could give. His first plea failed, but a second request brought the consent of the Archbishop, and the epoch-marking conferences in the Cathedral of Notre Dame

were the result. "Ozanam is an ancestor," commented Lacordaire himself.

Ozanam's studies were in the meanwhile progressing, and in due time he received his degree of Doctor of Law. His heart, however, was not in the law, and only his rigid sense of filial duty kept him at it. "I cannot get acclimatized to the atmosphere of chicanery," he wrote during this time; "discussions that turn solely on pecuniary interests are painful to me. There never was a case so good but that there are wrongs on both sides, and let a defence be ever so legal one has always some weak point to dissemble."

Literature beckoned, and he accepted her call as a signal of his mission. He had long felt that he had a mission. In a sense, his was a consecrated life, and he lived it with a consecrated awareness. He had hoped to combine law and literature, and actually did for a time and in a measure, for as he had earlier employed his leisure on the Saint-Simonians, so now he gave of his quasi-freedom to his study of Dante. Of his Dante studies I shall later on have occasion to speak.

His father's death and the offer of the Chair of Law at Lyons came almost simultaneously. His father had been the most powerful influence in young Ozanam's life; what the father had been, the son aspired to be. Devotion to his mother and his young brother impelled him to answer the call, for he felt that the professorship at Lyons was pointing the way for him to go.

Again the activities went on. He had always manifested an infinite capacity for work, and his interests offered him incentives. His own studies, his literary work, the growing Society of St. Vincent de Paul of which he had been made President-General of the Lyons' conferences—all these filled his leisure. Journalism had been his avocation from his earliest days in Paris—even in Lyons the call for his writings reached him.

"Give us a few fragments of your work, a few splinters of the monument you are chiselling," wrote Montalembert, launching his Catholic periodical in the metropolis; and from his Dominican convent in Rome, Père Lacordaire exhorted, "You must on no account lay aside your pen. Writing is a hard trade, no doubt, but the press has become too powerful for us to desert our post there. . . . You have a brilliant style and solid erudition. I advise you strongly to go on working, and, if I were the director of your conscience, I would lay it on you as an obligation." This phase of his work moved his biographer, Kathleen O'Meara, to say of him that he was the providence of the Catholic press of France from 1833 to 1840—"without Ozanam's talent and M. Bailly's energy it would have utterly disappeared."

When Ozanam was in his twenty-seventh year the death of his mother changed the aspect of his life. The question of a vocation to the priesthood had long been with him intermittently, and now that his family cares had passed, the future called again for his deep consideration. Lacordaire during all this time had been exerting a potent influence on the young professor's life, and Ozanam was now looking forward to a consultation with him. "I shall meantime be able to see the Abbé Lacordaire on his return from Rome to assure myself whether Divine Providence may not be willing to open to me the doors of the Order of St. Dominic." He waited, he thought, he prayed. To his old friend and teacher, the priest-philosopher who had saved him in his first storm, Ozanam again turned for counsel. "*Mariez-vous, mon cher, mariez-vous,*" was the Abbé Noirot's advice, for he who of all his friends best knew the youth saw in him no call to clerical life.

Decision came to him with the invitation, almost amounting to a call, to

compete for the *Agrégation de Littérateur*. This would take him to Paris. It might open the door to the fulfilment of the vow of his youth; it would give him the metropolis for the theater of his activities, which his heart knew must center in teaching and writing, in philosophy and literature. The examination came off with what he called a providential success. "I seem to see in it . . . an indication of the designs of God upon me; a real vocation, what my prayers have been imploring for so many years. . . . I shall therefore walk, still in trembling but with a calmer step, in the new career which has been opened to me by this singular event." The *Agrégation* brought him the position of Assistant Professor of Foreign Literature at the Sorbonne. His life work was launched.

In the meantime he had met Amélie Soulacroix, the daughter of the rector of the Academy at Lyons, and though young Ozanam may not have recognized the fact, love at first sight had set her seal upon him. The appointment at the Sorbonne came in the autumn of 1840, and the following June these two young people were married.

During these Paris days of the early 1840's Ozanam was so filled with energy that it was said of him that he worked as if he had been denied every gift but industry. Besides his lectures at the Sorbonne he had his almost constant journalistic work, *Le Correspondant* claiming much of his time and talent; he had the St. Vincent de Paul groups and their poor, and his own regular talks to workingmen in the crypt of St. Sulpice; and now came the newly formed *Cercle Catholique* calling for conferences and lectures. To this last project, the purpose of which was the establishment of a center for the Christian students of Paris, Ozanam gave himself as wholeheartedly as director and adviser as he would have in another rôle had the *Cercle* been in existence

when he had come to Paris ten years before.

What he wrote of himself in answer to an accusation that his hold on the dogmas of his faith had grown lax, though designed for another purpose, well covers his thoughts and purposes during this time: "It seemed to me that my days would have been well spent if, in spite of my own insufficiency, I succeeded in gathering and keeping round my chair a number of young spirits, . . . in forcing my audience to respect what they had hitherto despised—the Church, the Papacy, and the Monastic life. . . . All my desires would be accomplished if a few wandering souls found there a reason for abjuring their prejudices and coming back with God's help to the truth of Catholicism." During all this time, too, he was working with pen and voice under the ægis of Montalembert for the freedom of education.

It was fully fifty years since a Catholic had spoken from the rostrum of the Sorbonne. Ozanam appreciated his position. He was openly, avowedly, militantly Christian, and with all the burning eloquence that was his gift he fired his hearers. Sceptics listened, Catholics acclaimed. "What a number of sermons have failed to do for me, you have done in one hour: you have made me a Christian," was the message put into his hand one day as he left the Sorbonne. His teaching had already become a step toward the fulfilment of his early vow.

The year 1844-1845 Ozanam named his year of prosperity. The autumn had brought him his appointment for life as Professor of Foreign Literature at the Sorbonne; the following summer his daughter was born. The singular spiritual beauty of the letter in which the young father announces this event would call for its being quoted in full, but the kernel is contained in these sentences: "We shall begin her education early, and at the same time she will begin ours;

for I perceive that heaven has sent her to teach us a great deal and to make us better. . . . I cannot think of this imperishable soul of which I shall have to render an account without feeling myself more penetrated with my duties. How could I dare teach her lessons that I did not practise?"

But even in his happiness, the clouds were closing in about him; the ill health which claimed practically the last five years of his life was upon him. Rest and change became imperative, and a third trip to Italy was inaugurated. But rest to Ozanam meant merely change of work, and now as before his sojournings in new lands brought new works from his pen. This time it was the best known of all his works, his "Franciscan Poets," that his Italian year yielded. His letters record an abundance of new delights, at the zenith of which any reader must place his first-hand acquaintance with Pius IX. The Holy Father granted the young Frenchman a private audience, "made my wife sit down, and caressed and blessed my little daughter." Ozanam is filled with admiration for the Pontiff's new policies "of reformation always, but never of revolution." It was a memorable holiday for his spirit.

He was back in Paris in the autumn of 1847, able to resume his lectures and carrying on his duties with the same zest as ever. The sanguinary days of the Revolution of February, 1848, found him able also to take his place in the thick of the fighting as a member of the National Guard, and when calm descended on the city he was sought out as a candidate for the coming elections. This he declined, explaining that he was not a man of action. "I was born neither for the tribune nor the public square. If I can do anything, however little, it is in my chair; or perhaps in the quiet of a library where I may extract from Christian philosophy, from the history of Christian times, a series of ideas

which I unfold to young men, to troubled and uncertain minds, in order to reassure, to reanimate, to rally them in the midst of the confusion of the present and the terrible uncertainties of the future." Herein was his *credo*.

As Ozanam's health continued to call for frequent change of scene and climate as well as a respite from his arduous Sorbonne duties, his friends persuaded him to visit England in the summer of 1851, when the Crystal Palace exposition was acting as the magnet for travellers. Although the trip failed to improve his health, it did interest him intensely. The pauperism which he encountered in London moved him on the one hand, the display at the exhibition on the other. Of the latter he was impelled to write: "Savants are delighted with the marvels already wrought by machinery and those still greater that it promises; . . . I am quite disenchanted by the monotonous uniformity in which material civilization threatens to envelop the whole world"—prophetic words which cry for emphasis.

A few more months at the Sorbonne, and again a change would be prescribed. The baths of Eaux-Bonnes, the invigorating climate of Biarritz, or Spain, each in turn seemed to yield him a momentary period of health. If they failed in their main purpose there were other guerdons to be taken. Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society were always to be visited, sometimes to be addressed by the distinguished founder, and in many places established. Literary work was not allowed to flag: the Spanish months gave the world his charming "Pilgrimage to the Land of the Cid." Italy was again beckoning with hopes of health, and he journeyed southward. This time all Tuscany greeted him with acclaim, for his achievements, both scholarly and religious, had preceded him. His reading now was reduced to his Bible, the perusal of which had been a habit since his childhood

days at his father's knee; a few last articles for the Paris journals and his letters, the delight of his friends, were all the writing he could manage; to the St. Vincent de Paul Society he gave all that remained of his energy.

With the rapid depletion of his strength, it was thought best for Ozanam to return to his home in France, and even he himself grew anxious to reach Paris before death would overtake him. At Marseilles he received the Last Sacraments, and there, surrounded by his devoted wife, his brothers, Charles, the physician, and Alfonse, the priest, and with a delegation from the Marseilles Society of St. Vincent de Paul praying for him in the next room, Frederic Ozanam died on September 8, 1853. Shortly before the end came, in answer to his brother's exhortation to have confidence in the mercy of God, the dying man answered, "Why should I fear Him when I love Him so much?" In the sublime simplicity of this sentence Ozanam gave an epitome of his life.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

VIII.

EARLY April, 1916. Davey followed his team making the land ready for the oats. He was at peace. Since the morning he found his soul he was left to himself. He knew the business of the farm quite as well as The Bog; and since Mike O'Neill served as a transmitter of information from father to son, affairs went on well enough. It might have been embarrassing at table, only his mother and Nano made conversation. Often Hugh Byrne did little more than grunt an answer to a question; he had to grunt frequently, for Nano grew more inquisitive.

Davey liked the garden, the hedges

yellow with young leaves, the newly turned earth, the grass fields which stretched lazily to Cahermoyle wood. Often in the peaceful days he would lean on the ditch watching the great open space where cattle and sheep grazed contentedly; and the wood, backed against the sky—a barrier between Kilbeg and the mountains. He walked steadily up and down that morning, keeping careful eye on his team, on the plow which turned over the earth into long, red rows.

"Davey, 'tis great weather for the plowing," a voice behind him called when he was midway the garden.

He turned without stopping his team; seeing his man, he halted them.

"How are you, Mickeen?"

"Great—and how's yourself?"

"Fine."

Mickeen the Hump at fifty was active and eager. His hump, not pronounced, gave him his name. He worked many years for the Enrights of Ballingarry, and then a strange thing happened. When Mike Enright was given the captaincy of the I. R. A. in the south of the county, he told Mickeen to take up a new job. The police barracks at Rathdrum needed a man-of-all-work to take care of the premises, and Mike Enright told him to apply.

"You're not known to the bobbies; and if you keep ears open and mouth closed, you can serve the Cause."

"I suppose you mean by that the fight against the English?"

"I suppose."

He made application and was accepted. An innocent manner, a counterfeited humility, an invincible ignorance of all things except sweeping house and cleaning yard got him his job. The police felt everybody was a rebel at heart. This retreating, ignorant, hump-backed man would be tried and watched; and because he proved a simpleton who knew how to sweep corridors, polish door knobs, keep the barracks' yard

clean, he was soon dropped from the observation list. There were others more important that needed watching. From then on he held two commissions: he was man-of-all-work in Rathdrum barracks, and a spy for the Rebels of west Limerick. He kept aloof from the townspeople; and those who did not know of his activities despised him heartily for taking service under the Government.

"You'll have to bear their dislike for the sake of Cathleen," Mike Enright told him.

"You're meaning by her the country, maybe?"

"Maybe."

"You're powerfully close, Mike," Mickcen said with the familiarity which comes from comradeship in common troubles.

"I have to. In war, information makes traitors. The way to shut out traitors is to shut in knowledge."

"I like that—'tis well put."

So he suffered the small boycott of those not in the strategy. He did not mind that—the leaders knew. The masses were not given the secrets, which will explain why there were no traitors.

"I'm looking for John Conway—is that his school above?" Mickeen, who knew the school as well as Davey, pointed to the building on the hill.

"That's it; only we call it the school below."

"But 'tis upon a hill, and so ye should say the school above."

"We're upon a hill too—a higher hill. So, 'tis right to say—the school below."

"John would be there?"

"He would—this is Tuesday. He teaches every weekday but Saturday."

"You wouldn't have the full of a pipe?"

"I would."

Mickeen filled his pipe, and on Davey's suggestion took a bit of tobacco for the road.

"I have a terribly poor memory about bringing my tobaccy; 'tis a weakness."

"Not a bad weakness, Mickeen; and you're not backward with your friends."

You could notice his grin through a haze of blue smoke.

"Well, good-bye, Davey; and give my love to The Bog."

"I will—and a kiss."

"Yes, give him a kiss too. A kiss will be fine. I must be going. You're sure John Conway is in the school above?"

"Yes, you'll find him in the school below."

"Well, good day."

"Good day."

At the road he remounted his bicycle and coasted down hill; then walked up that slope where the school stands. He climbed the stone steps and entered the little cloakroom which leads into the school; noticed the alcove off the cloakroom where Conway kept his emergency kit out of which to minister to sick or hurt children; noticed the diminutive window that let in the east light to the alcove, as well as Conway's ulster and brown felt hat hanging from a hook; also a small yellow box placed on a little table. Would the box contain shells? No. It contained cotton, court-plaster, a small bottle of iodine and certain other units of first-aid.

A boy came in and set his cap on one of the black hooks which went in rows around the cloakroom. That broke up Mickeen's speculations. He eyed the boy; the boy gave a furtive look at him.

"Tell the master he's wanted."

"Who'll I say wants him, Sir?"

"What difference does it make! Tell him the Inspector wants him."

The boy gasped, entered the school.

It should be remembered Mickeen never gave Government information directly. He declared a suspicion that came to him, a possibility likely to occur. A word to the wise should be enough. And so he slept with a clear conscience. If men dug meanings out of his words, could you blame him? You cannot prevent people from digging

meanings out of your words, can you?

"How do you do, Mr. Inspector?"

"Fine, Mr. Teacher—fine. I thought I'd drop in and find out how the concert's coming, and when 'tis going to be."

"Oh, the concert. Let's see? To-day's Tuesday. Yes, exactly one week from to-night. Eight o'clock, in the Father Mathew Hall west of the chapel. Tickets, one shilling; children, half price. You'll come?"

"I can't, man! You know how 'tis with a man who works for the Crown. I'll have to watch the barracks above with a few police while Sergeant Hackett and the rest of them are listenin' to ye."

"They're coming?" Conway became alert.

"Surely—to see and hear. They're servants of the Crown. They must protect the Crown. And so must you and I—servants of the Crown too. We at the barracks above are afraid the bloody Rebels'll break in and raid the place while the police are at yer concert. They'll be present to stop Mike Enright and mad devils like him from making speeches to get recruits for the Rebels. You see, John, you and me, an' the likes of us, must stand for law and order in Ireland. If there's trouble at the concert, you stand with the Crown. I'll stand with the Crown at the barracks."

"Naturally, being a government man," Conway said. And then he changed the subject.

"How did you come down? Cycled?"

"Yes—'tis the fastest when the roads are dry."

Conway accompanied him down the stone steps to the road.

"Too bad you can't come to the concert!" the teacher observed as Mickeen prepared to leave.

"I'd like to—love to. Alice Farley and Nano Byrne are great at singing; and yourself—you're fine with the fiddle, I hear tell. But you know how 'tis. The country's wild these days, and we of the Government—you and I—must keep

things in hand. Wouldn't it be like some of them mad, bloody Rebels to break into the barracks a night like Tuesday and the men gone! Maybe 'tis rifles they'd be after. So I'll have to stay at the barracks and watch the rifles for the Crown."

"Yes, we of the Crown must stand for the Castle," Conway said.

Mickeen had one leg over the bicycle, the other on the road.

"You see Mike Enright sometimes, I suppose?" How casually Conway put the question—a filler-in for conversation.

"I do—I see him sometimes."

"If you see him before Saturday, tell him there'll be somebody to meet him at Boylan's hotel Saturday night."

"Would it be a match they're making for him with a nice girl like? Let us say Nano Byrne?"

"Not Nano—absolutely not. And tell him so."

"I will—if I run into him." Conway was sure he would run into him. Mickkeen pushed forward his bicycle gently and hopped on. He said formally, as a young man leading a horse passed by,

"Good day, Mr. Conway."

"Good day to yourself."

He coasted down the curving hill, the gardens at either side ready for planting, or green with earlier growth. Ahead, just at the bottom of the south hill, Alice Farley walked on leisurely. He overtook her as she began the climb, and hopped off.

"Well, Alice, of all the people living upon the whole round world, you're the last one I was expecting to meet!"

"I wasn't expecting yourself, Mickkeen."

She held out her hand and he began to exercise it up and down.

"That'll do! An arm's an arm—not a brass handle."

"'Tis my way of showing affection."

"Affection is wonderful—but how about my arm?"

"That's true enough. Though of course, Alice, there're other ways of

letting people know how you love them."

They were walking up hill together.

"Mickeen, isn't the country beautiful, and the green stealing back as gently as a kitten."

"'Tis beautiful indeed; but the girls of Ireland are more beautiful."

"Shut up about the girls of Ireland!"

"All right—I was just saying what came into my mind. I was thinking of what a great man said some time ago, that he would be happy to be kissing some of the girls of Ireland forever and ever."

Alice looked at him. Hardly was there anyone whose tomfoolery she enjoyed so much.

"Mickeen, I've always thought you bold; to-day I consider you a barbarian."

"'Tis my way—I can't help it. I'm affectionate. I love people in a second—like you'd put a lighted match to powder."

She tried not to laugh, and gestured at him.

"That's enough about love. Why are you down here?"

"I was in to see Davey Byrne up there in the garden."

Alice had not seen Davey since the night she lectured The Bog. She thought of him often, and the way he met his father had been reported to her. She had seen Nano two or three times every week, but Nano did not plead his cause, although Alice wished she would.

"Well?" Alice asked, after Mickkeen maintained a deliberate silence.

"That's all."

"Tell me,"—she stepped to the front and faced him,—“why are you down here? You're not here just to see Davey Byrne plowing."

"I love to see the country when 'tis Spring, and to meet all the nice girls who do be travelling the roads."

"Mickeen, don't put me off! The girls of Ireland are in this fight. Let me know what's new."

"Alice, if there's anything new, some

one else must tell you. I know nothing. I'm a servant of the Crown. I work for the Government."

They walked on, and Alice's thoughts took a new turn.

"You've lots of news, Mickeen; but you're wise not to talk. I'm sorry I tempted you."

"You never tempted me! If you want to tempt me offer me a kiss. Just offer me a kiss!"

"Mickeen, I don't think there's a cheekier man in Ireland!"

"'Tisn't cheeky I am at all; 'tis affectionate I am."

They were now where Davey followed his team parallel to the road.

"God bless the work!" Mickeen shouted in. Davey looked out and nodded.

"Come on out and rest the team a dhras. Horses shouldn't be kept at too steady a pull, Davey."

He went out across the plowed land as the horses drooped their heads and fell back a little. The traces sagged. They were grateful horses, as they exhaled long, easeful breaths and relaxed straining limbs. Davey reached the stone wall and blushed.

"Isn't it warm!" It was all he could think of.

Mickeen had one foot on the road, the other on a pedal of the bicycle. Alice had a mind to continue her journey to see Nano about their scheme for decorating the hall, but that might seem unkind. She would stay on.

"Did you see him?" Davey asked—he referred to Conway.

He was afraid to speak to Alice.

Mickeen, remembering Alice's curiosity, started off. She might ask more questions, and he did not like her cross examination.

"Good day to ye! I have a power of Government business on my mind."

So Davey and Alice were alone.

"Alice," Davey blurted out, "I'm sorry I was such a coward. Wont you forgive me—I couldn't help it."

"'Tis I should be sorry, Davey, for being so hard on you; but I couldn't bear to have people say you didn't own your soul."

"And maybe you think of me now as you used to?"

"I've always thought of you in only one way, Davey."

"What way was that?"

"You know."

"Come here and let's talk a bit." She went nearer to the wall, and he took her hand.

"Alice, I never thought you'd care for me any more."

"I've always cared for you."

She looked at him and her eyes spoke.

"I'm glad again—I'll always be glad now."

He leaned suddenly forward and kissed her.

"I must go—Nan is expecting me." She drew away.

"Don't go! I haven't seen you this long time."

"Good-bye, Davey—I must get on."

And then Hugh Byrne came toward them in the trap—to keep an appointment with a Limerick cattle dealer who was to meet him at Askeaton.

"Don't go, Alice! I love you. I don't care if The Bog knows it a thousand times over."

She stayed. If she went now she might give Davey's father the impression she was afraid.

The Bog drove by at a trot, looking straight ahead without returning Alice's salute. Davey followed him with his eyes until the pony began to climb the road which goes around the schoolhouse.

"I wonder will it rain? I was thinking to finish this patch before nightfall."

"No rain to-day, Davey—the cloud is passed."

She gestured after The Bog.

(To be continued.)

THE man who procrastinates struggles with ruin.—*Hesiod*.

In an Old Cathedral.

BY KATHERINE EDELMAN.

THESE is a hallowed light within these walls,
A mystic something in the very air,
That quiets the careless word upon the lips,
Lifting the heart in homage and in prayer.
Thoughts come of One who long has dwelt
unseen

Here in this place, where mellowed light is
spread;
And the deep silence echoes prayers once made
By those who now are numbered with the dead.

Thought permeates recesses of the soul,
The world and all it holds seem far away,
For in this place where men have come and gone
We know that life is but a fleeting day.
The hands that fashioned everything we see,
The statues carved with careful, loving touch,
All speak unto the soul, and plainly say
Only the world beyond should matter much!

Religion—Keynote of a Great Art Collection.

BY EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE.

TO the Catholic observer, the Michael Friedsam art collection, raised to public honors in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by gift of the late Michael Friedsam, merchant and connoisseur, means much more than a mere tide of great art. The collection is not only expansive, representing paintings of the Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, French and Netherlandish Primitives, German, Italian, Flemish and Dutch paintings, European Decorative Arts, including sculptures, ceramics, enamels, crystals, metalwork, jewels, furniture, tapestries and textiles; and Oriental Arts, comprising jades, stones and Japanese Arms. It is selective with a masterpiece at every other turn in a tour of Gallery D6. It is a highly purposed collection—Colonel Friedsam gathered

his treasures with their ultimate advantage to students in mind.

The resounding keynote of the collection, the major contributing cause to its beauty, is religion. The Madonna smiles from many a frame. The life of Christ, from Bethlehem Birth to Calvary Death, is sculptured repeatedly in blond ivory. Saints in ecstasy, and scenes from sacred history ornament altar wings, altarpieces and triptychs. The superlative sculpture is a St. John, the rarest colored among the enamels is a Last Judgment, the most radiant crystal groups a pax and altar cross. Secular subjects are adequately represented in the collection, but the religious theme dominates. This exhibition of such vast resources of art is culture to the beholder; but to the lover of sacred background it is an invitation into its sanctuary.

Under the paintings, two among French Primitives deserve special note, "Virgin and Child Enthroned with Sts. Catherine and Jerome," painted in oil on gold leaf by an anonymous artist, and a triptych, "Virgin Enthroned," by Jean Bellegambe. In the former, Mary is burdened with heavy draperies, and her eyes admit a burdened soul, too, as she hushes the Infant. The saints close in on each side of her, heads inclined sympathetically towards her. The central panel of Bellegambe's triptych reveals his simplicity, his frolic of brush when modelling baby angels, his precision of detail. His Virgin is a fair maid of radiant brow. The donor, his lady, a Cistercian monk, and a Benedictine nun kneel at the feet of this lovely Virgin exalted. The triptych once adorned the Chapelle du Cellier, formerly a dependence of Clairvaux, in the commune of Colombe-le-Sec.

"The Annunciation," by Petrus Cristus, is the double star among Netherlandish Primitives. The delicacies of composition—sharp detail, subtle gesture, elfin color, Gothic line, translucency

—all contribute to this unusual work. The smiling Gabriel in heavenly raiment of peacock wings, addresses a Virgin of statuesque loveliness standing framed within a portal. Nodding hollyhock form patches of background. The portrait of Lionello D'Este by Roger Van der Weyden is the "high-water mark of the collection." The Dantesque contour of face with its hint of the mystic in the calm eyes is perfectly executed by the Dutch master. The dark velvet shoulders and cap of dark hair against a buff background present gentle rather than abrupt contrast.

An unknown artist of the School of Roger Van der Weyden has left his genius on wings of an altar-piece said to have belonged to the Chapel of the Monastery of Las Huelgas near Burgas, Spain; the "Crucifixion of St. Peter" is dramatically beautiful on the left wing. The saint, in flowing robes, is tied to his cross, head down, his halo brushing the earth like a stray disc of moonlight. The bystanders, elegantly gowned, are more like courtiers than persecutors. The strip of landscape behind the group shows turrets and trees magically inverted in a lake. Another noteworthy section of a whole is the wing of a triptych, "St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata," by Gerard David. Of all versions of this miraculous occurrence David's panel is the most poetic and delicately fanciful. Francis, swaying gently in ecstasy, beholds an angel descending upon a winged cross. The saint's upturned palms are silvery with the bursting light of vision. Compared with the more imaginative Cristus work, "The Annunciation," by Van Cleve, is sharply realistic. Mary is interrupted at morning devotions by Gabriel garbed more like a young disciple than a bright angel of tidings. Van Cleve revelled in luxurious interiors, so Mary's room has a canopied bed, patterned floor, and stained glass windows. The painting was formerly in the Porges Collection.

Of German paintings Durer's "Christ Blessing" is the most storied. It is an unfinished panel, part of an altar-piece, and the circumstances of its incompletion vary from Imhoff's Inventory of 1573 that hints at death arresting the artist's hand, to the critic's, Flechsig, commentary that Durer's trip to Italy interrupted his work and that when he returned his style had changed. The robe and the hair are toned to a finish, but the face and hands have been painted by an Augsburg restorer. The upright hand of Durer's Christ abides in memory after the painting entire is forgotten.

The Italian master, alert to the dramatic, often introduces miracle into compositions; among Italian artists in the Friedsam Collection Giovanni di Paolo is creator of the panel, "The Miraculous Communion of St. Catherine of Siena." It shows a priest offering the Sacred Species on the altar and the communicant saint receiving the Particle of Royal Banquet from the delicate fingers of Christ Himself. The painting is remarkably soft of line. "Madonna and Child with Cherubim," attributed to Andrea Mantegna, another Italian artist, is unusual for its unconventional color and for the odd fold of cherub wings. The Blessed Virgin's mantle is green, flecked with gold. Mantegna's cherubs are very plump and their wings, fold closely together forming pointed arches. Cosimo Rosselli, whose work embellishes the Sistine Chapel, contributes a perfect Madonna group, "Madonna and Child with Angels." The Child is a robust little Son able to stand alone, with right hand already poised in blessing. Maiden angels offer baskets of blossoms.

Flemish and Dutch art holds carnival in the Friedsam Gallery, because so many of its examples are attached to world-reckoning names: Rubens, Vermeer, Rembrandt, Brouwer and Frans Hals. Rubens' "Virgin and Child" is a

charming study in limpid coloring with the florid blue of the Virgin's mantle bleaching into pale violet lining. Vermeer's "An Allegory of the New Testament" is the peerless piece of symbolism, honored with thirty years' reign in the Royal Picture Gallery, the Hague. A figure in white (Christian Faith) seated on a pedestal, rests her foot upon a globe; her right hand lies over her breast (for the heart is the center of faith). On a table is a chalice, crucifix and book (symbols of the Redemption and canonical reading). A bitten apple (poisoned fruit of Paradise) and a mangled serpent (sin crushed) lie at her feet; above her head hangs a glass ball (folly). Jordaen's painting, "Christ Crucified," on the wall behind the figure, is a curious appropriation by Vermeer. A great wing of tapestry covers the left corner of the painting.

Under paintings of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries the "Portrait of Benjamin Franklin," by Duplessis, portraitist of Louis XVI., is famous for its artistic merits, signature and date, and frame. No portrait of Franklin—and he had sat to many artists, in his own words was "perfectly sick of it," is such a rival of life as is this canvas. Every detail, to the pinch of a tight button on his coat, lends vitality. It is signed and dated: "J. S. Duplessis pinx Parisiis, 1778." The oval frame, with the inscription "Vir," is of the period.

Although the paintings constitute the principal glories of the Friedsam Collection, European Decorative Arts, assembling 260 items, also present a superb showing. Of sculptures, "A Warrior," by Tullio Lombardo, is the largest achievement in marble and it is an achievement of this Venetian artist. This half statue, a head and armored torso, is carefully modelled; the face is brave, but not defiant, and the crook of the fingers over the right shoulder suggest a missing spear. The heavy reputation of being "a masterpiece of Ger-

man and Flemish miniature wood-carving" attaches to a boxwood statuette of "The Apostle St. John," modeller unknown. The upturned features and backward pose establishes its relation to a Crucifixion group.

Limoges enamels, the gay families of art, create a lively contrast to the staid bronzes and tapestries. The plaque, "Christ Crowned with Thorns," attests to the skill of Jean Pénicaud of that distinguished family of enamellers. The plaque, formerly a choice specimen in the Theis and Morgan Collections, is valuable for its abbreviated signature: *Penic*. A formless mass of rock crystal is beautiful with iridescence and more so when carved and combined with silver-gilt, as is a large Pax, one of the imposing pieces in the crystal group. It is an Italian product of the High Renaissance with crystal transformed into a Pièta and two stout pillars on each side, the whole mounted in silver-gilt and emeralds. What the metal-work collection lacks in extent it redeems in quality. Two monstres in silver-gilt are especially fine, one in German style, one probably of Mexican craftsmanship. The former is topped with pinnacles and arches. The central tableau represents Christ's Baptism and a Virgin and Child within an oval. A Spanish inscription on the Mexican monstres states that Father Francesco Pedro gave it to the church of his baptism. Oblong designs in yellow and green enamel brilliantly decorate it.

"Christ Mocked before the People," a Brussels tapestry dating from 1515 is the loveliest of the weaves. The intricately woven silk and metal threads follow Quentin Massys' painting closely.

The remaining departments of the collection—the ceramics, the jewels with sparkling pendant crosses, furniture—are worthy of admiration and study. The Friedsam gift has stirred the art world and will attract art lovers for weeks to come.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

VIII.

ANTHONY BURNHAM was a man much given to going straight to the point. If he did not always hit the bull's-eye, it was that that he aimed at, and too much finesse was a weariness to him, whether it were his own or another's. He wanted Aunt Mary to talk about the Carfaxes, and for the first time in his life he shied at the bull's-eye. His finesse even seemed to fail him, but finding that Sandy and Petrea had actually been to Thurston and had tea there, he had only to say a word to start off one or other or both of them on enthusiastic praise of the house, its inmates, its history, or—in the case of Sandy—its plum cakes.

Rather scorning himself for his cowardice he decided to go and see "old Grey" again. This time not about short horns; and he began to cast about in his mind what excuse he could make for another visit, when Maddox and Isabel came up just as Anthony was about to start off in his car.

"I say, Burnham, could you give us a lift? That is, if you're going Tesford Road way? Yes? What luck! We're going to get a permit from Bluebells Farm for fishing in the river there."

Instead of being grateful for this dispensation of Providence, Anthony felt distinctly savage. He could have done without Maddox and Isabel. He had intended working his way back by Thurston, and he already had a little plan in his head for getting Farmer Grey to come with him there, with a view to expounding some theory on crops or manures or beasts. Now, it would all fall through.

But he smiled at Isabel as she got in beside him, the more amiably because Maddox had considerably relieved him of the attentions Aunt Mary had

skilfully indicated were due to Miss Mefford. The small estate of Four Orchards was of secondary importance in Miss Burnham's eyes to the holy estate of matrimony to which she hoped the bright eyes and sound sense of Isabel would attract her nephew.

Anthony should "settle"; and though Aunt Mary had her suspicions about Isabel being something of a—what was called flirt in *her* young days; still, a good girl only needed a suitable husband and home to steady her. And Isabel liked Anthony Burnham; she liked Four Orchards which would be his one day; she liked also his rent-roll, and she saw visions of a gay life in India, and Durbars, and visits to Government House, etc.

There was something about Anthony, very simple and direct; very sure. Rather as if the sureness were because he had been there and knew, and so could steer clear of shoals and reefs. Perhaps Ralph Maddox was just faintly inclined to swagger a little about "life," but Isabel would not have noticed it if there had not been the contrast; and he singled her out for such charming attentions about which it piqued her vanity to see Anthony so complaisant, that she rather went out of her way to encourage the "Maddox man," as Aunt Mary called him in her own mind.

Just now the girl was making herself charming—lending herself to Anthony's quiet, friendly mood, talking of people and their histories, of the countryside that she had known since her childhood and that he had not known, except by hearsay, since he had lived there as a boy. Maddox, not a vain man, was a little inclined to be sulky as they entered the Bluebells avenue, and drew up at the open door of the old farmhouse.

Aunt Kate stood there, resplendent in tight-fitting and shining alpaca, her lace collar fastened by a great brooch enshrining the portrait of a bygone Grey. She was looking for John and

Peggy, and was much flustered to have the "gentry" coming on her unawares, just when supper was all laid in the big kitchen, and only waiting for the fish John had promised her. But she succumbed to Isabel's gay greeting, and shook hands stiffly after her manner, with the ends of her fingers; and then Grey himself had come up, and Isabel had bewitched him at once. After the men had discussed the matter of fishing, Isabel turned to the old man again.

"You are our local Solomon, aren't you, Mr. Grey? Every one comes to you for advice, don't they?" she said, flashing her friendliest smile in his direction. Farmer Grey was beaming at her. Fine, up-standing young lady, so she was, and no nonsense about her. There was no one he had a greater respect for than Judge Mefford. Pity she had to use lip salve—he remembered he once had to use it himself when he'd cut himself shaving.

"Ah, they comes for it, Missy, but they don't always take it," he chuckled, with a sly look at Maddox. "I've been telling these gentlemen that the fish in the Bluebells stretch like worms better'n their gay flies; they be but coarse fish, an' 'no gentry.'"

"And they won't believe in fish of such modest tastes," exclaimed Isabel. She stood laughing, a red beret well on the side of her sleek black hair, a little red, lace-like, woollen, sleeveless vest pulled over her white linen dress, her pretty arms bare. Aunt Kate's eyes were fixed in paralyzed fascination first on the red lips, to match the cap and vest, then on the white hands with the nails also reddened. Miss Mefford, daughter of Judge Mefford, to make herself look like a harlot!

"Ah," said Maddox, in his big voice, "wait till you've seen my Blue Upright, my Greenwell's Glory, my March Brown. The modern fish has moved with the times. They know every specie of worm—whereas give 'em—"

And then the door had opened, and Peggy, looking like a young wood nymph in her green and white, with the sun still on her shining auburn hair, her eyes starry, a little startled at finding so many visitors, her cheeks faintly flushed,—Peggy came in slowly, followed by John, his white flannel shirt rolled up at the sleeves, open at the neck, brown, himself rather like some young woodland god, and his clear direct gaze fell straight on Isabel. For an instant it rested on her laughing face, and to her annoyance she saw that Maddox had noticed the boy's absorbed stare.

As Farmer Grey, with evident pride, introduced his two grandchildren, Maddox managed to murmur, for Isabel's ear alone,

"Somewhere in your vicinity, my dear Isabel, there should be a notice up—Children not admitted except with responsible guardians."

She had no time to reply to his unpleasant remark. She had greeted Petrea's old schoolfellow with just the right touch of friendliness, whilst her mind was trying to remember all she had heard about the Carfax family. Drink somewhere, ruin, extinction socially; and then that marriage with a farm girl—yes, by the way, this apple-cheeked old farmer's daughter. But her appraising eye had noted in an instant the quiet, modest—yes, modest was the word—the modest distinction of these two. Lovely girl, "my granddaughter, Peggy"—and—goodness—what a young god that bare-necked young man who had not looked at her again after the first startled stare!

John had to go and bring in the fish which he had left in the porch, whilst Grey extolled the fruits of the earth, such as worms, and tried to hide his contempt of Maddox's superior flies.

"Holidays nearly over, Miss Carfax?" Anthony said, as Peggy gave him her hand. They both smiled a little.

"I've left school—for good," she re-

plied quietly; and Isabel exclaimed, "Holidays in perpetuity! Don't deceive yourself! It's the time the real hard work begins. I'm worked to death amusing myself and others—chiefly others—and I can tell you, it's a thankless task."

She spoke to Peggy, but her laughing eyes turned to Burnham and Maddox, who smiled back.

"Aren't we all your slaves, and grateful for your bounties," said Maddox; but it was Anthony who should have spoken. Instead he had followed John and Peggy out into the porch again, having heard Aunt Kate tell them to take the fish to the kitchen. And it was there that presently Isabel and Maddox, followed by old Grey, came and found them, talking and listening, laughing a little, but chiefly all three of them feeling that a new, pleasant friendship had been sealed.

"You knew my Aunt Margaret, I hear, Mother Veronica?"

Anthony had liked the way Peggy's face took on a sudden look of interest—pleasure. And he had talked a little of the old days when he had been a boy at Four Orchards; and little by little, Peggy had said enough to show Anthony the interest his aunt must have had in the girl; and her warm, childish affection in return.

Then John, tremendously drawn to this man with a touch of authority in his voice, but with a simple, direct friendliness that appealed to him,—John asked him something about India. And here, hardly conscious that her eyes were fixed on him, Peggy broke in—

"It was a large white bungalow, with a glorious tangled garden, and a funny little pagoda in it, almost hidden by bamboos; and—and—was it magnolia trees—and a pond? And one day the small nephew tumbled in. Tumbling Tony they called him—and it was called something—'pore."

Anthony's eyes never left the girl's

face as she spoke, a little quickly, remembering what had been told her as a small child. At first an amused smile had wrinkled a little his face, but as she finished, he broke into a thoroughly delighted laugh.

"Barakpore—you've described it to a T, even to Tumbling Tony—that's me!" he finished ungrammatically, and Peggy gasped.

"Oh—I didn't know it was you. She said he was a perfect little monkey—" And again she pulled herself up, letting her sudden shyness express the thought that she had said too much.

Both Burnham and John were laughing gaily.

"So I was—I was always being rescued from battle, murder and sudden death by some one at the critical last moment. But my Aunt will be coming back to Tesford very soon—"

"Oh! When? How perfectly lovely!" the girl exclaimed, and suddenly Burnham saw himself bicycling over to Thurston with the news that Mother Veronica had arrived. He would make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Carfax. He had only just time to say,

"We don't know yet exactly when, but I won't fail to let you know later—" when the rest of the party came out of the house. And then in a few minutes, Burnham had taken the wheel again, Isabel at his side, smiling at everyone and vainly trying to catch John's eyes; but he was stooping over the dogs who had started barking furiously at the car, and did not look in her direction. Only later, at supper, when Aunt Kate had, apropos of nothing, suddenly said, a little acidly,

"I heard once that the name o' Isabel was the same as Jezebel. If the dogs licked the bones of all them shameless creatures as paints their faces these days, they'd have their work cut out for 'em—and probably die o' poison." John had said, rather meditatively,

"They lapped her blood, didn't they?

I think it was rather hard on the poor creature to throw her out."

"Aye, you would think that!" Aunt Kate seemed a little upset. She took the pleasure out of everything, thought old Grey as he applied himself to a large bock of beer. A nice sonsy young lady with a pair o' fine eyes—but—well for sure—he'd thought it was lip salve! And Kate always snorted if he made himself too polite to women visitors—a rare enough happening. Ah, good lad, John!—ah-h-h-summat in that!

"Well, if we men didn't find some sort of excuse and pity for the vanities of your charming sex, my beloved Aunt Kate, where would you all be? That's a very saucy lace thing you've got round your neck, and I believe you knew you looked rather nice in it. What about throwing her out of the window, Grandy?"

Aunt Kate's tightly encased body shook with laughter, and Grey chuckled.

"Spoil the flower bed, she would—an' she feeds the dogs, so they'd spare her." Almost a touch of regret in this last remark, and this time it was John and Peggy who laughed, whilst Aunt Kate produced a noble trifle covered with whipped cream, which successfully turned the conversation into safer channels.

It was early when the two took their leave. The moon had risen, and the lights and shadows of the woods seemed more mysterious and inviting than the lanes and high road that lay like white ribbons between the two farms. It was Peggy who suggested going round by the ruins of the old Hall. It would take them rather out of their way, and they must follow the road and not the woods, but they could cross the Rectory meadow with a little caution, and that would shorten the distance.

Yes, it was worth while having *écône*. The remains of what had been called one of the lesser great country houses of England, stood in melancholy ruin

against a wooded hill that rose behind it. The walls rose on one side to the empty windows of the high first floor, but the back of the house had been burned out, and the neighborhood had helped itself for years to bricks and stones till authority had stepped in. It was L shaped, and the shorter wing preserved only its outer walls, and a few inner ones, defining vaguely its plan. Grass covered the broken steps of the great doorway, that stood like the empty socket of an eye, open in horrible blindness. A tangled growth of bramble pushed through the broken windows, and Peggy started as bats circled above her.

"What's that?" she whispered, but it was an owl hooting.

"I wish we hadn't come. I can't bear ruins—at least not one's own. Yes, it's wonderful in the moonlight, but it's—it's worse than Jezebel and the dogs." She spoke in a low voice, fearful of rousing more bats or birds, but John was pushing aside a great nettle, and had entered the doorway. Peggy was not anxious to be left alone, so she followed, faintly protesting.

"It's the outside we came to see—by moonlight. We shall break our legs stumbling about inside," she said, catching John's hand.

"Halt a moment—and don't speak. There's some one here," he whispered, and motioned to her to sit down on a stone, well hidden behind a thick bramble. She crouched down, and he stooped to whisper,

"Some one going out by the back of the place. Keep quiet; I'm just going to that window to spot him. Probably a poacher or a tramp."

He moved cautiously to the gap in the further wall, standing well in the darkness of its shadow, and after a few minutes he came slowly back.

"Do let's go," whispered Peggy, wishing he would hurry, but he was taking the longest way to get to her.

"Oh, now we're here, let's examine." He seemed in no hurry, however, to move from where they were. Once he wandered to the gap again and looked out, and Peggy said suddenly,

"Did you see anyone? Who was it?" but he had shaken his head.

"Couldn't see very well. Some sight-seer like us."

If his father never spoke of visiting the ruins, he somehow felt it was not for him to speak of having seen him there—even to Peggy. The figure of his father had been clearly defined in the white moonlight. He had come out of that shorter side of the L. He must give him time to get well on his way back before he and Peggy left the place; and he searched his memory for what he could remember of the plan of the house. He knew the kitchens, where they said the fire had started, were in the longer side of the L. What had constituted the shorter side?

He got Peggy to go with him there, but there was nothing to see except what had evidently been a long room, and then two or three small ones. Suddenly Peggy pointed, almost laughing, to a little heap of stones neatly heaped in the middle of the longer room. A solid little heap, and at its foot, the ground apparently smooth.

"You'd think it was a *prie-dieu*—a kneeling place, wouldn't you?" she said; and then, "I wonder if this was the chapel, John." This time she spoke almost in a whisper, and looked at him. She supposed he knew the history of the house, and a little vague sense of disappointment came to her as he turned away indifferently—or so it seemed.

"Let's get back now, anyway," he said shortly. But Peggy had discovered the old stone stoup in the wall, and an empty deserted bird's nest in it.

"I'm certain it was the Chapel; and some one's made that place to kneel at. I'm going to say my prayers here to-night instead of in my room, so you

can keep any more tramps away," she laughed, and for a few moments John watched her kneeling at the little stone erection that a man could rest his elbows on, kneeling.

Was it his father who had made that little *prie-dieu*, and if so, why? But it couldn't be! A man, grave and good and honorable, but not a religious man! Young John even knew that the village, headed by the Rector, was rather given to shaking its head at his father's want of "religion," though Susan saw to it that he filled the corner of the Carfax pew every Sunday morning. Still he had a sudden uncomfortable feeling that something in him wanted to kneel beside Peggy. Suppose it *had* been his father who had knelt there. Had *he* had something dragging him to his knees in that old place where his forefathers had knelt? It was hardly likely; yet it was from the gap in this wall that he had seen him leave the ruins, head bent, his hands clasped behind him, his old hat pulled well over his eyes.

Young John stared at Peggy's back. What absurdity for her! She gave way too easily to her imagination—to the picturesque side of things. He wished she'd hurry up. He went softly across to examine the stoup. A simple little old stone one, part of the solid wall, and something about the untidy, deserted nest that filled it, struck him. He stared at it for a moment. A deserted nest. It seemed rather symbolic; but all ruins are symbolic, and there is an unchanging law of change—evolution. As Peggy got up from her knees, he had quite an inordinate longing to put himself there where she,—where he was sure his father had knelt. He took a step or two towards it, and his common sense pulled him up short.

"Come on, Peggy," he said a little roughly, "you've had time enough to say all the Thirty-nine Articles and the Ten Commandments in any amount of vulgar tongues."

"*They* are only said in one vulgar tongue," Peggy laughed back. "The prayers *I* said, the whole world joins its vulgar tongues in saying."

John seemed in a hurry to get back and rather moody, she thought. But at the old stone gateless columns that marked the end of the old drive, now overgrown and tangled, they stopped to look back at the dark mass, lit only fitfully by the moon. Light clouds were scurrying across, a little wind had risen, and there seemed to be already that faint moaning amongst the trees that presaged a storm.

"Come on," said John again.

"It was worth coming," said Peggy, turning again to follow him, and John grunted some reply. He wished he had come alone, then Peggy wouldn't have seen that thing and had such fantastic ideas, and put them into his head. If he had been alone, he might, but he wasn't sure about that, but he might have spoken to his father, and he would have talked to him about the place.

"Peggy, I say, don't be offended old girl—but you know women *are* a bit sentimental and all that—and those nuns have nothing else to think of than their own affairs. Don't get moonstruck. I wouldn't read too many of those books, if I were you."

He was floundering a little.

"What books—love stories?" asked Peggy, wilfully misunderstanding him.

"No—those saints. Those desperate Medieval times took some desperate remedies. What you call the saints were just decent men and women who went to the other extreme, flung themselves like that Swiss johnny hero on all the spears of the enemy; no need for ecstasies and—and—that sort of thing these days."

He strode along beside her, feeling as if all the events of the day had a little entangled him just like the brambles had caught him in the ruins. He had given her an inch about that St. Francis

of something, and of course, woman-like, she'd taken an ell, and said her—her—convent prayers in what she called the old chapel.

It was because he hadn't had the courage—or was it the knowledge—that he had not done the same, that was making him preach to her, a bit out of humor.

"Well, directly you see signs of ecstasy in me you can turn on the garden hose, if it's handy—or duck me in the river. Are we going to tell them at home that we've been to the ruins?"

"No," said John decidedly; "we're not. You say your prayers where there aren't any earwigs and bats, and get into bed as fast as you can."

Peggy gave him a sisterly prod as they entered the gate of Thurston.

"You *are* doing the heavy father tonight! Did they bring you up on porridge at Tesford? You sound a bit stodgy."

But John was not to be drawn. He gave an unwilling grin, as he closed the gate after her, and then their mother called to them from the porch. He would have liked to follow them when they presently said good night and went upstairs. He watched his father finishing some writing at his big table. They had listened with interest to the young people's account of the afternoon's fishing, the visitors at Bluebells.

"And you never to know, and get caught in that dress!" murmured Susan, gently reproachful, and Carfax had smiled his sudden rare smile, and said,

"The girl's all right, my dear. Well lad, I expect we're both ready for bed."

John was dreaming, open-eyed, but as his father spoke he became aware that the older man had got up, and that he was stooping to brush something off his trousers. Two little clinging burrs.

Young John had seen Peggy brush some off her skirt as she had got up from what she had called a *prie-dieu*.

(To be continued.)

Apologetics in Overalls.

BY P. J. C.

NOT all people believe in grace abounding. Many insist nature is abounding enough. Some reason to the effect that all who live soberly, rationally, justly before all men, will not require the superadded engine power of religion.

We are told of Brown who attends Mass, receives the Sacraments, says his prayers; then goes home every second night drunk from illicit liquor, swears horribly, is vile of tongue, ambushes his wife. By contrast, Smith never attends Mass, has not received the Sacraments in twenty years, does not fast or pray. Yet Smith is home from work early, does not drink or gamble, is model husband, whose speech to his mate is a succulent, "Yes, dear," "No, dear."

This example is often advanced to silence factory men, shop clerks, diggers and delvers. It should not. How many Browns—Catholics, we are supposing—live as Brown lives and act as outrageously as Brown acts? How many Smiths—Catholics also—live as Smith lives and have Smith's grand total in the sum-up of good works? Your opponent, a fanatic on the natural virtues, is establishing a law of generalization on an exception. You will find a man who eats very fast, swallows his food as unchewed chunks, withal has a stomach at the end of sixty years. Do not offer him to your children to illustrate how they should eat. If you do, you will not see grandchildren. Your family tree will perish. Some men sit an hour in a chilly room, wear dripping clothes, hear water ooze through the strings of soaking shoes and will not have to pay a single sneeze of expiation. You try it. The week following, they will refer to your death as sudden, your funeral as sad and very large. Nature follows a law of

compensation. When you see a person too mentally weak to mind the weather, he is physically weather proof.

So if you happen upon a Catholic who is more or less sin-proof and carries on morally without the provisions and protections of his Religion, very often he is turgid, without imagination, satisfied with a full stomach; and can sleep readily because he has no disturbing thoughts up where the mind is said to function. Nature made him inert; his soul immortal, indeed; but only a gleam of light flickering somewhere within an accumulation of matter. Some people are good because they cannot be bad. Others are good in spite of devil, world, flesh. They fight. They need the weapons of fighting.

We exercise our Faith, remember, to honor God. Prayer, Mass, Sacraments, penance of all kinds, are means established to keep us in the loyalty of God. That we are morally better exercising our Religion is a certitude. Yet we practise that we may love. Love is the perfection of service. We want to be truthful, just, holy, pure, honest, obedient, because in the possession of these virtues we can worship acceptably. We must have a clean heart to make a clean oblation.

Catholic people are right if they exercise their Faith rightly. Men and women who pray fervently, hear Mass devoutly, receive the Sacraments worthily, will not be scandalously frequent sinners. Do not interrupt with, "Look at the bad Catholics in Politics! Read of them in the business of hold-up! In penitentiaries! Note the number who call for a priest before they are executed!"

You know why. They are not inert masses—like Smith. They are human, thinking people. They should exercise their Faith in worship if they wish to achieve union with God by love. They do not, as they tell you freely. And so inevitably they fall from Faith which would save them from sin.

Notes and Remarks.

Out in Colorado a Jew and a Catholic have introduced a bill in the senate of that State specifically banning any catechetical questioning on applicants' religious faith by employment agencies. The applicant in the projected legislation will not be required to answer, "Catholic," "Jew," "Protestant," hereafter. You may assert that a Catholic should be willing to attest to his creed at any time, in any place, under any circumstances. True enough. Only if you are applying for the job of school janitor, or for a professorship of the history of Western Europe, why must it be necessary to declare "I belong to the One, Holy, Roman, Catholic, Apostolic Church." You may be thought reticent, or even weak, if you hesitate about writing down the Apostles Creed for school boards and employment agencies. It is impertinent for them to ask you. No doubt about that.

James J. Cowhey, Chicago, Fire Battalion Chief, recently received for the second time the *Chicago Tribune* hero prize for acts of bravery in the pursuit of duty. All told, Battalion Chief Cowhey has been awarded three hero prizes and twelve honorable citations. An impressive total even for a Chicago fireman. His latest exploit was a crawl through timbers to a cry. A head stuck out from below a pile of burning stringers. Cowhey got hold of the legs which belonged to the head, as walls tottered all around him. Division Marshal John Touhey directed a stream of water on the smoking, burning stringers. Mox Myrant owned the legs Hero Cowhey held onto. The rescued man was badly injured, but recovered. "Good work, Jimmy!" Marshal Touhey said to his brother in the service. "Thanks, Chief," Jimmy answered, as he was taken away to a hospital to get patched up from the hurts that brought hero prizes.

Philip Kinsley, *Tribune* feature story writer, secured from the reticent lifesaver his recipe for rescuing others and escaping with his own life. It is very simple. On the moral side: "I never drank, smoked, or chewed all my life, and have always been athletic." On the religious side: "God has been very kind to me"—James J. Cowhey giving thanks. Speaking of a miraculous escape—one of many: "I don't know, but I attribute it maybe because I go to church every morning, and every Tuesday receive Communion at old St. Peter's." James J. Cowhey at his "duties."

Catholic young men in colleges or alumni thereof may well make reverent study of James J. Cowhey, who had an Irish father, he tells us. Living right, religiously, kept him right morally. Mass and the Sacraments saved his human and his moral life. Behaviorism, the irrepressible sex urge, the irresponsible *ego*—and the rest of the blather-skite—are not in the formula of James J. Cowhey. He is a Catholic man who is thankful to God for the gift of his Faith. He works at that Faith. And he is not ashamed to say so.

There can be little doubt that Catholicism is steadily growing in England, and that the Established Church is finding it harder every year to hold its place among the people. This growth, the London *Universe* informs us, is nowhere more strikingly exemplified, perhaps, than in the University of Oxford. About the year 1890 the Catholic faith, although beginning to be felt, was almost invisible in the University. St. Aloysius' was there, and Father Rivington's sermons had attracted some attention, and there was Mr. Hartwell Grissell's private chapel in his house in the High. To-day there are sixteen churches, chapels and oratories within the University precincts. In 1890 there was not a single University Catholic

lecturer. To-day the Professor of Civil Law, Dr. De Zulueta; the Professor of Italian Studies, Mr. Foligno; the Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Mr. Tolkien, are all Catholics, and on the lecture list of the present Hilary Term are such names as Father Leslie Walker, Father Alfred, O. S. F. C., Father d'Arcy; Mr. R. Segar and Mr. Urquhart. Who can say what another quarter of a century will bring to the University of Oxford, and how far the Catholic influences now at work there will extend over the rest of the country?

Public opinion was responsible for closing a marathon dance in Pawtucket, R. I., some weeks ago. That, perhaps, is the most gratifying news sent along the wires in several new moons. When men are so plundering as to make money on half-witted, underfed boys and girls by furnishing them a floor and an opportunity to hang onto each other for days like limp tongues sweating and exuding saliva; when they are so crass and callous as to ply a trade on the raw material of poor, unthinking, overgrown children, public wrath, rather than public opinion, should force these dance promoters to dance an all-time, all-world dance record holding up an elephant.

A current magazine remarks that the undertaker always has a lot of assistants. Prominent among them it lists: "The man who rocked the boat; the boy who didn't know it was loaded; the man who stayed in a closed garage with his auto running; the man who used wood alcohol for his cocktail; the man who honestly believed he could beat the train to the crossing." We might contribute a few also. For example: The woman who thought she could starve herself into thinness; the man who imagined he could live on an alcohol diet; the middle-aged person who thought he needed the strenuous exercise of youth; the person of any age who thought that exercise

was only for athletes; the boy or girl who expected to grow strong by turning night into day; the fellow who thought that doctors were to be called only when all home remedies had failed. And a host of other types, to many of which most of us have belonged at some time or other during life.

The birth-control advocates are hard at work again in Washington, exerting a supreme effort to pass their nefarious bill before the adjournment of the present Congress. Thus far the bill has been considered by a sub-committee of the Senate, one member of which voted in its favor, the other member being opposed to it. It will go now to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate where the final fight will be waged to have it recommended for adoption by the House and the Senate. While the opponents of this bill have put forth every effort to have it rejected, they have felt, nevertheless, that sooner or later it would be reported on favorably if the immorality of the bill were the only objection that could be raised against it. With most of our legislators morality is considered very much of an individual affair. They believe that each person has the right to decide for himself what constitutes right and wrong in matters of personal chastity. But there is another phase of this question which will not be considered so lightly. Louis I. Dublin, third vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, has pointed out recently that the birth-rate of the United States is falling so rapidly as to virtually imperil the continued existence of the country. There has been an actual decrease in the number of children under five years of age in the last ten years. The population of the United States, he avers, will be stationary in a few decades, after which time it will begin to decline. This is a serious situation, for even such men as are not bothered by the presence of immorality,

and it is thought that the Sangerites will find some difficulty in convincing the Committee that their proposed legislation will not further decrease the birth-rate. For Catholics, of course, the big evil in birth control is the offense against God; but if it can be stopped more effectively by resorting to the depopulation argument, let us by all means use this argument to its limit.



Because the Catholic chaplain of Wyoming Penitentiary, out where the West more or less begins, stood sponsor for his good behavior, William Carlisle, convict, had his sentence of many years reduced to two. Carlisle, who is 42, affirms that when he is free he will go into business with the money he has saved. During his imprisonment he studied under the tutelage of the chaplain and operated a small printing press. We trust William will prove a good "trusty" when released, and will get into business, as he promises, business of the right sort. The chaplain has shown faith in him; the Governor and the Board of Pardons have shown faith in the chaplain. It is for William to justify and sustain their faith by his good works.



"Now there are some people I don't mind getting wrong with, but with Catholics I feel different," reflects Mr. Will Rogers in a recent interview. And for that matter Catholics are not trying to "get wrong" with Mr. Rogers either. The comedian says a number of lovely things about us which we accept gratefully, but with reservations. We have weaknesses in our membership, and may not shut our eyes to our bad spots. Mr. Will said in addition to other gracious bits, "I'm just crazy about Catholic Sisters. . . . I love them all." And then he injects this bit out of life:

Just a little while back I was coming through Porto Rico. I was flying through on my way back to the States, when I got a message.

Some Sisters that were doing work down there were putting on some kind of show or other, and would I stop and give 'em an act?

Well, sir, I'd'a done it for poor old Porto Rico, that's always getting a new sock in the jaw; but when it was Sisters besides, I radioed back to hold the show, for I was coming. I got there in the evening, and hustled over to the Fox Theatre that was being lent for the benefit. I kinda expected the Sisters would be there; didn't know they weren't the kind that went out at night.

Well, I done my act and was tickled pink to see what a crowd turned out to help the Sisters, and then I rushed back to my plane. Just as I was climbing in, somebody gave me a package. "From the Sisters," they said. I climbed in the machine, and as we started off, I opened the package. It was full of the doggondest, most beautiful handwork you ever seen in all your born days—handkerchiefs, napkins, things I didn't know the name of—all embroidery and initials, no two of 'em alike, and a little note saying "Thank you," and asking me to give 'em to Mrs. Rogers.

We trust Mrs. Rogers liked the Sisters' handiwork as well as her husband likes the Sisters; and that she won't be jealous, he has so many lady friends.



A recent circular letter of the Catholic Bishops of Yugoslavia, condemning the gymnastic societies of that country for their anti-Christian activities aroused a Serbian Deputy to such fury that he introduced a bill in Parliament the other day proposing the separation of Church and State, the confiscation of all church property, and the making of civil marriage compulsory. Yugoslavia, he said, was falling a prey to the wiles of the Jesuits expelled from Spain. The government refused to consider the bill on the ground that it was unconstitutional, and Parliament denied the measure any immediate consideration. There has been friction for a long time between the Orthodox and Catholic Churches in this country, and it seems recently to have come to a head. A pamphlet issued by the former sect brands Catholics as "a brood of snakes which must be extirpated with fire and

sword," and the public censor has taken no steps, apparently, to stop the many insults which have been poured upon the heads of Catholics. The bishops have taken a firm stand for the rights of the Church, and it is hoped the faithful will stand with them to a man in this severe crisis.



Some years ago, a writer in the New York *Times* recalls, the gallant little fleet of Holland was captured by a cavalry force. The operation was considerably facilitated by the fact that all the ships were ice-bound in port, leaving no avenue of escape or retreat. To-day again there is a touch of the incongruous in a mutinous Dutch battleship in the East Indies being pursued by her marooned captain and officers on board an unarmed steamer. What would happen if the crew were to turn one of the ship's 11-inch guns on the pursuer is gruesome to contemplate. There is little likelihood of this, however, as the mutiny seems to have been intended as a labor demonstration. The fugitive crew have broadcast the news that they are not rebels, but have chosen this dramatic method of voicing a protest against a pay cut. They will hand the ship back to the authorities at the port of Surabaya after having attained their publicity objectives. This sounds more like a scene from a Buster Keaton movie than like a page of real history. Truth, it would seem, is still stranger than fiction.



It comes to mind that if the in-going President takes one or two Catholics as members of his consultation table with him, our Catholic papers will deluge us with the information a month from now. Why not be normal—business as usual? If President-elect Roosevelt select one or two of our co-religionists for his consulting aids, it will be due partly to political alliances, partly to the fitness of these men to help in the work

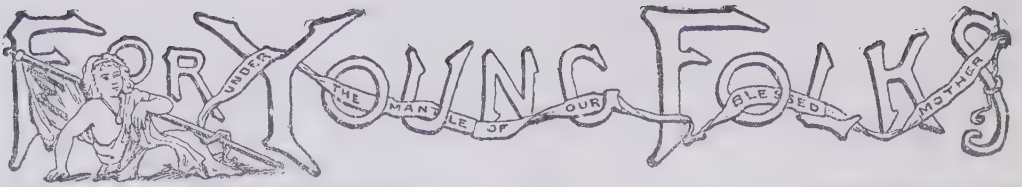
of carrying on the Government. There is no compelling reason for us to act as children given bread and molasses because a Catholic is given a Cabinet office. We should cultivate calm and poise. Accept the choice, which we insist honors us in our membership, casually. Accept it as we accepted Mr. Smith's whispering defeat—with a dignity which does not whimper. If one, two or three Catholics are chosen, be reserved. Let not the editors of our Catholic papers go into hysterics, and act as if they were the chosen cheer leaders of the student section at football games.



Down in Buenos Aires the Federation of Catholic Circles of Workers pursue a method of propagating the principles contained in the two Papal Encyclicals on Labor. Addresses are delivered from public platforms at two important centers in the city, as well as in other large cities of Argentina. That should give much needed information on the principles of labor to manual workers. There has grown up a resentment against Capital by the forces that represent Labor, which is injurious to Labor and Capital alike. If we are to have peace and escape the absolutism and civil chaos of communism, Capital and Labor must work co-operatively for mutual interests and for interests which lie beyond the boundary lines of both.



Col. Ernest K. Coulter has reported a decrease of 500 in the number of juvenile delinquencies brought to the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children of which he is manager. This decrease, it was stated at the last annual meeting of the organization, is due to the fact that many unemployed fathers have been able to give more supervision to their children. The report, if true, is not very complimentary to the mothers of the families concerned.



Shadows on Cedarcrest.

• BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

IV.—PHYLLIS IS PUZZLED.

"But do not think you can at all,
By knocking on the window, call
That child to hear you. He intent
Is all on his play-business bent.
He does not hear; he will not look,
Nor yet be lured out of this book.
For, long ago, the truth to say,
He has grown up and gone away,
And it is but a child of air
That lingers in the garden there."

Phyllis' voice lingered caressingly on the final syllables of the last poem in the book, and when it was finished, she laid the book aside, reluctantly. She was fond of poetry, and she had been delighted to find that Mrs. Carstairs liked it, too. The blind woman's book shelves were lined with volumes of verse, verse of every description. Much of it was beyond Phyllis' comprehension, but that she had not yet been called to read. Instead, Mrs. Carstairs had asked her for this, a well-thumbed, worn edition of Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses."

"Perhaps you'll think me in my second childhood, Phyllis," she said, with her luminous smile, "but I like children's poems. My little boy used to read those verses to me, long, long ago. He never got too old to enjoy them."

Perhaps Mrs. Carstairs was thinking of that little boy now, thought Phyllis. Her face, as the girl saw it there in the shadow, was wan and sad. She had dropped her head against the cushioned back of her chair, and her eyes were closed. How still she was! Was she asleep? What a darling little old lady she was! And how beautiful, with her snowy hair, which must once have been

jet black, so black were her brows and lashes, and so dark the lovely, sightless eyes. She was a tiny person, no taller than Phyllis, herself, with the same slim, patrician feet and hands. But she was not rosy and strong like Phyllis. She was like a frail, white anemone, clinging lightly to the hillside which was this world. A breath of harsh wind, and she would be gone.

She stirred now, and her dark lashes lifted; she was not asleep, then.

"Phyllis," said her low voice, "Phyllis, dear—you don't mind if I call you 'Phyllis'?"

"I love it," said Phyllis, honestly.

"It's a sweet name, and you're a sweet child. Tell me, Phyllis, have you ever lived in the country?"

"Oh, yes; on a sheep ranch in Australia. Perhaps that is not the country, as you know it."

"Australia?" in surprise. "Then you are not an American?"

"But I am. Or, rather, as my brother George says, 'I'm 'arf and 'arf.' My father was a native of the United States, living in Australia. He was orphaned, while still very young, and went to Australia to live with distant relatives. My mother is of Irish descent. Her home was in Sydney, New South Wales. But she, too, had relatives in Victoria, in the sheep and cattle country. They were the Morans, whose ranch neighbored my father's home. While spending a vacation with the Morans, my mother met my father. It was, I believe, what people call 'love at first sight.' Anyhow, they were married very shortly, and set up housekeeping out there. George, Thelma, and I were all born there."

"How very interesting! Child, you are quite a globe-trotter, and I, who am so much older, have never been outside the

United States. How did you happen to return here?"

"To the States? We came because of Mother's health. She has always suffered from a heart affection, and an illness which she suffered, when George was small, aggravated it. Life on the ranch was too strenuous for her. First we returned to Sydney, her old home. My father had a position there in my uncle's firm, and we stayed nearly a year. But she did not improve, and Daddy decided to come to the United States. There was a dear old friend here, a doctor, in whom he had great confidence."

"I see. And has this physician helped your mother?"

"Yes, indeed. Except for a siege of influenza, which gave her another backset, she would be much better. But now she is in a sanitarium, resting, and steadily improving in health. In another six or seven months she will be home with us, thank God! But why do you ask me if I have ever lived in the country, Mrs. Carstairs?"

"Because," the aged lips trembled, and the blind eyes filled with tears, "I was thinking of my old home—of the garden where my child played, and where I, too, played. My beautiful home, in the country—*Cedarcrest*! I ache for it. It would be so pleasant to go back there, now, just you and I, my dear, and a servant or two, to care for us. Hetty would be enough—if Deborah would spare her—for, of course, Thomas is always there to look after the fires and the grounds. Oh! I must go back to *Cedarcrest*. It will make me sad, for there are shadows resting on *Cedarcrest*. All the sorrows of my life came to me there. But it will make me happy, too, for all my happiness was there. The house and the garden is filled with memories. And, after all, what has old age but memories? Especially when it is blind, infirm old age. I have not long to live—"

"Oh, no!" cried Phyllis.

"I shock you, but it is true, child; and I do not mind. Just one thing has kept me alive through the years, hope—*forlorn, futile hope!* That hope which, 'long deferred, maketh the heart sick.' Of late I have resigned myself to the knowledge that my life's end is near at hand, but before I die, I want to go back to *Cedarcrest*."

"Why do you not go?" asked Phyllis, softly.

"Why not? Because they have opposed me,—Dalton and Deborah. They think I am foolish, to be mooning for the old place. It is not convenient for them to live out there. They do not like *Cedarcrest*. Dalton would have me sell the place, and be rid of it forever; but—I cannot. They have had a thousand excuses to keep me here, and I have been too weak to insist that I have my way. Later, I have thought. But some day there will be no 'later' for me. Phyllis," she sat erect, and a look of determination came over her face, "*I am going down to Cedarcrest*—and you shall go with me. This time they shall not move me from my resolve. Will you go down, please, and tell Deborah to come to me before she leaves the house this morning? And, Phyllis—" as the girl turned obediently to the door—"remember to bring up my mail, when you return."

Deborah Allen was in the library talking to her brother when Phyllis tapped at the door. How like were these two, and yet how unlike! There was a sameness of coloring and a likeness of feature. But whereas Dalton's features were molded in strong, sharp lines, Deborah's were modified to a weaker prettiness. Her nose was only slightly hawk-like, and there was nothing piercing about her dark eyes. Phyllis, during the short time she had been in the house, had caught only brief glimpses of Mrs. Allen, for the latter was filled with a restless fire, which took her hither and thither in a fever of frivol-

ity. The servants gossiped of an unhappy marriage—a youthful elopement with a groom from the Carstairs stables—a marriage which Dalton had ruthlessly trampled upon, hunting down his sister, and bringing her and her child back home. The young husband had disappeared. His name was never mentioned. And Mrs. Allen, the servants said, was afraid of her brother, Dalton. She had been seen to start and tremble when he spoke sharply to her. Whisperings, whisperings! Young as she was, Phyllis knew that not too much reliance should be placed in the gossip of servants. But this much she knew to be true—Mrs. Allen, as well as every other person in the house, obeyed the will of Dalton Carstairs.

"Mrs. Carstairs wishes to see you before you leave the house, Mrs. Allen."

Deborah Allen looked faintly surprised. "But I just came from Mother, less than an hour ago," she protested. "Must she see me, now?"

"She wishes it. I believe it is something about going down to Cedarcrest."

A nervous movement of Dalton Carstairs' hand sent a letter file crashing to the floor from his desk, and he gave voice to a black oath. "I thought we'd talked her out of that," he said hoarsely.

"I don't suppose we can, forever," said Deborah, wearily. "After all, Dalton, Mother is not a child. But it is certainly inconvenient to go, now—"

"Give her to understand it is entirely out of the question," said the man, curtly.

"But if I can't, Dalton? She has been thinking about this for a long time. I had a feeling, the last time we talked of it, that we should not be able to put her off much longer. She is so fond of Cedarcrest—and she is old. It is too bad not to humor her."

"I hate the place," said Dalton Carstairs, darkly,—"I *hate* it."

"I don't like it, either." Deborah

sighed. "Well—I suppose I must go up, and have it out with her. Will you wait for me, Dalton? I want to ride up town with you. Julia Seacroft will bring me home after the tea."

"Yes. Get along. And no giving in to her—remember."

Deborah, looking troubled, went away. Phyllis lingered, for she had been given no opportunity to ask for the mail, which lay on Mr. Carstairs' desk. Dalton nodded to her, curtly.

"What are you waiting for?"

Phyllis flushed at the rude tone. "Mrs. Carstairs would like to have her mail, please."

"I haven't looked it over. Just a moment." Quickly he ran through the envelopes, carefully examining the superscriptions on each letter before handing her some half dozen. Then, "That's another thing I forgot to mention, Miss Eaton," he said, "you are never, under any circumstances, to take the mail to Mrs. Carstairs, until I have sorted it. Do you understand?"

"But if she asks for it, and you are not here?"

"You will still leave the letters for me."

"Even if they are addressed to your mother?"

"Absolutely. You see, Miss Eaton," he seemed irritated by the need of explanation, "my mother is not well. She sometimes gets letters from queer people—cranks, and so on. Begging letters. Such people should not be allowed to upset her. So—I insist that I be allowed personally to inspect all mail before it is taken upstairs. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then don't stand there, gaping. Take these letters, and get out."

Raging within, Phyllis hurried out to the stairs. At their top she met Mrs. Allen, already coming down. Mrs. Allen looked perturbed—even frightened.

Phyllis sensed that Mrs. Carstairs had been firm in her decision to go down to Cedarcrest, and Deborah dreaded breaking the news to her brother. Going on to her employer's sitting room, the girl found Mrs. Carstairs happy and excited.

"Phyllis," she exclaimed, "I'm all aflutter with anticipation. Won't you run back to the library and bring up an armful of garden books and catalogues? I've been thinking about the garden—I know it must have been shamefully neglected. I'd like to have one of those new rock pools at the lower end. Please see what you can find about suitable plantings. I want a *blue* rose—Thomas will be delighted if I bring him a blue rose. Thomas is the gardener at home, Phyllis. He is a lovable old character, who had been in our family ever since I was a child. Every year he plants hundreds of tulips; and he has a passion for roses. Just think! it's almost spring; the snow will be going, and the lawns will be dotted with crocuses. When I was small, Hetty used to find them in the grass for me, and tell me their colors. Colors—oh! I've wished I could see *colors*, Phyllis. Crocuses must be beautiful. Jamie called them the 'grass babies.' Oh! I feel marvellously rejuvenated, just at the thought of going home. You'll love my country, Phyllis. In the spring it has the fragrance of Heaven."

"I brought your letters. Shall I wait to read them to you?"

"No. Oh, no! I'm too interested in more important things, just now. Hurry with the books, Phyllis."

"I'll fly," promised Phyllis, with a gay smile. She ran down the stairs, but, at the door of the library, she paused with her hand on the knob. Mr. Carstairs and Mrs. Allen were not yet gone. Dalton's voice, vibrant with anger, came out to her:

"She is an old fool—and you are an-

other. She can't go down there, I say."

"But she will. You will not move her this time, Dalton. You will defeat all your plans, if you try. She wants to be there to 'smell the lilacs in the spring and hear the song of the first robin'"—

"She's daffy!"

"She's homesick. We need not go along with her, Dalton. She says she can get along with one of the maids, or Mrs. Richards, and Miss Eaton."

"And leave her alone? You would do that—you, with not a brain in your head, or a thought of anything, except that brat and your tearing around." He cursed violently, terribly. Phyllis shrank away from the door. She had not meant to eavesdrop. The door of the small reception room across the hall was open, and she slipped into that room, and stayed there until she heard Deborah and Dalton emerge from the library and go outside. She listened until the car motor came to life in the street without, and then with a long breath of relief, she came forth from her hiding, and went after the magazines and books for which she had been sent.

Dalton Carstairs' half-burned cigar lay on the smoker, and the reminder of his late presence here caused Phyllis a shudder. What a dreadful person he was! Her first ill opinion of him was daily being strengthened by the things she saw and heard. And yet—she couldn't understand him, he was such a contradictory personality. When, morning and evening, he came into Mrs. Carstairs' room, he was kindness and consideration itself. He brought his step-mother flowers and candy, and when with her accorded her every deference. He seemed deeply concerned about her ill health. He even sought to spare her small annoyances by suppressing letters which might distress her. And yet, when he was alone with his sister, he called Mrs. Carstairs an "old fool," and cursed her—cursed the gentle, good blind

woman who, so Mrs. Richards said, furnished him and his sister with "their bread and butter."

"Peyton Carstairs didn't have a cent when he married Miss Mattie," the housekeeper had told Phyllis, in a burst of confidence. "He married her for her money. Everyone knew it. And Dalton Carstairs and Deborah Allen wouldn't have a roof over their heads, if it weren't for Miss Mattie. Certainly, Dalton has a business, but it's my private opinion that Miss Mattie has put more money into it for him than he's ever taken out of it for her."

Daily, Phyllis found this household queerer and more difficult to understand. There was something mysterious about Cedarcrest, too—this place in the country, which Mrs. Carstairs called "Home," and Mrs. Richards referred to as "the big house." There were "shadows on Cedarcrest," Mrs. Carstairs said. What kind of shadows? Why did Dalton Carstairs hate Cedarcrest as much as his stepmother loved it? And—here was another puzzling question: where was Mrs. Carstairs' little boy, Jamie—the boy who had loved Stevenson's verses, and played in the gardens of Cedarcrest? He could not be dead, or they would say so. Twice Phyllis had questioned Mrs. Richards about him, and twice the housekeeper had evaded the question. There was no one else whom she dared ask, no one whom she quite trusted. No one save Mrs. Carstairs, and Phyllis had a feeling that any question about Jamie would cause the blind woman pain. She could never hurt darling Mrs. Carstairs. Besides, there was that warning of Mrs. Richards—"see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing." But one could not help thinking and wondering.

Yes, there were many mysteries here, but what part could she, Phyllis, have in mystery and shadows? So long as she received her salary regularly, and everyone in the house treated her well, she could afford to ignore mysteries, and

even Dalton's rudeness. And as for Mrs. Carstairs—well, already Phyllis adored the little old lady. She could not do enough for her. And so, now, shaking off the feeling of depression which the hearing of the conversation in the library had given her, she gathered up the armful of garden books which she had been collecting, even while thus wrapped in thought, and went back upstairs to her pleasant duty.

(To be continued.)

Jim's Friend.

One will enjoy the following story told by a newspaper reporter. While in one of our larger cities he had stopped to have his shoes brushed by a frail-looking little boot-black. A big boy coming up, appeared to take the job away from the first boot-black. The reporter thought the big boy a bully and told him so in most emphatic terms, and ordered him to go away.

"Oh, that's all right, sir!" he replied, good-naturedly. "You see, poor little Jim's been sick in the hospital for more than a month, and we kids give him a lift whenever we can."

"That's right. How much percentage does he give?"

"Not a cent," answered the boy, with emphasis. "I'd like to see any feller sneak on a sick boy—I would!"

"Here," said the reporter; "take this quarter and divide up with Jim."

"Can't do it, sir. You're his customer. Here, Jim! You're in luck!"

Who shall say after this that our fallen world is wholly lost?

Our Mother.

BY T. E. B.

AS mother of her Saviour and her Lord
In Bethlehem the Virgin takes her place;
On Calvary transfixed with sorrow's sword
She is the mother of the human race.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Bodley list of new books includes "The Oxford Movement—a Layman's Estimate," by J. Lewis May. Mr. May is the author of the most recent biography of Cardinal Newman.

—"Pour Rire un Peu," by Charles Cloix (Editions Spes, Paris), is a volume of humor that reaches back to the ancient Greeks and comes down to the present. The newest of these stories seem to be the ones that Aristotle and Diogenes served their friends in Greece.

—Enrica von Hendel-Mazzetti, Catholic Austrian novelist, has been named as one of the recipients of the Golden Goethe Medal for distinguished service to Germany. The basis of the award in the case of Baroness von Hendel-Mazzetti was her contribution to the revival of interest in the great events in German history.

—The interest which people have taken in Matt Talbot, the pious Dublin workman, will probably be increased by the finding of some leaves from a private diary in his own handwriting. A man who often lent books to Matt Talbot discovered the remnant recently between the pages of a volume that had been returned shortly after the holy man's death.

—As a master of modern literatures, the late Professor Saintsbury had no illusions about their place in a training for true culture and scholarship. The *London Universe* gives a quotation made by the distinguished professor some thirty years ago: "As an ex-master of modern languages, I can say only this,—If you wish to destroy the teaching of English and all appreciation of form and style among the English people, then by all means replace the classics in your curriculum by modern languages."

—Catholics should be interested in "Joe Bailey" (The Last Democrat), by Sam Hanna Acheson. Those who had occasion to visit the Senate during the twenty-odd years when he was a power in that body, will hardly forget the courage and eloquence which characterized his leadership. That courage and eloquence

was more than ever in evidence when Mr. Bailey took the platform in his own State of Texas in open protest against the bigotry which arose during the Ku-Klux Klan period and the Al Smith candidacy. Mr. Bailey's life is full of interesting biographical material, and Mr. Acheson has made the most of it. Published by the Macmillan Co. Price, \$2.50.

—The Travellers Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, is doing a good work in publishing the statistics of automobile accidents and deaths in this country. Its latest publication, "They Call us Civilized," contrasts in a dramatic way the number of deaths resulting from automobile injuries in comparison with what have been considered the world's greatest tragedies of the past. In addition to warning us of the growing danger of the automobile, the booklet goes into detail on such valuable questions as the following: number of deaths by age groups; the value of license laws in safeguarding life; various factors affecting tire safety; hours and days upon which most auto accidents occur; the most common blunders in automobile driving; the influence of road and weather conditions on the accident rate, etc. Even though "They Call us Civilized" must be classed as a form of altruistic advertising it can be highly recommended, for by means of it The Travellers Insurance Company is performing a real service in the interests of street and highway safety.

—The Most Reverend Alban Goodier, S. J., has written a very interesting and useful book, "The Inner Life of the Catholic" (Longmans. \$2), in which he answers the question put to him by some non-Catholic friends, "What is the inner spirit of the Catholic Church." The person outside the Church has certain notions of the Catholic's life and belief which are frequently faulty. He sees only externals without understanding the inner spirit which animates and produces the external manifestations. It is to try and point out this inner spirit with the hope that this better understanding may bring increased light that

the Archbishop has written this volume. It deals with the question of God and man's relation to Him; of Christ and the Incarnation; with the Church and the Sacraments. But it is not done in a spirit of controversy, not to argue but rather to open the treasure house which the Catholic possesses and enjoys, and to make one feel how great are the riches of grace, and how lofty the supernatural character of the Christian who makes use of the good things of God. This should be a good volume to present to one who would "like to know more about the Catholic Church."

—A recent book on Russia, "Russia's Decisive Year," by Ellery Walter (Hutchinson, London), gives a picture of that country that is the more authentic from the fact that its author, a young American journalist, went to Soviet Russia in 1931 as a Communist sympathizer, armed with introductions to Bolshevik leaders, and left the country several months later, disillusioned and disgusted. He was treated kindly by the Russian officials and was allowed to travel about Russia without interference. But it is in just that fact lies the explanation of his disillusionment: he saw too much. "I had had three tremendous disillusionments," he writes—"First, when I learned that one could not send the truth out of the Soviet Union or tell the truth about the outside world in Russia. The second was when I found out that the peasants had been tricked by the Government, and were unhappy. The third was when I met Russia's leaders and learned that they were not altruists, but individuals interested in their own comforts and in a class snobbery equal to that of Romanov Russia. Professing an indifference to wealth, they strive ruthlessly for power." To judge from his experience, the only efficient industry in Soviet Russia is the gulling of foreign tourists; and one of the most gullible of them was Mr. Bernard Shaw.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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May they rest in peace!

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

MARCH.

SATURDAY, 4.—St. Casimir, King of Poland.
 SUNDAY, 5.—First of Lent. St. Hadrian, Bishop.
 MONDAY, 6.—St. Colette, Virgin.
 TUESDAY, 7.—St. Thomas Aquinas, C. D.
 WEDNESDAY, 8.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. John of God, C.
 THURSDAY, 9.—St. Frances of Rome, Widow.
 FRIDAY, 10.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. Macarius, Bishop.
 SATURDAY, 11.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. Constantine, King.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.


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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 4, 1933.

No. 9.

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For Three Saints.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

A HOLY Saint, a humble Saint,
Who taught and clothed and fed
And housed the little Son of God,
And earned His daily bread.
A zealous Saint, a green-robed Saint,
Well-loved on Irish Sod,
Who spent himself for souls, and led
A people up to God.
A learned Saint, a healing Saint,
Whose words are living long
To honor God, to guide the weak,
And fortify the strong.
The centuries pass swiftly by;
But swift years cannot dim
The glory of three friends in Heaven,
Three Saints who lived for Him!



A Few Souvenirs of Cardinal Van Rossum, C. SS. R.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

WE do not wish to allow the great figure of Cardinal van Rossum to fade into the past, where, indeed, it will never disappear, without trying to recall certain of its features. A Redemptorist who has for many years lived in the intimacy of the Prefect of Propaganda, shared his labors, and has for him filial veneration and affectionate gratitude, confided in a familiar talk certain recollections. We are glad to transcribe them here.

"Cardinal van Rossum," he said, "must truly be considered as the second founder of the Propaganda: he has, indeed, transformed it and renewed its missionary spirit. In my humble opinion he is the most remarkable Prefect possessed by the Propaganda in its three hundred years of existence. When Benedict XV. showed his intention of confiding this charge to him, the Reverend Father van Rossum was overwhelmed. 'Holy Father,' he said, 'I beg of you, spare me this heavy task; I am too old; I am not well up in missionary affairs!'"

"But the Holy Father remained firm. After a fervent prayer he said: 'We need the Reverend Father van Rossum,' and said it with an accent which gave the impression of a supernatural intuition of the immense good which would be the outcome of this choice.

"The holy religious submitted to the divine will thus manifested, and immediately began to work. He began by reading up the subject with the conscientiousness he always showed in the fulfilling of duty. It was soon seen that things had changed at the Propaganda. The officials had felt such a vigorous breath of apostolic spirit pass over them that they could not resist its impulse. The most far-away apostolic vicars—missionaries lost on the outskirts of the globe, realized that a new apostolic flame had been kindled at Rome and that its rays reached even to them. Changes were made in the staff: indeed, it was necessary either to follow the

movement or to give place to those more competent and of more generous activity. In spite of occasional hurt feelings, as was only to be expected, both the central and missionary staff were renewed, if not actually, at least in heart and mind, and worked more happily. One could say of the Cardinal what the Psalmist says of the sun: *Non est qui se abscondat a calore ejus.*

"There is nothing like the heart and will of a true chief to get things going. The Prefect was everywhere, either in person, or by delegates he had established. He visited personally the nearest missionary territories, not hiding the fact that, had it been possible, he would have liked to go to China. The Propaganda became his work—his beloved work. He consecrated to it all his time, all his resources, all his life. We lived in such poverty that at times it was painful. In my position as *econome* of the house, I wondered sometimes how I should manage to make both ends meet. In opening his will, I understood the reason for his strict economy. I cannot reveal the amount he left to the Propaganda, but it meant wonderful sacrifice. The least favored missionary, as far as worldly goods are concerned, can say that his chief, while hiding his courageous self-denial from his friends, had gained the right of both preaching to him and imposing sacrifice on him."

At this moment the eyes of my informant filled with tears, and he added: "The Cardinal is a saint, and one could, if one wished, introduce his Cause. And I say that not out of a mere feeling of filial piety or gratitude, but in sincere conviction. I know, moreover, that supernatural favors have been attributed to his prayers. You will not be surprised if you think of the deeply religious spirit which animated him, and the constant, heroic energy he must have employed, to be faithful to the end to his habits of fervent piety. He rose

each day at four o'clock at the latest, dressed and shaved himself with a rapidity which would have been astonishing in a young man, and before half-past four he was in his oratory beginning his Office and his pious exercises, and awaiting his colleagues. At five o'clock he made his half-hour's meditation followed by Holy Mass with half-an-hour's thanksgiving. He then took his breakfast rapidly, and by 6:50 he was at his desk which he only left about half-past twelve for the Particular Examen and dinner.

"After the meal, followed by ten minutes recreation, the Cardinal betook himself again to prayer and work. From 5 to 7 p. m. he received people. Then came evening meditation and supper, followed by a little more recreation and evening prayers. At nine o'clock the Cardinal retired to his room where he finished his night prayers. Nothing was neglected in the observance of the Rule which the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer imposes on its religious, not even penitential exercises which he performed regularly—heroic faithfulness to a Rule from which many others in his place would have considered themselves lawfully dispensed. The most absorbing work admitted of no relaxation from the implacable order of the day. *Ordo ducit ad Deum*, said St. Augustine. Is it not by this wisely ordered existence that the venerable Prefect of Propaganda has been able to multiply his activities and suffice for his immense task?

"One day, however, this activity seemed to relax. After great suffering in health, the Cardinal began in 1928 to rise an hour later. But this respite did not last, and at the end of a year we were astonished to see him resume his habit of four o'clock rising. During this period of relative repose his energy seemed to have been renewed.

"He made his annual retreats, as the Rule of the Most Holy Redeemer

demands, for ten full days, in absolute solitude and strict silence. A double watch was kept at the entrance to the house and on the first floor, preventing visitors from reaching him. For his retreat meditations he always used the works of St. Alphonsus. Once to my knowledge he used another book, and afterwards remarked: 'In the end nothing is equal to St. Alphonsus; I shall come back to him for the future.' I have the note-book of the Cardinal's retreats; the meditations are inscribed in that beautiful writing which we admire, with the indication of the volume of St. Alphonsus from which they were taken.

"St. Alphonsus! how he loved him, honored him, studied him, preached him! Among his papers were found several small works on the holy Doctor, which we propose to publish. In order to understand how much he loved our holy Founder, we should need to know all the history of Scala during these last years. Fortunately his correspondence on this subject has been kept. It forms an enormous manuscript.

"Cardinal van Rossum suffered much. One easily attributes iron health to those whom one sees always working. But we who have known him intimately can guess his daily sufferings. He suffered also in his heart, in his soul, and this by the very fact of his office and of the heavy responsibility it laid on him. One would have thought him cold and unfeeling, but we who know him realize that this apparent coldness was above all the result of his great self-control and an effect of virtue rather than of temperament."

May these brief notes contribute to make this great, energetic, pious contemplative and apostolic soul better known! May they help to make appreciated the services which the eminent Cardinal has rendered to the Church, not only by his untiring devotion to the work of the Propaganda, but by his high virtue and noble example!

Building up Carfax.*

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

IX.

IT seemed to Anthony—his mind very alert lately on the question of Thurston and its inhabitants—that there was some little prejudiced feeling lurking in the heart of Miss Burnham, against Maydon-cum-Thurston.

Whether it was Maydon or Thurston, whether she had adapted herself to the local jealousy of Milford for its neighbors, or whether it was just that Maydon appeared to her as it did to most people, except its oldest inhabitants, a dull little picturesque village, he could not say, but there it was.

She and Mrs. Adams had exchanged calls once, or at most, twice a year, but beyond that, as she explained to Anthony when he questioned her about neighbors; beyond that there was no house to visit at Maydon; and these days, she said, she paid fewer visits than ever.

He let too long a moment pass before he said, with rather simulated indifference:

"What about the Carfaxes?"

Aunt Mary had given him one quick glance from her shrewd kindly eyes, and continued her embroidery.

"What about the Carfaxes?" she repeated; and perhaps hesitated a little. "It's what the county has been saying for a century. They have ceased to be the Carfaxes in one sense of the word. There is a—an industrious farmer at Thurston whose name is Carfax. But 'the Carfaxes'—no, they don't exist."

She seemed to want to say more, but instead she looked a little grim and

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The Carfax family, once Catholic, but now Protestant, was in disfavor at Thurston because of the life of John Carfax's father, who died of drink. John sent his daughter, Peggy, to a Catholic convent from which she had now returned. Though John went regu-

dropped her thimble. Anthony pursued it along the parquet floor, and wasted a little time disputing its possession with the kitten that had ravished it at the first stop by a rug.

When it was at last restored to Aunt Mary, who had watched the battle with amusement, he sat down exactly opposite her, and proceeded to aim at his bull's-eye. Miss Burnham just glanced at him as he took a chair so close to her; and perhaps something in the steady brown eyes fixed on her, reminded her of her brother Francis,—and then of her father, when there was a family trial and the culprit had been brought to justice. No beating about the bush. Did you or did you not? Yes or no.

"It sounds like the most appalling snobbery on the part of the county! But for you to say the Carfaxes don't exist makes me have to—well, almost readjust my opinion of your Christian charity, Aunt Mary. What's wrong with the Carfaxes?"

It seemed almost as if she were a child again and was listening to the parental voice, and for a moment she kept her eyes busy on her embroidery. There was a little twinkle in them that belied the firm set of the lips.

"Well, my dear," she said at last, carefully cutting a fresh thread of silk with her little stock scissors, "If an apple tree in the orchard gives no fruit and doesn't take after its kind, it's best out of the orchard."

But Anthony was not going to be put off with metaphors of that sort.

"That's no answer, my dear Aunt. Remember I don't know local history, but from what I've heard, Carfax seems

to me to have been a most productive tree for any orchard."

Miss Burnham's mind worked a little slowly, and she was rather given to being satisfied with opinions formed in her younger days, when, as she said to herself, her mind was more vigorous, her judgment sounder, and her views moulded on the precepts of the worthy parent whose word had been the law—but not the prophets—in his home as in his regiment. She laid her work down. Apparently Tony must be attended to.

"What do you want to know? I know so little about these people. Carfax has been a name for trouble ever since I can remember. The man's father drank himself to death. There were queer stories about his mother. My mother once went to see her in the kindness of her heart—a saint: your grandmother. And she was not admitted. A boy—this Carfax—held the door fast and repeated over and over again, 'You can't come in, you can't come in!' No coaxing would move him."

"Poor little beggar!"

"It was some years later when your Uncle Bernard's tutor met the boy by accident reading in the Public library at Milford. He was struck by his intelligence, and they used to talk and go for walks together. That was the reason my mother got those classes together. A few friends' sons during the long vacation, and one or two others the tutor suggested as making less of a contrast between poor young Carfax and—and our friends."

Anthony leaned back in his chair, his hands in his pockets.

"By Jove! Where did the Carpenter's

larly to the Protestant church on Sunday there was something mysterious about him; he took no part in the life of the town. A schoolmate of Peggy's, Petrea, learning that Peggy's home was near to the house where she was visiting, asked to visit her. Through that visit, Anthony Burnham, a nephew of

Mother Veronica who taught Peggy at the convent, became acquainted with the family, and told Peggy that Mother Veronica would soon come to Thurston. This caused great joy in the heart of Peggy, and disturbance in the mind of her mother, who had a real fear of Catholics.

Son come in in all this. Probably if He had come to the house, He would have been told to wipe His feet well, and wait on the mat till the Squire had finished his lunch; and the butler would have kept a wary eye on the sticks and umbrellas. Well—and then? Then you must have known him in those days—since which you’ve dropped him. Wasn’t he any good?”

Aunt Mary’s eyes behind her spectacles were openly regarding her brown-faced, inquisitive nephew with interest now.

“Now, look here, Tony, you’re not a boy. I heard what the girls had to say about Petrea’s schoolfellow, and I heard Sandy’s ravings, though they were as ardent over the honey and plum cake as over this Carfax girl’s beauty. But anyway—too much interest in that direction would be disastrous—disastrous, my dear.”

She expected perhaps to see Anthony look annoyed, or at least a little self-conscious. But he continued to lean back in his chair which was slightly tilted, and to gaze steadily into her anxious face. Her words seemed to bring before him for the first time the fact that he was perhaps rather interested in these people—people? Well, in that rather fine young pair, brother and sister.

“As you say, my dear Aunt, I’m not a boy, and the lady young Sandy sings about has hardly left school, so we can discuss the Carfaxes without fear of marriage bells, which I see are threatening your peace of mind. I think I asked you why you all dropped Carfax after those classes?”

It was really annoying how Tony would talk about the man. It was so long ago, and “the man” had made it so easy to forget him, so impossible to cultivate him.

“Mr. Trent, the tutor, wasn’t always a good judge of men. There was a man, a young man, named Preston,—rather a betwixt and between—who came too.

His father was a lawyer at Milford then; it was later he became a member of a very good firm—but he changed all that. Anyway, my dear,—well—they all thought they were in love with your Aunt Margaret—”

She dropped her scissors, purposely, to give herself a little time.

It was not suitable—not “convenable,” as the French would say,—to speak of those light-hearted, gay days of a professed religious. Not that there had ever been anything but innocent gaiety. Mary Burnham knew that there had always been, deep in her own heart, a little faint tinge of sisterly jealousy—that Margaret’s warm-hearted generosity had been—well, well!—in contrast to her caution. She was a ripping companion—I never thought about her good looks in my pinafore days, but I’m not surprised others appreciated it.

Anthony had retrieved the scissors, and was back on his tilted chair.

“We were all of us sorry for the Carfax boy, but Margaret never did things by halves. Mr. Trent had had the greatest difficulty in getting him to come. It was your Uncle Bernard who really trapped him—by some carvings Mr. Trent had spoken of; and after that, Bernard could do anything with him—he always could. So he came, in his shabby, old clothes he had long outgrown—unhappy, shy, and, dear me, how thin he was—but such fine glowering eyes!”

She laid her work down and placed her folded hands on it. How it all came back to her, those days! There had been such stirring talk after the lectures, such a give and take of views, such contradictions!

“And then?” Tony reminded her.

“Well, Margaret was passionately sorry for the lonely boy—only a little older than herself—but with tragedy in his eyes, and suspicions of friendliness. It was so new to him. She and Bernard laid themselves out to befriend him. He

had read an amazing amount of good, bad and indifferent writers, and was suffering mental indigestion at not being able to assimilate them. Though I do remember one afternoon was spent in listening to him and Bernard arguing on the—the—" She stopped an instant to remember—"yes the Helvetius' theory that the end of all philosophies was only to overthrow thrones and kingdoms."

Anthony had to let the old lady take her time. He murmured, "Some youth!" Aunt Mary nodded.

"He had not heard much about the *Précieux*, but had some original and useful things to say about the Encyclopedists. At least we thought so at the time."

She was silent for a few minutes, and her nephew did not interrupt her thoughts. Old forgotten things were creeping back into her memory.

"The boy had—I say boy, but he was a young man—almost a child in some ways; he had no religion, as was to be expected, unless what Margaret said was true, that he believed in an offended and wrathful God who had hidden His face from the Carfax breed. I believe she and Bernard tried to convert him, but nothing came of it. Young Preston made himself objectionable too, to Carfax. He hated him, and never missed a chance of snubbing him."

"This Preston lad seems to have been a good deal more out of the picture than Carfax," remarked Anthony.

"He was rather, but your grandfather had had legal dealings with his father, and he had been asked by the man to let his son come. Well—the red-headed youth—dear me, what red hair he had!—we heard later how he used to taunt young Carfax with his family skeletons; and of course he knew that the boy, like all of them, was in love with Margaret. Then one day Preston annoyed Margaret beyond bearing, and Bernard sent him about his business,

and he never came back—my father didn't interfere in that affair."

"Where was my father, Francis, not to be there to help him out of the door with his boot?"

Aunt Mary smiled.

"In India, my dear—and you on the seas coming to us. Well, a few days after that, there came into your grandfather's hands—never Margaret's, thank goodness—a love letter written in the most shocking bad taste as was to be expected, from Carfax himself. Poor father—how he raged! He poured fury and contempt on the boy—and he too, was dropped. Your Aunt Margaret never knew, of course; and from that day to this I have never seen the man—nor do I much want to."

She began to fold up her work. Tea would be coming in in a few minutes, and she had a note to write, but she glanced at Anthony to see if the history of "the Carfax man" had impressed him in the right way. He was staring out of the window, a puzzled frown on his face.

"And that same night, young Preston was nicely mauled and beaten in the woods. It was known that Carfax had fought him, but curiously enough Preston never had him up for assault, and Carfax took a pleasure in showing himself in Milford those days, with his horrid scarred hands that had done it."

It was then that Anthony stopped staring out of the window.

"Did Carfax admit the letter?" he asked, a little roughly.

Aunt Mary shrugged her shoulders.

"He didn't get the chance. It was your Uncle Bernard who told me that your grandfather only raged at him, after having read aloud the letter; and that the young man stood looking miserable and guilty before him without one word of apology or repentance. Bernard tried to get hold of him again, but never could—and it was about then that your uncle's last illness began."

Anthony made an impatient sound. The whole thing seemed so obvious. Given a mean-minded man of the Preston breed, given jealousy and a desire to traduce the friendless son of a worthless father, what more likely than that Preston had written the letter in Carfax's name?

But why hadn't the fellow denied it?

"What a storm in a teacup! Why, even hearing of it after all these years, and never having seen either of the men, it hits one in the eye—the obviousness that Preston wrote it—and hence his gruelling. If he accused Carfax, the whole meanness of his forgery would come out. No wonder he lay low."

But he was surprised to see Miss Burnham's calm pale face become suddenly flushed. She stood staring at him with troubled, almost angry eyes.

"Bernard used to say that too, but he was ill, and he had had a great affection for Carfax; and father, your grandfather, would never listen to a word on the subject. He disliked the boy's father, and though little Father Page used to argue with him, he always said it was a bad breed since they'd forsworn the Faith."

Ah, yes! Anthony had forgotten that ancient bit of history.

As the two left the room by the long open windows, to saunter in the garden for a few minutes before tea arrived, Miss Burnham tried to talk about the roses, and how the gardener wasted the leaf manure, and how the ivy was getting too thick on the house. Anthony followed her remarks and replied as intelligently as the occasion demanded, but he rather hoped she would come back to the subject of their conversation.

He recalled to himself the face of the man he had passed near Thurston farm. Not a doubt about it, it must have been Carfax; and Anthony knew he had been pleasantly impressed—not only by the kindly, austere face and the glance of those steady eyes, but by the man's

voice. And he had never doubted but that the man was one of his own kind—his own class.

The Carfaxes don't exist! He tucked his hand into the old lady's arm, and she smiled happily and patted it.

"Dear Tony—such joy having you! Have you got any plans for to-morrow? Otherwise we might make a few calis in the neighborhood."

Anthony's brown face wrinkled into a smile, and Aunt Mary had a sudden feeling as she smiled back at him, that before long some one would be falling in love with her handsome nephew, and then it would be a case of her losing him. She must make the most of him. Still, she hoped to make a match between him and Isabel Mefford—they seemed to get on well together—and it would be a good match from every point of view.

"I thought you didn't make calls, you exclusive old lady of contradictions," he said, giving her arm a little shake, and she laughed suddenly.

"I don't—but now I've got a beau cavalier to escort me I'm ready for the warpath, or, perhaps I should say, the primrose path. Well—where shall we begin? The Hartingtons haven't gone to Scotland this year, we might get them in and come back by Tesford. I want to ask if they know exactly when your Aunt Margaret is expected."

Anthony groaned. Paying calls was anathema to his male mind, but there was one call he wanted her to make, so perhaps he could bargain with her.

"You couldn't bring yourself to call on the Carfaxes, I suppose? I'm sure that those two young Carfaxes I met the other day couldn't be what they are if their parents weren't all right. What about it, Aunt Mary J. P.?"

To call her Aunt Mary J. P. was the last word in delicate wit, and always pleased her. She had only recently been appointed a justice of the peace, but she had already proved herself an acqui-

tion to the Bench at Milford. His pertinacity a little ruffled her, but she smiled.

"My dear, I think he might well consider it an impertinence on my part to call and see him and his wife after all these years. It's vexatious that Isabel had that girl staying with her,—the Carfax girl's schoolfellow—otherwise all this question would never have come up. I've heard more of them and their affairs in the last week than I've heard in the last ten years."

"Nemesis, my dear Aunt—or a dispensation of Providence to warn you to repentance! Come along—I see signs of tea. There's old Wakes trying to catch our eye to save himself coming out to tell us."

But Miss Burnham J. P. being a good Catholic was not going to be intimidated by Nemesis, nor could she allow anyone but her confessor to discuss her shortcomings.

"Repentance—what about?"

Nephew and aunt looked each other squarely in the face.

"By Jove! you know—for the honor of the family, the sooner we straighten out things the better! It seems to me that we very badly kicked a lame dog. I mean to get to know Carfax, but he will be perfectly justified in showing me the door when I go to Thurston."

Rather to his surprise, Aunt Mary only sniffed.

"Well, don't tell me what you're going to do—I'd rather know when it's done. I can't call—but if there's any hatchet about, I'll pay the funeral expenses."

Miss Burnham, having forgotten a local Committee meeting, had to give up the projected drive for that day, but she enjoined Anthony to call at the convent to inquire about Mother Veronica's expected arrival.

It was the first time he had ever entered the grounds, though he had driven past the gates constantly. But a

pleasant sense of the peace and beauty of some hidden garden, the quiet of some cool forest, seemed to meet him as, leaving his car by the lodge, he followed a small footpath the porter had indicated was a shorter cut, leading through the wooded grounds, part of which sloped down to a small stream.

It was very quiet, being the holidays. In the distance, beyond some yew hedges, he could see a few of the Sisters sitting or walking about. One of them was pushing an elderly or infirm religious in a light bath-chair, but a sharp turn in the path hid them. He glanced up at the grey old house, with its quaint little un-English turrets at the four corners, and the great spreading cedar tree by the fine porch. From where he was, the more modern additions could not be seen, nor the chapel that had been built when the original French Community, exiled by their Government, had bought the house. And presently he was waiting in a little cool parlor shut off by glass-windowed doors from a large salon soberly furnished, with three long windows, shaded by rush blinds. He had asked for the Reverend Mother, as Aunt Mary had told him to do. She would know and tell him everything. She knew Aunt Mary very well, and would be pleased to see him.

And then the door had opened and she had come in. Medium height, and he would imagine slight. She shut the door quietly, and turned, smiling, to greet him. A woman of about—well, he could not guess her age—with that clear, rose-leaf complexion that so many religious have. But it was not that that struck him at once. It was the smiling serenity of her eyes—or no, it was the tender austerity of her beautiful face. She must have been lovely.

She held out two fine hands. "What a kind thing to do to come and see your Aunt so soon!"

He had taken her hands in his because she held them out, and he bent quickly

to kiss the Mother Superior's hand—that was *en règle*—but—

"She has arrived, then, Reverend Mother?" he said, straightening himself, doubtful—not sure, if—

"But yes, my dear! Of course, you couldn't remember me,—you were dear Tumbling Tony when you saw me last! But sit down, and let me look at you!"

Her voice suddenly woke something up in Anthony's heart—or his mind. He stood staring down at her with a smile on his brown face.

"But—good gracious, Aunt Margaret; are you the Mother Superior?"

She nodded as she motioned to him to sit down, and took a chair beside him.

"Alas, yes, Tony—so say many prayers for me and for us all! Now tell me—"

And the two sat talking in the little room, Mother Veronica chiefly listening, laughing occasionally in a quiet ripple of pleasure that took him back to the woods and meadows of Four Orchards, asking him about Barakpore that was now sold, about his stay in England, about the improvements Aunt Mary wanted him to carry out, about Aunt Mary herself. And then some one had tapped at the door, and there was a Sister to say that visitors awaited the Reverend Mother in such and such a parlor. As the door closed gently again they both got up.

"Talking of Barakpore, I met a girl the other day—an old pupil of yours,—who described the whole place to me, as well as my juvenile misdemeanors—" he began, picking up his hat. An amused laugh came from the Mother.

"That could only be little Margaret Carfax! She loved everything to do with India. How is she? If you see her, give her my love. She will be sure to come and see me!"

He wanted so much to say, do *you* hate the whole Carfax breed, but of course he couldn't.

"I have so often wondered if people

are kinder to them? It used to be rather a tragic family." She looked up questioningly into her nephew's face, and Anthony suddenly felt that here was the woman—just as she had been the girl—to straighten out things—a woman whose citizenship was in heaven in a very special degree, but whose ambassadorial rights in this mortal world gave her an unassailable authority and dignity.

"I've only heard about them in the last week, and met by accident the girl and her brother. Aunt Mary seems prejudiced." They were moving to the door, but before he left he wanted to get an idea of her views. She smiled at his words.

"Dear Mary! When the child was here I tried to get her to see them, but she wouldn't. It rests with you, Tony. I thought the mother, Mrs. Carfax, was a very gentle, sweet, little woman, but shy, and very afraid of us all."

Anthony hooted quite a tune as he sped along the straight high road where there was no sign of immediate traffic. Here was his old comrade of the days of daring and adventure! Here was a woman who—like he did—aimed at and, he'd wager, hit the bull's-eye every time! A woman, and more than a woman now, "for us men and for our salvation." She couldn't have failed to make her mark on that girl—oh, well, on all her pupils, of course.

By Jove! What on earth was he hooting in that holiday fashion for?

And here was the turn to Thurston. He gave another hoot as he took the corner. When Reverend Superiors expressed their wishes and said, "It rests with you," the thing had best be done at once and without further delay. Even Aunt Mary had said,

"Tell me when it's done."

And besides, he had promised her he would let her know when Mother Veronica was expected.

(To be continued.)

The Reckoner.

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

GOD sows His seed at dawning,
 God reaps His fields at night.
 (The Reaper has two wounded hands
 All piteous to the sight.)
 God binds His sheaves for storing
 Among the heavenly sheaves.
 (All thoughtful is the Binder
 Whose tender heart still grieves.)
 God makes His reckoning at last
 On left hand and on right.
 (All joyous is the Merciful;
 His eyes like suns are bright.)

Frederic Ozanam.

BY CHARLOTTE M. MEAGHER.

(Conclusion.)

IT were well here to turn for a moment to the consideration of the inner springs, the forces which made the man what he was. His Catholic philosophy gives the key to his life and work. He held within his soul the largeness of view, the breadth of spiritual vision which is the rightful heritage of the Christian, and he kept it unsullied by the world. Nothing surprised him—faith or superstition, civilization's advance or decay, the inheritances of the past or the auguries of the future; each fell into its place in the pattern. As in his own life, so in the life of the world, he recognized the workings of Divine Providence. Even his own beloved France might be deprived of her faith: she had been Eldest Daughter of the Church, but would she be permitted to continue in the rôle? Carthage had once her exalted place. Was France deserving to lose her dower?

His own experiences alone would have taught him generosity to the doubter. "When one has passed through the sufferings of doubt, one would feel it a

crime to treat harshly those unhappy ones to whom God has not yet granted the grace of believing," he wrote. He trembled at the doings of those within the Fold who by their vehemence stirred up passions. "Assuredly when Christians embark on the painful service of controversy, it is with the firm will to serve God and to gain the hearts of men. We must not, therefore, compromise the holiness of the cause by the violence of the means."

Of a piece with this was his message to a Jew who had lately entered the Church: "When one has the happiness to become a Christian, it is a great honor to have been born an Israelite, to feel oneself the son of those patriarchs and prophets whose utterances are so beautiful that the Church has found nothing finer to place on the lips of her children. . . . So great is the bond between the two Testaments that the Redeemer Himself had no name dearer to Him than Son of David." Lacordaire said of Ozanam that he was gentle to all men and just towards error. His special gift, one eminently suited to the needs of his time, is covered by those three words—*just towards error*.

As a teacher he was painstaking and patient. In his world there was room for the poor of mind as well as the poor of body. As an examiner, however, he was all rigor; and if his candidate happened to be a seminarian he was severity itself. "Your very dress, Monsieur, compels us to be more exacting. When one has the honor to wear the livery of the priesthood, one should not lightly expose it to a similar disgrace," was the young professor's rebuke to an ecclesiastical student who had failed in his examination. The world had a right to expect much from Catholics because of their profession that actions are bound up with faith.

With all his talents, Ozanam had no ambitions for monetary success. Even in his early youth he had no aspirations

toward either the making of money or the accumulation of it. He had, nevertheless, a natural desire for security of position, the ordinary comforts of life for wife and child, and ability to travel. "I often thank God," he wrote in his youth, "for placing me in one of those positions on the confines of indigence and independence where one is inured to privations without being absolutely shut out from enjoyments; where one runs no risk of becoming stultified by the indulgence of every wish, and where, on the other hand, one is not distracted by the clamorings of want."

Dear as security was to him, it was with no trembling hand that he held the scales when one side contained his faith and his early consecration to a mission. In the whirlwind which was eddying about his Sorbonne colleague, Lenormant, Ozanam wrote: "Alas, what an amount of harm is done in the world through the inconsistency and faint heartedness of good people! For my part I shall do my best to prevent my cause being separated from Lenormant's. So long as his lectures are disturbed I shall continue to attend them, and use all my influence with a certain number of young men to recruit the audience." It was a difficult place. His attitude might be construed as disloyalty to his university; it might mean his resignation. His courage, however, upheld his popularity. Together they gave inspiration to his fellow Catholics of France.

In politics Ozanam was an enthusiastic republican. His forty years, begun just before Waterloo, fell in large part under the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., although he lived to see Louis Philippe deposed and the second republic set up under Napoleon III. Through all these ascendancies when Legitimists, or Royalists, or Imperialists might be carrying the day, Frederic Ozanam clung to his avowed republicanism. But it was an ideal republican-

ism,—the republicanism of the Commonwealth of Israel, the republicanism of Dante, who "shakes feudalism to its base."

The Christian republics of the Middle Ages seemed to him the ideals of government. "Perhaps the instinct of a theocratic commonwealth ran in the blood of a Hozannam by direct inheritance," comments Cardinal Manning. To Ampère, travelling on this side of the Atlantic, Ozanam wrote his admiration of the "calm and well-disciplined democracy of America." Americans, he believed, would "probably realize the political ideal to which, in my opinion, modern society is tending."

"I love liberty, and I have served it; and I believe that it is to the Gospel that we owe liberty, equality and fraternity," he wrote at the end of his life. He held that a true democracy of liberty, equality and fraternity is possible only in a truly Christian society; hence the necessity of developing a truly Christian people, and hence logically, his own self-imposed mission. It must have taken all Ozanam's breadth of vision and of sympathy to enable him to understand how his ardent republicanism caused him to be misjudged by many of his fellow Catholics to whose devotion to tradition the very word carried connotations of disloyalty and irreligion. He, however, was able to discern the pattern beneath the surface. "God scatters us under hostile camps," he wrote, "that there may not be in this society, all broken into parties, a single faction where a few at least shall not invoke and bless God the Saviour."

His social philosophy branched from the same stem as his politics. The people and the world were to be saved by religion and her handmaiden, democracy. "God did not make the poor. . . . It is human liberty that makes the poor; it is that which dries up the two primitive fountains of wealth by allowing intelligence to be quenched by ignorance and

will to be weakened by misconduct." His inherent sense of justice taught him that every human being has an obligation to labor and a corollary dignity attained therein. He liked to go back to the example of Christ and His Apostles at labor, and to cite St. Paul at Corinth circumventing the possibility of eating bread not earned by the sweat of the brow.

From his twin-topped tower of liberalism and Christianity, Ozanam was given a larger view than fell to many of his contemporaries. He looked behind him and saw forces arrayed for conflict: "A struggle is preparing between the classes, and it threatens to be terrible; let us precipitate ourselves between these hostile ranks so as to deaden the shock if we cannot prevent it." He looked around him and wrote to Lallier: "The question which agitates the world to-day is not a question of *political forms*, but a *social* question; if it be the struggle of those who have nothing against those who have too much . . . our duty as Christians is to throw ourselves between these irreconcilable enemies . . .; to make charity accomplish what justice and law *alone* can never do." He looked before him and saw on the one hand what appeared to him as despotism, on the other what was to him only communism. But the spirit of Christianity hovered over all, and must be brought down to all. "Do away with misery, Christianize the people, and you will make an end of revolutions," he wrote during the upheaval of 1848. His thoughts were of France, but the eddies have widened since he wrote. The implications are obvious.

Ozanam was not the man to rest on theories, though it was often said of him that he was an impractical idealist. Night schools and other public classes for the unemployed were of his planning. And in the "Ere Nouvelle" he exhorts the clergy: "Priests of France, be not offended at the freedom of speech

which a layman uses in appealing to your zeal as citizens! . . . The time is come when you must go and seek those who do not send for you; who, hid away in the most disreputable neighborhoods, have perhaps *never known the Church or the priest or even the name of Christ.*"* Upon the well-to-do he urges generosity: "During the first days of a revolution, the limits of which no one could foretell, you were justified in thinking of your children and husbanding the provision that the chances of exile and spoliation necessitated. But foresight has its limits, and He who taught us to pray for our daily bread nowhere advises us to secure to ourselves ten years of luxury. Spend," he adds; "do not deny yourselves legitimate amusements at a moment when they may be meritorious; perform almsdeeds by furnishing work as well as help." These are words for all time. Ozanam had small patience with the cannot-afford type. He himself placed his contributions in his budget; so much was set aside each week for charity, and he knew definitely what he could and could not afford, though it is hard to believe that he never broke his barriers.

Like other great and saintly souls, Frederic Ozanam was delightfully human. He was interested in all about him, no matter where his lot was cast. He gave devotion to his friends and won love from them. When he was unable to see them he held them by his letters. To all who knew him his gaiety was a source of joy; but that this gaiety had its obverse of depression was known only to himself and to his intimates. His biographer, Kathleen O'Meara, insists on the word *découragement* as the only one which adequately describes his frequent lowness of spirits. His fiery eloquence would indicate a complete lack of diffidence, and his genuine simplicity

* One is reminded here of "Le Christ dans la Banlieue," by Pierre Lhande, S. J., Paris: Librairie Plon.

of heart would likewise argue against it; but it is said that he never lost the momentary nervousness which attacked him at the beginning of a speech. He inevitably would conquer the diffidence, and terminate leaving his hearers spell-bound and entirely oblivious of his opening struggle. "A mixture of solidity with young and ardent enthusiasm," was Lacordaire's estimate of Ozanam.

It might be said of Ozanam that he had two great spiritual passions—Dante and charity. Literature was his first mistress, and one whom he never deserted. His vow of gratitude for faith regained was to be accomplished through his writings; his first trip to Italy was made memorable by its gift of his Dante inspiration; his discourse for his Doctor of Letters degree, with Dante as its subject, was planned to be expanded into a larger treatise. From his youth this end and aim was never lost to his vision, and as a result he left to the world eleven volumes of serious historico-philosophical works, largely the developments of his Sorbonne lectures which had been prepared with the permanent works in mind. The philosophy of history was his favorite study: his place in life gave him the opportunity to dedicate himself to this study, and in return he hoped to give to Christianity the results of his researches.

Outstanding among his writings is his "Civilization in the Fifth Century," a work crowned by the French Academy and awarded the prize for the best literary effort of its year. "It is the doctrine of progress by Christianity that I attempt to bring back as consolation in these unquiet days," he wrote of this treatise; and its preface he opens thus: "I purpose writing the literary history of the Middle Ages from the Fifth Century to the close of the Thirteenth, up to Dante, where I shall stop as at the point most worthy of representing that grand epoch. But in the history of let-

ters I shall make civilization, of which they are the flower, my chief study, and in civilization I recognize the chief work of Christianity." This was his theme.

His greatest literary gift to his century was, however, his "*Dante and Catholic Philosophy of the Thirteenth Century*,"* a work in which his avowed aim was "to vindicate Dante's place among the most noble disciples of eternal orthodoxy." Ozanam had got his inspiration to study Dante when he looked upon the poet's laurelled head among the haloed saints in the Raphael "Disputa." His task henceforth was to prove the poet's right to the place the painter had given him. Ozanam's Gallic clarity of thought, pointed with his fervent Catholicism, shot straight to the essentials of Dantean thought. "From his (Dante's) meditations proceeded that patriotic and theological poem, written for a country whose passions it stirred; for the Christian world whose belief it glorified, for the Middle Ages whose crimes, virtues and learning it pictured; for modern times which it surpasses in the grandeur of its presentiments;—a poem that rang with the groans of earth and the hymns of heaven," wrote Ozanam. Brother Azarias did not hesitate to state that Ozanam was the first French critic to comprehend Dante. Even Chateaubriand was far outrun by him. The fact that almost simultaneously with the publication of the work in Paris, there appeared four Italian translations is in itself tribute to the value of the Ozanam interpretation.

Of another type was his "Franciscan Poets,"† the genesis of which lay in a

* "*Dante and Catholic Philosophy of the Thirteenth Century*," by Frederic Ozanam, translated from the French by Lucia D. Pychowska; Cathedral Library Association, New York, 1897.

† "The Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century," by Frederic Ozanam, translated and annotated by A. E. Nellen and N. C. Craig; New York; Charles Scribners' Sons; 1914.

series of articles which he wrote for *Le Correspondant*. The studies were deepened and widened by the fruits of his sojourns in Italy, and finally completed and published just before their author's death. To Frederic Ozanam must be given the credit for opening to the literary world these mines of Franciscan gold; to him likewise must be given that world's gratitude for placing the saintly Jacopone da Todi of the "Stabat Mater" on his rightful literary throne. The thesis which Ozanam develops in this work is that those whom he calls the "eagles of Christian poetry"—Dante, Petrarch and Tasso—inherit directly from the Assisian group. "The genius of Italy picked up from the dust at her feet the humble idiom which was destined to be her immortal instrument," was Ozanam's view of the heritage. Because of the clarifying light which this volume sheds upon the history of Italy and the Church, no student of Italian literature can afford to neglect it. "The Franciscan Poets" will, no doubt, remain the most read of all his works.

Of the nine volumes collected and published after Ozanam's death by Madame Ozanam and M. Ampère, his literary executor, two contain his letters. This wide correspondence of his gives a felicitous opportunity to reach new depths in a fine mind and a charming personality. The numerous quotations which find place in this study of the man and his achievements are their own excuse for their use. They gleam golden in the ore.

"Ozanam has left us only an unfinished monument, a mere fragment of an almost infinite design," says Kathleen O'Meara, "yet there are few writers whose works are less marred by a sense of incompleteness."

Frederic Ozanam's true monument is and will be the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. It would not be right to say that he valued it less than his other

interests; perhaps he valued it more. To it he gave himself whole-heartedly, and it returned to bless him. "We should find great peace," he once wrote, "if we could imbue ourselves with this thought: that we are here solely to accomplish the will of God." That he was in this work the particular instrument of Providence must be borne in upon any student of the history of social service during the last century.

Personal, not vicarious service was to be given to the poor, the sick, the aged, the infirm, and it was to be given irrespective of race or creed. It was to cover all the works of mercy, spiritual as well as corporal, through its special activity, the visiting of the poor in their homes. It is both significant and interesting to mark here the fact that on one of young Ozanam's first visits he was able to give legal aid to a poor woman who was having difficulties about her rent. Others of his group were medical students, and these were particularly valuable. Ozanam's formula for greeting, "I am your servant," gives an index of the beautiful courtesy he used toward the poor. He held that the poor do their benefactors a service in giving them opportunity to practise the Christlike virtue of charity.

"Help honors . . . when it treats the poor man with respect, not only as an equal but as a superior, since he is suffering what perhaps we are incapable of suffering; since he is the messenger of God to us, sent to prove our justice and our charity, and to save us by our works," he preached. And again, "Alms are the retribution of services that have no salary. . . . The man who suffers serves God, and consequently serves society as does the one who prays; he performs a ministry of expiation, a sacrifice whose merits rebound on us. . . . Let no one say that in treating poverty as a priesthood we aim at perpetuating it; that authority which tells us that we shall always have the poor

among us is the same that commands us to do all we can that there may cease to be any."

No historian of civilization's social relief work can fail to recognize that these eight young men under the leadership of Frederic Ozanam opened the gates of a new era. They formed the bridge that spanned the chasm between the almsgivings of the monastic houses of an earlier day and the present development of welfare work. These young men were the pioneers. The trees they planted are finding in our day their full growth, with branches broad enough to bear any of the activities now fostered by the society, from Christmas baskets and fresh-air camps to hospital and prison work. The moral assistance, now regarded as an intrinsic part of social work, was, with these, the essence of the personal service which they continually stressed. "The visit that consoles, the advice that enlightens, the friendly shake of the hand that lifts up the sinking courage," were always to accompany the "bread that nourishes." The little group became the precursor of our whole system of social service.

Difficulties there were, to be sure, in those first days of the Society. Ozanam refers to some of them when he speaks of "persons to whom whatever is new is unwelcome, and by whom everything emanating from Paris is assumed to be wicked, . . . who declare, modestly putting themselves in the place of the Lord, 'Whoever is not with me is against me.'"

The little group had planned to limit their membership to the original eight, but almost in spite of themselves their roster grew. Six years after its establishment Ozanam wrote to the Abbé Lacordaire that Paris would soon have fourteen societies and the provinces as many more. In the metropolis new groups had just been established in the Ecole Normale and the Polytechnique. A year later he wrote of his joy at seeing

six hundred members at a meeting in Paris, "mostly poor students, but set off, as it were, by a few persons in the very highest social position . . . a Peer of France, a Councillor of State, generals and distinguished writers." Within twenty years the Society numbered five hundred groups in France alone, many in England, Belgium, Spain and America,* one even in Jerusalem, and the city of Paris had two thousand members visiting twenty thousand poor. "It was God who willed and founded our Society," was Ozanam's explanation of its unprecedented growth.

In spite of his modest statement, "We were eight," the title of founder and its corollary honors everywhere greeted him. In Brittany he and his wife were guests of a host whom they knew only through the St. Vincent de Paul; in London, members of the Society conducted him on a tour through the poorest districts of the city, and he writes of his satisfaction in spending an evening in company with these English Vincentians.

At Brugos in Spain it was much the same. At Eaux-Bonnes, in his invalid days, he founded a Conference of the Society and started plans for the building of a hospital where the sick poor might avail themselves of the curative waters. In Italy he met the same enthusiasm. Here he was so favorably known in connection with his Dante studies, that even where the Society was looked upon as a dangerous movement in the direction of Socialism, the name of the "celebrated French professor" proved an opening wedge. He would address a group and a Conference would be formed. In Genoa alone he had seen five, each presided over by "men of talent and activity." The last year of his life, in spite of his illness, brought him comfort, for everywhere in Italy he was founding new Societies, or being greeted

* The first American conference was established in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1845.

by ones well established and flourishing; and back in France, the Vincentians of Marseilles knelt at his deathbed.

The saving of the nation was to be accomplished only through the saving of the poor; the saving of the poor only through personal ministration to the poor. Frederic Ozanam picked from the roadside the parched but still living flowers of Christian charity; he freshened them by his intellect and his piety; he gave them again to the world in a fragrant bouquet—a system of social philosophy.

The Bog.*

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

IX.

THE Bog sat at his paper Thursday evening, resolved to win back his lost trenches. Nano, ready to go to the parish hall for a general rehearsal, called to Davey,

"Come along—I'm afraid of the dark."

Her father looked up from his market reports. It was just the opening he'd been waiting for.

"You'd better stay home and not be running out to rebel meetings!"

"This is a rehearsal for the concert, Dad."

Davey hurried to his room to get into his Sunday clothes.

"I know all about it! I know about the meetings, the mad speeches and the recruiting. Ye think ye can change the old days—days when honest people could make a penny out of the land. 'Tis bad enough to have a pack of blackguards putting a rope around the neck of the

country, but 'tis the devil's own when hussies are egging them on! Nano, you stay home!"

Mrs. Byrne had been helping the mountainy girl to clear away the supper table.

"If she has any little gift will help the parish she should give it and welcome."

Mrs. Byrne stopped and looked at her husband as she was in the act of setting away a plate.

"I know them; I know them very well! I tell you the girls round here are madder than the boys; egging them on to start things will get their heads into the rope. They're great heroes, by the way, when they defy the Government!"

Nano flared up.

"I hate the Government! Hate everything about it! It belongs to foreigners. I'll do all I can to drive Britain out of Ireland, no matter what you say! Understand that—please!" The "please" was an afterthought.

Her mother, who had been watching, went to her husband. She talked quietly. She always talked quietly.

"Hugh dear, you don't like all that's happening. You must get used to it. You can't stop it. I don't think you should try; it will be no use. Don't expose yourself in any way. Don't interfere with the Government. Follow your own conscience. But the two here—they're young; they're full of new thoughts. They won't be put down when all the young people of the country are flaming."

She spoke as if she were sitting by a bedside giving advice to a sick woman.

"Let us go!" Davey said as he slipped out, splendid in his Sunday suit.

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Hugh Byrne, "The Bog," was a stern Irish farmer who loved his land and the profits of it. His son, Davey, was eager to join the boys who were drilling secretly, but feared his father who was against all disturbance. Davey was in love with Alice Farley, but she told him

he was a coward, and gave him up. This worked on his mind, and with a constant sweet encouragement from his sister, Nano, he got up his courage, faced his father, and by physical strength conquered him; though he did not change his mind. He joined the ranks, and Alice took him back after Mickeen the

Brother and sister went on together; Mrs. Byrne set away a misplaced broom; The Bog went back sullenly to the markets. The assault had failed.

"O heavens, Nan, I tore two buttons out of my shirt, I was so excited! You were a torch! I swear you were a torch! Look at the front of my shirt and two buttons gone!"

They were on their way to the road when Davey was explaining his emotions.

"I had to have it over with," she said simply.

"Just like Nan," Davey thought. "No showing off about Nan. Alice would make gestures, but Nan's hands are quiet when she's in a blaze."

There was an early moon abroad; and a scattering of clouds. From the garden where Davey had spent his week plowing, came the odor of upturned earth; fresh earth, which in the man who at any time has lived close to the soil, quickens memories. The road was peaceful—the roads of Ireland are so peaceful at night! It went down into the valley as a straight, white band; then curved around the schoolhouse. As they walked leisurely into the valley a man leading a gray horse passed them.

"Good evening."

"Good evening."

That is the password, all is well, when it comes out of the night from man to man. It gives you a sense of security when you hear it in the darkness of a lonely road; you are passing by a human brother, who wishes you safety. Out of every house shone a small, quivering light.

"Davey, the lights in the houses always give a welcome."

"They do. They're shining to-night."

Hump had brought them together. Mickeen, at the suggestion of Mike Enright, had taken a job in the barracks where he could hear much of what would be helpful to "the boys." He came to John Conway and told him that the men from the barracks would "attend" the concert in the parish hall, and that he would

"'Tis all so peaceful, isn't it?"

"I love it," he answered simply.

"I love it too. Only why can't we own it—this peaceful country? Why do the Belgians, the Dutch, the French, the Americans own their own fields? And why must we be treated as wards? Why must we have keepers—people as different from us as a race in South Africa! Some of the priests say 'tis the mission of the Irish to suffer. Maybe. Only I think another mission is to drive strangers out of the house."

"You talk fine, Nan—I'm no good that way. My head is all stopped up when it comes to talking."

"You're doing things. That's what counts."

They met Father Healy coming through the parish house gate.

"A lovely night, isn't it?"

"Wonderful," Nano answered for Davey and herself. Davey was always willing his sister speak for him when the conversation was with a priest.

"I wonder when, how, where will it end?" The spoken words seemed the last sentence of a reverie.

"Not as it has always ended, I hope; not in failure this time, Father Healy," Nano replied.

"I hope not. Only it will mean suffering, broken homes, and death to many of our young men."

"'Tis a great thing when the young men are doing something for the country. They're tired working the land so as to pay taxes to the English," Davey put in.

He was delighted when Father Healy showed that what he said was worth an answer.

have to remain in the barracks for fear the rebels would raid the place and perhaps steal rifles. Conway asked him to tell Mike Enright, should he come upon him, that a messenger would come to him on Saturday night. Mickeen then wheeled away on his bicycle.

"Davey, we're hardly in the beginning of it; when we're in the heart of it, do you think you'll feel the same way?"

"I think I will—I want to anyhow."

The rehearsal need not detain us. It was like all rehearsals everywhere: suggestions, corrections, repetitions. There was good humor; and occasionally a laugh would escape at a blunder. Father Healy stood midway in the hall, to approve or criticise. Davey sat back near the door, reading below the oil lamp a geography text-book which some lad had left on the window-sill. It was a very dull book, he discovered; but a man has to do something during a tedious wait. When Alice began,

Sweet, when you and I are one, he looked up, became conscious of what was going on. The priest stood in semi-darkness listening. On the stage Nano moved her body back and forth in little motions, while her fingers touched the piano keys in gentle caresses. John Conway knew his violin. One could tell that by the ease with which he moved the bow over the strings. Davey kept his eyes on Alice. There was no one in the hall to observe him, and he was glad. He never got comfort from his observations when people observed him.

"She's wonderful—anybody can see that! The smartest girl ever came back from America isn't a patch on her!"

After the rehearsal Father Healy called the performers together.

"Programs are subject to change—and we have made some. There were to be three addresses on subjects of special interest at this time, which we're going to omit—for reasons. Mike Ahern will do some step dancing to fill in for one address, our schoolmaster will play some airs to make up for the other; and I'll say a few closing words."

Davey walked home with Alice and her two associate singers, Mary O'Sulli-

van and Kathleen Donovan. The priest went with Conway and Nano as far as his own gate.

As he was leaving them, he said casually.

"Nano, we'll trust the commission to you—the girl that never fails. Good night."

"Good-night."

Nano had no chance to ask questions.

"Commission?" She looked at her lover as they went on together.

"Well, Nano, the priest promised to break the ice, and I said I'd do the rest. You wouldn't call that breaking ice, would you?"

"I suppose I'm thick ice, John."

"That's trumping in."

He considered how best to put what he had to say, and decided to begin at the beginning.

"You heard the priest mention the change of program?"

She nodded and waited.

"Well, we got word the Rathdrum police are planning to break up the concert if there's a word about recruiting. They learned Mike Enright will be here and that made them suspicious, for Mike is a watched man. They found out that he and some others were to stir up things at Kilbeg, and that's why the meeting will be without oratory. Now I have to ask you to drive to Rathdrum and meet Enright at Boylans' Hotel next Saturday evening at 9 o'clock. I'll have a letter which I want you to hand him. I hate to put you to the trouble, but you're our safest carrier. The letter will contain the priest's decision—and something else."

"I'm proud of the trust. Davey and I can motor in."

"Not Davey—he's watched like the rest of us. If he were seen with you the police would begin to think. We must keep the police normal."

"All right, I'll go alone."

"You won't be afraid?"

"I've a blessed medal below the wind-shield, and a revolver in the pocket of my rain-coat."

"For God's sake don't take a revolver! You haven't experience with the thing. Take Davey rather than that."

"O don't be so literal! I'll attend to your commission. What next?"

"You'll be given the letter Saturday evening when you reach the gate up here, and hand it to Mike Enright at Boylans'. I needn't tell you to avoid publicity."

"All right—I'll be at the road about eight. What more?"

"That's all. Let's talk about you. I seldom see you any more."

"You know why, dear. People can't meet so easily when there's trouble in the country."

"But I want to meet you—want to see you, trouble or no trouble. If we don't meet and talk sometimes, I'll think you're slipping away."

She looked at him. It was comforting to know the man she loved missed her, wanted her. Conway saw the wonder of her face, was exalted by her presence which emancipated him from thought of time and place.

"Nano, you know very well I love you—the only one I've ever wanted. It seems so flat, saying this thing over and over, like a refrain out of a song. I have your promise, haven't I?"

"I've promised you, and I promise now again."

"I know; but your father has plans. Do you feel you can manage it, no matter what he thinks or does?"

They were at the gate. Nano spoke reassuringly.

"Listen dear, I told you I'd marry you when the hard days are over—if we're living. That's final."

"God bless you!" This man who would soon be at clinches with the enemy, drew her within his arms and kissed her.

At the gate Davey caught up with

them and accompanied his sister home.

"'Twas fine you had a chat with John," he said quietly.

"Yes, we had a good chat."

"He talks as well as yourself."

"Better."

"In that case, he must be a powerful speaker. Did he talk about the fight?"

"A little."

"And I suppose he said he was in love with you, like he always says."

"Don't be absurd!"

"And then there was—" Davey stopped. Nano became curious.

"There was what?"

"There was moonlight—and I have eyes."

"Davey, did you dare?"

"I did—couldn't help it! I could have closed my eyes, but I'd hear the smack anyhow."

They both laughed. Then at the door Nano whispered,

"Davey, you should join the Intelligence Department."

"I'm a natural spotter, Nan."

"I think I'll turn spotter on you and Alice—how would you like that?"

"'Twould do you no good. I can hardly ever work up courage enough to ask a kiss of Alice; although I got one a few days ago."

The kitchen door opened and their mother put up a warning hand.

"Be careful—we had company after you left!" She spoke softly.

"Company!" Brother and sister spoke in a breath.

"Sh!—two policemen."

"Two policemen!"

"Listen! They wanted to know if your father had a gun, and he told them he hadn't. Then they asked, 'Has your son one?' 'He wants to be his own master now; ask himself,' is what he told them. They searched the house, and left without finding anything. He's in a panic."

The mother retired while the two

stayed outside and withdrew out of hearing.

"I'm spotted," Davey said simply.

"You're not afraid?"

"Nan, I'm afraid of nothing. I'm like one in a flood who never thinks of escaping. I'm in this until it ends in a new way—or as it has ended always. I'm in to stay—even if the Government fights us with the terrors of hell."

"Davey, I'm proud of you—you own your soul!"

When they entered the house, their father was waiting for them.

"I have a few words to say before ye go to bed."

They regarded him as he got up from his chair below the lamp. He came very close and spoke quietly; more quietly than they ever remembered. His strategy was gentleness this time.

"The police were here to-night and searched the house—they suspect us of opposing the Government. Now I'm not going to quarrel about what ye've done, unnatural and all as it was. Let bygones be bygones. Only for God's sake, give up the madness! I've always kept out of trouble with the Government since I came into this place. Won't ye follow my example? Won't ye?"

They said nothing, and The Bog looked at Davey. He would try him first.

"Davey, I'm asking you to give up this madness? You'll never regret it. I'll forgive everything. Won't you give it up and save me my place? Won't you?"

"No, Sir."

He answered as if he were replying to the question whether he had seen the hired man.

"Won't you?" His father was more emphatic this time.

"No, Sir."

"Nano, won't you speak to him and save us from ruin?"

He was pleading now—the only time Nano ever heard him plead.

She shook her head.

"I can't do that. Davey's in. I'm in

with him. But remember, Dad, our staying out won't save you. England may let you alone, but Ireland has a memory—for traitors. Davey's in. I'm in with him."

"All right! Go to hell! But as sure as God's above, I'll not turn a hand to protect ye! And when I'm dead, not one foot of this place, not one slate out of the roof of this house, will come to either of ye! Let the two of ye go to the rope's end, with hell beyond it if ye like. Ye're no children of mine from to-night! And not one foot of highland or bog, nor a pound, a crown, or a shilling will go to either of ye. Ye can go yer way from this out with all the mad asses, and get the devil's reward!"

(To be continued.)

◆◆◆ In the Rugged Hills.

The law of compensation runs through all God's distribution of gifts. In the animal world there is a wonderful harmony often noted, between the creatures and the circumstances and conditions amid which they are placed. The same law rules in the providence of human life. One man's farm is hilly and hard to till, but deep down beneath its ruggedness, buried away in its rocks, are rich minerals. One person's lot in life is hard, with peculiar obstacles, difficulties, and trials, but hidden in it there are compensations of some kind. One young man is reared in affluence and luxury. He never experiences want or self-denial, never has to struggle with obstacles or adverse circumstances. Another is reared in poverty and has to suffer toil and privation. The latter seems to have scarcely an equal chance in life. But we all know where the compensation lies in this case. It is in such circumstances that noble manhood is grown, while, too often, the petted, pampered sons of luxury come to nothing. In the rugged hills of toil and hardship life's finest gold is found.

Fish and Friday.

BY P. J. C.

THOSE who are not of the Faith say fish on Friday is not a penance. Likely not—if you are free to eat meat. Rich people spend a year in the slums and become rhapsodic telling about it. Well-to-do city-folk rough it in the country to return home freighted with delightful bucolic memories. Society ladies don gingham and do dishes for the joy of it; bank presidents plant gardens to get fresh air.

Friday suggests a variety menu to the Protestant. It makes the Catholic think of canned salmon, eggs in many make-ups, but essentially eggs; pickled herring, sardines, cheeses of every age and complexion. Friday dinners can be a delight if you *may* eat them; a frightfulness if you *must*. Those not of us say: "Catholics get martyrdom out of their Fridays; we get fun." When you must, you must; when you may, you may not.

So, then, Friday is frankly a penance day to the average Catholic man and woman. It is not so much shut-up clams, slippery oysters, vagabond herrings, cheeses of long-celled vintage that make the weekly date marked a fish in the calendar a sort of Doomsday. Catholics like their perch, trout, raw oysters, scrambled eggs just as well as the most conscientious voter beyond Mason and Dixon who did not mark X after Alfred E. Smith for reasons not specified in the Constitution. We—or most of us—eat fish because the Church says we *must*. No *may* about it.

Why? To lessen blood-pressure, reduce poundage, enlarge brain cells, add red corpuscles to the blood stream, lessen fatty fungus around the heart? No, Mam. No, Sir. The Church so orders, because you, I, Thomas, Richard, Henry, Elizabeth Ann must do penance or we shall all likewise perish.

That is why we have Friday and a fat, black fish above the day.

And we should be proud, not afraid or sad. It gives us a chance privately to do something for the Lord in a world where He is never given a scare headline in the World's Greatest Newspapers; where schools are not expected to exhibit His picture beside Darwin and Florence Nightingale; where university professors tell their students He is a remarkable Visionary mistaken about His Personality. It gives us a chance publicly to make a declaration by word, by act, of the Faith that is in us.

What do you do, Sir and Madam? The last dinner given by a local civic club was on Friday at 6:30. You, a prominent member, were present. Meat was served naturally. Not to taunt or tempt you; simply because the lineup was largely non-Catholic. The waiter brought around his packed platter. Did you decline? Or did you help yourself and hide your religious identity? You will get theologians to excuse your cowardice on this, that or the other ground. You should not let them excuse you. In your heart you know you fell down. You abandoned the fish, Sign of Christian Martyrs for the fatted calf—or the fatted pig. You need not have done so. You could have said as a distinguished Catholic Judge said, with a casual pleasantness, some years ago on a like occasion.

"Ah, well, the old Church holds us to our Friday fish, and present-day medical science sides with her. Wise old Church!"

Non-Catholics sitting at food with that jurist admired his tact. Above all they admired his character. They did not criticise him for narrowness. Standing for what we hold to as principle is not narrow. And do not be too sure those who sat with you eulogized what you may have thought broad-mindedness. They likely named it what it was—the tawdry of human respect.

Notes and Remarks.

We have received news of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Christitch, for many years a faithful contributor to THE AVE MARIA. Mrs. Christitch was the daughter of Mr. John O'Brien of Lough-ghur, County Limerick. Always a patriotic Irishwoman following with acute interest the fortunes of her people, she became, too, a devoted friend of the country which she adopted in marrying a distinguished Serbian soldier, Colonel Christitch. During the Balkan War of 1912, she championed the cause of the little Christian people of the Balkans in a series of articles in the *Chicago Tribune*. One of her daughters is a nun, Mother Mary of the Cross, and another, Annie, a journalist and lecturer, has been an occasional contributor to THE AVE MARIA. We ask the kind prayers of our readers for the repose of her soul.

The Catholic press, Catholic societies, Catholic preachers and lecturers write, speak and draw up resolutions about crusades. Crusades for this and against that. There has been considerable crusade writing and speaking against indecent plays and moving pictures, against divorce, birth control. Net results—not impressive. Here is a suggestion. Let every Catholic man, woman, child, resolve as follows: "I will not witness any play, any talking picture, which makes light of religion, marriage, domestic life; or which is indecent in theme, implications, speech, act, costume." Of course, people may become evasive and establish their own standard of decency. Not so long ago a layman said to a priest about a certain type of play, "Of course it is not one you should see!" Then why should he see it? Is a layman or woman immune from temptations against Faith and morals? Are they sin proof? Well, if every Catholic in the United States were

to keep away consciously from irreligious, suggestive, indecent plays, the managers would find that vice does not always pack the house. We regret to lean to the belief that Catholics will not join in the boycott. To certain of our upper-class Catholics it will not appear good form; our Catholic high school and college boys and girls must have something "sexy" to look at and talk about. And so theatre men, picture and play-makers will continue to supply the demand. From time to time some voice in the wilderness will call out, "We are 150 million Catholics! What are we doing to clean up the stage?" Not much.

Professor Edward Burchard, teacher of psychology in the University of Pittsburgh, recently made a detailed study of the reasons for the growth of crime in this country, and he states emphatically that divorce is one of the prime factors for lawlessness in America. Mr. Burchard spent four months in Western Penitentiary at Pittsburgh, eating and sleeping with convicts, during which time he studied the individual cases of 1277 native white prisoners, and it was somewhat of a revelation to him that a large number of those he examined had been started on their life of crime through the neglect of parents who were divorced, leaving the children to shift for themselves, and to acquire bad habits which later on became their ruin. The Professor's findings are not new to Catholics. The Church has been contending all along that if you destroy the family, which is the unit of the State, and take away from children the protecting influences of father and mother which are so necessary for a wholesome moral development, you cannot expect a respectful, law-abiding generation. To stop crime effectively it is necessary to go to its source, but how can this be done when our several States are vying with one another to make a travesty of

the marriage contract by instituting divorce laws which are shameful. Either man or wife, for any reason or no reason at all, can break up the home and set the children adrift, after a few weeks' time spent in Reno, or some other of our various divorce mills. The Catholic Church is almost alone in her stand against divorce. Practically all the Protestant churches permit it, and their ministers will marry two divorced persons. Yet they preach against crime and hold long conventions to seek out ways and means of preventing it, while they allow one of the main sources of all lawlessness. There is little use in playing a hose upon a fire that is being fed by a steady stream of gasoline. Cut off the fuel supply first, and you will be able in time to quench the fire.

More sparks from Mexico. Mr. Jerome Reutermann, American citizen, lost his appeal before the Supreme Court against the confiscation of his home in Tacubaya. The property, says the high court, belongs to the State because of the existence there of a private chapel. The house originally was owned by the Most Rev. Ramon Moreno, titular bishop of Augustopolis, and was purchased by Mr. Reutermann some years ago. If Mr. Reutermann had part of his house set aside to minister to less noble uses, or indeed to very wicked uses, that would be quite within the law—no affair for Mexico to meddle in. But a chapel! That, keep in mind, is a red rag to certain fighting Mexican red bulls.

"The times are not bad now. The bad times were back in 1929, and before." Credit this sensible reflection to Mr. Henry Ford. Think of the two chickens-in-every-pot years; two machines for every garage! Think of the sage advice about a "new car" every second year; of wages up never to go down; of casual talk about making and spending

millions; of real estate which was held as precious as radium; of ordinary flesh-and-bone men receiving salaries which would feed towns for years! Remember the arrogance of labor and capital, the colossal, high-powered five-million-dollar drives, the inebriate spending, the juggling of stocks and bonds! That is all over for the present. The captains and the kings are quiet and retrospective; the mechanic, who could not walk his two blocks to work, whereas his father walked ten, is wondering when things will open up. "A good time was it not, my kingly days?" In a sense, yes. Only, when kingly days are spendthrift days they do not last. By the inevitable law balance they cannot. If men and women had the chastened thought from 1922 to 1929 which they experienced in 1933, the good years would still be good. But because we are superaboundingly foolish in prosperity, wasting what we should save, our good years are our bad years.

And now the poets, we are told, are turning longing eyes toward the Reconstruction Finance Committee in an endeavor to have that body buy up the unpublished poems that over-production has left on the hands of these seers. George A. Quay writing in the daily press, and styling himself a "high private in the noble army of poets," has suggested that the Government create a revolving fund of four or five hundred million dollars to buy up the stuff that poets raise, and store it in warehouses—one in each Federal Reserve District. Or if Mr. Borah should object to that, he believes the poets would be satisfied with a cash bonus—each and every veteran poet not less than thirty years old, and not less than 3.2 per cent disabled. When asked where the money was coming from, he replied that he hadn't the slightest idea; that he was a poet and not a financier, but that he was certain his own budget was slightly unbalanced.

"We could inaugurate a reforestation policy," said he, "in the Great American Desert. Begin in western Kansas. Raise Presidential timber, and in eight or ten years sell it to the Philippines. A board would be necessary. Say of thirteen members, not more than eleven to belong to any one political party. Should this plan meet with favor I hereby announce my candidacy for the position of chief forester. I regard myself as amply qualified for the position. I have had to shuffle for myself for so long that I know how to get out of the woods. Poems are writ by fools like me, but I also know how to grow a tree. All you have to do is plant the twig, and then go away some place, and let nature take its course." If Mr. Quay were not known as a satirist we might look upon his suggestions as serious. The poets, no doubt, need quite as much help as most of the farmers and veterans, and the plan suggested for the raising of money is in line with many other suggestions of technocrats and grabocrats.

One would think that Catholics more than any other people would be anxious to welcome new members to the services of their Church. And yet we who profess to follow in the footsteps of Him who died for men, we build up for ourselves something of a reputation for being selfish so far as our religion is concerned. At first thought we may not willingly admit the justice of that accusation, but if we examine the evidence carefully we will probably be ready to hedge a little on our denials. Here is what the *Southwest Courier* of Oklahoma says on the matter:

The new arrival in the parish is almost bowled over by hurrying church-goers intent upon getting an end seat. He looks pleadingly into the faces of parishioners, hoping to see one spark of welcome, but there is none. Unless he is quick of step, by the time he gets on the outside of the church the forces have scattered and the camp ground is empty. A pastor of a small town told us that he invited

his people to visit a certain new family in his parish. He went to the home two weeks later, and asked if they had been made to feel welcome by his parishioners. He discovered that not one Catholic had visited them. In the meantime, four different sects had sent callers, inviting the family to services on Sunday evening. Sometimes Catholics act as if they don't want to let anybody else in on the Truth.

In view of your own experience and your observation of others, dear reader, isn't it true that most Catholics have something to be ashamed of on this score?

From Berlin this news. The Prussian Audit-chamber is considering closing down Catholic schools with the view to greater economy. The Catholic press voices an emphatic opposition to the measure—a measure contemplated following the downfall of the Bruening Government. There are other signs, too, of the present Government's opposition to German Catholics. For instance, a number of Catholics have been dismissed from public service as a result of membership in the Center Party, although this was not advanced as the reason. It may be taken for granted the German Catholics will fight back. They are not timid or slave-minded. Politically, anyhow, they do not turn the other cheek. More often they smite back. They have been fighting for their rights so long they are used to it. They take nothing for granted; let nothing go which belongs to them if they can hold it. They are militant.

According to recent statistics, which are likely as reliable as the average statistics, all Christians total 28 1-2 per cent of the world's population. Of this Christian total, Catholics number 15.8 per cent, Protestants, 6.74. Not an impressive total by any means. Sometimes when we read about gigantic missionary labors, of conversions which are pouring in upon us as tidal waves, of so many cardinals, bishops, priests, nuns

in so many countries of the world, of the massing of Catholic men and women in religious, educational and social service work, of our vast spiritual kingdom which ministers to peasants and presidents, we feel complacent and consequential. The facts do not justify us. Two thousand years, more or less, of history behind us and 75 or so per cent of the world's population more or less pagan! And all the deserters during the progress of the conquest of peace! The uncut harvest is still very, very great; sheep by the millions are yet in the wilderness. We have no call to be complacent, triumphant. We have great need for prayer to keep us in humble good sense, zealous without noise.

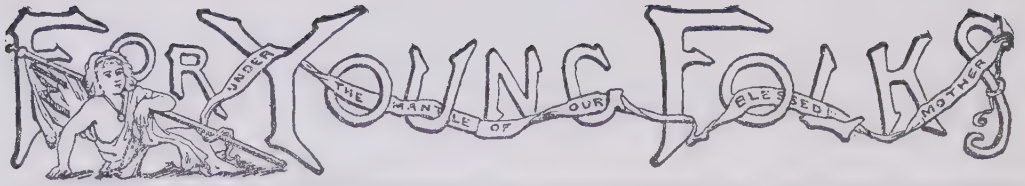
The almost daily "write-ups" of the wife of the President Elect in the secular press will, though not likely through any fault of the coming First Lady, have a taxing effect upon the nerves of people. What Mrs. Roosevelt is to wear at the Inauguration of her husband, where she dines, what pew she occupies in church, what she reads and why, how she walks and where, what she thinks of this or that, is not of supreme concern to the country at the moment. The wife of the coming President is very likely a very charming woman. If she could manage, somehow, to keep news gatherers, special feature lady-correspondents, human-interest story creators out of her *entourage* she would receive national gratitude. We do not like to see the wife of the President of the United States worked into a publicity scheme like the ladies of the screen who stretch like sun lizards below California sunshine.

The Church expects us at all times to mix common sense with our religion. Perhaps it is the lack of that ingredient which keeps so many of us from receiving a favorable answer to the petitions we make. God is willing to help us, even

with special assistance when necessary, but He certainly expects us to put the mark of sincerity on our prayers by some active effort in the direction of the fulfilment desired. If we are praying for work, for example, it isn't exactly fair for us to ask God's help and then to neglect the regular channels through which jobs ordinarily come. Frequently we find that same inconsistency surrounding the prayers of those who are asking for the conversion of loved ones. The *Catholic Sentinel* of Portland, Oregon, illustrates that inconsistency by the following story narrated recently in its editorial columns:

The other day we heard of a non-Catholic, married for thirty-six years to a Catholic wife, who decided to join the Church. After he had received his first Holy Communion, his wife said to him: "Frank, to-day my constant prayer of thirty-six years has been answered." Her convert-husband looked at her in surprise. "Why, what do you mean, my dear?"—"Since the day of our marriage," she replied, "I have prayed unceasingly that you would come into the Church." The husband looked bewildered. "Then why," he demanded, "did you never invite me to do so? Eventually I had to hunt up a priest myself and ask for admittance."

Mr. Frederick G. Bonfils, editor and publisher of the *Denver Post*, was received into the Church, February 2, by Rev. Hugh L. McManamin, rector of Denver Cathedral. Mr. Bonfils was seventy-two when he received the grace of conversion, and died shortly after he was baptized. Press accounts report the editor convert a striking figure who seemed a character out of fiction before and during his life as a newspaper man. For three years he was a student in West Point, later a lottery operator, then an Oklahoma land speculator. Finally editor-publisher. Two of his daughters are Catholics, which may give the human explanation to the turn in the road which led the venerable publisher into the Faith. Good Catholic daughters so often merit that grace for a non-Catholic parent.



Rosary Time.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

OH, Mammy dear, out here across the sea
In this great, grand city there are countless
things to see,
Still I've but to shut my eyes, and the Slieve
Bloom Mountains rise,
And the golden bog's spread out, an' I hear
the plovers' cries.
Sure, I've but to shut my eyes!

Oh, Mammy dear, there's no sweet smells in
town.
I'm thinkin' of our lane when the little fields
are mown!
Some day I'll be coming over, when the boys
are cutting clover!
I smell it, Mammy dear, I smell it here—
When the D'da is cutting clover.

Oh, Mammy dear, when you kneel down at night
Before the Sacred Heart with the little glow-
ing light,
When the D'da gives out the prayer, and the
sleepy children answer,
I'll be there,—oh, Mammy darlin', I'll be there,
When the D'da gives out the prayer!

Shadows on Cedarcrest.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

V.—AT CEDARCREST.

TWO weeks passed before the final removal to Cedarcrest. In the meantime, Dalton made one last appeal to his stepmother, and Phyllis, who was present at the interview, noted that, despite his blusterings at Deborah, there was no "Thou must," in his attitude toward Mrs. Carstairs. He tinged his request with whimsical playfulness.

"Lady mother," he told her, "you are disrupting the household by this busi-

ness of going down to Cedarcrest. You are taking Deborah away from her frivolities and me from my business. And, aside from all this, you are endangering your precious health by going to that huge barn of a place in the winter time. Why not wait until summer, if you must go back for awhile?"

The invalid remained pleasantly obdurate. "Stuff and nonsense! Dalton," she said, "my health was better at Cedarcrest than it has ever been here. I have listened to you and Deborah long enough. Get the idea out of your head that I am going 'just for awhile.' I am going home to stay. If you and Deborah wish to remain in town, the town house is yours to use. I don't mind. You can come down for week-ends, as it is convenient. Hetty and the maids will look after me."

Dalton's voice had remained suave, but inwardly, Phyllis had shrunk from the anger of his eyes. "Very well," he said, "your wishes are ours. Much as it will inconvenience me to make that long drive several times a week, Deborah and I are certainly going with you. Do you think we should intrust you, in your delicate state, to the care of servants?"

The country estate was beautiful. Charles, the chauffeur, drove Phyllis, Emma, and Mrs. Carstairs there at an early hour of the morning. The woman sat beside Phyllis, her hand clasped tightly in that of the girl, and begged for details of the scenes along the way.

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The Eaton family, which had lately come from Australia in the hope that Mrs. Eaton would recover her health, found themselves in dire straits. Mrs. Eaton had been sent away to a sanitarium where she was steadily improving. But Mr. Eaton lost his job, and on top of that was injured in an automobile accident

When they passed through the neighboring village of Hopewell, she was feverish with excitement, and when, at last, they made the turn under the stone arch which surmounted the great iron gates, she breathed an ecstatic sigh.

"Now, Phyllis, I'm home—*home to stay*."

Here was none of the ornate grandeur of the Morenci Boulevard house, but Phyllis liked Cedarcrest better. It had simple elegance and dignity. Built in a day when woods of all kinds were plentiful and cheap, solid walnut timbers had gone into its making, and the doors, sashes and broad stairs were walnut, too, satiny and gleaming. The rooms were spacious, the windows broad and deep, and the ceilings high. All this Phyllis saw during the tour of the house on which Mrs. Richards was only too glad to take her. Hetty, too, loved every room of the old place.

"Home it is to me, too," she confided; "bless Miss Mattie for bringing us back. It was only dark doings took her away. Mercy me! Is that child having another tantrum?" Their house-seeing had by this time brought them to the attic and the door of the playroom, where Emma was making the air unlovely with her cries.

"I won't stay up here. I won't! I'm not in the way. My mother didn't say I should."

Marie, vainly trying to manage her, lifted an exasperated face to the pair in the doorway.

"I can't do a thing with her," she said, helplessly.

"I can." Phyllis advanced confidently. "Leave her to me. I'll stay with her until lunch time, while Mrs. Carstairs is resting from her trip. My! what a beau-

tiful playroom, Emma. Shall we see what we can find in those cupboards over there?"

"Just my same old playthings," said Emma, sullenly. "I hate them."

"But perhaps there are other things here—things you've never seen."

Housekeeper and maid faded tactfully away from the playroom, leaving them alone. Phyllis looked about her eagerly. She was still child enough to be delighted by this lovely room. Floored and ceiled, it covered the main part of the house. There was a delightful, cushioned window seat at either end. A fireplace, with flanking bookcases, centered the south wall, and the north, the inner wall, was lined with deep cupboards. Into these Emma, led by Phyllis, rummaged. One was locked, but the others readily gave forth their secrets. Old-fashioned toys were there, and they were, for the most part, little-girl toys, quaint and worn. There were any number of dolls—Parisian beauties, rag dolls, and a slim china one, with painted black hair and a yellow silk dress which fell to pieces at their touch. There was an antiquated doll carriage with a fringed parasol and wooden wheels. An odd doll trunk was filled with tiny clothes: funny little hats with feathers, red and blue calico dresses, and a black velvet coat with voluminous, puffed sleeves. There was a wooden cradle, all made up for a sleepy doll. Real, fat feather pillows were at its head, and embroidered shams concealed them. Its diminutive blue counterpane concealed patchwork quilts and a feather bed. Emma squealed with delight over everything, and she squealed the most when they opened the last cupboard of all. There tinsel and gilt and scarlet met

which would keep him in bed for weeks. To make things worse, the bank which held their little savings was closed. Phyllis, the oldest daughter, through the good offices of a judge, got a position as a companion to an old lady who was blind, Mrs. Carstairs. She got orders from Mr. Carstairs to obey only his

commands and those of his sister and to "mind her own business." Phyllis went to the home of Mrs. Carstairs and found a delightful old lady, who, after a few days, told Phyllis that she was going back to her old home at Cedarcrest. This in spite of the objections of Mr. Carstairs and his sister, Mrs. Allen.

their eyes. The whole of that cupboard was filled with fancy costumes—relics of bygone costume balls at Cedarcrest, all stored away up here to dress up Cedarcrest children and their small guests.

The morning passed quickly. It was with regret Phyllis heeded Marie's summons at lunch time, and went to take care of Mrs. Carstairs' tray, while Emma, at her own request, lingered behind to put away the toys and finery.

"It beats all," said the maid, wonderingly, "how you can handle that child. You seem to have her charmed."

"She's not really bad," laughed Phyllis; "she's only spoiled. She'd be better if she had children to play with. She says she likes me because I never say 'Don't' to her. When she gets into mischief, I just show her something else to do."

"Mr. Dalton hates that child," said Marie; "but he shouldn't. We all know she gets her meanness from him. Mrs. Allen is pleasant. Don't you like her?"

"Yes," Phyllis nodded. "I feel sorry for her."

Marie gave her a curious, surprised glance. "For mercy sake! why? If I had the good times and the grand clothes she has, I shouldn't expect people to feel sorry for me."

"Clothes and good times aren't everything. I think she's sad."

"Well, it's enough to make her sad—a brother and a child like she has. It's enough to drive her mad, if you ask me. How do you like this place?"

"I love it." Phyllis was enthusiastic.

"Do you? You've got queer taste. I hate it. I think it's spooky and awful. I like to be where things are lively. Did old Richards show you all over?"

"From cellar to attic."

"I bet there's *one* place you didn't see." Marie looked nervously over her shoulder, before speaking. "Did she show you *every* room?"

"Yes—or—no—that suite of rooms

at the end of the hall on the second floor—"

"*I thought not—and she never will.* Did she say why?"

"She said it is locked, and she hasn't the key."

"It's been locked for twenty years. Don't you think that's queer?"

"I don't think anything about it," said the girl, frankly. "Why, Marie, what are you getting at?"

They were standing in the lower hall now, and again Marie gave that apprehensive glance over her shoulder before replying.

"I shouldn't go in that room if I had the key, and a million dollars in gold lay loose in there," she said, in a low, frightened voice. "There's been death in it."

Phyllis laughed, merrily. "Marie, you're silly. All old houses have had death in some of their rooms. Everyone dies. Surely you aren't afraid of dead people?"

"Maybe you're not, but I am. I've never worked in this house before. When I went to work for the Carstairs they lived in town. But I knew Imogene Smith, the maid whose place I took. She told me there was a suite of rooms out here at Cedarcrest that was haunted; and *those are the rooms.*"

"Nonsense!" Phyllis couldn't help laughing again. "I think that's the funniest thing. Why should a room be haunted, just because some one died in it? Who died there, anyway?"

"Their father—Dalton's and Mrs. Allen's. And he didn't just die. He was—he was—"

"That will do, Marie." Both girls jumped as a voice spoke behind them. It was Deborah Allen, with a queer expression on her face.

"It would not be well for you, if my brother heard you gossiping, Marie."

"I know, Mrs. Allen." Marie was pale.

"Then go on about your business. And you, Miss Eaton—" Deborah reached

forth a detaining hand, as Phyllis would have followed Marie, "I'm glad you are not so foolish as to believe in ghosts at Cedarcrest. My brother locked that room, after my father's death. He has the key. It was a—a matter of sentimentality. Don't let servants' gossip make you nervous."

"I won't," promised Phyllis, and, for the time being, forgot the matter. But it was to be brought back to her again, under disquieting circumstances.

Two days after the removal was Sunday, and Phyllis, not knowing what time the Masses were said in the village church at Hopewell, and having a long walk ahead of her, arose before it was fairly light, and set out for the village. She had barely passed through the gates, when she heard a racket behind her, a pair of yellow lights lit up the dim roadway, and a car of ancient vintage, with a red-faced, elderly man at the wheel, came rattling to overtake her. It drew up abreast of her, and the driver hailed her in a voice rich with brogue.

"A fine morning to ye, Miss," he said. "If ye're going to the village so early, maybe ye'll not be above riding with old Tom in his limmy-zine."

The car having come through the gates of Cedarcrest, and Thomas Heaney being the name of Mrs. Carstairs' gardener, Phyllis judged, and correctly, that this was he.

"Thank you," she said, gravely, climbing in beside him, "it's a very nice car."

"Sure, now, ye wouldn't be kidding me about this old can, would ye? It's a wreck, and Oi know it."

"Well, I'm very glad to ride in it. I was nervous about walking along that country road; it's still so dark."

"Ye'd ha' been safe enough, twenty years ago. Many's the time my old mother and Oi have walked it in the pitch black. But the autymobiles get about so, and these hitch-hikers, that it's hard to tell who ye'll be meetin' on

the highway these days. What brings ye out so early at all?"

"I'm going to Mass. I'm a Catholic."

Old Thomas let go of the wheel with one hand, and solemnly held it out to her. "Shake," he said, "I'm the same."

"Really?" Phyllis' eyes were glowing as she went through the foolish little rite of handshaking. It was as though they were sealing a friendship pact, she and this pleasant old man. "Then I'll have company going to Mass, won't I? I'm the only Catholic at the big house, except Adrienne, Mrs. Allen's personal maid. She's been baptized and made her First Communion, but she says it's too strict a religion for her."

"Och! Oi know the kind." Thomas was sternly disapproving. "And ye waste words talkin' to thim. 'Worldlings,' his Riverince calls thim. But would ye be tellin' me what's your job at the big house? Ye're only a bit of a girl."

"I'm older than I look. I'm Mrs. Carstairs' companion."

"Glory be to God! It's glad Oi am she's some 'un about her besides thim that mean her no good. Poor Miss Mattie! She's blind two ways. Hist!" he dropped his voice to a confidential whisper, "tell me, what do ye think o' *him*? The black one?"

No need to ask whom he meant. But Phyllis could not find fault with one who employed her, even to this kind, old, well-meaning man. So she only looked at him and smiled. Old Tom understood.

"Ye're right, ye're right," he said. "Of course ye'll not be talking about him. But I wager ye're thinking plenty. Oi'm bound by no such strings. By Miss Mattie's own father (God rest his soul!) giving me and Hetty a life lease on our jobs, the black one can't be sending us packing. He's a snake in the grass, Miss. Keep your eye on him. And, listen," again his voice dropped to the confidential whisper; "if ye see him cutting up any funny shenanigans that's

going to hurt Miss Mattie, ye come running and tell old Tom."

Phyllis looked puzzled. "I don't understand," she said.

"Well, ye will, when the time comes. Mark me, Oi don't trust him."

"He's very good to Miss—to Mrs. Carstairs," said Phyllis.

"He's his own fish to fry," the gardener spoke shortly. "Now wouldn't it be too bad if she'd die without making a will and putting his name in it? All this fine estate, and the house in town, the stocks and bonds and even the family heirlooms going where Dalton Carstairs can't lay his fingers on them? But he's wasting his time. If Oi know Miss Mattie, she'll never make her will, until—"

"Until what?" asked Phyllis.

"Och! Oi talk too much. Oi've what his Riverince calls a 'wagging tongue.' And here's the church. We're early, but Oi'm going to confession before the Mass. Go along up to Number Nineteen. That's my sitting, and ye'll be putting nobody out. Sure, it's been long since such a pretty young flower sat there. The parish will be wonderin' and thinkin' old Tom's got him a sweetheart." He chuckled at his own humor, and Phyllis smiled back at him. She knew that she and old Tom were going to be great friends. He was so easy to talk to. Perhaps that is why, when they were travelling homeward after Mass, she asked him the question which had been bothering her.

"Mr. Heaney, what has become of Mrs. Carstairs' little boy, Jamie?"

A simple, wholly innocent question. She was wholly unprepared for its effect on the man beside her. It was well, that Tom Heaney was a slow and careful driver, for now the sudden jerk of his arm nearly turned the car into the ditch beside them. He righted it with hands that trembled. Phyllis, looking at him in surprise, saw that his face had gone white.

"You're ill," she exclaimed.

"No," he shook his head. "Why did you ask me about—Master Jamie?"

"Well—ever since I came to work for Mrs. Carstairs, I've occasionally heard references to Jamie. She talks about him a great deal; and I've heard Hetty—Mrs. Richards—mention him, too. I've wondered why, if she loves him so, he isn't here, taking care of her instead of his stepbrother. Is he dead? Or isn't he a good son?"

Old Tom's hands had stopped shaking, and his normal ruddiness of complexion returned.

"Oi see," he said. "Ye gave me a start, bringing him up sudden like that. Master Jamie—well, ye see, nobody rightly knows where he is. The officers did a lot of looking for him, but they never found him, praise be to God!"

"The officers?"

"Yes, Miss. Oi see nobody's told you about him. Oi wonder they haven't. Master Jamie, Miss, is a fugitive from justice. He—he ran away from home a good many years ago."

"Oh! Poor Mrs. Carstairs! But what wrong did he do?"

Old Tom's face darkened. "No wrong at all. I'd stake my life on that boy, Jamie. But the servants overheard him quarrelling with the old man, his stepfather. It was that which pinned the crime on Jamie. And he'd hang if he came back, even after all these years. The black one heard it, too. He'd be the chief witness against him."

"Hang?" Phyllis whispered the word in horror. "But they hang men for murder."

"Yes. Poor lad! God help him! That's what he's accused of. That night, after he was gone, Hetty went into old Peyton Carstairs' room, and found him dead—lying in a pool of his own blood. He'd been killed by a brass candlestick—a blow on the head. And they say Master Jamie did it—the fools!"

(To be continued.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Amos and Andy, the popular radio entertainers, have finished the 1523 episode in this series. They have introduced about sixty-five different characters in the broadcasts and imitated all themselves.

—Two pamphlets, issued by Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, O. S. B., Ph. D., Director of the Rural Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, "Why Rural Life?" and "Catholic Rural Activities," point out the advantages of life on the farm, and the various activities of the Catholic farm centers.

—"The 'Reproaches' of Good Friday," by Francis P. LeBuffe, S. J. (America Press, 10c), will be a useful booklet for meditation on the Passion during Lent. This should appeal to our Catholic people especially during this jubilee year which commemorates the nineteenth centenary of the Passion of Our Lord.

—"Heart o' the Rule," or A Primer for Tertiary Novices, by Reverend Marion Habig, O.F.M., is a commentary on the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis. It is adapted in content to the inquiring mind as well as to the needs of those who already belong. Published by the Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago. Price, 15 cents.

—Some lost "Bab Ballads" of W. S. Gilbert have recently been collected and edited by Townley Searle, New York. Anyone who has enjoyed the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan will perhaps welcome this new collection of hitherto unpublished ballads by Mr. Gilbert, which, though not so polished as his later poems, are in the same bright, humorous vein. "If for no other reason," says a reviewer in the *New York Times*, "than to pain the pestiferous high-brows on the other side of the water who turn up their noses at Gilbert, Mr. Searle's recovery of the lost 'Bab Ballads' is to be approved."

—The London *Universe* quotes this interesting paragraph from Lord Ponsonby's new life of Queen Victoria, describing a command

sermon at St. George's Chapel as a "nerve-shaking ordeal": "At the appropriate moment in the service the clergyman would retire, don a black Geneva gown with bands, and ascend a little staircase into the high pulpit. Here he would find himself on a level with the royal gallery, and with no cover whatsoever from the keenly critical and appraising gaze which shot from beneath the large white widow's cap. Conscious that his future career depended on the judgment which would there and then be made, not only of his sermon, but of his appearance, voice, and manner, he could hardly be blamed for his nervousness. If any divine preached at the Queen, he was doomed."

—This year marks the tercentenary of the birth of Samuel Pepys, who was a Boswell of two kings and a hundred people of importance in the second half of the Seventeenth Century. Mr. P. W. Wilson, writing in the *New York Times Magazine* points out that Pepys was the forerunner of many of the newspaper specialists of to-day. "It was as the first of the columnists," he writes, "that he told of suppers at the home of Lady Castlemaine, the beauty of the moment. In describing ladies' clothes he foreshadowed the fashion page. In his appreciation of cookery and cordials he indulged in household hints. His many comments on books were tabloid reviews, and while he was less acquainted, possibly, with the sporting page, he did not ignore the cockfight. . . . Even the preachers were 'covered'—sometimes with praise, but not always. On one Lord's Day he was 'a vain fellow,' on another the sermon was 'indifferent,' and 'after it came an anthem, ill sung, which made the King laugh.'"

—"Chant at the Altar," an explanation of principles for singing the various chants of the sanctuary by John C. Selner, S. S. (John Murphy Company, 60c), should be of great service to the seminarians who are getting ready for the service of the altar. "How do you sing the Preface?" "How does the ferial

preface differ from the solemn?" "Where do you make the 'turn' in the orations?" "When do you go 'down' in singing the Gospel?" "What are the wrong ways of singing the Preface and the Pater Noster?" All these questions which are always on the lips of the seminarian who doesn't catch on "naturally" are answered clearly. It should be a book near at hand for the young priest who, we suppose, looks over the Preface on Saturday night, and is ambitious to sing his Mass liturgically even though it may sound "different" to his good Pastor.

—Leo Weismantel, we learn from the London *Catholic Times*, the well-known Catholic poet, has written an instructive curtain raiser for the three-hundredth anniversary presentation of the Oberammergau Passion Play which is to be given next year. It deals with the plague of 1634, portraying how the now famous Play came into existence as a result of the villagers' vow. The poet paints a vivid picture of the devastation that surrounds the village, and the desperate efforts being made by the peasants to remain free from the plague. Sentinels are stationed all around Oberammergau and no stranger is allowed to enter the city. But the line of defense is broken by a villager returning to his home. He brings the dreaded germ with him and infection soon spreads among the people. Several scenes show the panic that reigns in the village, while the priest is seen going from place to place administering the Last Sacraments to the dying, until he in turn is afflicted and dies. Then the surviving inhabitants of the town join in supplication for preservation from the disease in the chapel of the Holy Virgin, where they make the solemn vow that has given the world the Passion Play.

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- "The Church Surprising." Penrose Fry. \$1.25.
- "The Question and the Answer." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.25.
- "St. Albert the Great." Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P. \$3.
- "The Saints and Friendship." Marian Nesbitt. 25c.
- "St. John of the Cross." Fr. Bruno, O. D. C. \$5.50.
- "The Catholic Church in Contemporary Europe"—Papers of the American Catholic Historical Society. Edited by Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.
- "The History and Liturgy of the Sacraments." Villien-Edwards. \$2.70.
- "The Pageant of Life"—Apologetics in action. Rev. Owen Francis Dudley. \$2.
- "The Mass." John Steven McGoarty. \$3.
- "The Framework of the Christian State." Rev. E. Cahill, S. J. 15s.
- "Christianity and Civilization." Rev. James Gillis. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

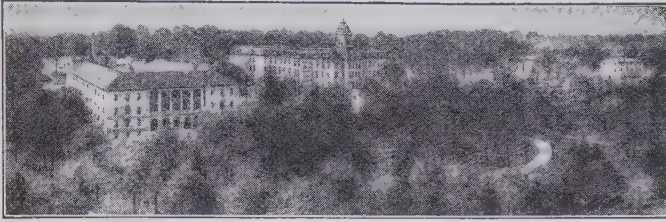
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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

MARCH.

SATURDAY, 11.—Ember Day, <i>Fast</i> . St. Constantine, King.
SUNDAY, 12.—Second in Lent. St. Gregory the Great, P.
MONDAY, 13.—St. Euphrasia, V. St. Christina, V. M.
TUESDAY, 14.—St. Matilda, W. St. Maude, Queen.
WEDNESDAY, 15.—St. Longinus, M. St. Zachary, Pope.
THURSDAY, 16.—Sts. Cyriacus and Comp's, MM.
FRIDAY, 17.—St. Patrick, Bishop, Apostle of Ireland.
SATURDAY, 18.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bp. D.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates. PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 11, 1933.

No. 10.

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Calvary.

BY SISTER MARY PHILIP, C. S. C.

THE little winds of April weep,
The little winds of April sigh;
Three crosses stand with far-flung arms
Against a sunset sky.

The winds of April used to sing
Wherever they might go.
The winds of April used to laugh,
But that was long ago

Before they kissed a thorn-crowned Head
And nail-dug Hands apart—
Before they felt the sword that pierced
A Mother's breaking heart.

The little winds of April weep,
The little winds of April sigh;
Three crosses stand with far-flung arms
Against an evening sky.

Lighted Candles.

BY THOMAS A. LAHEY, C. S. C.

IMPATIENCE is a typically American weakness. As a nation we are so much under the spell of accomplishment that we hardly get started on a project before our eyes begin casting furtive glances in the direction of its finish. And the closer the work approaches completion, the more impatient do we become to have done with it, so that we can start on some new undertaking. Perhaps that is a natural consequence of the age in which we live, with its lightning transmission of news and its over-night erec-

tion of buildings; but its split-second complex has certainly penalized us with a tendency to neglect that slow final polish that gives to a work its perfection.

There is such a thing, of course, as over-emphasizing externals. An old proverb tells us that we should not judge a book by its cover. In spite of the proverb, we usually do, however; and not only books but automobiles and houses and people. That tendency is not so illogical either, since there certainly ought to be some relation between what a thing is and what it appears to be. The chief difficulty seems to be that people who are producing something worth while are frequently so satisfied with the thing itself that they do not give much attention to those externals from which the outsider draws his first impressions. Unfortunately, these first impressions become last impressions also in the case of too many persons, particularly when there is little known about the article or situation to invite further acquaintance.

The individual who is giving to the world something not so worth while has a tendency to be much more careful about appearances. He has to because that is about his only stock in trade. The expert confidence man, for example, is apt to dress like a retired banker, to talk like a Sunday-school teacher, and to do business with you over a quartered oak desk. He is simply one of that great brotherhood of thieves that have discarded such vulgar weapons as the gun and the club to adopt the much

more lucrative procedure of hiding behind honest and virtuous appearances. You will find the membership of this great organization in every field of human endeavor from medicine to the law, and even in some cases in the ministry itself.

It is the old, old story of the wolf in sheep's clothing. Because the worthwhile things of life have always had the greatest appeal, the devil and his followers have busied themselves from the beginning in the art of camouflage. In fact, anyone who has ever stopped long enough to analyze the technique of temptation will recognize the allurements with which his Satanic majesty disguises his most disgusting suggestions. No deviation in that procedure has ever been found necessary. It is the one unfailing and unchangeable method that has been adopted by Satan and his great army of workers precisely because it works. Experience has taught them the eloquence of external appeal. It is unfortunate, of course, that these deceivers should have become so adept in simulating the externals of virtue, but their activities ought to teach us a lesson.

If the dishonest man has found it advantageous to simulate the appearance of goodness, how much more effective would be the real thing honestly expressing itself in the words and actions of men? We believe that the extraordinary influence which so many of the saints exerted simply by their appearance among others was an exemplification of this. Of course, where the saints were concerned there was always the grace of God working in an extraordinary way, but we must remember also that God does not ordinarily deal with His creatures through miraculous phenomena. It is entirely reasonable to believe that because these men were holy not only in thought but also in the words and actions that externalized their thought they attracted many

more followers than they could otherwise have done had their external actions not reflected the charity and generosity that flooded their souls. In other words, they didn't allow their spiritual lights to shine under a bushel.

That isn't so of a lot of otherwise good Christians. Some of the most crabby dispositions in the world are to be found among our most persistent churchgoers. Such individuals religiously attend every ecclesiastical function and often spend long hours in prayer with a persistence that can come only from sincerity. That very evident piety, however, does not prevent them from the unreasonableness of setting up their own little ceremonial, sometimes to the discomfiture of a whole congregation. You will find them holding an outside seat perhaps against all comers, taking their own good time on the way to Communion, racing their prayers or dragging them in defiance of all other participants, consistently performing certain private devotions at a time when those devotions should have no place—and all with a tight-lipped teracity that bodes no good to the individual who in an unfortunate moment attempts to interfere with their program.

Frequently these otherwise good Christians will be found exercising their little tyrannies in more social surroundings, frowning upon the frivolities of childhood, shaking their heads over those human weaknesses towards which Our Lord was so considerate, constituting themselves in many cases a sort of high court of inquiry upon the minor imperfections of pastor, assistants, nuns, neighbors, passers-by, in fact, everyone but their own perfect selves. And they can sit in judgment with some grace too, for there can be no question about the loftiness of their ideals or the integrity of their own private lives.

Faithful though these people may be to their hours of prayer, inspiring

though they may prove themselves in the matter of personal penance, they have developed in their characters something of that species of Pharisaism which more than any other imperfection of His day stirred the wrath of the Saviour. Unfortunately, their religion, while exercising itself generously in the worship of God, stops definitely short of that love of neighbor which is also supposed to characterize the life of the good Christian. In fact, once these people leave their knees and begin to mingle with others their sanctity seems to evaporate; and some at least show even a positive genius for ruffling tempers and souring otherwise sweet dispositions. Such so-called Christians seem to have forgotten that after the Master made His famous declaration concerning the first and the greatest commandment, He concluded with these words: "And the second is like unto this: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Charitable persons are forever excusing these people, calling them rough diamonds and maintaining that their external crudities actually hide an honest heart. The word "hide" is the one word in the dictionary that adequately describes the situation. If more of us had the patience and the understanding to dig down beneath the peculiarities of such unfortunates, we might perhaps have a better appreciation of these really worth-while characters. Because we are human, however, we steer clear of the vicious little jabs which are almost certain to be turned in our direction if we even attempt such an approach. That first forbidding exterior is the only thing that most of us see, and consequently we build our judgments upon it.

Now it is really too bad that so many sincere and otherwise good people should allow their petty imperfections to misrepresent to the world the beautiful thing that Christianity is. They should

realize that religion does not consist, at least in the life of the average Christian, in contemplative exercises only. Religion is supposed to be a part of our social life, coloring our thoughts, dictating our words, and regulating our most intimate daily actions. Of course, we cannot always live up to that ideal. The evil influences around us and our own weak natures will combine at times to drag us away from the path of our resolutions, but these waverings should only be the minor and occasional departures from an otherwise regular life. Certainly our normal exterior ought to be the faithful reflection of our normally religious interior. And it will be once we realize that the spirituality which stops short of a man's tongue and his face and his hands becomes a sort of monstrosity, particularly when it takes on an ugly and uncharitable exterior. If one does not normally expect to pick grapes from thistles neither does one expect to find thistles growing where that delectable fruit ought to be.

Why should the commercial world seem to have a monopoly upon the smile and the courteous word and all those little exterior graces which make human relations so delightful. In business these are only helpful devices adopted, like electric lights and window displays, simply because they sell. One would think that the Christian whose very religion is love would so radiate the genuineness of charity that these mere external imitations would appear pale and insignificant in comparison. As a matter of fact the more one meditates upon it, the more of a mystery it becomes that so many really religious souls should succeed in retaining throughout their lives so much of what we might call acidity in their natures.

Our Lord wasn't that kind of a Christian. Holy Scripture tells us that goodness flowed out from Him. The children loved Him, and even strangers and sin-

ners were not afraid of Him. His exterior always reflected the spirituality that was within Him. When occasion demanded He could be very severe, but about the only type of person whom He consistently flayed with His tongue was the hypocrite whose external piety gave the lie to his internal viciousness. On all other occasions He was gentle and kind and considerate, and never was more so than when in the presence of the afflicted. So much were His early disciples influenced by the example of His life that charity towards one another became the mark by which they were popularly identified among their neighbors: "See these Christians how they love one another."

Now every Christian, by the very fact that he is a Christian, has within himself the makings of a similarly beautiful character. His trips to the confessional, his reception of the sacraments, his daily acts of love and contrition should gradually bring him into the ideal Christian relationship with his neighbor. The chief difficulty seems to be that often without knowing it we allow the development of certain external obstacles to the expression of those graces that are really hidden within us. Little prejudices grow up, harsh tones and gruff habits develop, and little personal peculiarities begin to expose themselves in the most unexpected ways. Before we are aware of it we have got into the habit of unconsciously saying things about ourselves which we would never for a moment allow others to even suggest.

How many times, for example, have we not been surprised at the offenses which others have taken from some of our well-meant expressions and actions. Our intentions were of the best on these occasions, but somewhere in our external attitude there was that which spoke so loudly in contradiction to what we really tried to say that the real state of our mind and heart never even got a

chance to express itself. We have no right to blame our companions for these misinterpretations. They can judge only by what comes under the eye or the ear. They cannot see the sudden headache or the hidden worry or the momentary thoughtlessness or the unconscious habit which so often accounts for the wry face and the barbed remark.

What fools we are to allow a few little temporary peculiarities to caricature all those beautiful ideals and noble aspirations which are continually at work within us. How absolutely insane it is of us to go on year after year getting ourselves into ever more difficulties over a few little misrepresentations which are no more a part of our real selves than are the shoes that we wear. By taking a little thought to ourselves, we could easily isolate these one or two imperfections in such a way that we can immediately concentrate upon their removal. After that, success ought to be a mere matter of time, since each added conquest will urge us on with the hope of new victories and with the solid satisfaction which we will continually feel in the growing appreciation of our neighbors around us.

Only one thing is necessary, namely to make a beginning. And we need not start off with the roar of big guns either. Just making it a part of our daily routine to give a little extra attention to those two or three minor defects which have been misrepresenting us for so long will soon show results. If we continue that effort day after day in spite of the occasional set-back which is almost sure to confront us, we can be rather certain that with God's grace and our own efforts we will eventually bring to the surface those fine Christian qualities which have been hidden so long beneath a deceptive exterior. Once we attain to that way of living, we will not only begin to taste in our own souls something of the peace and happiness of heaven, but we will also awaken in

others a similar appreciation through the mute but eloquent language of good example. Then indeed will life be for us what God intended it to be, a real preparation for heaven, each day adding its little contribution of happiness to the final reward which will be ours when the day comes to give an account of our stewardship to God.

❖❖ The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

X.

IT was after eight, Saturday, when Nano drove out to the road to take Conway's message to Mike Enright. She purposely timed herself with the dark. There was a mist, too, which brooded over the earth and dripped from the trees. Just as she stopped the car—her father's gift in a good mood—Gallop hopped out from behind a back-thorn bush.

"You're considerably behind time." He opened the gate.

"For good reasons." She steered through.

"Maybe so—but I won't say for certain."

"Don't—just speculate."

Gallop and Nano generally approached each other just that way; Gallop dealing out sourness; Nano returning as much as she got.

"You are to take this baptism paper and give it to the person 'tis intended for; and be careful not to lose it."

"For whom is it?"

"You're supposed to find that out yourself—like a puzzle."

The envelope was sealed and not addressed.

"Don't lose it!" he warned as he handed the letter through the car window. She placed it in the hand-bag which lay beside her.

"And don't lose it!" he repeated.

"So you said. Aren't you coming

with me?" She looked at the parish clerk who was old enough to be her father.

"I'm not—I never go out with girls."

"I'm a nice girl."

"I wouldn't risk going out with any girl. The nicer they are the worse! And besides, I don't think you can drive a car. You can drive an ass better than you can drive a motor."

"Gallop, you're the prehistoric man they're looking for."

"You'd better be going so, and don't be robbed of the baptism paper."

"I have a medal on the wind-shield and a gun in my pocket."

"Good God!"

"Good-bye!"

"For God's sake, give me the gun! A girl has no business with a gun."

"Good-bye, Gallop! I'll take a shot at the first peeler I meet."

She drove off, and Gallop stood in the middle of the road.

"She used to be a mild kind; but they're all turning out as mad as devils these days."

Nano neared the cross where the long road from Cahermoyle ends, and watched for Conway. There was light within the house, but he did not appear. She was mildly hurt. A little farther on, the figure of a girl slipped out from the roadside and became visible in the track of the car lights. The figure signalled Nano; a medium-sized, somewhat slender girl, snug and protected in a belted rubber raincoat. The mist had become slow rain.

"I'm a traveller of the roads—take me in!"

"Alice—or her ghost?"

"Herself—take her in."

She climbed in and while she did so, Nano lifted the hand-bag from the seat.

"Aren't you surprised?" Alice began.

"Wait! System in everything."

Nano removed the letter from the hand-bag and put it into the pocket of her raincoat, covering it carelessly with

her handkerchief. Alice took her place, and the purse was set between them.

"Why so careless with the secret?"

"Always choose the simplest place when you hide something, to out-guess the guessers. How do you happen to be on the road?"

"Captain John Conway detailed me along;—said I was the best bodyguard in the service. Aren't you glad?"

"Yes—but he might have told me."

"I'm sure he would, only it was a last-minute decision. He was for having you go alone, but changed his mind and sent me word an hour ago. John, your hero, didn't come out to meet you because he doesn't trust the bobbies. They're around."

"So they are!"

She remembered their visit the night of the rehearsal, and the momentary hurt at Conway was gone.

A soft rain fell as they drove along the winding road between Kilbeg and Rathdrum. They met a horse car coming toward them at the Hasset estate; farther on two young fellows crossed the road and vaulted the stone ditch to disappear within a clump of bushes.

"Off to drill I suppose," Alice said approvingly.

"Very likely."

They felt no concern for their own safety—they were surrounded by the protection of a tradition. They were, however, concerned for the safety of the letter. The police had become annoyingly vigilant and several times searched cars at Rathdrum.

"How's Davey?" Alice asked.

"Pining."

"Too bad about him!"

"Says you're too splendid for him."

"Didn't I say I love him! Does he want me to put my hand upon the Holy Book!"

"He has his trouble, poor boy!"

"Listen, Nan, I think Davey's the best of them. I was mean to him, of course, because he didn't join up. All the

same I loved him. And I love him now forever and ever, world without end, Amen."

"It should make him happy to know that."

"He knows it."

"Do we ever grow tired hearing people say they love us?"

"O hush up—you're like a love song! You and Schoolmaster John are a pair out of a novel. I like Davey—he has a way with him."

Rathdrum was quiet that night. A late train had just left the station and raced across the country like a tiny lighted city. The station master was closing the station office, a porter putting away unclaimed luggage. Nano's car climbed the sloping road which runs beside the new graveyard; and the disproportioned church tower stood in vaguer outline through darkness and rain. The tower clock rang its message for the mid-hour—half-past nine.

"We made good time."

"Sh!" Alice warned.

Two policemen stood below one of the lamps on Church Street.

"Nan, hadn't we better drive around Tinkers' Hill and come in east?"

"No. Likely they've seen us; and they're suspicious enough already."

They went past the two policemen who took quiet stock of the car. They drove leisurely down sloping Church Street to Main; then east on Main to Boylans' Hotel. No parking laws were enforced at Rathdrum, because traffic there was called traffic as a concession to town pride. Nano left her hand-bag in the motor and neglected to lock the door. Alice noticed her rashness.

"Lady, if you insist on leaving your property behind you, for heaven's sake lock up for the night."

"I'm trying to out-guess guessers."

"My, but you're a sealed mystery! You should be in melodrama."

Mary Boylan, daughter of the hotel keeper, met them in the hallway,

following instructions from Conway:

"Your friend's above," she observed casually.

They went with her to the second floor and were about to enter a room facing north; from that room, however, Nano could not see the car.

"Mary, could you let Alice into a front room where she could keep an eye on the motor?"

They were led into a south room.

"Alice, you watch the car from here and help our Intelligence Department," Nano said.

The window behind which she could sit gave full view of the car, standing almost directly in the light of a street lamp, where Nano had purposely parked it.

Mike Enright used to be known as "Michaeleen" when as a boy he went to Blackrock where he was schooled in polite letters and nationalism. A cultured scholar now, and one of the most daring of the leaders in the new fight for the old Cause, he was doing for the south county what Conway was doing for the north. The two met and consulted often, and kept in contact with the leaders in Dublin. Unlike Conway, Enright was not harnessed to the task of serving the Government as a school-teacher, and then helping to untie the Government's grip on Ireland when off duty. Enright was no stranger to Nano. They had met, and she liked him. He had culture in his head and rebellion in his heart; and that for her was the perfection of an Irishman. She probably would have fallen in love with him had she not met Conway first. He sat reading so substantial a text as "Principles of American Government" when Mary Boylan showed her in.

"I'll have to close the door—conventions give way to Constabulary."

"Well put, Mary—you make me think of Chesterton."

She probably never heard him, she disappeared so quickly.

"So we're behind closed doors, Nano!"

Nano thought, as she surveyed the Rebel from Ballingarry, he might be any one of hundreds who set out to free Ireland in the last three hundred years, and ended up in the prison swamps of Australia or upon a jail-yard gallows.

"This for you, Mike."

She handed him the sealed, undressed letter.

He read the pages carefully; reread them. Mary Boylan, a thoughtful girl, had a fire put in the grate for Mike's comfort while he waited. Nano noted that, and gave Mary a gold mark in her record book. She wondered if she would have been that thoughtful, and decided against herself. Enright, after the second reading, tore up the letter into very small pieces and threw the pieces into the fire; then watched them until they had fallen away to black powder.

"Would you mind telling Conway the Great to send his messages by word of mouth hereafter?"

"Why so, Michael Archangel?"

"Because, Princessa, somebody could overpower you and get the letter. Nobody could make you tell."

"We're stupid, aren't we?"

"No—inexperienced in this sort of thing. Nine-tenths of our wisdom is built from the charred wood of mistakes."

"What an epigram! You should send it to the British Army Staff."

"Never mind—I got it out of a book. And be sure tell Conway the Mighty about his messages—by word of mouth. And tell him we'll follow through—if it can be done; and, yes—tell brother Davey to meet me at Craigs' Mill Tuesday evening at seven. You'll remember the points?"

"Let me see. First, Conway the Mighty is to send his messages by the living voice hereafter—a girl's voice. Girls are discreet."

"One needn't subscribe to that. Go on."

"Second, Michael Archangel will

follow through—if it can be done.”

“Correct.”

“Third, brother Davey is to meet Prince Michael at Craigs’ Mill Tuesday evening at seven—if Davey knows where Craigs’ Mill is.”

“He does; he’s smart—like his sister.”

There was a rap on the door and Mary Boylan put in her head.

“Time’s up!”

“O you kill-joy—and just when I was ready to make love.”

“These are strict premises, Michael!”

Though she had often met him, never before had Nano been so impressed by Enright’s insight and courage. Especially his easy, casual manner appealed to her. Alice came out from what she called her “watchtower,” when she heard them in the hall-way.

“Finished?”

“Done!” Mike told her.

“I have news which will amaze the country!” she declaimed.

“What a wonderful member of the Intelligence Department you’ll make!”

“But I haven’t given out the news, Prince Michael. Don’t talk out of turn.”

“Alice, you can give it out while we have tea.” And Mary Boylan led them to an out-of-the-way corner in the hotel.

The two policemen Alice and Nano had seen on Church Street, sauntered up Main, according to Alice. The earlier mist had become a steady rain, and Saturday night shoppers were within doors. Passing Nano’s motor one of them opened the door, removed the hand-bag, concealing it below his regulation rain cape; and the two went on up Main. In five minutes they returned, and the hand-bag was put back in the car.

“It all happened as if it were a play,” Alice finished.

“Car scooping is quite the thing now,” Mike commented. “But Nano, would you consider it horribly impudent if I were to ask you what was in the purse?”

“In peace I’d shoot you; but war is

hell, according to a great American. In the purse was a vanity case, a fountain pen, a pair of white gloves, a small, blue-bordered handkerchief, three half-crowns, two sixpenny bits, three pennies. One of the pennies is dated 1887. I hope they left the fountain pen and the vanity case. I need the vanity case for my complexion, and the fountain pen for the romance I’m writing about Mike Enright and Mary Boylan.”

“Nano,” Mike observed, “you have a memory for things. Don’t worry—everything’s safe.”

“Nan said she’d out-guess guessers, and I must say she saw light.”

“No, I didn’t, Alice. Mike says, never bring war news by letter. Use the living voice. Is it not so, Prince Michael?”

“Absolutely, Vanity Case.”

Half an hour later Enright drove to Ballingarry planning a strategy as he went. By the time he reached his own gate he was willing to concede it might work. Nano found her hand-bag and all its possessions just as she left them.

“Thanks be to God, Alice, there’s honor among peelers!” she observed as they journeyed home.

At Pine Grove, half a mile out of town, the road turns sharply north; and just as Nano made the curve Mickeen the Hump stepped out from the roadside and signalled.

“Isn’t it late for girls to be travelling the roads?” he asked.

“It is so, good man; but we’re protected by a medal and a gun.”

“My God, Nano, you should be careful!”

“I am. That’s why I have a medal below the wind-shield and a gun in my pocket.”

And to prove she was careful, she switched off front and rear lights.

“That’s better.” Then out of the gloom Mickeen talked to himself.

“People must be careful of what they leave behind when they go away. In Limerick City didn’t I see a girl go off

for herself, and didn't a thief come along and search her car! Nice girls must be careful. Thieves are thieves in Europe, Asia and Ireland."

"Thanks for the tip, Mickeen. We love you," Alice whispered out.

He pretended not to hear, and drifted to something else.

"'Tis a wonderful thing when a country has beautiful girls, who are clever besides! And would each of ye reach out now and give a poor traveller of the roads a slight kiss apiece, so he'll carry away a little sweetness through the sour night."

"Alice, give me that gun!"

"All right, ye can keep the kisses. But there are hundreds of girls all over Ireland would be glad if I asked them; and I never do. I never do, because I have been brought up in the highest virtue. Ah, 'tis a black, wet night!"

He made secure one unbuttoned button of his rubber raincoat, crossed the ditch and disappeared in the sheltering trees beyond.

(To be continued.)

❖❖

March.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

A HALF wild creature cast from Winter's lap;

A vagrant reveller in Nature's courts;
With wind-dishevelled hair she wildly sports
With twig and bow, surcharged with rising sap.

Possessed of frenzy which knows naught of rest,
Her slim brown arms upflung in mood insane,
She rivals with swift feet the driving rain
And makes of every day a crazy jest.

She rushes fiercely down the hillsides steep,
And dashes through forsaken forest aisles
Where last year's leaves lie deep in sombre piles.
With furious wrath she routs them from their sleep.

And so for days her reckless reign extends;
Teased and tormented Nature groans outright,
Until at last the madcap thing takes flight,
And gentle April comes to make amends.

Motives.

BY REV. JAMES A. MAGNER, PH.D., S.T.D.

WHEN people do things for us or to us, the first thing we inquire into is the motive behind the act. The gifts we receive, the favors shown to us, and the inconveniences which others put us to, all come under this relentless test, because it is precisely the spirit that has prompted the act that determines our reaction. For example, you may be standing on a crowded street corner, when some one suddenly gives you a resounding thump on the shoulder. Smarting under the blow, you turn to face your assailant. If he turns out to be some one struggling with a load of bundles, you willingly accept his apology, with the explanation that the blow was entirely accidental, designed only to catch a falling parcel. Perhaps it is an old friend, who is surprised to find you in this place, and has taken this rather vigorous method of approach to gain your attention. You are glad he has gone to the pains of saluting you. On the other hand, it may turn out to be a complete stranger, who scowls when you turn to inquire the reason, and he informs you that you have crowded him out or that he does not like your face. It is quite likely that you will return the compliment in kind. If you are a woman, and the approach is made by a leering tramp who proceeds to make amorous advances, it is not improbable that you will call the nearest officer for protection.

The same truth can be brought out by a study of the accidents that happen to us. If I stumble over some one in the house, or if a jay-walker gets in the way of my automobile, I become righteously indignant, and may even threaten further action. If the object in my way happens to be a carrot, a cat, or a lamp-post, my sentiments will be very different. I cannot blame the carrot, which

is in no way responsible for its position, nor the cat which has very little to say about its conduct; a collision with a lamp-post will make me angry with myself. At most, I can feel revengeful only with the persons who may have allowed these things to stand in their inconvenient places. If a dog bites me in the leg, I cannot sue the dog, but I may bring action against the master of the dog for permitting it to roam at large. If I bite the dog, however, its master can find redress against me.

What is true in these examples, finds an eminent application in religion. Since the thing that counts in determining the value of human actions is the motive, we are quite justified in saying that what God is interested in is not so much the size or importance of the things we claim to do as the thought of divine service and love which we inject into them. A carrot and a cat are incapable of a religious act, for the simple reason that they cannot motivate anything they do with the thought of God. Compared with the forces of nature, the storm, the earthquake, the movement of celestial bodies through space of staggering dimensions, the physical acts of men seem less than microscopic. But we have within our power the motivation of the vegetable and animal elements and efforts under our control, and this is what imparts to them an importance which God is quick to recognize and to reward.

How many of us ever think of this? Even in acts which we call religious, how little there is of God, and how much there is of ourselves! Even while writing these lines, which are intended to convey a divine truth and to bring people closer to the thought of God, I may be moved, unless I watch myself, more by a desire of seeing my name in print than of doing something pleasing to God. The preacher in the pulpit, calling people to worship and expounding the divine mysteries, can easily fall a

prey to the temptation of gaining the admiration of the congregation for his eloquence and his human appeal. On his rounds through the parish, the priest may discover that he is being animated more by the hope of leaving a favorable impression and appearing a social success than of rendering a disinterested service to God. In his organization of sodalities and parochial affairs, his thrill of satisfaction in the large numbers that respond to his call, and in the enthusiasm of the people for his activity, may arise principally from his ambition to be successful in whatever he undertakes. He hates failure. He wants to have it said that everything he puts his hand to is worthy of commendation and of advancement. Even in his most pious functions, God may be, so to speak, a million miles away. The vegetable and the animal element in a man can easily become uppermost, unless he pauses, with calm consideration, and asks himself why he is doing these things, and attempts, by a purging of his motives, to make them acceptable to God.

The same is true in every phase of divine worship. The choir in the gallery may be fairly shouting their praises of the Almighty: "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*—Glory in the Highest to God." But, unless they stop, from time to time, to give thought to their action, it may become a "Glory in the Highest to Ourselves." The idea dominating every tenor and soprano may be only an exhibition of such sweet sounds as the world has never heard before, and a hope that the congregation is able to appreciate them. The difficulties of choir masters with temperamental artists are frequent enough to confirm this suspicion, particularly when disappointed soloists become quite unmanageable and over-mercenary in their vocal service to God. Evidence of highly mixed motives can be found in nearly all parish societies. The organization of

the Kingdom of God on earth is beset with the disconcerting problem of how to pacify rivals for offices in sodalities and conferences. There are comparatively few persons whose pure service of God can survive a lack of general appreciation. A disparaging word from the priest is often enough to ruin their religious zeal forever.

If these are practical difficulties within the inner sanctum, as it were, of God's tabernacle, we may be sure that they become truly formidable in the run of daily life where there are not the same checks and safeguards to recall this idea of purity of motive. Our tendency is to think of God only when there is some burning desire or need which He can satisfy. Danger of death, impending financial ruin, disappointment in love, desertion by friends, and the craving for fur coats and automobiles are usually infallible in provoking us to prayerful dispositions.

In the meantime, however, God figures very little in our lives. The trouble is that we are likely to regard Him as a gigantic Santa Claus who holds the strings in Heaven to a bag of toys, which He could easily shower upon us, if He only would. When the prayerful urge moves us, we cry out to Him to do things for us. If our prayers are answered, we feel satisfied and complacent for the time being. If our pleas seem to be in vain, we become very resentful at His tardiness, or failure, or at the fact that the benefits He confers seem, too often, to be qualified or burdened with other conditions which take the goodness out of them. We never stop to realize that our service of Him is slow, or altogether forgotten, or so soiled with unworthy motives and considerations that it does not deserve acknowledgment.

Seldom does God demand the extraordinary and heroic from us. Our humblest actions can be made a constant offering to Him, who is our Creator, our

Sustainer, our Father, and our Lover. We are continually walking in God's presence, and in some mysterious sense, everything we do is given a previous physical impulse by Him; else it could not come into existence. St. Paul says, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." It is true that all we need, to give an act its supreme value, is a simple advertence to this fact. Yet, how few women there are who can bring themselves to realize that there is any divine romance in such humble acts as washing dishes, cleaning the house, and dressing the children. Such, however, was the life of the Blessed Virgin. Few men pause to put into their business affairs or their handicrafts any of that communication with God which characterized the obscure labors of the carpenter Joseph and his divine foster-son, Jesus.

If there were no other reason for saying one's morning prayers, they would be amply justified by the opportunity they provide for making to the Lord an offering of all the functions of the day ahead of us. And if there were no other justification for a moment's rest, stolen from the routine of the day, it would be eternally valuable for a renewal of our consciousness of God's presence, of His constant support of our energies, and of our obligation to offer whatever we do, in word or in work, as a mark of our service and love for Him. The more we bring God into our work, and particularly into our routine tasks, the closer we approach the model of the ideal Christ, who lived in constant union with the Eternal Father.

It was once a pious custom for Christians to bow their heads in a brief prayer of gratitude to God, before and after meals; but we are safe in saying that comparatively few Catholics continue this practice. The only time many Catholics say this grace is when the priest calls for dinner, and then they say it in a confused and half-shamed

fashion. There is nothing to be ashamed of in this simple, but eminently intelligent and dignified recollection of God's benefits and in the renewal of our prayerful motives. If this is not Catholic Action in its truest sense, we are at a loss to define it.

Besides raising our lives to a truly religious plane, the habit of motivation for God provides an excellent scale of values for distinguishing between right and wrong. While there is no natural function too ignoble to be performed as a part of God's design, it is impossible to make virtuous with a noble motive that which is evidently wrong. A person who is accustomed to offer his actions to God will have no difficulty in sensing the hypocrisy of immoral procedure, and he can find no surer test of the morality of an act than by asking himself: Is this something which I can sincerely offer as a service to God, or is there in it an element which rules out even the possibility of such consecration. One can offer to God the worthy love of friends, but he cannot offer a service of unclean thoughts and actions. God is pleased to accept the ambition of men to improve themselves culturally and socially, and to establish themselves and their families in financial competency; but no man can dare to offer to God a program of snobbery and selfishness or ask God's blessing upon enterprises of an uncharitable and dishonest nature.

These thoughts run through all Christian revelation. After relating the works of charity that should characterize a follower of Christ, St. Paul declared: "All whatsoever you do in word or in work, all things do ye in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and the Father through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Col. iii, 12-17). The entire life of Christ was directed by the purpose of doing the will of God, not merely in a perfect observance of the moral law, but by a consecration of all

that He did in tribute and perfect obedience to His Father. Almost His last words upon the Cross were a summing up of His life work in the words, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit" (Luke xxiii, 46). There can be no doubt but that on the Last Day, when we are called upon for an accounting of our deeds, God will look into our souls, not for the record of our successes and failures, but for the transforming element of all that we have done righteously—our motives.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

X.

SUSAN had felt a certain relief when she heard that the Burnhams' guests, who had lately found their way to Thurston and to Bluebells, had dispersed. Some one had said that the Meffords had gone to Scotland, that Maddox had gone with them, and that the girl who had been Peggy's friend had returned to Ireland. Then they were safe from these disturbing people whom it was best her girl should not meet! Her education at a good school, that was one thing, but to continue an intimate life and friendship with all these people,—and one of them—dear, dear!—and that, Judge Mefford's daughter, so Aunt Kate declared, one of them "painted like a popinjay"—was a catastrophe she had not foreseen, but which it was her bounden duty to discourage.

Not that she felt equal to putting her foot down on anything these days, she, the gentlest and meekest of creatures. For one thing, left to themselves, at peace with Bluebells, the days seemed to slip by for Susan in a sort of enchantment. There was Peggy at her elbow ready to spare her, as John, her John said. But Susan had smiled in her slow, sweet fashion,—John had stared at the little dimple—and she had said,

"But I don't want to be spared—no more than you, John."

"There are lots of things I'd like to be spared," he had said, and the dimple disappeared as a little anxious look came into the soft brown eyes.

"What is it, love—anything I can mend?" she asked quickly as if he were one of her children, unconscious too that she had called him "love."

Terms like that were not usual with her—not for her John. And she had stood before him, her big white apron covering the sprigged lavender print, her face as fair and almost as childlike as when she had brought in those mugs of beer at her father's bidding. How could he tell her he wanted to be spared hurting memories, the sting of hopes unfulfilled, the dull acquiescence in life's second best. Tell faithful, little, patient Susan that? And he had shaken his head with a smile as he turned away from those searching eyes.

"You'd shoulder everyone's troubles, wouldn't you, my girl?" he had said, and then seen her shocked look when Peggy, who was ironing handkerchiefs, broke in gaily,

"I expect Mother's a lineal descendant of Simon the Cyrenian. Prudence said last night that Mother's shoulders had need to be strong ones. That was because she'd quarrelled with Topsy, the dairymaid, and got mother to scold her, which made her unhappy."

John had smiled and gone off to his office, but old Prudence's words came back to him unpleasantly.

"Had need to be strong ones?" Well, yes, she had had, with him, her share of work and anxiety about Thurston in the early days. But what had life put on her shoulders that he had not shared? Prudence was in her dotage!

He got out his books and turned to the task in hand, but it had been a heavy day, and his mind would not work clearly. Still, certain entries had got to be made, so the sooner he set to

work the better. Had *he* put too much on her shoulders—made her life a melancholy pilgrimage such as his had been? She had always seemed cheerful and content. Had she wanted more than he could give her—in—in—John sat up slowly, passing his hand over his grey hair—in affection? Had she? But it was not possible. He had taken pains deliberately to show her his affection; so how could she feel that there was too much caution and duty in it? Besides, there wasn't. And since John and Peggy had been back this year, she had seemed more than ever content and satisfied. Of course, he admitted to himself, staring blindly at the figures he should be overhauling, there had been certain things she had not—quite liked; but then there were also certain things in the course of a man's life where he must take the initiative, judge for himself, expect his wife to follow suit. That it had cost her something each time, he had vaguely felt, but somehow, to-day, it seemed a little as if he had marched ruthlessly over frail flowers, his head lost in the clouds.

He turned the pages of his ledger slowly. After all, men—and women too—must pay the costs of life. If his children—his children, Carfaxes—had been brought up according to Grey notions, could he have buoyed himself up with that hope that had been his for so long—that amazing idea of his, that in his children he could "render to God the things that are God's"—"things" that had been traitorously deflected from their course, "things" that had been owing so long. The Grey type of children would not be the same current coin that had been stolen from the treasury. No; all he could do, failing himself, was to fashion them to the best he knew—to put into their making such conditions, that when the time came, if it ever did; if God were, by chance, waiting to perform a miracle, he could point

to his children as the disciples pointed of old, and say,

"There is a young lad here—" Had that miracle of the feeding of the five thousand been performed *because* a lad there had the wherewithal for Divinity to work on?

No sounds came to him as he sat there in his office, the old panelled room at the far end of the house. It was generally understood that when he was there, no one came to disturb him unless it was urgent. Susan had often tried to persuade him to let her clean out that small room behind the panelling where the old coffers and deed boxes were stored, but he had told her he swept it out himself when necessary and she had acquiesced, like she always did—good, little Susan,—to his vagaries and whims.

And now, old memories were stirring in him; memories that were never far off at any time. In the making of young John, of Peggy, in the formation of the super-Carfax that was to be the offering of "the young lad here" for divine achievement and reparation, Carfax had, not so far back in his mind, the vision of a crippled youth on his spinal chair, and his sister—ah—more than a vision! something that remained after the vision had vanished; something strong and vital; something that, in his unhappiest days, had comforted and inspired him;—something he had held in his heart, undefinable, but that he meant should be so much *him* that he had believed a son of his could inherit it, and be the idea in human form. For a miserable period, but a short one, he had almost lost hope. By his own folly he had cut himself off from the only friends he had ever had—and such friends! But he had felt more than once that Bernard's frail form had become a mighty power to help him; and though he had never seen Margaret Burnham since he had left their house on that tragic morning, and only heard that she

had entered religion years later, he knew that wherever she was, she would not forget the man who stood in such sore need of her prayers.

He smiled as he thought of young John and Peggy. So far, he said to himself,—so far they are the children I desired with all the force of my mind and soul when I took Susan to wife. They were begotten for a great purpose: to pay the Carfax debt! But that depends on themselves now—on them,—and on a miracle. But "the lads" are there with their "loaves and fishes" for God to work on!

It was some time before he had finished his work in the ledger. Every now and then he had let his mind wander, and he pulled himself up sharply to the task in hand. When at last he had put the heavy book back on its shelf, he pulled out of a drawer one or two keys, and presently pushed back the stained panel that yielded creakily to the concealed lock. But he got no further. There was a light tap at the outer door of the office and Peggy's voice in a mysterious whisper,

"Can I come in, Daddy? Oh, you're in the cubby-hole—do show me!"

She closed the door behind her, but Carfax had already stepped back into his office, and the panel clicked as he closed it.

"Another time, my dear. What is it?" He put the keys back again in the table drawer, trying for the moment not to be conscious of her—as he tried sometimes not to be conscious of his son, almost shame-faced in his pride of them, knowing them to be, so he said, his finest desires in the flesh—begotten for a purpose!

"It's tea—and my first bread baking—so it behooves you to have a nice appetite. When are you going to show John and me what's in there?" She pointed smiling to the panel door; and this time he looked at her, smiling too, but a little grimly,—always a little

afraid of his joy and pride in them.

"They didn't teach you to make bread at Tesford then?" he said, sorting some papers on his desk.

"Poor Sister Zita! If we'd had the run of the kitchen!" and as she preceded her father out of the room, she added, "You promised me often, Daddy, you'd come with me one day to see Mother Veronica if she ever came back. I believe she's coming quite soon, so you *will* find time, won't you?"

Ah, but that promise had been made before he knew who Mother Veronica was; and anyway she was far away in France, and Peggy home for good. There need be no more visits—or, yes, Peggy would need all she could get of Mother Veronica.

"Well, well—wait and see. You know I'm a busy man these days. Where's John?"

They had come out of the narrow passage that divided the old muniment room from the rest of the house. A small square hall with low ceiling and rafters, and a shallow oak staircase, black with age and polish, stood open on one side to the white porch and scented garden. As Carfax strode across it, Peggy hanging on his arm, some one entered the porch and Carfax turned. And as Peggy turned and went to the door to greet the visitor, he seemed to remember the man's face—one he had rather liked as he had passed him on his bicycle some days ago.

"It's Mr. Burnham, Daddy. We met him at Grandy's, and he is my Mother Veronica's nephew!"

The two men shook hands gravely. "My Mother Veronica's nephew!" It was more than twenty-five years since Carfax had shaken hands with a Burnham. The last time he had had speech with one of them he had been told never to show his face again at Four Orchards; and he had never known whether Margaret had believed ill of him or not—only he thought not.

"I guessed, after I had passed you on the road the other day, sir, that you might be Mr. Carfax," said Anthony, and liked the way his host met his own frank stare with one equally searching.

"A road rather off the beaten track—not much used." Anthony remembered the voice he had liked,—this time with a courteous inflection in it for his guest, who, if he had business with him, thought Carfax, had better come through to his office.

But the young man had turned to Peggy.

"I promised to let you know when my Aunt Margaret was to arrive. She's here. She is the new Reverend Mother."

"Actually here! It's almost too good to be true! And, at any rate, a fixture for some time as Superior! Daddy, don't you think Mr. Burnham must be invited to eat our—*my* bread?"

Carfax, just for a moment, was seeing Peggy in a new light. The dancing, gay little Peggy, who had been hanging on his arm a minute ago, was suddenly a rather gravely smiling young hostess, whose quiet voice and manner, even as she turned to her father, made him wonder for the moment if he were dreaming.

He spoke perhaps a little abruptly,

"If Mr. Burnham will take a cup of tea with us—" he began and watched his guest as he laid his hat and gloves on a table.

"I didn't deserve this, sir! I thought I was making a very late visit and hoping you'd excuse it."

"We farm people take our tea late."

He pushed open the door of the big living room as he spoke, and Susan, seeing a visitor and a stranger, got up slowly from the window where she was sitting, sewing John's name on a pile of clothes. It was Peggy who relieved her father of introducing one of that family whose name had always a little worried Susan.

"Mother, this is Mother Veronica's

nephew. He has come to tell me she is back again at Tesford."

Mother Veronica's nephew? That would be a Burnham for sure.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," she murmured in her soft voice, wishing John would let her say sir to people; it sounded so hard like, not to.

And as Anthony shook her small, rough hand, and looked at this little simple woman who was the mother of that—that—oh, well!—there came also a sense of content that that poor lad of thirty years ago had found such gentle consolation for the hurts his own family had put on him. Then young John had come in and his pleasure at finding "the brown man" was evident.

It was the three men who had talked as they sat at the tea table. At first, Carfax had contributed only the minimum of conversation, but his mind had been absorbed in his guest. There was not a word he spoke, nor an inflection of the voice, nor an expression of his face that escaped him. A Burnham sitting at his table, deferring courteously to him,—a brown-faced, broad-shouldered young man who might be his own son! And a look of quiet content came into his eyes as they fell on young John. Nothing to regret there. His son, his—who would be the fulfilment of all his desires.

And by and by it was the two young men who were listening to him. Some one, it was Anthony, had mentioned the Great Man of Italy, and from that they had touched a little on politics, Indian affairs, and the low fungus growth that poisoned the feet of those who soared high, who, by their brilliant gifts, could scale heights and see over the heads of men, keeping their own in rich altitudes. John had heard his father talk like this—at times—rarely, in the intimacy of the starlit night when the two of them had sat in the porch. Once, Peggy had been there.

Susan was almost fearful of the wis-

dom of her John. She sat behind the lacquered tea tray, her hands folded, her eyes more starry than Peggy's; and Peggy sat, her eyes on her father, listening. She had no key to her father's life—apparently no one had—but he spoke, slowly, with no effort at choosing his words, in a way that made Anthony feel that here at least was a philosopher lost. If anyone had a key there, it was he, his mind reverting to the man's history as given by Aunt Mary. "A low fungus growth, poisoning the feet of those who soared high." The man should know what he was talking about, but there was no touch of bitterness in his voice as he spoke; he was too simple to feel that he had done more than just outstrip the fungus.

And then young John, who had put a large parcel down on a chair, as he had come in, pointed to it.

"Grandy gave me a tip to-day, and I've bought a second-hand Froissart. Saw it a week ago and haven't slept since," he said, grinning at Peggy who laughed.

"It hasn't upset your appetite this last week," she said.

"You were lucky to find one! And at Tesford of all places," said Anthony.

"I saw it in a catalogue and got old Reynolds to get it down."

"Ah—good man, Reynolds! I used to pick up excellent books at his outside stall when I was a lad. Show us the book, John."

For the next few minutes they were all discussing it, Peggy leaning over her father's shoulder, John over the other. Anthony, having pushed his plate away, arm on the table, leaning towards the book, appreciative of the bargain, congratulating John on his luck.

"Oh, look! What's that about Lourdes? I saw the name. Oh, you've lost the place!" Peggy tried to find it again.

"Lourdes? It must be the letter old Froissart wrote in which he said 'Lourdes was impregnable, a fortress that could never be taken, very strateg-

ically placed at the mouth of several valleys.' This from Burnham.

No one looked interested, unless, thought Anthony as he noticed Peggy's face, unless it was this girl who, as she stood up again behind her father's chair, murmured quietly,

"I've read about how—how it surrendered."

Carfax was asking John a question which took some explaining. It was only Susan who noticed their visitor's sudden smile as Peggy had spoken.

"Aunt Margaret would have more to say on that subject than Froissart," he said; but Susan did not know what they were talking about, and was glad when he turned to her, that it was about her father he spoke. Mr. Grey had given him such good advice about the land round Four Orchards, that his Aunt, an inveterate old stay-at-home had declared that if only she had had the courage to come over and consult him years ago, she would have saved the estate a lot of unnecessary expense.

"Is the lady an invalid?" Susan had asked, and Anthony, feeling that the grey-haired man behind the Froissart was listening intently, replied,

"No, not an invalid; but she has always been given to shutting herself up, particularly since my grandfather's death and my—my Aunt's absence." Better put it that way.

"An innocent habit which should be respected by the next generation," said Carfax pleasantly, closing the heavy volume and telling John take it. He hoped Mary Burnham's agreeable nephew would understand if he knew anything of old times—that no excuse was expected, or would be acceptable, because Miss Burnham had carried on the tradition of completely ignoring their existence. There had been undeniable reason for it.

"Well, sir, that may be, but if I'm going to settle, as I may do later on, at Four Orchards, I very much hope that

you and Mrs. Carfax will admit me into your neighborly fellowship."

It was said, not as asking for a favor nor as conferring one, but spontaneously and simply; and after turning for a moment to include Susan, he had looked straight at Carfax.

"Later on? You are not making a long stay then?" He seemed to be avoiding the direct question.

"I go back to India for another year—perhaps more, but we are selling our property out there. There is a good deal to be looked after in England. My grandfather had a craze for buying land and estates."

Yes; Carfax well remembered his father's drunken fury that "old Burnham" had made offers to buy Thurston, lock, stock and barrel, and his own fierce content that his feeble-minded father had had the courage to refuse them all.

"A bad time for selling properties in England," came from Carfax; and without being conscious of it, John and Peggy were holding their breath for their father's—at least perfunctory polite response to the request for "fellowship." It was just when Anthony, half an hour later, was saying good-bye, thanking them for their hospitality, a little sore that Carfax had ignored his words, that his host, as he held his hand out beside the car, said easily, naturally, but deliberately,

"I liked your expression, 'neighborly fellowship.' You will be welcome."

"Thank you, sir," was all Anthony said, but there was a pleased look in his eyes as he got into his car. That man doing a dirty trick and behaving badly behind his benefactor's back? Never! Anthony was prepared to swear to it. Anyway he had Aunt Margaret to back him in his new friendship.

But at this point in the young man's mind it was Carfax who filled the picture. The rather gaunt man with the severe, lined face whose expression changed incredibly when the deep-set

grey eyes looked straight at you and smiled—as if glad, himself, to smile and be pleased; as if life had kept his real self under lock and key, or perhaps more as if he had voluntarily made a prisoner of himself.

That big, comfortable, cool room had held something attractive for Anthony. And the quiet, little, capable hostess, with her gentle voice and shy manner,—there was nothing out of the picture there. Her husband had deferred to her once or twice, naturally, almost gently, and the two “youngsters” had, one on each side of her, included her in all their attentions and chatter. Each time she had been content with a,

“Yes, John; No, John. Did the gentleman say two lumps of sugar? Now, now, Johnnie!” but by the time Anthony had got as far as this, he had decided that the little woman was a jewel of the first water. He almost wanted to go back to Tesford to tell his rather wonderful Aunt Margaret all about it, but he had better not—it was getting too late.

A lovely girl Peggy! Only just seventeen. When he came back, say in eighteen months, she would be nearly nineteen; and he would be twenty-eight. And after casting about in his mind to try and remember what other men—young—there were in the neighborhood, he came to the conclusion that the seclusion of such a girl in quiet Thurston, far removed, not only geographically but in every way, from the “madding crowd,” was a tremendous advantage—to him.

And Susan, sleepless and restless that night, troubled at not finding John beside her, had put on her cotton wrapper and had gone downstairs to find him smoking, solitary, in the dark porch. She had left the candle she had brought on a table in the hall, and John saw the shadowy figure with her soft hair hanging, school-girl fashion, in a thick pigtail.

“What is it?” he said. It was the first time she had ever done this. “You’re not ill?”

She was standing close beside him now, the pale light from the distant candle outlining her in wraith-like fashion.

“No, John. I don’t think so. I just wondered why you hadn’t come to bed.” Her voice seemed part of the scented jasmine on the porch.

“What do you mean, you don’t think you’re ill?” he said quickly; and a little sigh, cut short, preceded her words.

“It’s all these new people. They—they seem like a river that’s bearing you and the children away, an’ leavin’ me on the bank.”

It was a hesitating, soft little voice, a little shaky as she finished, but before her last word, John had stood up and put his arm round her shoulder, drawing her to him.

“No, no, Susan—there’s no river separating us. The children—” his hand rested on the soft-curved shoulder, and he hesitated—“the children, well, that’s life, my girl. The river may take them away, but not me—I’ll not fail you, little wife.”

For a moment she stood there in the shelter of his arm, trembling with the happiness of the moment. She could never tell him all her fears—of late.

“You’ll not fail me, John,” she repeated, whispering because she couldn’t trust her voice. And like a blinding flash of lightning came the vision of his ambition for his children—why he had begotten them! To pay back the debt owing for the apostasy of his forefathers. When the time should be ripe—ripe, he had said in his presumption—he would cancel the debt by his offering of them—and of himself—perhaps! And here was the mother, sensing vaguely the pains of a coming child-birth, when the throes of separation would be more lasting, more anguishing, than any she had yet had.

He must leave *them* to pay the debt. There was something to be rendered to Cæsar. And as the candle flickered out in the night wind, he said, in a voice that seemed to come from far away,

"No, no, Susan. I'll not fail you, my dear. You mustn't let life frighten you."

(To be continued.)

Messages.

BY NELLIE R. IVANCOVICH.

AS I walked home one morning recently from an early week-day Mass it seemed to me that everything around me, the fresh, clear air, the distant sound of the traffic of the day just beginning, a cheery word from a friend—all bore a message of hope and courage; a message from God Himself; a message for me!

I had been praying that morning for a very special favor. We are quite apt to ask for special favors, more apt, I am afraid, than we are to be grateful after we receive them. I had often prayed for like favors, but this was out of the usual order. I had begged of God to send me a subject for my next article for THE AVE MARIA!

I knew it was not enough, as some one has wisely said, to love to write; no even enough to know how to write—one must have something to say, something worth saying. My heart was full to overflowing and my mind teeming with ideas; but you can't make an article out of such things as "Oh, God is so good to me!" "I wonder how my sick friend is feeling this morning; I hope he is better;" "Up in the country, where I used to live, the sun is just rising over the mountains," and a pause to wipe the tears away.

No. An article must at least be coherent; and, above all, it must have a subject. So I said another little prayer for the same intention—that God would

send me a message, a subject for my article. And, all at once, it came to me that right here in the word "message," was the answer to my prayer: that our lives were full of messages from God, just as the bright early morning had brought me a message of hope and courage, on my way home from Mass.

If it is true that "star differeth from star in glory" and that no leaf on the tree is exactly like any other leaf, it is still more true that no human being is exactly like any other human being, no soul exactly like another soul.

In our outward lives, our habits and pursuits, we are somewhat alike. Not so in the things of the spirit. These are hidden from view and known only to ourselves and God—sometimes scarcely realized by ourselves. The motives that urge each one of us, the arguments that convince us, all are different. This being so, it naturally follows that God deals with each soul in a special manner; that He sends to each one the message fitted to its own special needs. He speaks to us in many ways: by the voice of conscience, by the teachings of the Church, by the sacraments, by the things we read. And always the message comes to us as if meant for us alone. It fits our case; it awakens an answering chord in our hearts.

Some of these messages are very simple: a bird's call, the wind among the trees, an old song, a sentence from a book—any one of these simple things may move us so profoundly as to alter the entire course of our lives. Who shall say they are less sent by God than if He let fall a star from heaven! Since the messages are personal it is well to keep them so. Repeated to another they lose in force, beauty and significance. If the message has guided, helped or comforted us, it has done its work. Henceforth, let it live only in memory, not in speech.

Sometimes the messages are not so pleasing. They reproach us, torment us,

remind us of neglected tasks, of broken promises, of wrongs unatoned for. These are, perhaps, the most necessary messages of all, for without them we would soon become complaisant, self-satisfied, indifferent.

Our bitter griefs, our deepest tragedies are also messages from God. They are not easy to understand, like the song of birds in the early morning, but they are, nevertheless, messages from God, lessons we must learn, hard as they are. All the happenings of our daily lives: joy and sorrow, labor and rest, the changing seasons, the course of the stars in the heavens—all are messages from God. It is thus He speaks to us, reminding us of His power and majesty, His love and patience, His care over us. He makes use of all means, even the most humble, to carry these messages to us. In the end, He will send to us, by the angels, a final, imperative message to appear before Him for judgment. There, He Himself will speak to us, face to face.

This, then, is the article—such as it is—for which I was given the subject as I walked home from Mass in the early morning. The article itself is a message. And now, even as I write these words, I am filled with a deep sense of unworthiness. Less innocent than the birds, less faithful than the morning breeze—who am I, indeed, to bear a message to any one—a thought that shall endure, a word that can help! But if

They also serve
Who only stand and wait,

so, too, can he serve who puts into words the thoughts God sends to him.

Alas! He can never find adequate words with which to clothe these thoughts. There is no way in which he can fittingly describe the visions of beauty and holiness which haunt his mind, or tell of the hopes and longings and aspirations that fill his heart!

Egyptian Ingenuity.

Very often we find that the principle upon which some of our most astounding modern inventions are founded have been in practical use long centuries before they were given commercial popularity. It was considered quite remarkable, for example, when the farmer was introduced, a few years ago, to an artificial substitute for the hen in the matter of hatching out eggs. To-day we even have a tendency to think with disdain of what we consider the slow and old-fashioned methods of mother nature. It seems, however, that the artificial hatching of eggs is neither modern nor is it so highly effective in comparison with the methods used by the ancient Egyptians.

According to Wilkinson in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," there were professionals in the old days who went from house to house collecting eggs for hatching over their specially built ovens. And they must have been pretty good at the work, considering the fact that their average success was about two-thirds of the eggs taken up. In fact, they had to be good, since their only pay was in the form of those chickens hatched over and above one-half of the eggs received. When we consider that the eggs received were accepted with very little preliminary examination, it must be admitted that the artificial egg hatching of ancient Egyptian days had very little to learn in the way of effectiveness from our modern devices.

In Suffering.

BY S. T. D.

3 AM, Lord, but a worthless, cast-off thing,
Passion has drained the gold and left but dross,
Yet would I help Thee by my suffering
Like the Cyrenian to bear Thy cross.

Speaking of Rackets.

BY P. J. C.

ANY attempt to demolish Christ seems to illustrate advanced, scientific thinking. To be profound you must shock. To get a hearing you must use the bell of scholarship and ring the knell of the Saviour. He must not be in the picture. Eject Him from the scheme of things. And in the propagation of this pseudo-learning, there is suggested the plausibility of the theory of our ape antecedency.

Thus: an exchange professor, heralded as ultra extreme in scriptural criticism, from a well-known university serves for some months at another well-known university. While acting vicariously he gives a highly technical lecture to deans, professors, associate and assistant professors, instructors, fellows and invited guests. And he says: "My own mature thought on the subject of Jesus—and the most recent scientific critical findings are in accord—is that Jesus had the God complex. Alexander had the world-ruler complex; Napoleon the Emperor-of-a-United-States-of-Europe complex. Jesus had the complex of Godsonship."

Sensation. Gasps. Truth at last!

"My own thought"—declares the associate professor of the History of Economic Growth next morning to his mixed Juniors—"on the person of Jesus Christ, supported by the latest scientific investigation, is that Jesus had the God complex. Alexander dreamed of world empire, Napoleon of a United Europe. Jesus had the *ego* of Godsonship." The boys and girls bottled this new vintage for future consumption.

One of them—a young man from a farm in Kansas—delivered an address to a group of Freshmen intellectuals who belonged to a society for sex study. "My own ideas"—says Kansas—"on

Jesus, supported by the facts in the case, is that Jesus had the God complex. Alexander dreamed of beating the world, Napoleon of a United Europe. Jesus had the complex of Godsonship."

One Freshman intellectual who heard this wind from Kansas told a group of girls at the Freshmen hop, through clouds of cigarette incense, "My own notion of Jesus is that He had a God complex, like Alexander and Napoleon. Yea, He had a God complex. Yea, that's my idea. He had the complex of Godsonship."

A chic listener said out loud, "Say, kid, that's my mental reaction too. Sonny Boy, let's have the flask." And so it goes. A later Victorian, official poet of the British Empire, sang in the days when the pound was at par,

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell.

Only, in the citation, the growth is not of knowledge or of reverence. We may generalize about certain present-day mentality to this extent: Thoughts on God, life, death, the hereafter; on character, conduct and sex are put on the market. If they are new and different, no matter how mad—the madder the better—they are given a publicity—and sell. You have only to go over in your mind the crazy quilts that have come out of the consciousness of pseudo-professors, pseudo-scientists for the last twenty-five or thirty years. They are more foolish and altogether worse than the worst best-sellers; more incongruous, more inconsequential, more openly provocative than when the picture-show makers bring a bathing girl into a blizzard so the students of the fine arts may study her legs!

The business of dethroning God, of sinking Our Lord below and beyond the reverent consciousness of men and women has become somewhat of a racket. And truth to say, university professors are among the more notorious of the intellectual racketeers.

Notes and Remarks.

Catholics believe in prayer. Not as a formula to be read before a dinner or a speech. They believe in it as a direct appeal to a merciful God who listens and will help. The Catholics of this country owe it to the nation to ask Almighty God to give light and strength to the new President of the United States. Light to see through his problems, strength to bear his burdens. Not many presidents in the history of the nation will face such colossal tasks. He will need more than man's help if he is to restore us to our normal balance. Catholics owe him the charity of prayer.

The first definite intention of the country to rid itself of the Eighteenth Amendment was shown in the recent resolutions of the Senate and the House. Both bodies voted to let the fate of Prohibition rest with the States. Special conventions are authorized to assemble to vote on whether to expel or retain that furiously discussed constitutional amendment to make the people of the United States teetotalers. It may be that the States will get out of the mess caused by Prohibition as quickly as they got into it. And you will remember they got into it in a race to be first. There was considerable hypocrisy, make-believe virtue, in the stampede to get in. There was hymn-singing, bell-ringing, preaching, parading by militant so-called drys; and the country was promised that poverty and vice were going out for good. After the earlier hysteria and lyrical fanaticism had passed, people began to think things over. The years dragged on and liquor was still with us—plenty of it; and more vice than the country ever tolerated. And now after fourteen years of secret and open drinking, our youth debauched, our Federal law enforcing machinery, always held in respect, scoffed at as meddlesome, vacillating,

impotent, the whole outlook of our people toward law turned upside down,—after fourteen bad years we go back to start anew. That new start—if the new start be made—should mean reasonable human living, temperance, respect for law. It should not mean a continuance of the debauch the country has been subjected to. If Prohibition could not restrain us, we must show now that without Prohibition we can restrain ourselves. Then we shall have temperance—the virtue of a free, reasonable, self-governing, well-poised people. We have had fourteen years of rule by the rod, and half in waywardness, half in resentment, we grew unruly and did not obey. We can best prove the folly of Prohibition by being temperate without it. Being rational and civilized we chose temperance as the virtue of rational, civilized men and women.

In more ways than one the moving picture industry has been a curse to our country. Anyone who even occasionally visits the theatre to-day cannot but be aware of the devices by which the suggestive is injected into scenes which by their nature have no call for such matter at all. A good illustration of that type of showmanship is "The Sign of the Cross" which attempts to draw religious-minded people into the theatre by a sacred title, and then insults them by some of the matter which it portrays. But the film industry is not satisfied with injuring innocent spectators. It must also torture helpless animals in order to furnish a laugh. Not long ago a writer in the official organ of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals gave the following description of how certain animal pictures are filmed:

I have spent twelve winters in California. The most extraordinary pictures are made with animals! Dogs are made to do everything human actors do. There is a wonderful football picture, complete in every detail, using dogs entirely. It is a long picture and the

large audience is composed entirely of dogs. The "Barker Brothers"—dogs conducting a murder case in district attorney's office—all dogs and many, many others—the dogs have wonderful costumes, wigs and whiskers. Metro Goldwin Mayer takes the lead in making animal pictures. I was told *confidentially* how it is done. The dogs are wired to iron boards, so they are perfectly helpless, and manipulated with wires from above, like puppets. After being informed, one can well understand how it is done. It is impossible to gain access to animal studios.

The most extraordinary picture of all was made with ducks and chickens, somewhat enlarged in the picture. All had wonderful costumes, some wore wigs, all were well wired; human voices are added afterward.

This information, obtained by the writer in spite of all efforts to keep the facts from the public, gives us some idea of the depths to which those who are producing our films have descended. Apparently anything goes and as much of it as the public will stand. Catholics are numerous enough in this country to compel reform in this and in similar activities if they will only show their disapproval in a nationally organized way.

Cardinal Marchetti-Selvaggiani, the Pope's Vicar-General, has forbidden all processions outside of the churches in the diocese of Rome unless permission has been obtained through a written request thirty days previously. The parish priest must indicate the motive of the procession, the images, statues and relics to be carried, and what clergy and laity will participate. The order prohibits women from wearing special costumes, and absolutely forbids children to be clothed as angels and saints even within the church. If the procession coincides with a civil celebration, the civil festivities must not disturb the seriousness of the procession. That the Cardinal intends to diminish the number of processions may be gathered from his order that priests immediately submit to him a list of the

processions customarily held throughout the year in the parishes, the date when first introduced, the importance thereof and whether they are in honor of some saint. This decree may later be extended to the dioceses of the United States, together with the decree forbidding the veneration of unusual or revolting statues.

The Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O. P., tells the needy poor of his Archdiocese they are permitted to eat meat on Friday during Lent. "This," says the Archbishop, "is not a dispensation; it is simply a declaration regarding the law." The Church in modern times has not been a martinet in the matter of abstinence. Whenever, wherever the absence of meat entails serious hardships, permission has been granted for its use. Laboring men and women, the sick, the poor, whose daily meals are always more or less a question mark, are always exempted from the rigors of Lent. In these hard days the poor are more numerous and poorer than ever. Many who were rich are not moderately well to do. Millions are out of employment; banks are closing, and the much or the little people had saved is a memory. In these distressing times the Church readily makes concessions to the suffering and distressed. Archbishop McNicholas has made a declaration the substance of which will be repeated by archbishops and bishops throughout the country.

A Chicago firm that has been making loans to families in temporary financial straits, after studying a cross-section of the 240,000 families on its books for this year, made the somewhat surprising statement that homes completely managed by the wife get into fewer financial jams than others. Where the wife handles the check-book as well as the change purse, debts are fewer and money goes farther than in those homes

where the man is the financial boss. The woman, of course, should have a desk for conducting her business in an orderly way, and should not resort to the old method of hiding money under the clock, or in the broken teapot in the pantry. That, perhaps, may have been all right for a past generation, but this Chicago firm believes that something more modern should be used now. At any rate, it will surprise many men to know that their wives could probably do a better job in handling the check-book than they themselves are capable of doing, and many will refuse to believe it. How could a man refuse to buy his wife a new hat or coat if she had access to the check stubs, and knew how much he paid for his golf clubs?

The President-elect was shot at some weeks ago by a criminal. That he was not assassinated is not due to the criminal's intention which was definitely to kill. The mayor of Chicago at this writing is in a critical condition from the bullet intended for Mr. Roosevelt. This thought comes to you, to everybody, as the nation waits and watches: We have had five and ten-years' jail sentences for a man or a woman in possession of a pint of whiskey. A man can buy and possess a revolver down in Miami to shoot the elected first servant of the people. No questions asked as his gun bulges out of his back pocket. A bulging flask of whiskey calls the police and the judge. Why not prohibit stores to sell firearms to people unless they can show permission to buy them from responsible agents of government?

Radical Vera Cruz—the communistic group known as 'Vanguardia'—has 'resolved' that Law 107 should be so changed that priests be married and more than sixty years old. Just why married and why 60 years old is not indicated. Nor is it proclaimed that lawyers, doctors, politicians be married

and sixty. You will say the Vanguardia are crazy, of course. But crazy people can do harm, and so we have institutions for them. The attitude of Governor Vazquez Vela does not warrant any opinion as to the possibility of a change in the Law, we are informed. For all that, the Vanguardia should be housed. The thoughts they think are crazy thoughts. And crazy thoughts are generally attached to crazy people.

"Revive war-time measures," counsels Mr. Alfred E. Smith. One of the war-time measures was the dollar-a-year man in Government work. Senators and Congressmen would not take ardently to that. Nor should the country expect them to. The country does expect that there be Senatorial, Congressional, Governmental cuts as there are cuts in offices and shops in civil life. It would serve as a good example for one thing. It would indicate thoughtful consideration, willingness to suffer and make sacrifices with the rest of the country. The Government cannot run as it has been running if it is to keep on running. Thoughtful men on every side say that. Let the Government carry on with less, as everybody carries on now. There are many thousand ways of lessening the expense account if those responsible for the Government make a tour of inspection.

The recent word-coinage "racket" may well be affixed to the so-called soldier bonus. The detail of getting within the circle of governmental bonus award is very simple, the financial accretion considerable. You may never have received a pin scratch in the war, may never have seen fighting. You had pneumonia a year ago, however,—or appendicitis. Hand that in and have it traced to the war. Your Congressman will not expose you. You represent one of many millions of votes. He thinks in terms of votes. Do not imagine for a moment he

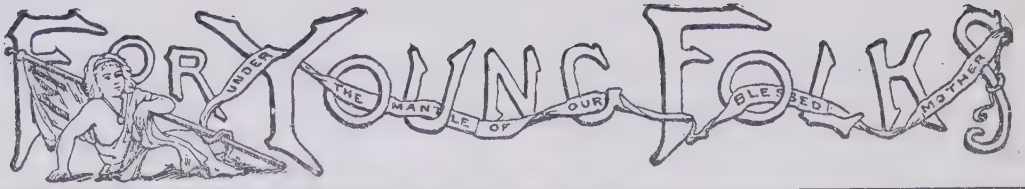
thinks in terms of a tax-trodden people. There are ex-soldiers who have valid reasons for getting government support. There are thousands upon thousands who have no right whatever to get free offerings for spurious reasons. "The Government has the money—let the Government pay" is the phrase used to justify this general grab out of the Government bag. Only the Government happens to be the shopman who is idle, the school teacher who receives half salary or credit checks, the vast army of men and women who are half or one-fourth paid, and taxed three times over. And they are as powerless to help themselves as the lashed peasants in Russia. If we have communism or revolution in this country, place its origin where it belongs. Senators, Congressmen have been witnessing a progressive fall in wages, in real estate, in everything that sends back to people a money return. And the cost of Government has mounted dizzily. The men who can help do not. And people can only groan and pray, "God give us men!"

It has always been the favorite method of the political robber to pose as a paragon of perfection. To give his later thieving the proper appearance of virtue, he usually starts out by blackening the reputation of his intended victims. Thus, for example, because the Church in such countries as Mexico and Spain was compelled to erect buildings and accumulate certain material necessities in order to carry on her religious and educational work, she was painted by her enemies on every possible occasion as growing rich at the expense of the poor. Then when a proper excuse had been built up, the self-canonized plunderers stepped in to seize and confiscate in the name of the State the property which had been legally acquired for the simple purpose of helping the people. That is generally the end of the tragedy so far as any accounting

to the public is concerned. Gradually, however, a good share of the confiscated property, or the money that results from the sale thereof, finds its way into the coffers of the sanctimonious public benefactors as it was intended to do in the beginning. The life of Plutarco Elias Calles is a typical example. Plutarco used to be a poor-school teacher before he managed to rise to a position of political power. Now, however, that he has been able to take such a prominent part in impoverishing the Church, we can examine the record of his disinterested concern for the people. Here is what a writer in one of the recent issues of the *Fortnightly Review* has to say about the unselfishness of this poor-school teacher of a few years ago:

In one of the finest residential districts of the capital I was shown a magnificent mansion, the property of Plutarco Elias Calles. On the way to Tlalpam I noticed a very fine "quinta" with lovely gardens and ponds for week-end excursions, owned by the same gentleman. In Cuernavaca, the popular summer residence of wealthy Mexicans, I saw the summer home of the same gentleman, the most pretentious modern summer home in all Mexico, with extensive gardens in the style of upstart American millionaires. Again, on the way to Puebla, about 20 miles from the capital, I noticed a series of splendid buildings, evidently an up-to-date dairy ranch, and not far from the buildings are herds of the finest thoroughbred cattle. On the other side of the road there were larger areas of splendid young orchards. I have not seen any finer in all California. Must I say that upon my question I was told the proprietor is Plutarco Elias Calles? I could add to this list, but I think this is sufficient.

We are making progress in aviation in spite of the occasional disheartening accidents which feature that industry. The Committee on Aviation of the Actuarial Society of America reports that while there was one fatality for every 3314 passengers carried in 1928, the death rate has dropped to one fatality for every 19,346 passengers carried in 1931.



Little Boy of Nazareth.

BY SISTER MARY PIERRE BOUCHER.

WHY do You stand at the door, Little Boy,
And why are your eyes so wide—
Catching the blue of the morning sky
And the light of the stars that hide
Under that pile of golden clouds
At the edge of this joyous day?
Why do You stand at the door, Little Boy,
And look to the hills away?
Oh, Your eyes are far too wise, Little Boy!
For Your tender seven years,
And far in the depths of their darling blue
Are troubled thoughts and fears,
As You stand at the cottage door, Little Boy,
And look to the rim of the earth.
Oh, there are dreams in Your eyes, Little Boy,
That are more than a million worlds' worth!

Shadows on Cedarcrest.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

VI.—WHEN THE TULIPS BLOOMED.

“THERE! and there! and there!”
Emma yanked out a red tulip,
and sent it after the tall purple one;
then she seized a shorter, yellow one, and
hurled it after the other two. The three
drooped in humiliation upon a whole
pile of broken, colorful flowers.

“The devil’s in her,” groaned old
Tom, whose tulips were the darlings of
his heart; “she won’t listen to me. Och!
Wurra, wurra! Would ye look at her,
now?”

“Emma, Emma!” Phyllis’ voice called
from an upper window; “Emma, will
you come up here?”

Emma shook her head. “You just
want me to quit,” she said, fiercely. “I’m
not going to stop until I tear up this
whole yard.” Tom groaned aloud, as

another of his choicest blooms went to
join its fellows.

“All right.” Phyllis’ voice was sor-
rowfully reproachful. “But your grand-
mother is sleeping, and I have time to
tell you the loveliest story.”

Emma paused in the act of reaching
for another flower, and looked up,
doubtfully. “What’s it about?” she
asked, suspiciously.

“About a sweet little princess, who
had a hundred dolls.”

“A—hundred—dolls?” Emma slowly
turned her back upon the tulip bed, and
took a step toward the house. “What
were their names? And where did she
get them all?”

“You’re too busy to hear about them,
now,” said Phyllis, artfully.

“I am not. I’m coming right up.
Please, Phyllis, won’t you tell me?”

“If you’ll hurry, darling.”

“Darling, is it?” Tom knelt, grum-
bling, to his despoiled tulip bed, as the
child ran toward the house. “Darling?
O! we’ve another name for her, entirely.
Will you look at this one? The pretty
thing!”

“And why?” asked Phyllis, settling
herself with the little girl on her lap,
“were you pulling up all the pretty
flowers?”

Emma’s face turned mutinous again.
“Because I hate Uncle Dalton,” she
said, bitterly. “He hates me, too. He’s
always mean to me. He was mean to
me this morning. He called me names—
and I don’t dare do things to him. I
want to kick him, and bite him, and hit
him—”

“Emma!” Phyllis was appalled at the
intensity of the child’s anger.

“Well, I do! And I would, too—but
Mummy says I must never, never even
talk back to him, or do anything to

him. Once I put dirt in his desk, and she found me doing it. She took it all out, and she cried and cried, and said I must never do anything to Uncle Dalton, and she made me promise; and I won't, because I don't want my Mummy to cry. But—"

"Never mind. I'll tell you the story."

"Goody!" Emma's tears dried magically, and an eager smile wreathed her tear-stained little countenance. "Now, what was that Princess' name?"

"The Princess Lotus Flower. She lived in a beautiful, big stone castle, and all about the castle were lovely crystal lakes, where lotus flowers grew in the water under the arching stone bridges, and great white swans floated happily. Peacocks strutted and spread their gorgeous tails in the gardens, among bright, beautiful flowers. A thousand cherry trees, which blossomed all the year around, bordered the palace grounds, and covered the grass with their snowy petals."

"Hurry to the dolls," commanded the child.

"I'm coming to them. You must be patient. When the little Princess was a tiny baby, she had a grand christening, and people came to it from all over the kingdom. Everyone brought her a gift of some kind. She was given fans, and beautiful dresses, rare, costly laces, and lovely pictures, and, because she was a girl, she got many, many dolls. On Lotus Flower's seventh birthday, her mother gave them to the little princess. One was dressed in blue satin, with tiny pink rosebuds scattered over the skirt, and entwined about the neck; one wore emerald green, and had antique gold bracelets on her arms and ankles; one was all in silver, and carried an ostrich fan of blue feathers; one wore yellow taffeta—"

"Oh!" Emma gave a happy sigh, "I adore yellow taffeta. Mummy has promised me a yellow taffeta dancing dress. And did she have a yellow taffeta rib-

bon about her dusky hair, and a yellow taffeta rosette nestling in her curls?"

Phyllis smiled, faintly. "I am sure she did."

"How per-feckly grand! Well, go on. Tell me the story."

"Every day the Princess Lotus Flower played with her beautiful dolls. She liked to have little parties for them, and take them for walks with her, when she strolled about the lovely gardens. She had a brother, Prince Frederic. He was three years older than she. Sometimes he played with her, but most of the time he thought he was too old for doll games, and then she played alone. But she was never lonely because she had all her beautiful dolls. And then, one day, a *terrible* thing happened."

"What was it?" Emma's eyes grew wide.

"In Lotus Land, where the princess lived, there was a Prime Minister. The Prime Minister, you must know, is a very important person. The King has to listen to him, and everyone must be careful not to anger him. The Prime Minister of Lotus Land was a very cross, ill-tempered old man. He carried a long cane with him, and whenever anyone displeased him, he tapped him over the head with the cane. All the courtiers knew of this habit, and wore heavy cotton pads tied on top of their heads, for it isn't at all pleasant to have some one, even a *Prime Minister*, tap you on the head with a heavy cane, especially when you can't do anything about it."

Emma giggled. "How funny! Did he tap the princess?"

"No, for she always ran when she saw him coming. But the Prince Frederic was stubborn and proud. He would not run away, and neither would he wear a cotton pad on his head, which, he said, made him look ridiculous, and not at all like a prince. So he walked right past the old Prime Minister, and whenever he got a chance, he made a

very bad face at the old man. Then the old man would fly into a rage, and clout him on the head with the cane. And the prince did not dare do anything to the Prime Minister. So he got angrier and angrier; and one day he got so angry at the Prime Minister, that—what do you think he did?"

"Tell me."

"He took a hatchet, and went up to the Princess Lotus Flower's play room. He took the beautiful doll in green, and chopped off her head—"

"Oh, no!" Emma moaned in horror, but Phyllis went calmly on with her recital. "Then he took the doll with the beautiful crimson velvet robe, and chopped her right in two. Next he cut off the feet of the darling doll in blue satin, with the tiny pink rosebuds around her neck; and then he took the most beautiful, beautiful doll in the yellow taffeta—"

"Not the yellow taffeta!" Emma sprang to her feet, and her eyes blazed. "I shan't listen. I think that's a terrible story. Why should the bad, wicked prince chop up all his sister's beautiful, lovely dolls, just because he was mad at the old Prime Minister?"

Phyllis looked gravely at the indignant little girl. "I don't know, dear," she said, "why should he? Why were you tearing up all the lovely tulips?"

"Oh!" Emma's angry color faded, and with a little rush, she closeted herself in Phyllis' arms. "Oh, Phyllis, it was a real story, wasn't it? Uncle Dalton is the Prime Minister, and Tom's tulips are the dolls, and I am the naughty Prince Frederic. Oh! I'm so sorry. I'll never, never do it again. Tell me what to do when I am sorry, Phyllis. What do you do when you are sorry?"

"Well—first I tell God—"

"The little Baby Jesus, whose picture is in your prayerbook?"

"Yes. I say, 'Dear Jesus, I am sorry I am bad. Please help me to be better.' And then I go and tell the person whom I have injured—"

"The what?"

"The one I have hurt."

"I—see," Emma said thoughtfully, "Tom—and maybe Grandmother—"

"Tom would be enough."

"Well," Emma slid from Phyllis' arms and stood erect, a resolute expression on her childish face. "Phyllis, will you get your prayerbook? I want to look at that picture, while I say it."

With a smile, and a kiss for the penitent child, Phyllis brought the picture. Then she left her alone. A few moments later, she looked out the window and saw Emma walking across the lawn with Tom. She was holding fast to his hand, and talking earnestly, and Tom was looking down at her with an expression on his face which said, very plainly, "Well, bless my soul! What next?"

"Phyllis," said Mrs. Carstairs, that afternoon, "should you like to go home for a few days?"

"You're a dear to think of it," she told Mrs. Carstairs, now. "But you haven't been so well of late. Are you sure you can do without me?"

"I mustn't be selfish," said the blind woman, gently. "Deborah is taking Emma in to-morrow to do some shopping. It seems that the child tore up some of Tom's prize tulips, and now she is determined to buy him something to take their place. (That child gets sweeter day by day, Phyllis, and we all feel you are responsible for the change in her). I shall send Charles after you on Sunday evening."

"Three days! Oh, how kind you are!"

"Not at all, child. I'm really selfish about this. I'm afraid you'll get so homesick that you'll be leaving me for good, if I don't spare you to your family occasionally. You won't forget to come back to me?" wistfully.

"Indeed, not!" And, obeying a sudden impulse, Phyllis bent and kissed the pale face, and it turned pleasantly rosy.

"Child," the old lady caught at the

girl's warm hand, caressing it gently, "you're so—sincere. I wish—oh! how I wish—I had a little girl like you!"

Unheard, Dalton Carstairs had entered the room behind them. Turning, now, Phyllis surprised an odd expression on his face. It was not so much anger, as it was a half-defined fear. He looked at the girl, curiously, and his voice was brusque.

"You may go, now, Miss Eaton. I shall stay with my mother for an hour or so. She will ring for you."

"Yes, sir." Phyllis flushed. Had Mr. Carstairs seen that impulsive kiss, and did he think she had forgotten her place? He had certainly heard Mrs. Carstairs' affectionate words to her, for now, as she left the room, she heard him say, in a low, displeased voice, "Mother, do you think you should be so familiar with the servants?"

Phyllis paused just without the door, closing it slowly. She flushed again, this time with pleasure, as she heard Mrs. Carstairs' vigorous reply: "What nonsense! Phyllis is a dear little girl. A companion is not an ordinary servant. For that matter, I have never treated any of my servants as menials. It is only an accident of birth and fortune which keeps you and me from being servants, Dalton."

On Friday morning, Phyllis tucked a few personal belongings into her prim little hand-bag, and ran gaily downstairs to join Deborah and her child in the journey to town. Emma greeted her boisterously, jumping up and down, and talking excitedly: "We're going to buy Tom some chrys-an-the-mums. And I am going to help plant them. And Grandmother gave me the money to buy me a spade and a hoe and a rake, and a little trowel, all my own. To-morrow, if I'm very, very good, Tom will let me dig around the rosebushes, and sprinkle bone meal in them. Do you know what bone meal is, Phyllis? It's corn meal made out of horse bones, cow bones—all

kinds of bones—maybe people bones—"

"Oh, no! *not people bones.*"

"Well, I s'pose not. But it's very intrusting, being made out of so many bones, and roses are very fond of it. And I'm going to spade me a little flower bed, and Tom is going to give me hundreds and hundreds of seeds to plant. And when it is warmer, he is going to take me to the greenhouse, and buy me some little baby plants, and show me how to put them in my garden. And when all the baby seeds, and the baby plants grow up, they will be flowers—all pink, and blue, and white, and lavender and yellow—just like the dresses of the Princess Lotus Flower's dolls—"

"Emma," interrupted her mother, laughing, "how you do run on! Some day, when you're talking so fast, your breath will run away from you, and you'll never catch up with it. Please let me say good morning to your Phyllis. I never saw my child so excited before," with an apologetic smile for the older girl. "Here's the car, now. Charles, please take this bubbling young rascal up there in front with you, and let her talk you to death. I want her to get it all out of her system before I get her into town, and have to take her to the stores with me. I've promised her a chocolate-marshmallow sundae, with whipped cream and nuts, for lunch, but I doubt if she'll stop talking long enough to eat it."

"Don't you think it," said Emma, hopping nimbly up into the front seat beside the dignified chauffeur, and then leaning perilously far out the open window to wave to Tom, whom she chanced to spy in a distant part of the grounds.

"Are you glad you are going home for a little visit?" asked Deborah, kindly, as the girl settled herself beside her in the rear seat of the car.

"Yes, indeed. I'm anxious to see them all. I get homesick, sometimes, although I do love it at Cedarcrest."

"Do you?" Deborah's voice was weary. "I suppose Cedarcrest is pleasant—if you are young, and happy, and unworried. I used to love it, when I was very small; but I haven't, for years. I don't love any place any more. If it weren't for my child, I should be glad to die."

The sadness which was so much a part of Mrs. Allen's face in repose, shadowed it now, and Phyllis uneasily changed the subject.

They glided at last into the outskirts of the city proper. Here the highway passed through a section of dirty streets, squalid, squatting shacks, and sprawling, unsavory tenements. Bedding was aired frankly in the windows, and half-clad children eyed them from beneath unkempt shocks of hair. At a meeting of three streets, the sordidness of the scene was unexpectedly relieved by a dash of color. Here the triangle, centering the junction of the three streets, had been made into a miniature park, green with sod, and dotted by tulip beds. Gravelled walks led to the fountain in the center, and park benches lined the walks—benches occupied by weary, down-at-the-heels men, who smoked or slept, or merely loafed and stared and thought. The car paused, for the traffic light to turn green. Phyllis was about to remark on the beauty of the tiny park in this disreputable neighborhood, when the woman beside her gave a gasp. Phyllis turned in surprise. Mrs. Allen was leaning forward, staring at the figures on one of the park benches. Her face was very white.

The light flashed amber, then green. They shot into the moving traffic current, and Deborah Allen sank back in her seat, and closed her eyes. Her hands were trembling. They went one block, two blocks, and part of a third; then Deborah opened her eyes, leaned forward, and spoke to the chauffeur.

"Charles," she said, "will you please stop at the corner?"

The car obediently turned to the curb. Mrs. Allen looked at Phyllis, anxiously.

"I've suddenly remembered that I have an errand in this part of town," she said. "I wonder—should you mind, Phyllis, if I send Emma home with you for a little while? I—I may be some time, and it isn't convenient to take her with me. Charles will take you on home, and return here for me. Should you mind taking Emma for a little while, Phyllis?"

"Of course not. Do you want to come with me, Emma?"

"And see Thelma, and George, and your Daddy? I never had a Daddy—never, *never*. And will I see Weary Willie, your cat? Isn't that a funny name for a cat, Mummy? I'd like to see them all—but, Mummy, what about the chrys-an-the-mums for Tom—and my sundae?"

"Don't worry. You shall have your sundae—and the flowers, too. You are just going with Phyllis for a little while. Thank you, Phyllis. You may pick me up at this corner at eleven-thirty, Charles."

"Yes, Mrs. Allen." The chauffeur assisted her from the car, touched his cap, and returned to his place. The car sped on. Phyllis, glancing out the rear glass, saw Mrs. Allen walking very fast, back in the direction from which they had come. She wondered, somewhat, what errand took the aristocratic Mrs. Allen into this run-down neighborhood; but she promptly forgot all about it a few moments later, when the car drew up before her own little house, and she felt her father's tender arms about her, and heard him murmuring huskily, "Phyl! My own little Phyl!"

(To be continued.)



ONE single "thanks be to God," and "blessed be God," uttered in adversity, is of more avail than a thousand thanksgivings in the day of prosperity.

—*Blessed John of Avila.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Three booklets which will be interesting to children are "The Life of Our Lord for Children," by Sister M. Eleanore, C. S. C., "The Child's Mass-Book," and "Prayers for Little Ones." All have numerous illustrations. Published by the Paulist Press. Price, each 10c.

—It may not be generally known, but the hoboes of America claim Stephen Foster, writer of old-time melodies, as their very own. They are arranging to erect a bronze tablet in his honor on the walls of Bowery House, New York, where he composed many of his songs. In addition to "Old Folks at Home," "Suwanee River," and "Nellie Gray," Foster is credited with the authorship of over a hundred other popular songs.

—A pamphlet which by its name and title would never suggest the nun, is on the list of publications issued by the United States Department of Labor. The pamphlet is entitled "Oregon Legislation for Women in Industry," and was written by Sister Miriam Theresa, Ph.D., of Marylhurst College, Oswego, Oregon. Sister Miriam Theresa had a distinguished career before entering the Sisterhood, having had the honor, as Miss Caroline J. Gleason, of being the first secretary of the Industrial Welfare Commission of Oregon.

—Although Reverend John S. Zyburas, of the Diocese of Cleveland, has been bedridden for years, he has not allowed himself to be put on the inactive list by his sickness. In fact, he has worked so faithfully and so well in a literary way that the Polish Government has conferred upon him a medal of merit as a part of its program to show special honor to Polish citizens and those of Polish descent who distinguish themselves in an intellectual way. Father Zyburas has written in the fields of philosophy and religion.

—In a volume of 1152 pages, Mary Roberts Rinehart has published three full-length mystery novels: "The After House," "The Red Lamp," and "The Window at the White Cat," and two shorter tales: "The Buckled Bag," and "Locked Doors," under the title of "Mary

Roberts Rinehart's Crime Book." Readers will be familiar with the three longer stories which have been published in separate volumes some time past; the two shorter stories, however, have not previously appeared in book form. The book is published by Farrar & Rinehart, and the price is two dollars.

—In "Candelabra," a posthumous collection of John Galsworthy's essays and speeches, just published by Scribners, the author holds that writing is an inborn gift that cannot be acquired though one should toil at technique till the crack of doom. "Feeling for the color and rhythm of words," he says, "may be helped by reading poetry and fine prose, but it is due more to inborn sensibility and to a musical ear. The power of construction also is inborn. The power of poignant expression is inborn; it cannot be acquired; it can only be improved. Nor can anyone teach the imaginative writer to feel or see life in any particular way. After he has learned to read and write, a novelist can be taught by others only how not to write; his true schoolmaster is life itself."

—In England, as well as in the United States, the advocates of sterilization and birth control have flooded the market with literature, in an endeavor to draw weak souls into their camp by specious arguments. Fortunately, a supply of books and pamphlets, refuting the fallacies contained in this evil literature, has not been wanting to Catholics, or to sincere non-Catholics who are desirous of knowing the truth. Many of these books have been reviewed or referred to in these columns. Among the latest publications are two penny pamphlets issued in London by the League of National Life: "Contraception—Its Moral Aspect and Implications," by Father Henry Davis; and "Reflections on Sterilization," by an unnamed priest. Both these publications may be had for a penny at 168 Victoria St.

—"The Mis-education of the Negro" is a recent publication of The Associated Publishers of Washington, D. C., wherein Mr. Carter

Woodson endeavors to prove that the Negro has been mis-educated because he has not been taught to value himself at his proper worth, nor trained in such a way as to develop his faculties to best serve his own special needs. His education has imitated the mental development of the white race too closely, and in many instances he has been taught to despise his own race, and has been made to feel that he is inferior. "The program of the uplift of the Negro in this country," he says, "must be based upon a scientific study of the Negro from within to develop in him the power to do for himself what his oppressors will never do to elevate him to the level of others."

—The universality of the "Robinson Crusoe" type of story has again been demonstrated by the recent translation into French from the Norwegian of "The Robinsons of Spitzbergen." Ivan, a lad of seventeen, is marooned on Edge Island, in the Northern wastes, with his uncle Feodor, and two sailors. They are virtually without ammunition, food, or supplies of any kind. For six years they remain on this outskirts of civilization, and during that time they learn to provide for themselves with bow and arrow, to make their own clothes from animal skins (using small bones for needles and sinews for thread), discover the flowers and herbs that are valuable to ward off disease, protect themselves from the long darkness and the bitter cold of the North, and finally lay aside a cache of walrus' tusks that brings them a fortune after they are discovered and returned to civilization. The characters of the men are tried in the fire of tribulation and found true. Ivan returns to his family every inch a man. The book is a Spes publication.

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- "The Forgotten God." Most Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D. D. \$1.50.
- "The Church Surprising." Penrose Fry. \$1.25.
- "The Catholic Church in Contemporary Europe"—Papers of the American Catholic Historical Society. Edited by Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.
- "The Question and the Answer." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.25.
- "St. Albert the Great." Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P. \$3.
- "The Saints and Friendship." Marian Nesbitt. 25c.
- "St. John of the Cross." Fr. Bruno, O. D. C. \$5.50.
- "The History and Liturgy of the Sacraments." Villien-Edwards. \$2.70.
- "St. Vincent de Paul; a Guide to Priests." D'Angel—Leonard. \$2.15.
- "The Catholic Catechism." His Eminence, Peter Cardinal Gasparri. \$1.60.
- "Charles Carroll of Carrollton." Joseph Gurn. \$3.70.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. J. Farrell, Archdiocese of Chicago;
Rev. James Michael Kearney, Archdiocese of Westminster.

Rev. Mother Melania, Daughters of Charity of Canossa; Sister M. Dolores, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sisters M. Ethelbert, M. Adrian, M. Annina and M. Elizabeth, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Mary Rose, Sisters of the Visitation.

Miss Ellie Ryan, Miss Bridget Sullivan, Mrs. Walter J. Powers, Mr. Reginald Reardon, Mr. Thomas J. Glavin, Mrs. Anna Doyle, Mrs. Mary Doherty, Mrs. James Fitzsimmons, Mr. J. Francis Crowley, Miss Barbara Schulte, Miss Josephine Schulte, Mr. Matthias Schulte, Mr. and Mrs. H. Schulte, Mr. William Ryan, Mr. P. J. Ahern, Miss Adelia A. Hopkins, Mrs. Mary L. McCann, Miss Agnes Wachter, Mrs. Marie W. Bailey, Mrs. Margaret W. Stern, Mrs. Clerkin, Mr. Eddie Houlihan, and Mr. James Handley.

May they rest in peace!

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, 25.—Annunciation of the B. V. M.
 SUNDAY, 26.—Fourth in Lent. St. Ludger, Bp. C.
 MONDAY, 27.—St. John Damascene, Confessor and Doctor.
 TUESDAY, 28.—St. John Capistran, Confessor.
 WEDNESDAY, 29.—Sts. Jonas and Barachisius, MM.
 THURSDAY, 30.—St. John Climacus, Abbot.
 FRIDAY, 31.—St. Balbina, Virgin and Martyr.

APRIL

SATURDAY, 1.—St. Hugh, Bishop. St. Irene, Virgin.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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Commentary.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

By reassembling the vibrations, still extant in the air, some day science may actually be able to reproduce any sound of the past, for example, the Gettysburg Address, or even The Sermon on the Mount.—News Item.

I SHALL wait patiently. To sunder
From thrice ten trillion words one word!
Was it His voice, or was it thunder?
They did not know who heard.

But if one word should be recaptured—
One of all time's loud history—
Fetch me the Maiden's young, enraptured
"Ecce ancilla Domini."

Calvary Still Points the Way.

BY HARRY K. HOBART.

ONE stands as it were beside a road, and sees the procession of holidays go by. Year after year Christmas comes and passes, then Easter, and Decoration Day, and so on. And to most people these holidays mean many different things, but few find any real and lasting meaning in them.

Thousands of war memorials stand to-day in honored places of towns and cities throughout the world, dedicated to the proposition that all the infamies attendant upon war should be set aside for a lasting peace. But the world passes them by hardly noticing them. They gather dust, and their lesson is forgotten, just as the lesson of the various holidays is also forgotten.

One day long ago, a Cross stood on Golgotha. It was a monument placed by God for a purpose. The people of Jerusalem passed by and thought little of what had transpired. The Cross has stood before us since childhood, and most of us are familiar with what it stands for. Many of us, like the Jerusalemites of old, have become calloused to the thought of the great, awful tragedy of sin, and we pass by hurriedly to other things, failing to pause and realize its profound meaning and tremendous significance.

Yet, with all the blindness and perverseness of humanity, groping in the dark to find the light, seeking everywhere to have its problems answered except the right place, there stands the Cross, "towering o'er the wrecks of time," ready to answer many human problems. It is not like the Sphinx which asks a question, but gives never an answer. The answer to ten of man's greatest problems stands plainly written on the Cross, for all those who will look to see.

The first great question which Calvary answers is this: "Is this a purposeful or a purposeless world?" By the Cross of Calvary, God has shown that an infinite purpose attended the creation of the world and has attended it ever since. The fact of the Cross shows that God had a divine intent for humanity from the first. Thus, we are told, "The Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world," proving that God always had the idea of redemption in

mind, the perfection of individual life, holiness—all those virtues which build character. How could this be a purposeless world? Only men who have no dependence upon a supernatural Power could consider it so.

To-day we are living in the time of men such as Mencken, Hardy, Leuba or Barnes, men who glorify materialism and secularism, who stand against all supernaturalism, and look with contempt upon a revealed religion that ennobles humanity and glorifies God. Living in such a period, surrounded by such men, it is a wholesome thing to turn to the Cross to find its answer to materialism and secularism. How plainly the contrast between the character produced by the Cross and the products of materialism stands forth. Where can you find anything better or braver than the Acts of the Apostles? All the great deeds of material accomplishment vanish away before the vivid and magnificent manifestations of human courage and nobility, as we find them in this earliest history of the first followers of Christ.

The Cross is the plumb line which reaches the deepest depths of which the human mind can conceive; the plumb line of Calvary determines the uprightness of all propositions. Calvary answers plainly the question "Is this a purposeful world, or a world of chance, driven about by the winds of circumstance, just like snowflakes falling here and there as the wind drives them?" Calvary answers it, because Calvary is the greatest demonstration of divine purpose we have in all the universe of God. Not in nature, not in the arguments from design, do we find anything to compare with Calvary; for there upon the Cross hung Jesus, a voluntary sacrifice, declaring the love of God for humanity, and the intent of God to lift humanity from its woes and its losses, and above all, from its sins. That was God's eternal purpose, manifested on

Calvary, proving once and for all that this is a purposeful world, that God has a plan and a program, that each one of us is invited to enter into that purpose, with the assurance that all who do, will find blessing and happiness and progress.

On the Cross of Calvary we find the answer to another great problem. How often men seeking to accept Christ, reject Him because they feel that it is impossible for them to accept the will of God? "Is it hard to accept the will of God; or is it a pleasure?"

How often we say: "Let us submit ourselves to the will of God, however hard, however difficult, and however trying." We assume that it is a painful experience of self-denial. But this is only half the truth. Calvary says something entirely different from that. It declares that God's will is not painful to bear, not a thing merely to be endured, but something we are to accept with gladness and with joy. Jesus went to His cross gladly. He went with a certain joy of spirit that God was permitting Him to finish His work. "I have finished the work that Thou gavest me to do." The will of God is not burdensome, not woe-ful, but something that will awaken joy in the soul and give zest to life. The will of God is first the holiness of man, but it is also the happiness of man. We are to rejoice in the will of God, to look up to it with a cheerful attitude, with praise and thanksgiving and devotion, that He has thus prepared a program for us.

Calvary tells us that the will of God is all in favor of hope, opportunity for happiness, love, everything that makes life sweet, sanctified and wholesome. Many times, His will for us will look dark and forbidding, but God will always transmute and transform our sorrows into joy. Even though at first God's will for us may at times seem the worst thing that could happen, yet does He always, through some divine alchemy, change every affliction into

happiness. This is how God works His will with us. We cannot always understand, we cannot always see ahead how it will work out. Yet, we should enter into God's program and accept His will happily, not hesitatingly, with joy, not resignation.

Are we to be always the victims of temptation which we cannot meet successfully? Are we to be at the caprice of chance in this world? In other words, are we to be victims or victors in the battle of life? Calvary answers that question. We are to be victors, for it is on Calvary that Christ won His victory for all time, over sin, sickness, sorrow and death. That victory avails for all humanity, if we trust Him and accept Him. Calvary was also a sign to the world that God expects us to be victorious. It shows clearly that we are to win our victories through Him, "who loved us and gave Himself for us." Calvary tells us that the sufficiency of God's grace can master all temptations. We are not victims, even in the most fierce temptations, or the hardest fights. We are not victims when we appropriate the power of God. Calvary tells us once and for all that God cares enough for us to deliver us out of every temptation and peril of life.

Skeptics will say: "Calvary speaks only of a tragic death. It gives no promise of divine deliverance." That is the way many persons think, but it is not God's thought. That is not the inspired record. If God loved us enough to go to the Cross for us, in the person of Christ, what will He not do for us through the Cross in the hour of a seeming defeat? He will turn it into victory! No, Calvary clearly tells us that we are to be victorious, nay, "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." The love of Jesus is sufficient to meet our every need.

Calvary also tells us how to evaluate things in this world. It gives us a clear standard of values, both material and

spiritual. Here Christ demonstrated that the material in comparison with the spiritual is without value. He endured the Cross, even though His material self shrank from it, for the spiritual joy which it gave Him, for He thereby fulfilled His mission in the world. And He told the world on Calvary that while there are many valuable things in this world, they are only valuable to the extent to which they are transmutable. The flower has its value only because its beauty and its fragrance can be transmuted into character qualities, thus producing something in life worth while. Just as a flower, it is nothing. As something that praises and glorifies God the Creator and satisfies man, it is everything. Likewise, music emphasizes the importance of harmonious living. For what is music? Unless it speaks of the harmony between the soul and God, it is nothing. It is everything when harmony and melody are created and produced by the indwelling of God's Spirit in the soul. Thus we find that even in relation to material things, the Cross has a lesson to tell. We are to think through, and if we do, we shall find that the proper measure for all things is to measure them in terms of the Cross on Calvary.

And so, on and on, we could continue to find answer after answer to the daily problems which confront men. But still men seek in the darkness for some other way, some other light.

In judging excellence of character, what is the highest of all standards? You can measure your character only as you stand under the Cross of Christ. When you compare yourself by ethical standards, or by comparison with your fellows, you may stand very well. But before a self-sacrificing God, we discover how imperfect our lives are. And yet, we can also see our potential possibilities in a new light, and thus discover the greatness and grandeur of being. A great French writer once said:

"All men are smaller than they look. Everything is smaller than it looks." This is the judgment of an opinion formed from worldly standards. But Calvary says just the opposite: that every individual is greater than he appears; so great, in fact, that the suffering upon Calvary was not deemed too great a price to save a soul. We never know the worth of life until we measure it in terms of the Cross. We begin now, as we measure more and more of life's entities under the Cross, to understand life as a spiritual reality, with materiality associated with it only to be sloughed off later. We feel that it is utterly true that our righteousness is as filthy rags in comparison with the righteousness of Jesus Christ; but this realization does not leave us in despair, nay, for under the Cross we can also see ourselves as Jesus saw us, for the Cross shows us what Jesus thought we were worth.

Then again, we have the question: "What motivates Divine power?" and the answer from the Cross shows that God is Love. Love is God's motive, Love His supreme thought in everything concerning man. Clearly we see that God's love is immeasurable, beyond human conception! And so with all things spiritual. They cannot be measured by worldly standards.

So also the question: "Is sin a disease or is sin wickedness?" is answered by the Cross. Is sin something to be dealt with pathologically, or can it be dealt with by redemption? Sin is wickedness and leads to death is the answer of the Cross. All the agony of Gethsemane was suffered in consequence of sin. Atonement alone can put us right with God. The Cross did it. The Lord Jesus Christ stated expressly that neither circumstances nor environments have anything whatsoever to do with the defilement of man, but that it is from the foul spring of the human heart that evil flows. All through the Old

Testament, God shows us repeatedly that the heart of man is sick. But the Cross holds forth the cure.

Last but not least, the Cross answers the question: "Does death end all?" It is the sequel to His death on Calvary that answers this question directly. The Resurrection answered it. Calvary, however, brought to light the fact that there is such a thing as immortality. "Because He lives we shall live also." Calvary declares that the eternal life is guaranteed to us. Therefore, let us be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, and say with the Apostle, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God."



The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL C. S. C.

XII.

THE raiders followed Nano's law of outguessing. No member of the Constabulary would think of a national school as a hiding place for captured barracks' property. It was a national school, midway between Rathdrum and Churchtown, the raiders chose. They could give four reasons for the choice: Nano's Law of Selection; James Ronan, teacher in this secluded school, was a friend of Conway and a Rebel; the people about were loyal to the Cause; the schoolhouse had an old, unused cellar the haunt of cockroaches. Boxes large enough to hold the spoils had been placed in the cellar some time near midnight the night before; boxes made purposely from used lumber.

Ronan was rooted in racial loyalties. What Conway was to the new day, he was to the old. They belonged to different generations of lovers—Ronan, fifty-five, Conway twenty-six—but were harnessed to the same chariot. Conway's friendship with Mike Enright brought Ronan and Mike together. Ronan could take on a crusty manner, but was essen-

tially kind. Tender to his charges, he bestowed knowledge without a rod. Unfailing in his loyalties, once he gripped a friend he held him. He loved Conway for his idealism, Enright for his flaming spirit. These three men, it may be said, ignited rebellion in their sections of the country and kept it aflame. Ronan was irascible, Conway reflective, Enright irrepressible.

The schoolmaster had been waiting a half hour and showed his temper when the raiders appeared. Their vehicle, ambitiously called a lorry, was a large, uncovered, grocery truck; and it may be told that the driver of the truck that night was the grocer's eldest son.

"It took you a long time. In my day, when men were men, we made short work of a small job."

"On the contrary, Mr. Schoolmaster, it took us a short time. In your day it would have taken seven years and seven quarantines," one of the brigands answered.

"In my time—"

"We'll take up your time later; just now we must put this merchandise down with the cockroaches."

They transferred their capture to the strong cellar door, not built to satisfy the craving for human beauty. Ronan turned an old-time lock and the door yielded inward to his pressure with a squeak that Sergeant Hackett, many miles away, might have heard had he been listening. It is regretted Teacher Ronan's language flung at the door must be deleted.

"Cursing is the refuge of the illiterate," a young attorney declared.

The schoolman directed his gaze through the cellar darkness to the voice.

"I can say more in one good curse than you can say in hours of blather to a jury."

And then he proceeded to light a match, which one of them blew out.

"Candles belong to your great days when men were mountains."

Some one switched on a flash light. "Good! Young fellow, you have more intelligence than I gave you credit for."

Aided by the light he noted the six men. Three deposited the rifles in one box, three packed away the uniforms in another. One of them was careful to insert moth-balls with the uniforms.

"That's a good idea, too," he conceded.

"Of course. Brainy men always have ideas—not like in your days when heads were as soft as mushrooms."

"Mike Enright, you were impudent the first day I met you."

"Yes, Mr. Schoolmaster; but Number Three is my name now."

"Quite so: and who's the lad with the shoulders like Cuchulain?"

"The lad with the shoulders like Cuchulain is Davey Byrne. And he has a sister we'd all be in love with only your brother in learning, John Conway, is in love with her already."

Mike directed his flash light on Davey and Davey made a pass at him.

"Don't mind the girls now; these are not nights for romance."

"We need the girls; they're our right hand and half our left," Enright answered.

"They are—always were—always will be," Ronan said thoughtfully.

Coaxing the door to more gently, it squeaked less audibly.

"That saves me a curse," he said as he turned the key in the old-fashioned lock.

This schoolman, rebel still at fifty-five, brought out sandwiches from the school and the raiders helped themselves. While they ate in the darkness Mike Enright said to him,

"Keep an eye on the cellar. We'll need the rifles, and may need the uniforms."

"We'll never need the uniforms, and that's why I was against bothering with them; the rifles are enough," a promising lad observed.

"John Conway told us to get them—that's enough for me."

Mike Enright's education, daring, and twenty-eight years, gave authority to his words. Conway was in contact with the leading spirits in Dublin, which led his comrades to believe he possessed information hidden from them. Often that was true; but not so often as they thought.

"Thanks, and good night!" Enright called softly as he left with his men.

"Good night and God bless you all!"

He watched them as they took their places in the car; listened to the muffled beat of the engine until he could hear it no more. He would like to have seen them, one after another, leave the truck at different places on the road, and steal like ghosts across the dark country to their homes. That was adventure.

He re-entered the school, removed all tell-tale tokens of the lunch, and locked the door; then walked across a pasture field, brooding and dreaming, to his home half a mile south.

At breakfast next morning Nano threw Davey a kiss, and lifted her cup in a toast; Davey grinned and winked. Their father was busy breaking an egg. After he had broken his egg, he broke his silence.

"A nice state of affairs this morning! A nice state of affairs entirely! Bursting into barracks and bringing disgrace upon the country! The blackguards!"

There was no paper published at Rathdrum; no telephones to speak of; the radio in its earlier stages. But Ireland got her news somehow. That morning all Kilbeg and much of County Limerick knew about the raid. And Ireland laughed; because England's embarrassment is Ireland's opportunity.

"The pack of blackguards!" The Bog had swallowed another spoonful of egg.

"I'd call them numskulls," Nano said, aiming a bold wink at her brother.

"The rowdies!"

"Blockheads I'd call them."

Her father looked at her. More than

ever he showed his huge bulk, his face as uneven as a rocky seacoast.

"I'm meaning them that broke into the barracks last night," he said in threatening challenge.

She smiled, showing two curves of white, even teeth. Davey often said he could watch her teeth for a year at a time.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Dad, I thought you meant the bobbies."

He struck the table with his fist; but not violently. He was too cautious now to be violent.

"I tell you they're rowdies and blackguards, and everyone that supports them is a rebel!"

"But, Dad, don't you know there are hundreds of thousands now who want to be called rebels. In fact, they're talking of adding a new invocation in the Litany, "Queen of Rebels, Pray for us."

"Nan, isn't that too strong?" her mother protested.

The Bog ate some more egg and buttered toast—he was not going to have his breakfast spoiled by Nano's mad talk. He chewed his food slowly, as the doctor advised when he was having stomach trouble. He swallowed his well-chewed food and took a mouthful of tea. He looked across at his wife, who was eating bit by bit the toast Nano had made for her. Davey stole a glance at The Bog's huge face when it was turned to his mother; then looked at his mother. What a dear, patient face she had! A face of yet early fading; a subdued garden, sweet of roses and bee hum. He wondered what his father was going to say now.

"That girl is mad with the devilment which is on the country! Do you know that?"

He pointed to Nano and looked at his wife. Davey glanced at his sister. She nodded without emphasis and winked again.

"But," Mrs. Byrne said, "there are

thousands upon thousands of them just as mad as Nano."

"Don't I tell you they're all mad—the whole country's mad!"

"Well, what great harm is it, then, if Nano's mad too? She isn't singular at any rate."

"I tell you 'tis not a laughing matter!" They kept on laughing all the same; even the mountainy girl who heard them in the next room. The sight of Davey laughing maddened him.

"Young fellow, I'm going to take no more nonsense from you! You get out of this house! You understand? Out of this house!"

Davey looked up.

"I won't."

"You won't, is it?"

The Bog made a motion to go down and cuff him, but changed his mind. He remembered that grip on his chest and neck. He would never forget that.

"All right—play the big fool! But I tell you—and my word is my oath—you'll never get a foot o' this place. Never!"

"Keep your blasted, swampy old place. I don't want it."

"Davey!" his mother remonstrated.

The Bog went back to Nano. It was the time for saying out all his mind, now he had begun.

"And you give up that ass of a schoolmaster! Do you hear! I won't have him!"

Nano looked up, smiled.

"Of course you won't! He's mine. Promised to marry him in fact. A real love match."

"Great God! Do you hear that?" he shouted to his wife.

"I do, Hugh. 'Tis the new day."

"Well, as God lives, I'll have the old day—and no other. Because when I took you—"

"No, dear, when I took you."

"—Our parents agreed to the match and you brought in a share of money—"

"—A good share, Hugh."

"And you found a good place."

"The money I brought in made a good place out of it."

He did not care to pursue that. He would settle with Nano.

"All right—marry your blasted jack-ass of a schoolmaster! But remember, you won't get a penny from me. My word's my oath."

"O my, we won't need your money! We plan living in a fashionable Dublin suburb, and spending our summers in Switzerland."

Davey tilted back in his chair and burst out laughing; his mother looked across at him and smiled. Nano winked. Her eye could control a wink better than any eye Davey ever watched.

The Bog got up. In spite of all his caution his breakfast had been spoiled. He was in a temper—that was bad enough. Worse yet, his grip on his children was lessening. That depressed him. He liked to rule—had ruled. Had ruled Davey with iron and kept him subdued. Nano was a girl; he did not use iron on her, but she knew very well he could. His principality was tottering; the pillars of his house were shaking. He had suspected it for some time; he was sure of it now. He picked up his hat; he would go out to his grass fields and planted gardens.

"All right—ye can run off to hell! I won't try to stop ye any more."

"Not to hell, Dad; to heaven and glory!" Nano cried.

Her father, stunned at this madness, walked away.

"Davey, now you've had it out with him, be more respectful than ever," Mrs. Byrne admonished.

He nodded; and Nano said,

"It was just the storm needed to clear the atmosphere."

"I'm afraid the atmosphere isn't all cleared yet," her mother answered.

Later in the morning Nano stopped

for a word with Davey at the garden headland on her way to the parish hall to get the sheet music she left there. He held an unlighted pipe between his teeth.

"Davey," she said coaxingly, "tell me about it."

He removed his pipe.

"You heard about it already sure!"

"Not everything. Give me the facts—please!"

He looked around. The Bog, his hands clasped behind him, walked along the planted potato garden, watching the soil; Mike O'Neill guided a team pulling a harrow; two other hired men spaded dark earth in the south haggard; a small boy drove cattle through a narrow gap into that pasture field away to the east; a woman shooed geese out of a pond where the land sinks into that valley north of the road which runs to Rathdrum. The day was heavy with motionless clouds; no stir of wind; no stir of animals; no movements of men.

Davey told the story of the raid; told it as softly as if he were confessing his sins. When he had finished, even to the detail of the watcher who played the harmonica to shut off the noise of the raiders, he said with seeming conviction:

"Mike Enright has the courage of St. Michael and the cunning of nine devils! Conway isn't a patch on the elbow of his coat."

"Davey, hush up! If you don't, I'll give you the beating Dad postponed."

"You'd like Mike."

"I do like him, man! Haven't I met him hundreds of times!"

"But there's Conway—"

"Listen, Davey, I'll get mad!"

Davey worked while they talked. Whatever his trouble, a chat with his sister cheered him.

"Nan," he said suddenly, "we had it out this morning, didn't we?"

"Of course. Only we must be doubly respectful from now on."

"You be doubly respectful. I'll be satisfied if I'm singly respectful."

She was about to say something to that, but Davey handed her a box of matches.

"Here, put one of these to my pipe!" After two matches went out, she applied a lighted third very carefully. Her face was close to his. Davey exhaled a sudden blud whiff and Nano developed a fit of coughing. She was nearly angry.

"Davey, I think that's very rude!"

"'Tis, Nan, but I couldn't help it. I swear I couldn't! Your eyes looked like stars, and I wanted to see them shine through a blue mist."

She left and he followed her with his eyes. He liked to watch his sister in movement. She was tall, but not too tall, he noticed for the hundredth time. She never seemed hurried, yet reached places. She was so secure, so easy on her feet! She emphasized life in movement. Nature had well assembled her; she carried her head and shoulders erect without stiffness. She was wholesome.

"Conway is lucky," he reflected. "And I'm lucky myself." He was thinking of Alice.

The Bog walked all that morning along the headlands and studied the soil. He loved the soil. It yielded and yielded year after year. It needed watching and care, but it yielded. It was stubborn sometimes, and even rebelled; but you can always conquer the soil with the plow, the harrow, the roller. You can subdue the hardest lump of it into the finest dust, if you work it long enough. You can nourish it with manure, and recall it to obedience and the uses of man. The soil is wonderful! Take care of the soil and the country will be prosperous. What the devil difference does it make who governs, if the government gives people a chance to make a living out of their land? The landlords are gone. People everywhere had made use of the Purchase Act, and most of the farmers own their farms now. England

knows how to rule—has experience and the markets. Ireland needs England; the farmers of Ireland need England, because England is their best buyer. The asses! Stirring up the country, and prices never better! They'd be hanged—and 'twould serve them right!

The Bog loved his good soil; those great acres of yielding land which ran north to Kilbeg and south almost to Rathdrum road; and the bog to the east. It was his bog—The Bog's bog. It meant all those acres of peaty earth out of which rushes grew, from which turf was lifted; those deep, mysterious pools and ponds beside which wild duck rose of a sudden and sailed away to another hiding. The Bog loved the sight, the touch, the smell of his bog.

If you were to attempt to give the bog symbolism in human shape, you would make a study of a photograph resting that very morning on the Byrne parlor mantle-piece, a small clock ticking beside it. You would have for your subject a big-boned man with a large face. A deep, sullen man; a man ungenerous, relentless. A man who could be a coward before stronger forces, and cared for no cause beyond the boundaries of his land. Deep, dark, remote, without laughter, without much pity. Not essentially wicked, nor vicious, nor a breaker of laws. As the bog, for which you seek a symbol, was surrounded by hills which shut out the comfort of the winds, so the man, of which the photograph was a good likeness, was surrounded by selfishness which shut out love and pity. He owned his good, yielding acres and was satisfied in his security. He owned the bog which gave him turf and rushes. He liked the bog. In his heart he was glad they named him, in derision, The Bog. It was his bog—The Bog's bog.

(To be continued.)

A ROOM hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.

—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

With All Its Faults.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

LIKE the modern house upon the site
Where once the old homestead was wont to
stand;
The children call it airy, clean, and light,
With everything to work with right at hand;
This porch is solid where the old one let
The rain come through, and tendrils of the
sun;
The doors and windows do not rattle,—yet,
I feel somehow as though my life were done:
A home can somehow creep into the heart
All unawares, in just the quiet way
That one long known and loved becomes a part
Of life, not realized from day to day:
How could I know, till now it is not here,
That shadowy, winding stairway was so dear!

Holland and the Apostolate of the Church.

BY DOM MATERNUS, O. S. B.

IT has been said that in no country of Europe has the character of the territory exercised so great an influence on the inhabitants as in the Netherlands, and, on the other hand, that no people have so intensely modified the conditions of the territory as the Dutch. The extensive coast line with its sandy dunes, broken up into a series of islands, the low coast-line with its sand banks and shallows, its frequent inundations on account of lying below the sea level, the constant struggle with the elements of nature, and the conditions of the soil of sea-and-river clay, of sand dunes, heath and pasture land, have made the inhabitants of Holland—well defined types of Frisians, Saxons, Franks—shippers and skippers, fishermen and sailor men, farmers and gardeners, manufacturers and dairy farmers, cattle breeders and cheese makers. "*La bonne nature, mère prevoyante, a doué les Hollandais de qualités fort précieuses,*" has

been instrumental in making them a people of tenacity and endurance, enterprise and perseverance, intrepid and fearless, independent and generous. But they also possess the spirit of adaptation to all the circumstances of life, whether at home or abroad, in their vast colonial possessions in the Dutch East and West Indies, or as missionaries in the vast field of the Apostolate of the Church.

The Netherlands, to-day generally called Holland, comprise an area of 12,618 square miles with a population of 7,293,043 inhabitants (census of 1925), of whom only two-fifths are Catholic, the remainder Protestant Calvinists, with their numerous branches, whilst the colonial possessions cover 800,000 square miles with over fifty million people, i. e., Insulinde or Dutch East India, comprising the Greater and the Lesser Sunda Islands, the Moluccas with 737,000 square miles and fifty-million inhabitants, and the Dutch West Indies, i. e., Dutch Guiana or Surinam, Curaçao, etc., with 57,900 square miles—90,000 inhabitants, and 212 square miles and 32,000 souls respectively.

For many centuries the Netherlands or Low Countries were divided into a number of semi-independent feudal states till in the Fifteenth Century they came under the dominion of the Burgundian dukes, and finally under Charles V. (1500-55), they passed under the control of Spain and Austria, and together with Belgium formed the Spanish Province of the Netherlands. But Holland, being strongly Calvinistic, was, both for political and religious reasons, strongly opposed to the Spanish rule, and owing to arbitrary taxation, raised the flag of revolt under William of Orange (1566). Whilst the Southern Catholic provinces proclaimed their loyalty to their Catholic king and religion, the northern provinces of Holland, Seeland, Geldern, Utrecht, Friesland, Groningen, bound themselves together by

the Union of Utrecht (1579), abjured their allegiance to King Philip of Spain, overthrew the Spanish dominion and declared themselves the *Independent Republic of the United Provinces* (1581). This was acknowledged by the Treaty of Münster (Westphalia) in the year 1648. The bond between Church and State was established by the Synod of Dortrecht (1618) with the Low Church Reformed Religion or the: *Nederlandsche Hervormde Kerke* as the National Protestant Church as State Religion.

For close to two hundred years the latter acted with great intolerance towards the Catholics; the practice of their religion was forbidden, their property was confiscated, their churches handed over to the Calvinists, who encouraged and favored every other division in the State Church, especially Jansenism. The ecclesiastical affairs of the Catholics in Holland were administered by the Papal Nuncios of Brussels and Cologne or the Vicars Apostolic residing in Belgium or Germany. Yet, in spite of all the efforts of the Dutch Calvinists to crush the Catholic Church in Holland, many districts remained completely Catholic. In 1623 there were still 400,000; in 1700, 330,000 and in 1800, 350,000 among 1,200,000 Protestants, whilst the Jansenists then numbered 4958 adherents with one archbishop, two bishops and 48 pastors.

When after the flight of King William V. (1795), the "Batavian Republic" was established in Holland, a change for the better began to set in as the Patriot Party was determined to put an end to the Calvinistic intolerance. The new Republican Constitution of 1798 no longer recognized the Calvinistic Church as the State Church, and conceded to all the followers of other religions and religious bodies equal civil, political and religious rights. But as the Catholic Party was not strong enough, and unorganized, owing to years of persecution, they had but little influence.

They indeed expected some help from Louis Napoleon, who, during the French occupation, ruled the destinies of Holland from 1806 to 1810. But little came of it. They had, therefore, to accept and submit to the law of 1806 which regulated primary education without dogmatic teaching as a preliminary step for a future advance.

After the fall of Napoleon the "United Kingdom of the Netherlands" was restored with King William I. (1815-40), of the house of Orange, as ruler, who, surrounded by Calvinistic advisers, showed his fanatical hatred against the Catholic Church on every occasion. The Catholic body remained penalized notwithstanding the efforts of Rome to arrange ecclesiastical affairs peacefully by a Concordat in 1816 and 1828. His successor, William II. (1840-49), at the beginning of his reign showed himself favorable to the Catholics; the two provinces of Limburg and Luxemburg, conceded to Holland, were made Vicariates Apostolic. But when the misguided king later on assumed a hostile attitude, the Catholic Party demanded the abolition of the "Royal Placet," freedom of association, religious liberty of education, etc. Finally the revision of the Constitution of 1848 guaranteed complete religious liberty and equality to all persons, associations and congregations. This led to the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy on March 4, 1853, when Pope Pius IX. erected the Archbishopric of Utrecht with the suffragan Sees of Haarlem, Breda, Bois-le-Duc, or T'Her-togenbosch and Ruremonde, for the spiritual administration of the 1,203,923 Catholics then under the care of 1552 priests in 918 parishes.

A marvellous transformation has since then taken place in Holland and her Catholic population, who, by their zeal, endurance, perseverance and generosity, and their intense practical religious life, have won the admiration and respect of

their Catholic brethren abroad, and even gained the generous support of their non-Catholic fellow-citizens. Within the last seventy years they built over 600 new churches, and enlarged over two hundred at the cost of many millions. Among a population of 7,300,000 inhabitants to-day, there are 2,500,000 Catholics in 1200 parishes served by 2400 secular priests, whilst there are 140 religious houses of men and over 500 of women. Ennobled by the blood of their martyrs who, in the days of trials, persecutions and penal laws, have laid down their lives to keep alight the torch of faith, they have likewise inherited the spirit of the Catholic Apostolate.

Readers of missionary literature know indeed what France, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal have done in the past, or what, in harmony with the United States, England, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, etc., they are doing to-day for the propagation of the Faith. Yet comparatively few know what the Dutch co-religionists are accomplishing for the same cause in their own colonies or elsewhere in the wide mission field of the Church to-day, or what they have done ever since they obtained their emancipation in 1808, and their full religious liberty by the Constitution of 1848.

Though Holland herself was a missionary country from 1722 to 1853 and had to be helped by French, Belgian and German priests, she did not fail in her duties towards her Catholic and non-Catholic fellowmen in South Africa, in the Dutch East and West Indies, etc. Two secular priests set out for South Africa in 1808, others went to Java between 1808 to 1859, two proceeded to Surinam or Dutch Guiana in 1817, whilst Fathers Niewindt (1842-60) and Donders (1841-87) went to Curaçao. Even in 1820 there existed a "Missionary Association of the Holy Ghost for the Propagation of the Faith in the Dutch Colonies," and in 1841 the Neth-

erlands appeared for the first time in the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" with a contribution of 6600 francs, whilst Mgr. Cornelius, Baron de Wijckerslooth left in 1851 a considerable sum of money to "found a Dutch seminary for the training of missionaries."

Hand in hand with the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy went the revival of the Religious Orders, Societies and Congregations, whose members were destined to give the initial impetus to the Missionary Movement, and to play an important part in the Apostolate. In 1859 Dutch Jesuits set out for Batavia (Dutch East Indies); Redemptorists proceeded to Dutch Guiana (1865), Dominicans to Curaçao, and Franciscans to Shansi (China) 1871. They were followed by Franciscan Sisters of Roosendal, Hospital Sisters of Breda, Ursulines of Sittard and Venray (1855-57) and by Christian Brothers (1862).

Father Arnold Janssen, unable to open a missionary seminary in Germany owing to the *Kulturkampf* (religious war), founded the Society of the Divine Word (S. V. D.) at Steyl (1875), and by publishing the Little Messenger and the St. Michaël's Almanack and other missionary literature, widened and strengthened the missionary zeal and outlook in Holland. In course of time there settled on Dutch soil the exiled French missionaries of the S. Heart of Issoudun (1880), Lazarists, Priests of the S. Heart of St. Quentin, Grignonites (1883), White Fathers (1889), Mill Hill Missionaries (1890), Missionaries of Lyons, Schent, Picpus, the Holy Family, the Holy Ghost, Carmelites, Capuchins, Passionists, Marists, Crosiers, Salesians. Thus by the year 1926 there were in Holland twenty-five Orders, Societies and Congregations of priests, seven of Brothers and thirty-six of Sisters with 3700 missionaries, i. e., 1500 priests, 765 Brothers, 1435 Sisters—or 4280, i. e., 1650 priests, 830

Brothers and 1800 Sisters by the end of 1927.

Of the 1650 priests, 880 were in the mission fields under Propaganda, 430 elsewhere, 300 engaged in teaching. Besides there were Dutch missionaries in eighteen other Congregations of priests, in three of Brothers and about 100 secular priests. The twenty-five Missionary Societies maintained seventy houses of studies with 4300 student aspirants and candidates for the Apostolate of the Church and 1623 novices for the Sisterhoods. These figures speak well for the apostolic spirit of Catholic Holland: 4280 priest-Brother-Sister missionaries in a Catholic population of 2,500,000 souls as compared with 2528 in 7,350,000 Catholics in Belgium, or 3375 in twenty million Catholics in Germany.

The small Catholic flock of Holland is proud of this prominent position in the Church and her mission field, and of having their sons and daughters in their very midst, preparing for the mission field or actually engaged therein; they not only take a lively interest in the development and the progress of the Apostolate, but they also generously support it. In addition to the financial aid rendered to the various missionary establishments at home, they generously contribute to the great Pontifical Works of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Infancy, the Opus Sti Petri, whilst the clergy stand prominently in the forefront with their membership of the *Unio Cleri pro Missionibus*.

Previous to the foundation of the A. P. E., Father Cramer founded, in 1820, the Confraternity of "the Holy Ghost for the Propagation of the Faith in the Dutch Colonies" as we have seen above. The new A. P. E. founded at Lyons in 1822 found its way into Holland between 1830 and 1833, with the first Dutch Annals in 1834, and the Association of the Holy Childhood in

1848-49. From 1861-1870 the contributions to the A. P. E. amounted to only 68,000 and 92,000 francs respectively, and those of the Holy Childhood to 42,000 and 54,000 francs. To-day (i. e., 1928) the A. P. E. exists in 1100 out of 1200 parishes; the contributions have risen from 28,936 florins (two shillings) in 1916-17 to 280,000 florins in 1928, whilst the Holy Childhood exists in 900 parishes, and the contributions have risen from 85,000 to 160,000 florins.

In order to get new life into the missionary movement of Holland, to organize and centralize the work of the Apostolate and thereby to secure a more generous support, Father L. van Rijckevorsel, S. J., wrote in 1915 and 1916, two pamphlets entitled: *Missië en Missië-Actie*, and *Missië-Actie in Nederland*. The suggestions were taken up by Mgr. Prinsen and Mgr. Hermus by introducing among the clergy the Italian Lega Apostolica, better known as the *Unio Cleri pro Missionibus*. In 1923 the membership numbered 2600 priests and theological students, in 1927 it had risen to 4250, i. e., 2600 secular, 1230 regular priests, 420 seminarists, with 7000 subscribers to the quarterly periodical: *Het Missiewerk*.

Of all the Pontifical Works, however, the Opus Sti Petri for the training of a native clergy, seems to appeal most to the Dutch Catholics. It was promoted by Professor J. Smitt, now Vicar Apostolic of Norway, and in 1927 had been established in 700 parishes. Its contributions have risen from 4000 florins in 1920 to 270,000 in 1926. Of these funds 250 burses from 2500 to 3000 florins, and 330 pensions from 250 to 300 florins have been supplied. Thus out of the 1200 native seminarists in missionary countries, 560 are kept by Holland. Apart from the four great Pontifical Works recommended by Pope Pius XI. for the conversion of the pagan world, there is room left for the support of other auxiliary associations, both

diocesan and parochial, the material and spiritual needs of the Apostolate. Of these Holland has about 40, among them the *Indische Missievereeniging* and *Het Sint Melania Werk*.

The whole Missionary Movement in Holland has but one end in view: to form and train a missionary nation, to arouse their interest in the Apostolate in the Church, to organize all the available forces for the salvation of souls in pagan lands. This missionary idea is fostered in 1920 Catholic elementary schools, 1200 parishes, in colleges, patronages, confraternities, Third Orders, in 1030 missionary circles, among University students, the medical profession, among clerical students and priests. The missionary cause, the nature and object of the Apostolate are vividly brought home to young and old, rich and poor, educated or otherwise, by Missionary Weeks or Sundays, Missionary Exhibitions and Crusades, and last, but not least, by the powerful Catholic Press in Holland—thirty Catholic papers—especially the *Maasbode*, by some fifty missionary periodicals: annals, reviews, calendars, almanacks, books, etc.

And in order to draw God's blessings upon all the human efforts to promote the cause of Christ and the Church, there is the "Apostleship of Prayer for the Missionary Crusade," to which nearly one thousand religious communities in Holland are affiliated. This is the romantic story of how the little flock of *Catholica Hollandia* docet: "*Wat Nederland deed, doet en doen zal*:—What Holland did, does and will do."



Heaven Reopened.

BY X. Y. Z.

WHEN Mary unto Gabriel made reply,
 "May it be done according to thy word,"
 The angel guarding heaven's gates on high
 Back to its scabbard thrust his flaming sword.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

XII.

OPINION was growing in Maydon that no good would accrue to himself or to his neighbors by what the village called Carfax's aloofness. No one called it superiority; though some of them had the grace to recognize it, unwillingly to themselves. His success, of course, they put down to "owld Grey"—and his mentality, which they called his "crackedness," was the ever-green subject for village wit. They resented, too, as a hyphened village, the absence of Thurston from the life of Maydon. Thurston, being only Carfax and his farm hands, lived very much apart from its neighbors, and this, Maydon resented now that there seemed to be fresh food for gossip since the young people were home.

Nice spoken young people too, and a sullen feeling had awakened in the minds of one or two. Why should "owld" Grey's grandchildren be different from theirs? Their father had had the same village schooling as they had had; and Weller, of the Royal George, had been taken to task for having called young Carfax "Sir" when he had passed the time o' day with him that morning. Weller had declared he had not, or if he had it was business; and old Lane had remarked that considering the habits of the lad's paternal grandfather, it wouldn't be surprising if, sooner or later, the young man did a good deal of "business" with Weller.

Thurston had taken on a new aspect this summer. The "pore gel" was home from her nunnery for good, and there had been a feeling at first, that at any moment the worst might be expected, that she would declare herself a Catholic—if not already a "nun," come back in her prints and muslins to take in honest Christians. It was almost disap-

pointing to see her following her mother demurely into the village church, and shaking hands in a proper, modest way with the Rector and his wife. And when she and her brother happened to pass through Maydon, or to visit one or two of the old people, it was a signal for everyone to be at their doors, to pass the time o' day with the two, who were simple and cheery, responding with shy politeness to the villagers' greetings.

There was old Granny Lapworth, for instance. She said she was a hundred years old, but, as Father Page would have said, maybe she handled the truth. She boasted of having attended the parish feasts of three Coronations, and as there was no one who could successfully contradict her, she was allowed to boast. Not that she had any good to say of the feasts in the Rectory meadow. Apparently she had been slighted at all of them.

"Nor bit nor bite nor wet o' mi lips did I get," she would relate, and put it down to the Rector's having allowed the 'riffraff' to come in, and buns failing to go round."

The villagers rather enjoyed making her talk. There were days when her memory was astonishingly clear, and again others when she seemed to be just an old mumbling witch, twisting her fingers and mouthing soundlessly as if in some wordless conversation with an unseen visitor. She had been told of the chief events of the village in the slow course of their happenings, and had never failed to make her own particular brand of caustic remarks on the subject. Granny Lapworth's summary of opinion was an unedited Review of Reviews for the neighborhood, and she would wax eloquent on village politics and the domestic affairs of those who found no favor in her sight, and their name apparently was legion.

It had never struck anyone that she always seemed to be afflicted with extreme senile decay when the affairs of

John Carfax were mentioned. Though if her visitors happened to show signs of departing, or of changing the subject, she would make a painful effort, and just say, "Carfax did y' say? What about Carfax?" And they would start off again, but by the time they were in full swing over Thurston doings, the old woman was mouthing and twisting her fingers, and, not expecting to find any, they saw nothing of the strange, sly gleams of intelligence in the half-shut eyes.

Aye—Thurston was getting a bit above itself. Hobnobbing with all the gentry round: Meffords—well, young Mefford,—and, they said, his sister running round paying visits there, an' tea parties, an' Mr. Burnham o' Four Orchards, an' th' owld lady—

"What owld lady?" snapped Granny Lapworth in a lapse of sense.

"Miss Burnham—as gave Mike Stone seven days for doing too much business wi' the Royal George." A sentence deeply resented by his partisans. "Ho!" said the old woman. "What does she want wi' Carfax?"

"All pride and vainglory," opined Tom Lane of the "Bethel," and this was repeated to Granny Lapworth who, to everyone's surprise, broke into fury. To begin with she hated Tom Lane, and when some village lads had broken a window in his little conventicle, she had ostentatiously given each of the three evildoers a shilling apiece.

"Pride an' vainglory?" she snarled. "There be men like the oaks o' the forest in this pore wasted land. An' they seed themselves—aye, cut 'em down, but ye can't get away from their seedin's. An' the seedin's won't never be ought else but oaks, be they planted in fair land or foul." She mumbled a bit, and then, "Aye, an' there be men—like thistles, fodder for asses—'tis all they're good for. I know a many o' them." The village was not flattered, and forgot about the first part of her speech in their

indignation at its ending; but, as Weller remarked consolingly to his clients, the old woman was quite dotty, and they must be charitable.

Bent's wife brought her a small rabbit as a propitiatory offering a few days after. It was well to keep in with the old lady who showed such unusual signs of life; and Bent, the worst poacher in the village, was rather a favorite with Granny, because he seemed to have quite an admiration for the man whose coverts he poached. That seemed to tickle the old lady.

"Young Carfax an' his sister be comin' down the road," said Bent's wife as she proceeded to skin the rabbit, and the old woman managed to shuffle to the door. She knew them well by sight, and had never failed to watch them up and down the road since they had been little toddlers hand in hand, escorted by Polly Greens to the village school. She had mumbled and mouthed badly in those days. This morning she rather put herself out to attract their attention. She had always had a fearful fascination for Peggy who, in old days, had firmly clutched John's hand in passing the bent figure at the door; but to-day there was no mistaking the fact that the old lady wanted to speak to them. She made a sign over her shoulder that there was some one inside, but as Peggy came up smiling, she muttered,

"Will you step in on your way back, Missy?"

Peggy promised. They were going with a message to the Rectory and would be back in a few minutes. So Granny Lapworth dismissed the friendly poacher's wife, and continued the disgruntling of the rabbit herself. And when more than half an hour later, she saw from her window the young Carfaxes taking leave of a young man with an astounding crop of red hair, who stood, cap in hand, talking and laughing his protests at not being allowed to wait for them whilst they visited "the old

crone," the old woman's mouthings became quite ferocious. She managed a smile as Peggy came in, followed by young John, and indicated the chairs she had carefully wiped. Then she fell rather than sat down heavily in the big hooded one by the chimney place, where the black *pot-au-feu* was hanging, containing the dismembered Thurston bunny.

Both brother and sister had wished her good morning. John had admired the tabby cat and stroked it, and Peggy had touched a pot of geraniums on the window ledge and exclaimed at their vivid color. And still the old woman said nothing, only breathed heavily and stared hard at first one and then the other. Peggy ventured the hope that the recent rain had not been bad for her rheumatism. She felt sure such an old, bent person must have rheumatism, and Granny Lapworth had nodded and said, with feeling,

"Aye, for sure, it caught me bad."

And just when they were beginning to think their visit had better be brought to an end, the old woman, fixing young John with eyes that always seemed hidden, had uttered the cryptic remark,

"You've the road before ye—aye, the open road. Don't ye run, nor yet falter, for there's those who follows no rules who'll try to trip ye."

John was leaning forward, his arms crossed on his knees, staring at her with attention. What did he see in that wrinkled old grey face, or read in those deep-set, faded eyes that held him so steadily? Or was it that this old, old woman was reading something in his; something that only age could understand—or was she really the rather uncanny old witch that the village called her? And to his surprise he heard himself say,

"They shan't trip me."

It sounded a little bombastic. What were they talking about after all?

"Why not? They tripped all of 'em."

"Yes, it was uncanny, but he knew she was speaking of Carfaxes."

"They haven't! The best of them all they couldn't touch," said John a little defiantly, thinking of his father, but the old woman shook her head.

"They tripped all of 'em, I tell 'ee," she said fiercely. "But 't'warn't no open road for 'em, an' they had no chance. I tell 'ee, young man, you be on the open road—aye—" her voice trailed weakly, but her eyes seemed to hypnotize John, who was standing now before her, his eyes on her face. "Aye, ye be a proper seedin'—ye'll be no fodder for asses."

Her voice broke, and for a moment John thought she was probably talking rubbish in a fit of senility. He smiled suddenly, and Peggy, who had listened to it all with wide eyes—Peggy rose quickly from her chair.

"Well, good-bye, Mrs. Lapworth; we must be getting along," he said, but the old woman caught a hand of each. She spoke in a hoarse whisper, exhausted with so much speech.

"Did y'ever see fine trees in the forest cut down to make ships o' war? Bleedin' heart-breaking it is to see 'em fall, an' great gaps an' sighin' spaces an' torn earth. A good forester'll see to replantin'. Aye—tell your father from me ye be good seedin'."

She seemed to wave them off, but caught Peggy's arm again, to look into the girl's flushed face. And suddenly she broke into a pleased cackle of laughter. "Good seedin'—aye—an' clean an' straight. An' don't ye let no one trip ye, my dears."

They got out at last and hurried down the road, glad to be away from those strange, piercing eyes, and from the touch of those claw-like, magnetic hands that had held them.

"I didn't know she was so dotty as all that," gasped Peggy, and John said slowly,

"I rather think she's plenty of wits."

Curious how the old woman's meanderings seemed to fit into a sort of jigsaw puzzle he was working out. Only he was shy of asking his father certain questions, because it would reveal too much of what was filling his mind. In fact, it was something he must thresh out himself, unaided; but he was at what Guilday calls the "most malleable stage in his soul's life," alive in every nerve, touching with his mental antennæ all that offered, and rejecting with his quick artistic sense of beauty all that he felt was ugly—no good.

"Tell your father from me ye be good seedin'." Could he give that message? It would open a volume he had longed to study with his father, but it would pre-suppose such curiosity—and long ago young John had realized there was a side of his father that was secret, hidden, to be scrupulously, almost fearfully, respected. Who was this old woman, and what did she know of his father and his affairs?

They were both rather silent as they arrived at Thurston, Peggy following her own train of thought which seemed to be a pleasant one, for as they got to the house she said, with a little smile,

"It seems to me—I wonder if it does to you—that we've got a top-hole forester at home."

Oh, luck! She was a priceless girl, old Peggy! She had all her wits about her, and you hadn't to go through the alphabet or the multiplication table with her.

"By jove, you're right! What did she say about a good forester?" burst out John, stopping by the gate to stare at Peggy.

"A good forester'll see to replanting. That's you and me, John, my son—the seedin's as she called us. She's a bit uncanny, but what I want to know for *certain* is—the—the, what you might call the plantation. What is it?"

John gave her a little push to make her go through the gate.

"We'll know soon enough. Whether it's the South Pole—or the 'bleedin' gap' in the cut-down forest, we're going to get there, I say—eh, Peg?"

"Rather," came the girl's voice over her shoulder. "One isn't seeding of oaks—*royal* oaks, for nothing."

"Oh—royal oaks—what's that got to do with it?"

John spoke a little slightly, and Peggy threw over her shoulder,

"Royal oaks, I tell you—you ought to see why."

Something, something like a little fiery flame shot up from her heart. Such a long time she had kept her thoughts to herself, having no one to advise her on what was troubling her. Mother Veronica far off. And as yet, she had not spoken openly, they had talked, when she visited the new Reverend Mother, of things of local interest.

She backed suddenly into a great purple mass of Michaelmas daisies, and it was her old, slightly hoarse sweet voice, that exclaimed breathlessly,

"What did Carfax stand for in old days? One, with all the solid royal oaks of England,—royal because they were Catholic—and Catholic because they were English."

John frowned. She went too far. Something stirred him uneasily.

"Oh, well, if it comes to that, you can go further back still and be one with your Druid ancestors. Things move, and you'd better follow their example, and go on."

Some one had been watching them from an open window near the clump of Michaelmas daisies. Susan had hidden herself behind the little muslin curtains, so that they should not see her radiant pride and joy in their young beauty. When Peggy had accidentally backed onto the purple flowers, Susan almost held her breath at the picture.

The girl had taken her hat off as she had entered the garden, and the russet shining head with its delicate flushed

face, her little straight figure in its home-made cotton dress with some pale lavender pattern printed on it, and a little light woolly coat that had faded to the same faint color, had attracted Susan's attention. She looked like a pansy, one of those lovely pale ones with the deeper purple edges, and the sun turned her hair into an aureole. Dear God, but the sheer wonder of these two, being hers! Flesh of her flesh! bone of her bone! And her eyes took on a starriness, and her smile became beatific as they rested on the two—young John towering there looking for all the world like some young duke! Susan had never seen a duke, but thought—even if he didn't have on old grey flannels like her John—he might be some fine figure of physical manliness like the lad.

And then Peggy's words fell on her ears—and her smile died, and the light went out of her eyes. What was the girl talking about. What had Carfaxes to do with royalty—Royal, because they were Catholic? The hand on the little curtain dropped heavily. They were at it again, that talk she couldn't understand; and her Margaret, her little Peggy, had got caught. Yes, caught. Or why had she spoken with all her heart in her voice! Something weighed on Susan's heart like icy lead as she moved away from the window.

No good speaking to her John—he would only say, as he always did, let be, she's all right. The Rector seemed the proper person to approach; but not for anything would she tell him her fears. The Rectory had so persistently shaken its head over the education of the Thurston Farm children, as they called them. It would be contrary to human nature not to say I told you so, and quite contrary to Susan's human nature to allow anyone to cast a reflection on her John's judgment.

She sat down for a moment before going to meet them. She had just come in from Bluebells, and had been a little

disturbed to find that Miss Burnham of Four Orchards had called in her absence. Prudence, it seemed, had been assuring her that no one was at home, when John Carfax himself had come through the baize door that shut off the disused wing of the house. And all Prudence could add was that it was a good half hour afterwards that she saw the big shining car with the chauffeur at the wheel, driving away from the house.

So the lady had stayed quite a long time and John had entertained her! It was just as well she had been out, but if Miss Burnham had spent half an hour with her, she would at least have realized that she, Susan Carfax, was not the sort of woman you paid polite afternoon calls to, and perhaps then she would have decided never to come again. Why hadn't she been at home! Instead—well, her John was different. She poured tea out of the big brown teapot, and replied to the children when they spoke to her, but she could not quite successfully hide her deep uneasiness.

"Where's father? Why doesn't he come?" she said, when Peggy asked her what was the matter, but what was really the matter was this icy fear in her mind, stirred into life again by what she had heard from the window, and the fact of these Burnhams beginning to mix themselves up again with her John—and her children.

Young John had suddenly caught sight of that look of fear—of almost terror—that he had seen once before in his mother's eyes. For an instant it gave him a stab. What was happening that this tenderest and best of little mothers was hugging some fear in her heart? There seemed always the most perfect understanding and affection between his father and her; but some thought made him put his cup down untasted, to lay his big brown hand on his mother's, and say boyishly,

"Take off that worried look, mother; or Peggy and I'll think we're wrecking

your life, or that Dad's been making love to—to—"

"Prudence!" threw in Peggy with a shriek of laughter, and though Susan gave a shocked, "For shame, John!" she broke into one of her dimpled smiles, and forbore to tell them of Miss Burnham's visit. Carfax arrived when they had finished tea. He shook his head when Peggy prepared to go and make a fresh brew. He had an hour's work to do in his office. Susan sat as if fixed to her chair. Wasn't he going to say anything about his visitor—their visitor? Or was he just wanting to speak about it to her alone? He caught her eye as he passed to the door again. Something of irresolution, almost of impatience, seemed to flit across his face.

"Can you spare me five minutes, Susan?"

The words seemed dragged out of him, and having said them he turned without waiting for an answer and left the room again. He knew what the answer would be—Susan herself. Could she spare him five minutes? She could and would spare him all eternity if he called her. Didn't he know it! He lurched a little as he flung open the baize door and strode down the passage to the wainscotted office. Her patience, her humility, her tender gentleness almost angered him lately, but he had been tender with her, because she was full of fears. And when those fears—about the children and him—had been allayed, she had been suddenly and it seemed unreasonably filled with fears about her health. Her health! Why it had always been splendid. Doubtless it was a passing phase which would improve with the years. And she had taken Aunt Kate's remedies and seemed all right again.

Yes; he felt sad to-day. As if some old *oubliette* had been opened before him, and huddled in fantastic contortions there were spread the skeletons of the past. The woman had meant it

kindly—her visit—meant it kindly! The thought brought back to him all the old sufferings, the old bitternesses. To "mean it kindly" you must be quite sure of the recipient of such kindness.

Susan followed her gentle tap, and closed the door softly. He pushed a chair towards her and for a moment sat fingering some note books on the table before him.

"Prudence told you Miss Burnham called when you were at Bluebells," he said, tapping the books with his fountain pen.

"Yes, John—but I'm not too sorry I wasn't at home," she said, half apologetically, half smiling.

"Well, she was very sorry to miss you. She asked me to tell you so, and to say, —pretty much what her nephew said the other day—that she hoped we would consider them our friends, as of old—as of old—" He paused a moment, seeming to roll the words in his mouth; and Susan, her eyes wide open, waited for more. Very kind of Miss Burnham, she was sure; but—but—

"And—well, that was about all. She wanted neighborliness after twenty-five years of its conspicuous absence—friendliness after— Well, I think that was all. She spoke of her sister's affection for Peggy."

John did not see the look of fear in his wife's eyes, but he heard the quiver in her voice as she said,

"They're kind, good people, I'm sure, John, but the less we see of them the better. And when our John's gone to Oxford there won't be anyone to go about with Peggy, and we don't want her running about to visit neighbors no matter how friendly they are. Is that all she said?"

And John Carfax, avoiding Susan's eyes, replied slowly, "Yes, that's about all she said."

Prudence must have made a foolish mistake about that half hour.

(To be continued.)

Browning and the Church.

BY NORBERT ENGELS.

TO many Catholic readers the popular method of approaching literature is rapidly evolving into a fallacious method. Their attitude is not dissimilar to that of the persecution emperors of Rome: either a person is entirely for the Church or he is entirely against it. Such a viewpoint leaves no middle ground for the indifferent.

The fact of the matter is this: any good writer—and the rest need not be considered—who concerns himself with character portrayal, writes of the lives of other people who may be, incidentally, for, against, or indifferent to, the Church. These writers are depicting life as they find it, not often allowing their personal prides and prejudices to tarnish their work. If they find, in their search for material, a man who is living contrary to morality, and choose to write of him, they are obviously writing for the sake of character, not for the sake of morality.

Because Robert Browning wrote of a worldly monk, a superstitious priest, a murderer who curses the Pope, many Catholics think he does it with no other end in view than the exposition of a faith founded on superstition, on material and earthly bases. They admit not the possibility that he is searching for character, trying to analyze human nature, the impulses to which it reacts, the influences to which it responds.

Browning searches always for the unusual, the warped, the abnormal and subnormal characters of humanity. It stands to sound reason that the extraordinary walks of life will offer more extraordinary characters, good and bad, than the commonplace, the solid paths of level life which offer emotions in proportion to their commonplaceness. Consequently, Browning looks to these unusual walks of life, pursuit of God

and pursuit of art, in the religious Orders and in the ranks of artists.

Should he portray a monk who lives contrary to the Rules of his Order, he is no more grinding an axe against that Order or against its religion than he, in showing a musician who revolts against the traditions of musical forms, whets his butcher knife against the art of music. The fact that Browning found so few warped natures in the history of eighteen centuries of Catholics is, I should judge, a very fine compliment to the wholesomeness of that religion and the stability of life which it affords.

In the case of Fra Lippo Lippi, Browning is, I am sure, more anxious to throw open to light the monk's ideas of romantic art as compared to the older ideas of the monastic painters, than he is to show the monk as a typical Catholic religious. The fact that Lippi was a monk is only incidental to the real aim of the poet. Had he been atheist or infidel, Browning would, because of his importance in Renaissance Art, have given his character the same thorough wringing. Fra Lippo Lippi's study of men's faces came not from his religious habits, Browning points out, but as a result of his starving in the streets, watching to see what kind of people would throw him bread. Browning's study of human nature came not from any religious considerations, but from his quest to see what kinds of people would afford him poetic material.

Few critics have the audacity to criticize Dante for the same thing, yet he cast Popes, even, to the depths of his *Inferno*. And Chaucer, whom Catholic critics are eager to claim as one of the Fold, makes his Friar a grafter in the confessional, and his Pardoner, a seller of indulgences and a gallant.

All of us admit there are strange people in the world. If the poet choose some of them for his poetic material, what matter, in the consideration of art, if they be Catholics or Protestants,

Jews, or Infidels? One man's character cannot overthrow such a religion as Catholicity. Our critics should be more confident of the strength of their faith than to worry about the attitude any writer might awaken in the minds of others, even though the writer should attack the Church. It has been shown that Browning does not.

Back in 1912 Father Dwight wrote in *America*, "Browning was blind to everything but the stains and blemishes of the Church."

Such criticism is more injurious than helpful to the Church. Those who understand Browning better than does Father Dwight, and there are, obviously, many who do, would frown on such comment, and regret that it came from within the ranks.

The Fragrance of Prayer.

In St. John's vision of heaven the redeemed are represented as having in their hands "golden vials, full of odors, which are the prayers of saints." The meaning is that the saints in glory offer up prayers to God. It is a comforting thought that earth's supplications rise up to heaven as sweet incense—that while humble believers in this world are engaged in offering up prayers and supplications, holy odors are wafted up before God. There is an exquisite beauty in this thought that true prayer is fragrance to God. The pleadings and supplications of His people on the earth rise from lowly homes, from sick-rooms, from darkened chambers of grief where loved ones kneel beside their dead, from humble sanctuaries, from stately cathedrals, and are wafted up before God, as the breath of flowers is wafted to us in summer days from sweet fields and fragrant gardens. And God "smells a sweet savor." Prayer is perfume to Him.

TIME, indeed, is a sacred gift, and each day is a little life.—*Lubbock*.

What in Exchange?

BY P. J. C.

SATAN promised Christ the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, if falling down He would adore him. Many thousands of Christ's followers have had to answer a like challenge since that day in the desert when the Son of God defeated His enemy. That so many have accepted the "kingdoms of the world" and the glory of them in exchange for the Kingdom of God is proof that Satan has his victories. Let us see.

A farmer's son came out to America from Ireland some years ago to seek those opportunities denied him in the homeland. He had a pair of beads, a prayerbook, and the Faith of his fathers; in addition, a good head, a healthy body—but no money. It is not a specially high tribute to him to say that he prospered and grew rich in the new country. Thousands upon thousands prosper and grow rich. They are often remembered for just that.

In order to become rich he found it convenient to do a number of things which have not the approval of Butler's Catechism which he studied as a boy. That, however, was in the old days when he was young. He has grown up since. He is in a business where competition is as sharp as certain safety razors are advertised to be, and as slippery as eels are thought to be. The code of a thumbled catechism may be all right for an Irish boy coming this way in steerage; it is much too old-fashioned for an Irishman going that way in a state-room, walking the deck in knickers, dining in Tuxedo at the Captain's table. My dear, an Irishman must grow out of the Faith of his fathers if he is to have three maids and a French chauffeur! His visit was to Paris—not Dublin—as part owner now of the kingdoms of the world. He has sold out

his shares in the Kingdom of God.

A year ago his only daughter was married in low-neck gown with high-church ritual. She received the name "Mary" when her father still carried his beads in his trousers' pockets. If she were born now, when he had most of his stock in the kingdoms of the world, she would be Eloise, June or Violet. The wedding was given a column by the society editor; and Mary's picture on Society Page indicated she was Irish. The service was just what such things should be. Bridesmaids trailed along like smaller snow hills in a glory of sunrise. Best men—listen! The superlative, "best," is a shabby adjective to set before them! And the groom: Prominent Graduate of Prominent University; of Prominent Family whose forbears went back to the Revolution. And Mary? How her grandmother would stare incredulously at the low-cut neck and the high-church service. Mary's dad, who came out steerage and goes back *de luxe*, gave Mary away. Significant, is it not?—"gave Mary away."

But why, you will surely ask, select an Irish Immigrant? Because, my dear, being oneself Irish and Immigrant, one can speak by virtue of clanship. And, too, the Irish have fought so hard to keep the Island of Saints within the Kingdom of God, it may stir us helpfully to discover that individually, some of us bend the knee to Satan without even shaking a blackthorn stick at him. Anyhow, it should make us reflect when we hear our praises sung by Senators, Congressmen and Poets at a St. Patrick's Day banquet. They may tell us, "Irishmen are true forever." They are not. Some of us give in and give up. We call ourselves Scotch-Irish then, and are chosen vestrymen in the First Persuasion Church. When poor we were shareholders in the Kingdom of God. Rich Irishmen are sometimes poor Irishmen. For a choice space on Society Avenue they give up Faith and Fatherland.

Notes and Remarks.

The Apostolic Delegate to the United States gave the country a gracious farewell message on the eve of his departure for Rome. From a number of happy paragraphs we quote two:

May the Church in America continue to the best ideals of this Government in fostering and protecting the sanctity of the home, in promoting Christian education, and in exemplifying the mercy of Christ in the administration of Christian charity.

These years in America have been blessed and happy. I shall cherish them always. The great honor conferred on me by the Holy Father will but strengthen the bonds that attach me to this land. To all the people of this great nation I must say farewell. May God bless the United States now and in the years to come!

The people of the United States who read this farewell message will gather from it graciousness, sympathy, good will. It should help to lodge in their minds the acceptance that the Sovereign Pontiff and his Representative have only good wishes for the continued life and growth of the nation, and concern lest any adverse elements retard its spiritual and material advance.

The death of Senator Walsh of Montana took from the newly selected national administration an insistent pursuer of fraud and corruption. A keen lawyer, who held in command the better learning of his profession, he pursued iniquity in high place without favor, and demanded punishment for those who bartered away public trusts and public property. There are those who say he shone higher in prosecution than in constructive pursuits. Perhaps the fact that he gained national prominence in certain widely advertised senate investigations may supply the background for this appraisal. He was an honest, fearless, high-motived public servant. He

was a conspicuous figure in the Senate at a period when the Senate is not renowned for Alpine intellectual tallness. He was a Catholic who fought the good fight and kept the Faith. Catholics who share in that Faith will do well to remember him in the sanest way they can remember him—by the charity of prayer.



Mr. John McCormack, Irish lyric tenor, was asked recently by Mr. Edwin C. Hill, newspaper man, what was the most thrilling moment in his career. "Without doubt," answered Mr. McCormack, "it was at the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin last June, where I sang before 1,250,000 people." "And after that—wasn't it the day you sang the 'Star Spangled Banner' when President Wilson spoke at Mt. Vernon?" asked Mr. Hill. "Yes, yes—July 4, 1917," the singer answered. No American will feel slighted that Mr. McCormack's second best thrill was the "Star Spangled Banner" at Mt. Vernon. The occasion was a religious one in Dublin, and he was in the city of his youth, heard by millions of his countrymen. It is not surprising that emotion at Dublin rose higher than at Mt. Vernon.



You remember how people were urged to make sacrifices during the World War, which was a business of destroying human lives. The appeals were received in good will, and sacrifices were generously made. There was less wheat-flour in bread, less sugar in coffee. One day a week was meatless. There was less warmth in houses; less electricity wasted for lighting, heating, cooking. You were told to conserve this, that, the other thing to help the men who were fighting over in France. The mandates, often harsh enough in the form of promulgation, were cheerfully obeyed. Obedience was a patriotic duty. We were requested to invest in Liberty Bonds, to buy Thrift Stamps, until, as

the slogan ran, "it hurts." We are in a peace-time war at the moment. The fight is against this depression which hangs like a fog over the country. No one doubts the fog will rise, that the country will see again prosperity shine.

In the plans for restoration, however, all will be called upon to work. Not to the extent of the war days; but some service and sacrifice will be asked for and expected. There will be a universal generous response; and there will be cheerfulness and optimism. There may well be. The nation is tested, but is not in dire straits by any means. The nation will win as it has always won, by courage, self-reliance, obedience to the commands of those responsible for the conduct of government. When the people of the United States return to normal conditions they will be chastened and more thoughtful. And perhaps for twenty years to come they will be cautious about stock markets, and feel a chill when they hear of frozen assets.



Knowing as we all do how similar facts have been twisted in the past, one does not have to be much of a prophet to foretell that before many years the would-be Presidential assassin, Giuseppe Zangara, will be put down as having been a fervent Catholic because of his Italian ancestry. In order to help keep the matter clear when that accusation comes, as it most certainly will, we quote the official record of his answers to several questions on the day of his first appearance in court:

Q. Don't people treat you fairly?

A. No—no one treat me fairly.

Q. Do you belong to any church?

A. No. No church.

Q. Do you regret the incident? Aren't you sorry?

A. No. I no sorry. I no sorry nothing. Put me in the electric chair. I no sorry nothing.

In addition to that evidence there is also the testimony of Rev. F. J. Bergs, a retired priest of the Chicago Archdio-

cese, who, in the presence of detectives, Michael Ahern and Michael Scharping, interviewed the prisoner for approximately one hour. According to Father Bergs, Zangara not only claims to be an atheist, but also actually stated that he would "spit in the face of any priest" who would attempt to offer spiritual administration to him on the way to the chair.

The State Legislature of Indiana has unanimously passed a bill providing that parochial school children be carried from their homes to school and return in the busses provided by the commonwealth, as is done for public school children. This is reasonable, once the State engages in this limited expression of free transport. Since parochial school children belong equally in the State with children who attend public schools, they should receive such care and nurture for their convenience and well-being as the State bestows upon boys and girls of public schools. Back in 1924, and in the years shortly before and after, no such bill would be introduced in an Indiana State Legislature, still less passed. Conditions move on and back very quickly in these United States. Just now we are in a period of more or less tolerance, after the mad zealotry of the Klan years. We hardly think it will continue. We may expect the return of religious panics, as business panics come back.

It is reported that motorists in Pennsylvania kill more rabbits every year than all the hunters of the State combined. The reason seems to be that these animals, venturing forth with more than usual freedom at night, are so bewildered by the headlights of passing automobiles that they are easily run down and killed. Commenting upon this sad situation, the *Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph* holds up as a model for all motorists the example of Charles E.

Coleman, who runs a passenger train at night through a part of Western Pennsylvania in which deer are very numerous. Although it is not uncommon, according to Mr. Coleman, to see approximately one hundred deer in a night, he has not killed a single one in his twenty years of railroading. Hats off to this humane engineer who manages to bring his train in on time in spite of the consideration which he shows for the wild life along the track. For the benefit of American motorists, Mr. Coleman tells us how he does it. "All that an engineer needs to do," he says, "is to turn off the electric headlight for a tenth of a second, and your deer is gone. I do it for all wild life, even the lowly 'bunny,' and it works."

February 17, four Mexican priests were in jail at Guadalajara, Mexico, for violating the so-called Law of Cults. Catholics of the city assembled in great numbers before the prison protesting against the arrest of their priests. The police called on the firemen to apply the fire hose, but the crowd refused to withdraw. Then the police took a hand themselves and a fight resulted. Other expressions of zeal against religion by Mexican officials at Guadalajara are reported. Thus: Police Chief Heliodoro Ravilcaba, accompanied by his agents, entered a convent of religious nuns forcibly and arrested sixteen of the Sisters. The news item says that the religious women fled upstairs, Police Chief Heliodoro Ravilcaba and his minions in deadly pursuit. When men go to such lengths as this in the war against religion in Mexico, they are insane, inconceivably vicious or possessed of the devil.

Even those critics who tell us that Benjamin Franklin's literary productions have received a higher place in American literature than they deserve, owing to the fame of the man as a

statesman, are willing to admit that the author of "Poor Richard" wrote always clear and forceful English, and was a fair literary craftsman. Recently the original manuscript of the inscription Franklin composed for the cornerstone of the Pennsylvania Hospital turned up in Germany, and its simplicity and feeling caused it to be printed again in some of our daily papers. It runs as follows:

In the Year of Christ
1755

George the Second happily reigning
(For he sought the happiness of his people)
Philadelphia flourishing
(For its inhabitants were publickspirited)
This Building
By the Bounty of the Government
And of many private Persons,
Was piously founded
For the Relief of the Sick and Miserable.
May the God of Mercies
Bless the Undertaking!

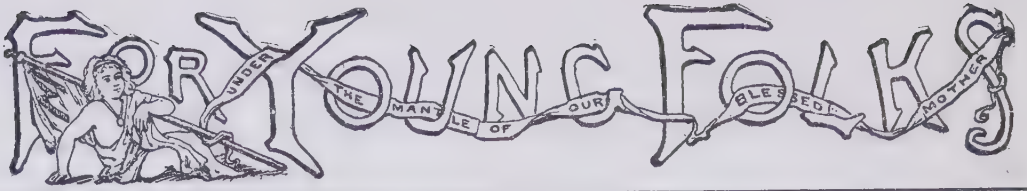
Those who know the difficulty of writing cornerstone inscriptions and who realize that few men are at their ease in this kind of composition, will agree at least that Franklin's effort has the merit of clarity, brevity, and simplicity.

Twenty-five years ago—so long it seems!—a Parisian named Duez was charged with the liquidation of the property of religious Congregations confiscated under the Combe's Law. And Duez became very rich at the expense of the Congregations that had been shorn of their property. The public scandal resulting from his thievery forced the government to prosecute Duez and transport him to the penal colony of Guiana. And now comes word from the pastor of Cayenne that Duez had just died repentant, fortified in his outward journey by all the deathbed consolations of his Faith. A cynic might have something to say about Duez' life in contrast to his death—and about the Church, at whose expense he got rich, enriching him with mercy in his death.

The mission of the Church is to save poor, misguided, grasping, sinning men and women. She does not throttle, figuratively speaking, her enemies when they are down and done. She is impersonal in doling out God's mercies, of which she is agent. She carries no grudges to the grave's edge. In death her slogan is—"Mercy to all who will accept of it."

The adoption of a new fad in the field of fashion may seem but a passing thing to the man and woman of the street, yet it may often mean the danger of utter extinction to some particular species in the bird or animal kingdoms. A few years ago the Editor of the *Ladies Home Journal* led a national movement to preserve the beautiful egret from complete destruction. The movement was a failure so far as its appeal to the finer instincts of womanhood was concerned. Then Lady Fashion took a hand by transferring her fancy to something else in the way of hat trimmings. Since then, we are told, the egret has become quite common in its old haunts. Lady Fashion may appear to be simply a fickle and frivolous creature as she minces down the Avenue on a Sunday afternoon. She can be an exceedingly ruthless hussy also, as anyone who attempts to stand in the way of her frivolities will very soon find out.

One of our secular Universities claims to have developed a new bolt which will eliminate steel riveting noises. What help will that be while rockers continue to squeak, babies to cry, radios to blare, saxaphonists to practise, whistlers to whistle, steam pipes to pound, and felines to yowl? In spite of this very valuable contribution we would prefer if some of our secular Universities would stir themselves towards making this a better rather than a quieter and more comfortable place to live in.



The Method.

BY S. S.

WHEN I'm just about to sleep,
Being tired from my play,
They bring people in to peep
At me, and I hear them say:
"My, how wonderful his hair!
And how blue each little eye!"
I can't sleep while they are there,
So I just start in to cry.
Then these silly people go
To the sitting room once more,
And the light is turned down low,
So I stop my awful roar.

Shadows on Cedarcrest.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

VIII.—A DINNER PARTY.

"SOMETHING must be done." Dalton Carstairs sat in his study and spoke to his sister: "Some of these days she will die, and then where shall we be? If we could only convince her that he is dead! Her precious Jamie! How I hate the thought of him! Surely she knows that he is dead, after being gone all these years."

"How can she know it?" Deborah spoke, wearily. "Perhaps he is not. Men have been gone more years than that, and returned."

Her brother laughed, harshly. "Dead or not," he exulted, "he doesn't dare return. A gallows awaits him. Why not talk to her, I say? Make her see that she is not being fair to us—that she owes us some return for all the years of tender care we have given her? Paint a picture of yourself in the poorhouse."

"Why don't you?" asked Deborah, drily. "You seem to be the one with the

active imagination. I have given her tender care, because I love her. She is the only mother I remember. I don't expect reward."

"No?" sneeringly. "Little Eva in person, eh? Sweet saintliness, and all that line? I suppose if she remembers you in her will, you'll spurn the inheritance, eh? Give it all to your beloved brother?"

"No, because what she gives me is mine. I'll be glad to have it, for the sake of my child. But I'm not going to hound her to write a will she has no desire to make. I think poor Jamie has his mother's estate coming to him."

"Feeling soft-hearted toward the murderer of your father, eh?"

Deborah was silent. Brooding reservations lurked in her eyes. Dalton scowled and moved uneasily in his chair. Her silences always disconcerted him.

"Are you through with me?"

"No!" he shouted at her, violently, and the color faded from her face. "No, I've work for you, and you'll do it. You're getting too independent lately. I'll break you."

"Simon Legree!"

His face turned purple. He half rose from his chair, as though to strike her. She did not flinch, and he sank back, looking at her, curiously.

"Something's happened to you," he said, wonderingly. "You're not afraid of me."

Her lip curled. "You've lost your whip, Simon."

"Have I? I'll show you. I'll—"

"You're talking too loud. Do you want Mother to have another heart attack? I suppose you know you're the cause of the last one."

He subsided. He drummed his fingers upon the desk, while his teeth chewed at his lower lip.

"What is the nature of this work you have selected for me?"

He laughed, evilly. "It isn't work," he said, shortly; "it's play. I want you to give a dinner party."

"A dinner party?" she repeated.

"Exactly. A dinner party for your dear mother's birthday. The guests will, for the most part, be her old friends. Wouldn't that be a pleasant thing for you to do? Won't she enjoy it?"

"If she is well enough, yes. But—just what deviltry are you planning now, Dalton?"

"You belittle me, my charming sister. Cannot I, too, have altruistic motives? Cannot I give a party for my mother, because I love her?"

"No, for you don't love her, Dalton. I cannot understand why you do not, but the fact remains. You do not love anyone except yourself. You may have a curious affection for me, but that is because you have always been able to bend me to your will. You are fond of your slave."

"Still Simon Legree-ing, eh?" his tone was hard. "Well, my dear sister, suit yourself. Think what you will. But, whatever my motives, the fact remains that I wish you to give a dinner party for the old lady's birthday. You will invite a select few, whose names I shall give you—old fossils like Judge Langley, the Hustons, Simple Simon and his shadow, Blaine, Mrs. Dolliver, old Nina Bellamy. A very respectable assemblage. You will also ask Hira Khan."

"Hira Khan, *the Hindu*?"

"Yes."

"For pity's sake, why?"

"For entertainment, of course. To liven up a party of old fogies."

"Yes," slowly, "but a party for Mother need not have that kind of enlivening. These old people enjoy visiting together—talking of old times. I don't believe they would all approve of Hira Khan—"

"I am not asking their approval—

only their presence at the dinner. Hira Khan will be here,—after-dinner tricks, crystal, and all. I have already made the arrangement with him."

"Then you've been planning this. Dalton, you have some end in view. You—"

"Enough! We are having the party. I have given you the list of guests. I leave the rest to you. Cedarcrest has been dull for my butterfly sister. I shall make it merry. Ah! what a kind, loving, considerate brother I am! I'm fond of my slave. Ha, ha!" His sardonic laughter followed her down the hall, and she flinched at the sound.

But she went ahead with the plans for the party. There was no need of antagonizing him unnecessarily. Her time of reckoning with him must be deferred for yet a little while. It would, she knew, give her mother pleasure to have a gathering of the friends of her youth. Mrs. Carstairs was feeling quite well again, and when Deborah mentioned the coming festivities to her, she grew enthusiastic.

"What thoughtful children I have, to plan so for their old mother." And you're inviting all my dearest friends, Deborah. How nice of you! I'm afraid I have been letting myself grow dull this past year. It must be six months since I had a good chat with Anna Dolliver. And, as for Simon, I shall scold him roundly for his shameful neglect. He never even sent me a valentine this year. Simon is an old beau of mine, Phyllis. He never really proposed to me, but he likes to pretend I broke his heart. And every Christmas he sends me violets—a great box of them."

"I should, too, if I were Simon."

"And I," said Deborah. "Simon has a fine sense of discrimination, when it comes to selecting the lady about whom he wishes to wax sentimental. He is a great dandy, Phyllis, and most amusing, always having flattery for the ladies. Mother is really very fond of him, and

won't believe that he parts his hair in the middle, and sometimes wears spats at the wrong hour of day."

"Any woman would have a weakness for a man who has remembered to send her violets for a quarter century," declared Mrs. Carstairs, merrily. "My party would not be complete without Simon. And you say we're going to have a real magician to entertain us, Deborah?"

"So Dalton says. Hira Khan, a Hindu."

"Does he take rabbits out of a hat?" asked Phyllis, eagerly.

"I have seen him cause a fragrant flower to bloom in an empty dish, and do other mystifying stunts of the kind. But his real *forte* lies in fortune-telling. He reads fortunes in a crystal. Dalton says he will have it with him."

"Ellen Langley will be scandalized," Mrs. Carstairs laughed, softly. "But what fun! I always wished to have my fortune told. Don't you want your future read, Phyllis?"

"No." Phyllis spoke promptly and decidedly. "I don't believe anyone can read the future. I'm a Catholic, you know, and my religion forbids me to listen to fortune-tellers."

"Even in fun?"

"Oh, not at a Hallowe'en party, or something like that, by some one you know. I was the old witch at Katy Doane's party last Hallowe'en, and fished fortunes out of a kettle. That was fun. But I don't approve of your Hindu, Mrs. Allen."

"You're a frank, odd child," Mrs. Carstairs laughed, indulgently, and patted Phyllis' hand, as she so often did. "Well, we shall not place too much credence in the Hindu's predictions. When one is as old as I, the future does not mean so much as the past, anyway."

"Then you think you're well enough for the party, Mother?"

"Yes, indeed. Perhaps more parties are what I need. And I believe I'd like a new dress for the occasion. You, and I, and Phyllis, shall all have new gowns.

And what will you wear, Phyllis?"

"I?" in surprise. "But I shall not be at your grand, grown-up party, except to peep in like a mouse in the corner. So what difference what I wear?"

"But indeed you shall be at my party," declared Mrs. Carstairs, decisively. "You are my precious 'eyes,' and I shall not have a good time unless you are present. Surely your dinner arrangements are made to include Phyllis, Debbie?"

"Dalton made out the list." Deborah was apologetic.

"Then I'll revise it. Take Nina Belamy off. Poor Nina is so deaf, I don't believe she enjoys dinner-parties, anyway. You must have a new dress, Phyllis, and so must you, Deborah. The three ladies of Cedarcrest must not be outshone by their guests. What color shall Phyllis wear, Debbie?"

"Green. With that golden hair, she'll resemble a sea nymph."

"And what shall Deborah wear?"

"Red," laughed Phyllis. "If you won't, she must. And the brighter, the better."

"Then it's settled. To-morrow we shall go in and see François and have him design us the prettiest gowns imaginable. Really, Deborah, you must tell Dalton that he has made me quite gay with this dinner party."

The days intervening between the initiation of the party and its consummation fairly flew. The house hummed with activity. Now that she was committed to the party, and found that her mother was pleased, Deborah worked eagerly. Flowers and confections were ordered from town, and an elaborate menu planned. The new dresses came home, and were duly donned for the approval of Mrs. Richards and Emma, the latter declaring that she didn't know who was the most beautiful; but "Mummy looks like a red rose, Grandmother looks like the fairy godmother, and Phyllis like the princess who went to the ball."

"This is one of the times I wish I could see!" lamented Mrs. Carstairs. "Let me *feel* you, child. Gracious! How fluffy you are, and what lovely, floating draperies! I know you must be gorgeous. If Simon should decide to transfer his affections and violets to you—Deborah, do you think I am foolish to ask such a beautiful young thing to my party?"

"Now you're teasing," declared Phyllis, "and I'm sure you need not fear. If you could see how wonderful you look in that dress, you'd know you have no cause for worry."

She, herself, *felt* like a princess in a fairy tale, thought Phyllis, as she revolved before her mirror. How lovely of Mrs. Carstairs to give her this wonderful dress! Wouldn't Thelma be enraptured when she saw it—and wouldn't Daddy have to believe her grown up, when he saw this very young-lady-like person?

The day of the dinner, it rained again. Everyone about the house being exceptionally busy, it was a simple matter for Emma to elude her caretakers, and escape to her precious gardening. Tom finally discovered her, and brought her to the house, dripping from head to toe, and shivering with cold.

"Some one better get this young one dry," he said, as he handed her over to the exasperated Marie, whose temporary charge she was. "Another hour, and she'd a' been drowned."

"I thought you were in the playroom," scolded Marie. "You *would* pick out to-day, of all days, to get yourself into such a state. I can't take care of you, I know that. I've a million things yet to do—and so is everyone busy."

"I'll dry myself," said Emma, humbly. Her little tongue was not nearly so saucy as it had been before the advent of Phyllis. "I won't 'sturb a soul. I knew I shouldn't go out in the rain, but I wanted to finish that g'ranyum bed. I'll dry myself, Marie."

"Well, then, upstairs with you and

do it," commanded the mollified maid. "Run some water in the tub, and take a warm bath, and then put on your pajamas and take a nap,—that's a good girl. And in an hour or so, I'll be through, and then I'll dress you."

Emma meant to obey, but when she removed her sodden clothes, they were so wet, that there seemed to be no place to lay them, except in the bathtub. And then, with her clothes in the tub, how could she take her warm bath?

"I don't really need a bath, anyway," she mused. "I'm all washed clean. I'll just dry me."

She dragged down a big bath towel, and made an attempt at that, but there were a great many spots she could not reach, and she made a sorry job of the drying. When she finally crawled into bed, her pajamas clung to her damp body, and she felt cold and uncomfortable. Her feet and hands were icy; and, although she snuggled far under the covers, they would not get warm. When, more than an hour later, Marie finally came up to dress her, she was shivering, her eyes were watery and bright, and her cheeks very red. She didn't, she asserted, want any supper. She only wanted to stay in bed and get warm. And, please, would Marie ask Mummy and Grandmother, and Phyllis to come in and let her look at them again, before they went to the party?

Marie, too pressed with duties to note the warning signals, slipped a hot water bottle between the sheets at the little girl's feet, gave her a drink of warm milk, and delivered the message to Deborah. But, when the three came in to see the child, sometime later, she was sleeping so soundly that they left without disturbing her. The sound of a car in the driveway told that the first of the guests were arriving, and Mrs. Carstairs and Deborah must, in courtesy, be down to receive them.

Phyllis felt shy and out of place. But all the old people were so kind to her,

when Mrs. Carstairs presented her to them, that her shyness soon faded. Mrs. Dolliver pinched her cheek, and promised to bring her granddaughter Ruth to call on her, some day soon; Judge Langley began to pay her extravagant, teasing compliments, telling his wife: "Well, Mother, you can get that divorce any time, now. I've found your successor." And dapper little Simon Cadwallader, whom she felt she already knew, was openly admiring. She especially liked the Hustons, who bustled in a little later than any of the other guests. Mrs. Huston explaining, breathlessly, that she'd "been trying to get Sam started since four o'clock."

"You don't change a bit, Samuel," rallied Mrs. Carstairs, gaily. "I remember that you have been late all your life. I even remember that you were late at the church, on your wedding day."

"Sh! Not so loud, Mattie," Mr. Huston warned her. "You women have the dad-blamedest memories. My wife can't forget that, either. I venture to say, at that, I'm not the last one here."

"You're not the lion, either. Only the lion is yet to come."

"Is that kind, Mattie? Well, if I'm not the lion, who is?"

"Hira Khan, the magician. Dalton thought we'd like a little magic with our dinner."

"Hira Khan!" Mrs. Huston was excited. "Really? How charming! He was at Mrs. Shepherd's bridge tea the other afternoon. I'm dying to have him read the crystal for me."

"I've never seen him," said Mrs. Dolliver, interestedly; "but I've heard he's wonderful."

"You mean you're having that fellow who wears a dress for trousers, and wraps the red rag around his head?"

"Sam! where are your manners?"

"I hope he can tell me if I'll ever get that ten thousand simoleons out of the Harter Savings and Trust Company," declared Mr. Cadwallader.

"I'd never have any faith in a fellow with a red rag around his—"

"Sh-h!"

"Sahib Hira Khan, Madame," a servant spoke in the doorway.

All eyes were focalized on the newcomer. Phyllis experienced a feeling of disappointment. All this talk of the mysterious Hindu had led her to expect a type wholly different from this man who stood in the doorway. This was only a little swarthy, not very clean-looking man, with roving black eyes. He might have been the bootblack from the inter-urban station, going to a masque, attired in a "dress for trousers, and a red rag wound about his head." Instinctively, she disliked him, and when he came across to bow ingratiatingly over the hand of his blind hostess, the girl had a queer desire to draw Mrs. Carstairs away from him.

Almost immediately, Hetty announced dinner, and Phyllis found herself, to her great relief, going in on the dignified arm of Judge Langley. She hoped she would be far from the oily little Hindu, and she was. It was Mr. Huston who sat on her other hand.

"Let me tell you a secret," he said in her ear. "The real reason I am always late for a dinner, is because I want to do justice to the meal. You see I have a system. I eat nothing for two days beforehand, and then I stay in bed right up until the last minute, so I don't faint on the way to the dinner. I suppose you notice how pale I am? That's hunger—sheer hunger."

Phyllis laughed, delightedly. She was going to enjoy this dinner. Pleasant small talk broke forth around her. She looked up the table at Hira Khan, and discovered that, however unpleasant might be his personality, he ate like any other hungry human. And, forthwith, she discovered her own healthy, young-girl appetite, and ate, too.

(To be continued.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It is said that there are over 10,000 biographies of Napoleon Bonaparte in existence. The latest volume to appear is by a Frenchman, Jacques Bainville. It is published by Little, Brown & Company. Price, \$3.75.

—"The Historical Background," by the Right Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D., is, as its sub-title states, "Another Word on the Mass." Historical proof is offered to show that Our Lord consummated on the Cross what He began at the Last Supper. Publisher, The Catholic Truth Society of Canada, 67 Bond St., Toronto. Price, 5c.

—That technocracy is still a live issue in Japan, Australia and England may be evidenced from the fact that the McGraw-Hill book company is still getting orders from those countries for copies of "What Is Technocracy?" by Allen Raymond. Last week, according to James H. Thompson, vice-president of the firm, twenty-five copies were sent to Australia, seventy-five to Japan, and over two hundred to England.

—The New York Public Library has just passed a new rule which is aimed to stop the hoarding of books during this time of depression. From now on no card-holder may take out more than two books at any one time. Heretofore they were always permitted to have six. People have so much time for reading these days, the librarians believe, that it is necessary for books to circulate faster than formerly, and this new method of handling books will, it is thought, facilitate circulation.

—The different views of authors regarding the advantages of a college education are illustrated by a writer in the *New York Times* in a review of John Drinkwater's biography. "While John Galsworthy," he says, "affirms in a volume of essays just published here under the title 'Candelabra' that it was necessary for him to forget what he had learned in schools before he became successful as a writer, Mr. Drinkwater regrets that he never went to a university. A university, he writes, cannot make silk purses out of sows'

ears, but it is my settled conviction that every mind is the better for that tuition and discipline if it can get them. Four years at a university, he says, would have saved Bernard Shaw ten years of 'telling it to the marines.'"

—"Number Stories, Book Two," by J. W. Studebaker, W. C. Findley, F. B. Knight, and William S. Gray, intended for use in the second grade, presents simple problems in addition and subtraction. A particular feature of this book, besides the very interesting stories, lies in the fact that many of the problems are pictured. Moreover, the vocabulary is prepared with scientific care, so that the pupil is offered a reading knowledge of arithmetic gradually and efficiently. Publisher, Scott, Foresman and Company. Price, 68c.

—A short time ago the Salvation Army, we understand, made a survey of the withdrawals from two of its largest libraries to find out just what type of book was most popular with the class of men who come to them seeking food and shelter. It is perhaps not surprising that the tastes of these men should lean toward adventure and detective fiction, but that such authors as Charles Dickens, Joseph Conrad, and Willa Cather should be so popular is not so easily explained. At one shelter the ten most popular authors were respectively: Rex Beach, Conrad, James O. Curwood, Dumas, Dickens, J. S. Fletcher, Edgar Wallace, Zane Grey, William James and Peter B. Kyne.

—"Worship in Other Lands," a book published by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, deals with the following questions for Protestant missionaries: "How far is the Church justified in using Indian music in view of the double danger of its immoral and its Hindu associations? How far is it justifiable to falsify history by presenting a black Madonna and Child to the wondering eyes of an African congregation? And if not, is it any better to show them an Italian Madonna holding her babe in a way which must strike every African mother as unnatural?" As far as we know,

Catholic missionaries have not been seriously bothered by any of these questions.

—The London *Times Literary Supplement* in reviewing a book recently published by the Yale University Press, entitled "Ireland and Irish Emigration to the New World from 1815 to the Famine," says: "To one school, the Irishman has been the backbone of the new peoples of America, and has been in the forefront of most beneficent activities since the first Irishman came over with Columbus. Another, and almost equally vocal school of thought, has seen in the Irish one of the greatest poisons of the New World, and their presence in such formidable numbers in the United States a chief reason for the failure of that country to remain a serpentless Eden." Professor William F. Adams in the present work arrives at the conclusion that, in the long run, Irish emigration was both good for Ireland and the United States, and he discusses the difficulties endured by all parties to the transplantation during the years when the patterns of emigration and settlement were being formed.

—The Cambridge University Press published recently "A Frenchman in England," an account by François de la Rochefoucauld of what he saw when he visited England at the age of nineteen in 1784. He is not very complimentary when speaking of English society as may be gathered from the following quotation: "Judged by French standards, the English, and especially the women, seem lacking in polite behavior. They never receive any instructions in the subject, and all the young people whom I have met in society give the impression of being what we should call badly brought up; they hum under their breath, they whistle, they sit down on a large armchair and put their feet on another, they sit on any table in the room and do a thousand other things which would be ridiculous in France, but are done quite naturally in England." He points out also that English dinners last four or five hours and are the most wearisome experiences. "Out of politeness," he explains, "I do nothing but eat from the time when I sit down until the time when I get up from the table."

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"Christianity and Civilization." Rev. James Gillis. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor T. J. Kernan, Passaic, New Jersey.

Sister Maria Thomas and Sister M. Charitina of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Charles Becker, Mr. William Marrett, Miss London, Mr. John W. Miller, Miss Lenore Mullahy, Miss Catherine Maguire, Mrs. Nora Butters, Mr. W. A. Salter, Mr. John Patton, Mr. Frank Flannery, Mr. Francis J. Gordon, Mr. Christian Schmidt, Mr. Frank Sanders, Mr. Walter Zuehowski, Mrs. Anna Schuette, Mrs. Gertrude Weber, Miss Nora Finnigan, Dr. M. H. Cleary, M. Walter Dillon, Mr. J. H. McGee, Mr. Cletus McGee, Mr. Hugh Callaghan, Mr. Charles Walsh, Mr. August Kuhl, Mr. Wm. Kuhl, Miss Margaret Shannon, Mrs. Catherine Casserly, Mrs. Henry Fluge, Mr. Martin Hayes, and Mr. James Lee.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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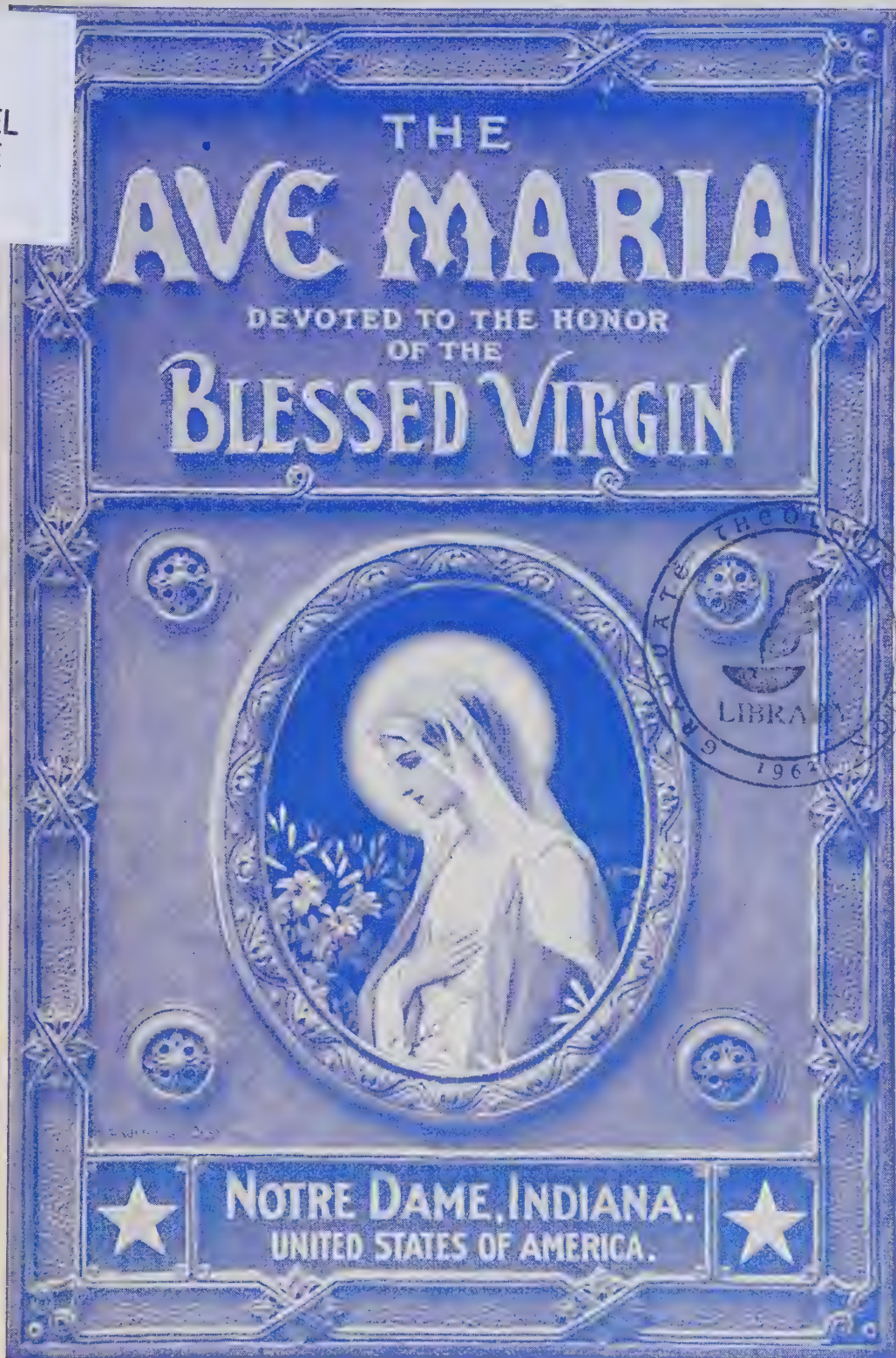
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

APRIL.

SATURDAY, 1.—St. Hugh, Bishop and Confessor.
 SUNDAY, 2.—Passion Sunday. St. Frances of Paula.
 MONDAY, 3.—St. Richard, B. C. St. Nicetas, Ab.
 TUESDAY, 4.—St. Isidore, Bishop and Confessor.
 WEDNESDAY, 5.—St. Vincent Ferrer, C.
 THURSDAY, 6.—St. Celestine, Pope.
 FRIDAY, 7.—Seven Sorrows of the B. V. M.
 SATURDAY, 8.—St. Perpetuus, Bishop.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 1, 1933.

No. 13.

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A Valley Spring.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

HERE once again the miracle is wrought,
As old as Eden yet forever new,
Of unseen beauty quickening into view,
Mirroring in rose and leaf a hidden thought
Whose meaning in the orchard's peace is caught,
Tangled in bloom against a sky of blue,
Leaving its promise in the twilight dew,
In lessons by the evening thrushes taught.

Its word is heard where waking brooks repeat
Forgotten songs, where gray fields dream again
Of bird and bee, where tall trees stand apart
Musing on memories; and shy and fleet,
It whispers at the door, bringing to men
The upward vision and the lightened heart!

Marie Adelaide, Grand Duchess.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

FROM the day of her accession to the throne, at the age of eighteen, until her death eleven years later, newspapers and magazines sometimes made tantalizingly brief mention of Marie Adelaide, Grand Duchess of Luxemburg and Duchess of Nassau. At first, the comment was always enthusiastic in its praise of her beauty, her gentleness, her dignity; and, if the paper were Catholic, her angelic piety was emphasized. During the World War the difficult position in which she and her country were placed, was sympathetically mentioned from time to time. In the last five years of her life such

rare notice of her as found its way into the press was, at best, puzzled; more often, hostile. Since her death, in 1924, her life has been written in German, and in English by Edith O'Shaughnessy; so, at last, the whole world may know her story. As to understanding it, that is another matter. Short as it was, Marie Adelaide's life was a singularly checkered one. It saw the extremes of glory and of humiliation, of prominence and of obscurity. It began with ordinary piety, to end in close union with God.

Marie Adelaide was the eldest of the six daughters of William IV., Grand Duke of Luxemburg and Duke of Nassau, and of Marie Anne of the kingly Portuguese line of Braganza. She was born at the Castle of Colmar-Berg, not far from the city of Luxemburg, on the fourteenth of June, 1894. The greater part of her childlike childhood was passed at the beautiful Castle of Hohenburg, in the Bavarian Alps. Her only companions were her parents, her sisters and a large number of devoted aunts; her amusements were outdoor games, varied by pillow fights, charades and billiards. She and her younger sisters were always dressed alike, in the simplest of frocks, the stoutest of shoes, the most serviceable of hats. They were trained to be kind to the poor, and were well grounded in their religion.

Marie Adelaide was taught English, German and French, all of which she learned to speak beautifully; some history, some chemistry, and—which she loved best—natural history. Of special

preparation for the political duties which lay before her there was little; and apparently the social side of the court life to come was but lightly considered. Accustomed to her family circle alone, she was to suffer much from shyness on occasions of state.

As a little girl, Marie Adelaide was inclined to be moody, and her outbursts of temper were frequent. Like many another child, and even many a future nun, she gave no early evidence of piety. Often she found excuses for absenting herself from family devotions, and was always frankly glad to escape to her games the moment that Mass or Benediction was ended. But, even as a small child, she had a passionate love of nature, a love which grew with the years, and, supernaturalized, endured to the end. She never wearied of flowers or butterflies, or of looking into a starlit sky. A hut in the park at Hohenburg was set aside for her, and there she spent many hours with her collection of butterflies, moths and beetles.

One winter she kept a butterfly in her room and fed it on sugar-water. It would fly about her head as she studied and wrote her exercises. At another time she received a gift of three young bears. She loved them and cared for them herself. But they grew big and fierce, killed and mangled several lambs, and in other ways proved that it takes more than one generation to make a gentleman. They were sent to the Munich Zoological Gardens, where Marie Adelaide visited them a year later. They recognized her low voice as soon as she spoke to them.

Neither in childhood, or at any later time in her life was Marie Adelaide to speak easily or fully of the things that lay close to her heart. Perhaps life would have been gentler to her had she not been temperamentally tongue-tied. The first, and for long the only indication she gave, even to her mother, that she shrank from the life which seemed

to be predestined for her—succession to the throne and marriage—was when she was seventeen years of age.

Her mother had taken her and her younger sister, Charlotte, to the gorgeous wedding of Charles, heir of the Hapsburg throne, to her cousin, Zita. It was Marie Adelaide's first appearance in the great world; and the impression which all the pomp and splendor made upon her may be gathered from an incident of the return journey which her mother afterwards related. Marie Adelaide was sleeping in her mother's room; and after the light had been put out, the young girl whispered, "Mother, there is something I must tell you before I can sleep;" and she added, nervously, "I shall never marry. Never ask it of me. And I do not wish to reign."

Aghast, the Grand Duchess Marie Anne at once began to reason with her. "Charlotte can take my place," Marie Adelaide argued. "If I were the only one it would be different. I wish to enter a convent." Her mother said severely that many years must elapse before Marie Adelaide would be free to do such a thing; and the young girl replied, "I'll be an old woman then. I want to give my *all*, and *now*."

A few months after this momentous midnight confidence, the Grand Duke William IV. died, and Marie Adelaide's quiet, sheltered girlhood ended abruptly. She had become the chief personage in Luxemburg and of importance to the whole world. At once she changed in many ways, becoming much more devout, and, although formerly inclined to laziness, most painstaking and conscientious in the performance of the duties which her position thrust upon her. From the first, on every public occasion she made a very favorable impression, although inwardly enduring agonies of shyness. Unquestionably, she was the most beautiful of European sovereigns: above medium height, slender, graceful, with fair skin and rosy

color, abundant hair of a beautiful golden brown, and large dark blue eyes which were unforgettable.

Her coronation was celebrated with utmost pomp a few days after her eighteenth birthday. She was exquisitely gowned for the occasion, she who had always been so simply dressed before. Upon her head a jewelled crown rested, and across her breast she wore the orange ribbon of the House of Nassau. Where she passed on that great day the streets were lined with cheering crowds. But once more her reaction to the best that this world can show was an unexpected one. When the day was done she said sadly, to her mother, "Is *this* glory?"

The two following years were peaceful, prosperous and happy. Her people loved her; all was well within the duchy; the royal families of surrounding countries vied with one another in showing their affection and respect for her. Apparently, the Kaiser voiced the thought of all when he said, "Luxemburg is ruled, not by a woman, but by an angel."

Week by week Marie Adelaide's piety matured, deepened. Winter and summer, in every sort of weather, she went afoot to the half-past seven o'clock Mass; in the afternoon she seldom missed slipping into the Cathedral to make the Way of the Cross. On Saturday she would take her turn in line beside a confessional, side by side with the lowliest of her subjects. Her reading was almost entirely along Catholic lines, the works of St. Teresa of Avila and Father Benson's stories being among her favorite books.

As was expected of her, she sometimes visited the charitable institutions and the schools of the duchy, but was usually shyly silent upon such occasions, except where there were little children. Among them she felt at home. She would cuddle a sick baby in her arms, or hold a deformed child upon her lap, and

was always provided with sweets for all.

Two quiet and happy years. As Marie Adelaide said more than once, "Why be sad because one loves God?" Two years; and then there began for the girl-ruler of twenty years a Way of the Cross which was to end only with her death at the age of twenty-nine.

The summer of 1914 brought the World War. At once Germany violated the neutrality of Luxemburg, too weak and small to make any sort of defense against the Kaiser's troops; and throughout the four years of struggle they occupied it despite repeated protests from the Archduchess and her ministers. At once, too, the tenor of Marie Adelaide's life changed. Her shyness gone, her aristocratic aloofness forgotten, she with her mother and sisters worked with the Red Cross for the wounded on both fronts. They made beds, scrubbed floors, fed the sick and soothed the dying. But, gentlest and most competent of nurses although she proved herself to be, the sight of so much misery almost broke the girl-queen's heart.

Other sorrows followed swiftly. Ninety-seven per cent of the people of Luxemburg are Catholics; but shortly after the beginning of the War, the ministers, infected with the anti-clericalism of France, made every effort to suppress religious instruction in the schools. Marie Adelaide refused to sign the bill. "The faith of my people must be not less, but greater, when I die," she said positively. Her stand meant breaking with Eyschen, who for many years had been prime minister of Luxemburg; it meant arousing the enmity of free-thinkers everywhere, and even of worldly-minded Catholics. It threw the first shadow across her shining popularity.

This was but the beginning. It was whispered, said aloud, and at last shouted from the house-tops that Marie Adelaide's piety was excessive; that she was under the domination of priests.

She went to Frankfort to attend the funeral of a close friend, and was instantly denounced as pro-German by her own people and by the Allies. In Clemenceau's words, they would have nothing to do with *une princesse Boche*.

The Armistice brought her difficulties to a head. At home she had already lost all popularity, and with the country in a turmoil, money scarce, and the future uncertain, a scapegoat was needed, and she became the victim. Belgium coveted the duchy; so did France. Its independence hung by a thread. And neither country would have anything to do with Marie Adelaide. Unavailingly, she had done all in her power to keep the Kaiser's troops from using her country as a convenient road to France; but the Allies treated her as a friend and associate of Germany.

Soon her ministers told her plainly that the only hope for the independence of Luxemburg lay in her abdication and exile. Pale as a ghost and trembling slightly, Marie Adelaide agreed to abdicate and to leave the country on condition that her place be given to her sister, Charlotte, a year and a half younger than herself. Quietly but swiftly the necessary preliminaries were arranged, and on the tenth of January, 1919, two months after the signing of the Armistice, she formally abdicated to insure the peace and independence of her beloved Luxemburg.

Marie Adelaide's first act on leaving the presence of her former ministers on that momentous day was to go to her mother's apartments; her first words there: "Now I am free."

The Grand Duchess Charlotte, as beautiful as her sister and of a character more easily adaptable to her new position, was married nine months later to Felix of Bourbon-Parma. She is now the mother of six children, two of whom are sons. The duchy is at peace, and, compared to the remainder of the world, prosperous.

As for Marie Adelaide, before the end of January, 1919, she had left her native land forever. With Countess Anna, her closest friend, she went to Switzerland where she spent some months in a quiet hotel, homesick, bewildered, and ill at ease in close contact with an every-day world. In a small chapel, near at hand, she heard Mass every morning, she and the Countess Anna making the responses on alternate days. They performed all the duties of sacristan, sweeping and dusting the chapel, and washing and ironing the linens. Having very little money, she was simply, almost poorly dressed, soon moved to an inexpensive hotel, and travelled second or third class. But she never complained.

In early autumn she set out for Italy, accompanied by her sister Antonio and the faithful Countess Anna. On the way when they were uncomfortably crowded in an ill-ventilated train, she whispered, "It's hard on you, but I should really be doing it afoot."

Directly to Rome they went, where Marie Adelaide soon had a private audience with the Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV.; and on leaving his presence she said, happily, "He will help me." Somewhat later the Holy Father was to say to some one from her own country, "Your Grand Duchess, Marie Adelaide, is a sanctified being, who by her prayers and sacrifices seems to have been as it were the lightning rod which turned from the House of Luxemburg the great storm that threatened it."

It was a Carmelite that she had always longed to be, and Pope Benedict XV. advised her to seek admission into the convent at Modena. While the necessary arrangements were being made she and Countess Anna continued to live at Rome in a small and unpretentious hotel. She bought nothing, ate the plainest food and but little of that, went about in the street cars, and wore much-mended clothing.

Before entering the convent she

visited her mother and sisters, but not in Luxemburg, which was closed against her. A peaceful but sad visit it was; and, at last, in late September, 1920, her mother took her to Modena.

A few months passed; then, with her health impaired and her bright smile dimmed, Marie Adelaide returned to the world. That she had no vocation for the contemplative life was the explanation given to her family by the prioress; that she was not worthy was her own version.

Disappointed in a long-cherished and dear hope, ailing and deeply humiliated, Marie Adelaide took up her shattered life. Soon, convinced that only within a convent could she fittingly serve God, and only there could she be happy, she sought admission with the Little Sisters of the Poor. The Mother General was making a visitation of her houses and an answer was long delayed. While anxiously awaiting it, Marie Adelaide became unnerved by insomnia and grew very thin, but more and more angelically devout. One of her aunts was with her during these difficult days, and she was to write, "She was admirable beyond words in her selflessness. The worst room, the hardest bed, the most primitive toilet arrangements she found more than good enough for herself, while for others she was of a sensitive solicitude."

In the autumn of 1921, Marie Adelaide went again to Rome where she was received into the convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor. There followed a few months during which she washed, dressed and fed poor old people, and begged for them in the streets; but soon the superior told her that she had no vocation for their work and advised her to seek some other form of activity.

Alone, Marie Adelaide boarded in a religious house in Rome until her aunt went to her, to find her health completely undermined by "privation, exertion, grief and humiliation."

To Switzerland they went, where her mother and sisters visited her; and

there she sought counsel from the wise and holy Abbot of Einsiedeln, who said afterward, "I realized myself to be in the presence of an elect soul done with the world, yet I could only say to her:

"Go home, my child; go to your mother. God will give you ample occasion to do good in the world. It does not seem to be His will that you serve Him under conventual rule. Return to Hohenburg; you will find strength for the next step whatever it may be. First, get your nerves and body in order that they may better serve your soul."

Wishing to do something with her broken life Marie Adelaide took up the study of medicine at Munich, where she lived simply, even poorly, ever faithful to daily Mass and frequent, fervent visits to the Blessed Sacrament. She knew no one; no one was interested in her. As she said half jokingly, "if through humiliation one attains holiness I must be at least on the way."

When, in the summer of 1923 she went to Hohenburg to spend the vacation with her family, everyone was alarmed by her pallor and emaciation. Hohenburg had been the scene of her happy childhood, and she was never again to leave it. During the summer she made no plans to resume her course at Munich, realizing, no doubt, as did those about her that she was unfit for work of any kind. In November she fell critically ill, and her mother, those of her sisters who were also in Bavaria, and a nursing Sister cared for her. Very, very patiently she suffered, showed no distaste for medicine nor pleasure in food, and never asked for anything, even so much as a glass of water, but was grateful for the least attention that was given her.

She sought to be obedient in everything; and very early one morning she called her mother to her side. As that mother was heartbrokenly to tell, she said quietly, "You know that I want to obey you even in thought and wish."

Mother, give me permission to die."

"I could only look in terror on her pale face, on her form, so wasted that its outlines were scarcely visible under the bed covers. She asked again like a child wanting some trifle:

"'Mother, let me go! What do I longer here? Nothing I have undertaken on earth has succeeded. Let me go.'

"With closed eyes she waited for the words I could not say. I began to cry; she did not speak again. At last, after I don't know how long a time, I found myself saying what I knew I had to say: "If it be God's will, go, my first-born.'

"She smiled at me; it was almost the old smile, but the look from her eyes broke my heart. All her suffering was in it."

Exactly five years after she had given the crown to her sister, the end came. "Do not weep for me. Be happy with me," she said, by way of farewell.

As queen, as Carmelite, as Little Sister of the Poor, Marie Adelaide had unaccountably failed; but in the all-important matter of attaining close union with Christ she had triumphed, triumphed gloriously.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

XIII.

IT was quite true. Prudence had made a mistake about that half hour. The Four Orchards car had driven up to the door of Thurston Farm exactly on the stroke of three, and it was a few minutes after a quarter to four when it hooted its way down the narrow road again towards Maydon. Miss Burnham was not given to paying long visits anywhere. But she had been a little taken aback to find herself face to face with Carfax, and his wife, whose presence would have made things easier, absent.

However, being a woman of breeding,

besides a sportsman with her bird in range, she had made herself particularly agreeable to this—well really!—this rather distinguished-looking man with grey hair and melancholy eyes. This the poor, out-at-elbows lad whom Bernard had befriended? This the boy who had stood on one foot and then the other and blushed when they had addressed him? This the boy who had written that—oh, but no,—no good recalling that unpleasant episode. She might have been stone blind for all she saw of anything in that room. For one moment, she thought to herself, is this how prisoners feel when they are brought before me?

Quite gentle, quite courteous, speaking with no local accent, speaking indeed in plain, unadorned English, but as correctly as she did—somehow she had expected to find an ungrammatical, rather vulgar man who dropped his aitches and who would show his pleased vanity at her visit. On the contrary, he was more at ease than she was; and after an exchange of very formal courtesies, he had said in his quiet, even voice, pleasantly, and with no feeling,

"Why have you come, Miss Burnham? Nothing has changed since the day I was accused of impertinence and ingratitude—treachery, too."

For a moment she had no answer. She had not expected this full-front attack. It would have been so much better to ignore old history. All she wanted was to establish—for her sister's peace of mind and Anthony's satisfaction—good terms with highly respectable neighbors, as these Carfaxes evidently were.

A little shadow seemed to pass over her eyes as she bent slightly in her chair.

"So many years cannot have failed to change us all, Mr. Carfax,—years that obliterate our youthful follies and make us more tolerant. I should like to think that there may be some years of pleasant neighborliness before us, I am only

sorry that I have missed Mrs. Carfax."

It was well begun, but the ending was banal; she had lost courage as she glanced at Carfax's face. When she came to think of it, it was ridiculous that they had never come across each other in all these years. Of course, their lives had been entirely different; she had travelled a good deal, he had lived the life of a recluse on his farm which was quite off the beaten track—or if she had come across him she had never known that this gaunt man with the lined face, revealing unmistakably a certain force, distinction—that this man could be "poor young Carfax," as they had called him in old days.

"Nothing has changed," he repeated gently, almost softly. Couldn't the woman realize that? But then she had not lived twenty-five years and more face to face with the shame of that day that had branded him. If she had come to clear him of that charge, well and good, he would accept, receive—and forget.

To do Miss Burnham justice, she had forgotten so much of that offence of his—an unpleasant boyish affair best ignored—that she felt a little ruffled at his insistent reminder of her father's quite just sentence. Still, she must do her duty now that she had promised Margaret and Anthony.

"Oh, but I can't believe that nothing has changed! The years don't roll over our heads for nothing, Mr. Carfax, and you particularly have set such a magnificent example of perseverance and courage, with such signal success, that—that—" she smiled up at him a little deprecatingly—you must forgive me for saying it,—that I find the old original values more than justified."

He made a slight movement of his head. He realized she meant well—that she was referring to those earlier days when they had believed in him, liked him, helped him with their affection and interest. But she was not clearing him;

she was not here to tell him that her father had been unjust, mistaken, deceived. It would have been so easy for him, standing there in his own house—a man who had fought and made good,—so easy for him to have convinced her. But it was for those who had accused to clear him; and evidently she was not going to do anything, except make a dutiful effort to be friendly—no, neighborly, she had said. Quite a different thing that. She was going to overlook all the unsavory past—the Carfax reputation—which had seemed to him to receive the blackest stain of all when he, the recipient of the first friendliness in his life, had been accused shamefully of misusing it. He bent himself to her mood then. She was going to let sleeping dogs lie.

After all, he said to himself, as he tramped down the fields after she had gone,—after all, what did he not owe to that Burnham period of his life? Absolutely everything! His decent instincts, morals and principles had been in danger of death by deliberate suicide. In those days it had been some desperate clinging to what "race" demanded of him, endurance—no, something more insistent and yet nebulous at the same time. If he sank, it should be in one violent irretrievable act of degradation—no small, mean, hidden, step-by-step till he became just a sodden-minded man.

And almost at the moment when he had felt he could bear no more, he had met that man who had introduced him to the Burnhams' notice. After that, he knew it, he had been born again. He and Bernard had been the same age; they had been like brothers. What did he not owe them all—and not only for that act of salvation which they knew nothing about, but for more—oh, infinitely more! Something in his Carfax blood had responded to something in theirs; something that had been dormant, drugged, close on a century. Yes—shame on him that he had thought of that old

slight, that injustice! What had Margaret and Bernard between them restored in him, if it were not a force fed by such supernatural power that he had already mapped out his course in those days. And at the shock of Colonel Burnham's words, he had let it go, sunk into despondency, but at least not into worse.

But that year had quickened him into energy. He struck the hard earth with his stick; he wished he had not let that affair rankle. All he owed the Burnhams was immeasurable; and if he judged his children aright, he would have still more to owe them one day. That night, he wrote a note in his office—

"DEAR MISS BURNHAM:—I write to ask you to forgive my having referred to old troubles when you visited us to-day with the olive branch. The 'perseverance and courage,' if there were any on my part, and of which you spoke in kindly terms, were altogether due to the encouragement and inspiration which your family gave an unhappy lad long ago. I will remember only that in future, and with gratitude.

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN CARFAX."

It was late when he mounted the stairs that night. Susan had left a little lamp burning on the landing, and he lit his candle from it. Some one, probably young John, had borrowed the match box that always stood beside it, and had forgotten to put it back. He turned out the lamp and shaded his flickering light with his hand. How quiet the house seemed to be to-night. Everyone had gone to bed early. John had been yawning all the evening; Peggy had thought her mother looking tired and had persuaded her to go to her room, where the girl had followed her. Carfax had not been sorry to be alone. But as he passed Peggy's door he saw it was open, and as his light shone in, he heard her call him softly,

"Daddy! Come and say good-night!"

"What are you awake for at this hour, nearly midnight?" he said, shading his light again as he stood inside her door. Peggy blinked at the light.

"Oh, do come and sit down, Daddy, like you used to. There are such thousands of lovely things to talk about, and—"

"Well, my girl, midnight isn't the time to talk of them, and one at a time's enough for anyone." But he sat down on the side of the bed and picked up one of several books on the table beside her.

She put out a hand suddenly as if to stop him, but withdrew it again, lying watching him with a little pucker on her forehead.

"You mustn't read by candlelight. I'll arrange a safety lamp for you," he said, and turned the pages.

There was a moment's silence whilst he read half a page, then he shut the book and put it back.

"Well—out with one of the lovely thousand things! I see they've taught you to fly." He indicated the book he had looked at.

"Yes, Daddy. It seemed to me they all had wings there. But, you know—" she hesitated a little, and her eyes scanned her father's grave face—"it's bad to be taught how to fly and find you've no wings—or wings so clipped you can only squawk from one low bush to another."

She feared she had said too much. Would he understand? He looked gravely at her, but there was something very tender in his voice as he said slowly:

"Learn all you can, Peggy, and don't mind the clipped wings for the present."

He got up to go, fearful himself of what she might say next, or of what he might; but Peggy sat up and caught his hand as he turned to go.

"Daddy," she began breathlessly, "then you aren't angry with me? and if my wings should grow so that—that—I could—could—"

"No more now, my girl," he said, turning away; "and as for being angry with you—that's nonsense. Go to sleep now." Peggy followed him with her shining eyes till he got to the door—

"There never was a Daddy like you! Ever since I can remember, you've been a—a regular sort of up-lifter of our hearts. *Sursum corda!*" she finished in a low voice, and John Carfax turned again to smile back at her.

"*Habemus ad Dominum,*" he whispered as he drew the door, and Peggy lay back smiling in the dark, and wondering.

It was a resplendent Aunt Kate who appeared at Thurston next day with young Robert Preston in tow. He had very adroitly ingratiated himself with the old couple at Bluebells. Having bought several of the good woman's famous cheeses and had them dispatched to his relatives and friends, he was wondering whether his mother could do with a couple of young Jersey cows, so anxious was he to be lavish in his amiability at Bluebells. But the maternal correspondence showed a strong lack of enthusiasm on the subject; and though a cheque was enclosed with the habitual "don't mention my enclosure to your father," there was no suggestion that the Jersey cows would console the lady for her son's absence, enforced by reason of Preston Senior's just wrath against him.

Farmer Grey was at first amused and then a little flattered at the persistence of the young man's visits. He knew all about the firm of Preston Chaynes, and made himself polite to the heir of such wealth—and reputation. And the incident of the young man and the ex-zebra, after having made him quite apoplectic with hilarity at first, by degrees became semi-tragic, with the aid of Kate, who never tired of relating how the young gentleman had saved her life. Certainly he had had bad luck, never once meeting Peggy or her brother at Bluebells,

and he understood from a rather acid remark of Mrs. Adams, that the young Carfaxes were not frequent visitors at the Rectory.

To-day it was absolutely imperative he should see that old house at close quarters. Wouldn't Miss Grey be so kind as to come along and introduce him. He had met Mr. Carfax—and Miss Carfax and her brother twice, once quite lately at the Rectory, but he wanted to know Mr. Grey's daughter, Mrs. Carfax. So Aunt Kate had thrown a purple shawl over her blue alpaca dress, and donned a hat that was kept for Sundays, and smilingly, and with much cunning in the good old heart, prepared to accompany the agreeable young man to her niece's home. A likely young man too, and everyone knew there was money with Prestons, though they had left the neighborhood many years ago. Susan never kept her eye open for likely young men, and as for Carfax, he always had his head in the clouds.

Susan, sitting in the window of the big room, saw them coming up the garden. Aunt Kate did like gay colors for sure! Perhaps that was what had attracted her in the red-haired young man who strode beside her, in plus fours and sparkling brogues. He must be the young gentleman they had at the Rectory. She went to the door to meet them, and had to listen to the story of young Mr. Preston's heroism and courage, whilst the young man protested laughingly that Miss Grey really exaggerated, etc. Susan shook her head as she led them into the house.

"You will drive such strange animals, Aunt Kate. I'm sure we're all grateful to you, sir—" the 'sir' seemed more natural to say with Aunt Kate there, but she remembered not to say it again. But it added considerably to Robert Preston's satisfaction. It put him at his ease, increased his genial familiarity. Everyone out? Oh, that was unfortunate! He had hoped to renew his ac-

quaintance with Mr. Carfax. Yes, he had met them—yes, all three, some time ago. Not mentioned it? That was likely. He was so close a neighbor, for the time being—yes, at the Rectory—that it wouldn't be worth recounting. His great friend, young Mefford—ah, she knew the Meffords—oh, only the son. Well, he had often told him of this beautiful old house.

It was astonishing, thought Susan, as she sat listening to him, what a talkative young man he was; and seemed to know quite a lot too. Yes, she replied to his questioning, the greater part of the house had the "folded linen" oak wainscoting. Yes, she believed old Carfax Hall had had a famous staircase which had been called—oh, dear now—she never could remember—

"It was a Louis XIII. staircase," put in this extraordinary young man, and Aunt Kate had exclaimed, beaming,

"Well, there now—fancy the young gentleman knowing!"

"My father knows all the history of this county, and often used to talk of the old Hall. This is a most beautiful example of the folded linen pattern—" he got up in a leisurely fashion and examined the wainscoting near him, the two women standing behind him—"almost better, I should say, than the examples at Hampton Court Palace."

Neither Aunt Kate nor Susan knew much about Hampton Court, but the suggestion of superiority in Thurston to that of some well-known palace visibly pleased Aunt Kate. Perhaps it was not surprising that Susan was wishing her husband were here. He would be interested in this young man who knew so much about everything. But at the back of her mind some critical faculty, which the last twenty years had developed slowly, was comparing him with the other young men who had come to the home lately. They had not been quite so free and easy, but she had liked them

better than this young gentleman who, all the same, was quite polite—quite "nice," said Susan to herself; and after remembering Anthony Burnham with almost unwilling sympathy—unwilling because, well, because he was a Burnham—she thought quite affectionately of the cheery young Mefford. He didn't seem to have been the sort to be a great friend of this young man, but then, you never know.

Then there was Mr. Gent, the school-master. A nice, modest-spoken young man. Still, Mr. Gent wasn't quite the same; but she couldn't imagine him, either, jumping up on his first visit to finger the walls, and—and—well there, if he wasn't taking up a photograph of Peggy from the table! And then he put it down and took up a group. It was her last year at the convent school, and the Sixth Form girls were grouped round two of the Sisters.

"Aren't you ever afraid of her turning Catholic, Mrs. Carfax?" he said laughing, and picking up the girl's photograph again in his other hand.

A little flush rose to Susan's cheek. This was rather more than she could bear.

"I dare say there are as many good people among them as there are among us. Let me take it from you, Mr. Preston."

It was only Aunt Kate who recognized the sudden dignity in her niece's reply, and she was preparing to make some remark agreeable to their visitor, when he said with a fatuous laugh,

"I doubt if there are, Mrs. Carfax! Look at all the bad monks they've had—"

"Their bad monks you have to thank for your Protestant church. I believe I have met you before."

Susan had not heard her husband come in, nor had the others, but she wondered a little at his stiffness as he nodded at the young man who had turned round sharply on hearing his

voice, and rather hesitatingly held out his hand.

But Carfax was removing the two photographs from the table, and placing them in a drawer, so that young Preston dropped his hand again.

"I have been admiring this fine wainscoting, sir. Miss Grey was good enough to bring me to see it," he said, and his voice had lost a little of the assurance with which he had spoken before.

"Ee says it's better'n 'Ampton Court Palace," said Aunt Kate with pride; and Carfax, standing now with his back to the chimney place, remarked stiffly, "Thurston is flattered."

Dear, dear, thought Susan. John isn't pleased about something, but he should make himself pleasanter when they have visitors. And whilst Robert Preston, not quite sufficiently at ease now to sit down again without being asked, whilst he tried to chatter genially as if neither he nor Carfax had made a foolish remark and received a biting reply, the two men saw from the window young John and his sister coming up the garden. In a few minutes they would be in the room, and if Carfax knew anything of his wife, they would all be sitting down to a hospitable tea at the big table before long. Prudence saved the situation. Her grizzled head in its white frilled mob cap was stuck into the room.

"Ye're wanted, master," she said, taking a leisurely survey of the room and its occupants before she disappeared.

John shut the door behind him as the two young people entered the hall.

"Peggy, I want you straight away, my dear. John, help mother to get rid of her visitors, and if she's booked them for tea let me know in the office. In which case Peggy and I will have it there."

Peggy's eyes danced as she followed her father through the baize door.

"Who on earth is it, and oh, I hope

they stay for tea; it'll be lovely just us two having it in the office!"

But no explanations for the moment were forthcoming. He must go to the yard to settle a matter, and Peggy could wait for him.

"Don't go till John says it's all clear," said Carfax as he took up some papers from his desk.

"Good gracious, Daddy! is Mother's life safe with such visitors?" asked Peggy, with a ripple of gaiety.

"The visitor's life wouldn't have been, if I'd stayed much longer." And almost a boyish grin came into her father's grave face as he sorted the papers to see that they were all there. "Your Aunt Kate has brought down that young Preston. If you do by chance happen to come across him anywhere, my dear—you and John—have as little as possible to do with him. It's a breed I don't want to be introduced into Thurston."

He turned to go, and as the door closed behind him, Peggy sank down comfortably into his office chair, rather puzzled at her rapid abduction, a little amused; and presently, a smile curved her lips as she thought of Aunt Kate's fruitless manoeuvres to provide her with "likely young men."

Why, Daddy had actually left his panelled door open! The first time she had ever known him to do so! By leaning back well in the chair she could see inside. Quite a tidy little cubby-hole, but the biggest thing in it was a rusty black iron coffre, and next to it a huge one, bound with clampings of iron; and beyond, lots of little black tin boxes—deed boxes she had heard her mother say.

There seemed to be something on a shelf, but what it was she couldn't make out, and nothing would have induced her to get up and look in. Instead, she sat forward again in the chair, with her arms on the table and her head in her hands until the door opened and Carfax came in. He glanced

at her, then at the panel, and smiled suddenly.

"Not fair, Daddy. I'm dying to see inside! I only got a squint from here."

"Sorry, my Peggy. I promise to show you everything there when the right moment comes."

He laid his hand on her head as he spoke and she pulled it down to her lips and kissed it.

"All right—I'll possess my soul in patience."

And then young John had put a laughing face in and intoned solemnly, "All clear on the western front."

Carfax smiled a little as he pushed to the panel door, not noticing Susan, who had thought the mysterious absence of her husband and Peggy denoted some sudden indisposition, and that young John was keeping it from her. Susan saw from behind her son's back the open wall, and a tiny feeling of trouble hovered in her mind. Had he opened it for Peggy? Was that what he had wanted her for? Why—

"You're not ill, either of you?" She said as she came into the little room, and Carfax, pocketing his keys again shook his head as he turned to her. He would talk more plainly to her alone.

"No, no! I left Peggy here whilst I settled with Morton—" he began, and Peggy continued,

"He left his Bluebeard's chamber open by mistake, and me dying of deepest curiosity in the room—alone."

Susan caught her breath as she looked from one to the other.

"Oh, Peggy love—but he could trust you."

And Susan, who never could understand their ways, wondered why her John gave her such a sudden affectionate smile.

(To be continued.)

DIFFICULTIES are often our best instructors, as our mistakes often form our best experiences.—*Kingsley*.

Together.

BY LIAM P. CLANCY.

WHEN the sun has set upon the brae,
At the heel o' day;
When, from the thrush's throat,
The last, soft note
Floats down the twilight grey:
We shall wander out together,
O'er the mist-wrapt heather,
Thro' the glory of the gloaming on the wind-
swept brae.

When the stars come peeping o'er the hill,
And all is still,
Save for the low wind's croon
That mingles with the tune
Of waters wandering at their will:
We shall trip it hand in hand,
Thro' a wondrous land,
Where the shimmering stars and dew shower
their glory on the hill.

When the flame of life is burning low,—
When Age's snow
Falls o'er the brow
Where the gold gleams now,
And the cheeks are blanched where the roses
blow:
Yet shall we wander, heart-young, gay,
Thro' the mist-wrapt heather, o'er the wind-
swept brae,—
Tho' the flame of life burn faint and low.

The Lay-Apostolate: in Action.

BY EUGENE A. DUPRE, JR.

THE mental unrest caused by the false philosophies of life which are permeating our civilization presents a challenge to the Catholic layman to defend and propagate the divine truths of his ancient Faith as the only sure remedy for the social ills of our age. Immediate action on the part of Catholics everywhere is necessary in order to apply the antidote of Catholic truth to minds poisoned by the pernicious lies and half-truths which are being broadcast on the street corner and in the

public hall under the guise of truth.

As a concrete example of how laymen are answering the clarion call of Pope Leo XIII. to become "living echoes of the Faith," and the equally forceful appeal of Pope Pius XI. for a promotion of Catholic Action by laymen, may be cited the splendid work being accomplished by the Catholic Evidence Guilds of England, and the Catholic Truth Guild of Boston.

The Boston group, founded in 1917 by the well-known converts, David Goldstein and Mrs. Martha Moore Avery, has achieved remarkable results since its inception. With the permission and blessing of the Archbishop of Boston, William Cardinal O'Connell, the first meeting of the guild was held on Boston Common, July 4, 1917. The success of the first meeting prompted these two zealous converts to extend the work of the guild, and some time later a papal-colored lecture car, equipped with magnifiers, was added to the guild equipment, and has since been seen in nearly every State in the union, being an effective accessory in spreading the Catholic message to the man in the street.

The practicability of street speaking in the interests of Catholic truth having been demonstrated, it was decided to provide a study class for the training of men who wished to become associated with the guild. An appeal for recruits was published in *The Pilot*, the official organ of the Archdiocese of Boston, and from the applications received, those who were shown to be practical Catholics with good reputations were permitted to enter the study class. A priest especially well qualified was appointed by Cardinal O'Connell as chaplain and instructor of the group. He is Rev. Dr. Patrick J. Waters, at the time a senior professor at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Massachusetts.

It is not necessary for applicants to be professional speakers, or even to have great oratorical ability. If the man

shows the fundamental fitness for street lecture work, and is willing to submit to the supervision of the guild chaplain and officers, he is permitted to enter the study class held during the winter months. Through the gracious co-operation of Mr. Joseph M. Kirby, state deputy of the Knights of Columbus in Massachusetts, the state offices of the Order, conveniently located in the heart of Boston, are used by the guild for the weekly evening class. An advanced catechism, that of Father Joseph Deharbe, S. J., is used as the text-book for the class.

New men are not required to have a complete knowledge of all the subjects to be treated, but each man must have a sound fundamental knowledge of the subject assigned to him before he is permitted to proclaim it publicly. Having demonstrated a mastery of the specific subject assigned, he is given a new topic for study, and an examination by the guild officers follows. Nothing which smacks of violent controversy is permitted by the speakers. Neither are any political questions discussed. The purpose of the guild is clearly set forth as carrying the Catholic Message to the man in the street in a positive manner.

During the spring and summer months, weather permitting, the open-air meetings are held on the Mall of Boston Commons each Sunday afternoon from four to six o'clock at the exact location where the first meeting was conducted by David Goldstein in 1917, and where regular meetings have since been conducted up to the present time. There are four speakers each Sunday, each one having prepared and had approved a thirty-minute discourse on some phase of the topic of the day. The subjects are arranged in a sequence, which, if followed weekly by the listener, would comprise a complete course in Catholic Apologetics. Beginning with the most fundamental belief in the existence of God, the subsequent speakers

treat of the various doctrines of the Church regarding Revelation, the Foundation of the True Religion by Christ, and the Marks by which that religion can be identified from the many sects which claim to be the true religion. A chairman presides over the meeting, giving a short introductory address and introducing the speakers in turn.

Taken as a whole, the groups which comprise the audience are attentive and sympathetic to the Catholic Truth Guild Speaker, because he does not offend the good taste of any sincere seeker after the truth. He states the Catholic teaching on the vital questions which concern all men, and he asks only a hearing that he may plead the cause of Christ Crucified. There is no material reward for the work. It is purely a voluntary activity, having its recompense in the joy of witnessing for Christ before men.

In engaging in this form of teaching, the modern lay-apostle is emulating such great teachers as St. Francis of Assisi, who was often seen treading the dusty highways of his native land proclaiming the saving truths of the Gospel. The Divine Master Himself preached by the lakeside of Gennesareth and the hillsides of Galilee. The growth of the infant Church was due in no small measure to the labors of the first Bishops of the Catholic Church, the Apostles, in meeting the people face to face with the Gospel message.

The field is in no way crowded, nor is this form of teaching obsolete. The present time, with its perilous tendencies toward paganism and a spirit of excessive worldliness, is opportune for increased activity on the part of Catholic laymen in publicly instructing the people in the truths of the Catholic Church.

It is significant that the Lay-Apostolate, as the movement is called, has the approval of many American Bishops, and that its extension, under proper ecclesiastical authority, is gradually

gaining impetus. New groups are being organized, and in some cases are already functioning in public. New York City, Washington and Baltimore are doing their part in spreading the saving truths of Christianity by means of the Lay-Apostolate. A group of Knights of Columbus in New Bedford, Massachusetts, under the spiritual direction of Rev. Father Burns, Chaplain of New Bedford Council, K. of C., has now been formed for study in Catholic Doctrine with a view of undertaking street speaking work next summer in New Bedford. Priests as well as laymen are campaigning for Christ in the open spaces of Oklahoma City under the militant leadership of Rev. Father Levens, who has long been preparing for this type of work.

The great spiritual societies, such as the Third Order of St. Francis and the Laymen's Retreat Leagues are laying the foundations in men's hearts of militant apostles, by making them, first of all, men of profound spirituality. A week-end retreat is one of the most effective means to impress upon the mind the true ratio which exists between Time and Eternity. It balances the intellect by instilling in the heart the principles of Justice patterned after the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. It is to be expected that Catholic laymen will assert themselves in an increasing activity in this truly Catholic cause, and that from the Retreat Houses and the spiritual societies, such as the Franciscan Third Order, will come forward sincere and apostolic minded laymen eager to scatter the seeds of truth in the vineyard of the world.

BEWARE never to disturb yourself, nor to be irritated on account of the defects of others, for it would be folly because you saw a man throw himself into a pit, to throw yourself into another.

—*St. Bonaventure.*

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL C. S. C.

XIII.

SATURDAY evening preceding Easter, 1916, Enright, Conway and Ronan met hurriedly at Rathdrum. An order relayed secretly from Dublin earlier in the week outlined plans for Rebellion to start Easter Sunday. And now new orders had arrived. The plans for next day were off. The Rebellion was postponed. This latest news brought the three men to Boylans' Hotel. There was divided opinion.

"I'm for going on with it."

You would expect Mike Enright to say that. All his life since he could think he was for action.

"Listen, Mike," Conway pleaded. "Suppose we go on, what happens? We're a small part of a mass movement. If we go in alone and are successful, we hardly take a chip out of the rock. Nothing comes of it, after a few days' flurry, but wholesale arrests, shootings and hangings. When there's a Rising, the country must rise."

"If we don't start the men will quit," Enright urged.

"I don't think so; but if they do, it only proves we haven't the discipline which will get us somewhere in this thing. If we aren't willing to obey the leaders we're poor material for the business of rebellion."

"Conway's right. God knows, I'm for going on; but we must go on with our full strength. We've had too many examples of dribs and drabs."

Even after this statement by Ronan, Enright was dissatisfied. He was so set against the Union, had been waiting so long for a chance to break it, he considered postponement next thing to failure. Yet hearing these men, whose loyalty he could not question, he agreed to wait. They might be over-cautious, but he was sure of their courage. It is no reflection

on the other two, that tears came from Enright's eyes following the decision.

During the conference, Davey took Nano, Alice and Mary Boylan to a play given by a travelling company in the town library; after which they would hear the decision of the three leaders. On the way to the playhouse Davey discovered he had left his money in the pocket of his week-day trousers.

"My heavens!" He stepped back for a conference of his own with his sister.

"Nan, I left my money in the other trousers!"

"That's too bad! I gave my money to Mother for safe-keeping. You shouldn't try to show off, if you haven't the price."

"Nan, you can't let me be disgraced before the two of them! Honest, I'll pay you back!"

She must not have turned over all her money, for she made Davey the loan.

"Nan, I'd like to kiss you!"

"Never mind—pay me back."

When they caught up with the girls, he had regained his spirits.

"I wish we were in Dublin, so I'd take you to a real play."

"How much did he borrow, Nan?"

"Alice, 'tisn't polite to be listening to a fellow talking to his sister."

"I didn't listen—just used my imagination. Everybody knows, when you step back to talk with Nan you want to borrow money."

During the play, he sat next to Alice and had his happiness of an hour and a half, which seemed so much shorter. They talked below the voices of the actors, and neither of them remembered much about the plot.

"You were angry, weren't you, the night of the practice?" he asked.

"Yes; but after I got home I cried."

"I was more mad in love than ever when I heard you sing,

I know what will happen, sweet,
When you and I are one.

"Davey, don't gush!"

But Davey "gushed" all the same.

"Alice," he whispered, "I love you—and that's all I can say."

"And that's enough—quite. 'Tis all I can say; so we're even up."

It was an evening of a life, and Davey was not attentive at the full conference later on.

"I think John is right, Mike," Nano said when asked her opinion.

Mike smiled.

"I'd expect you to say that, Nano."

"I'm only thinking of what we're all thinking."

"I know—I was just teasing."

Without exception the girls agreed with Conway. As for Davey—he was ready to go on or wait.

"All right! Let's postpone. Even that's better than a split," Enright said finally.

Going home, Conway drove Nano's car, Nano beside him. Alice sat with Davey.

"John, Mike was disappointed. He's such a flame, the new orders saddened him."

"Going on would be tragic. Nothing would be gained, except start a fire which could be stamped out like a match. And think of the lives of all our brave fellows!"

"You're right, of course; but I hope something comes of it this time."

"Something will."

It was after eleven when Davey and Nano drove in the front yard. They would have been earlier only Alice insisted on making tea after they drove her home. The living room was bright.

"Too bad, keeping Mother up!" Nano said.

"If you and almighty Conway hadn't gabbed so much at Alice's we'd be here an hour ago!"

"We may have gabbed, but I heard a lot of foolish talk in the rear seat all the way down."

She hurried to the living room window. She would look in, tap on the pane; her mother would look up. Nano would

smile, beckon to her. The door would open softly.

She was about to tap, but turned quickly.

"Dad!"

"Heavenly Father!"

"No—earthly father."

"This is no time for coddling, Nan."

"Of course not. Let's meet him."

"We'll have to—or stay out," Davey said.

"Listen, Davey, I'll try the lyric mood on him."

"What do you mean? I believe you're cracked!"

"Wait! You'll see."

She went to the door. Three quick knocks; then she turned and threw a kiss at her brother. Heavy footsteps.

"Here comes the bride," she whispered.

The door opened. Hugh Byrne held his paper in one hand, his reading glasses in the other.

"Nice hour to be coming home!"

"Dad, the sky and stars are wonderful! Do come out and see the night."

"So that," Davey thought, "is what she means by the lyric mood!"

Their father was stern.

"This can't go on—I won't have it! If ye want to be out nights, stay out—I won't have it!"

"Listen, Dad—don't be angry! Please don't! Come out and watch the night. Come—it will do you good!"

He could not resist her, as she pushed her hand under his shaft of an arm to lead him away miraculously. Well, he would go along and gain his point just the same. He put away his spectacles on the window sill, his paper on the table. The Bog was so methodical!

Davey, in the background, watched father and daughter walk through the gate to the field which sloped to the bog. They seemed to be talking peacefully—almost lovingly.

"So that's what she means by the lyric mood!" he repeated as he walked slowly through the gate after them.

"I'm glad I came out, Nano—the night's soothing. And you and I've always got on, haven't we?"

"Indeed we have, Dad." But she made mental reservation.

"No rows or a thing."

"No."

"And there won't be—I know there won't; because you'll do the couple of things I'm asking. Won't you, Nano? You always do."

"Of course, Dad—if I can."

"Of course you will—I knew it. I said so a hundred times."

A pause. He was waiting for her to ask the 'couple of things,' but she wouldn't. They stopped mid-field.

"Isn't the night wonderful, Dad?"

"Tis."

But somehow the night did not impress him—he was thinking of something else.

"Nano, I haven't ever asked you much, have I?"

"No, Dad, you haven't;—nothing, anyhow, it troubled me to give."

"Well, I'm going to ask you something now—the first time I've ever asked a big thing. If you do it, there'll be peace and quiet in the house. I'm asking you—your father is asking you, the first time he ever asked a big thing—to give up the schoolmaster. The one big thing I've ever asked."

Because she did not flare up, he was hopeful. He would win her. He had been preparing a tempting bribe all evening which he expected to offer her beside the fire after Davey had gone to bed. He never thought he would offer his bribe below the stars.

"Nano, I'll settle five hundred pound upon you—or even six hundred—if you give up that schoolmaster and marry a safe man. I've such a man in mind—a good, strong, sober young fellow from the west; a quiet boy who minds his business. You needn't hurry either—take two or three years, if you like. Give up the schoolmaster, who'll end

up by bringing the Government down upon our heads. Give him up! For God's sake, do!"

Another pause.

"I think I'll go back—I'm dizzy."

"What's the trouble, Nano? Is it weak you are?"

"Yes."

"What's the matter? Won't you do what I ask? Won't you give up the schoolmaster?"

"I'll answer if you promise never to talk of it again."

"Say what you're going to say." He was not hopeful.

"Dad, I've promised John Conway I'd marry him—so much for that. Anything you do or threaten to do will make no difference."

Hugh Byrne knew his daughter would say just that even if he held a knife at her throat. He hoped she had not given her word. He was mistaken—he would try something else. It was his second, and, to him, the much more important objective. She could marry Conway bye and bye—when the troubles were over—if she wanted to, and he would settle on her all he promised. Conway might be killed meantime—if it were God's will. That would permit him to settle Nano as he liked, after the Government had put down the Rebellion—and hanged Conway.

"All right, Nano, I won't speak of it, except to say this: You can, if you like, marry the schoolmaster bye and bye—when things are settled. And I'll give you your share of money—five or six hundred pound. Only I want something for that. One favor deserves another, doesn't it?"

She looked at him, but said nothing.

"Doesn't it?"

"It depends on the other favor."

"Well, you can grant it with a twist of a finger. Your brother likes you—I can see that; is led by you, a child can see that. Now I'm asking you to save your brother—a poor, misguided gos-

soon—from the devil's own lot of trouble that's coming upon us; a blaze with hell at the end of it. Get him out! Save him from the folly of a Rising which will bring every man has part in it into the loop of a rope that will break his neck! This farm is his—he can have it all; the highland and the bog—which will be tamed when he comes into it. Get him out of this madness, Nano, and I swear by Almighty God I'll settle six hundred upon you when you marry the schoolmaster."

A silence. It would seem a long silence if you were present, though it lasted not more than ten seconds.

"Will you, Nano? That's the good girl!"

She shook her head. She pitied this domineering man pleading with her. He seemed out of character when he pleaded.

"No! I'd give up five hundred thousand pounds and five hundred Conways before I'd ask Davey to give up the Rebellion!"

The Bog lost his temper completely—the second or third time in many, many years. Often he had been angry, but a rugged, overbearing nature held his temper within bounds.

"You young devil, I'll see if you can defy me!" He caught her wrist and gave her arm a sudden wrench. She responded in the frightened cry of a hurt, young creature.

"Will you do what I ask?"

She shook her head. He increased the pressure, her body following his twist of her arm.

"Will you?"

"Dad, you're hurting me!"

The little sob would have softened him any other time. Now he was set on breaking her.

"Will you?"

"No!"

It was the scream of one in fierce pain. Then a hand gripped The Bog's hand, pried apart his clutch on her

wrist, flung him on the ground with a swift push of arms. Davey, from where he stood, saw, heard and rushed to his sister. He lifted her up now, her face white and drawn, her body atremble.

"Poor Nan!"

That was all he had time to say. His father leaped up, rushed at him, struck him two vicious blows on the mouth with a clenched fist. Blood spurted from his lips and teeth. They grappled. The Bog felt fingers around his throat. The tight grip interfered with his breathing. It was hard to breathe at all, his windpipe was clutched so. And he was pushed back slowly, inevitably, still smothering and choking. He needed air. He could not breathe. It was unbearable, that clutch of tight fingers. It all happened so quickly, Nano had not recovered her wits sufficiently to be called a witness to it. But she did see Davey swing back that free right hand shaped into a vicious fist. There was no pater-nity or sonship now. This man before him was an enemy with whom he had long scores to settle.

Nano rushed in front of the outstretched arm which ended as a fist. She seemed so frail as she waited in the path of the shut hand—a hammer raised to strike!

"Davey!"

"He has been tyrant long enough! Has bullied and beaten me! I spared him once! I'll kill him this time!"

She was between the drawn arm, the closed fist, and the man around whose neck were gripping fingers; between father and son. A white, beseeching face looked up at Rage.

"Davey, is it for this I gave you the medal!"

He looked down at her. She seemed so small, yet so unafraid. His tightly drawn lips relaxed. The straight arm dropped limp to his side. The fingers pressing the throat eased, were withdrawn. Davey turned about, moved away. Nano followed him. Hugh Byrne re-

mained standing in a daze, took in breath as a gasp and moved in the direction of his house, panting and shaken. Hate and revenge were choking him almost as much as those tight fingers on his throat. He tottered home.

"O Nan, I'd have killed him, if you hadn't saved me!" Davey sobbed.

"I didn't save you, Davey. She did."

She threw her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his bleeding mouth. The night was very still now.

(To be continued.)

A Quebec Idyll.

BY E. L. CHICANOT.

THE general impression is that rural Quebec is solidly French Canadian, the beautiful countryside of the Canadian province, the exclusive realm of the thrifty and lovable habitant farmer. It is widely believed that it is due entirely to the French Canadian element that Quebec has the greatest density of Catholic population on the North American Continent. Certainly the average visitor to Montreal or other centre of population in Quebec province would take this view after travelling through the picturesque villages and charming countryside contiguous to them.

But it is not absolutely true. There are other if minor elements contributing to the peaceful, pastoral existence of Quebec province, other constituents in the Catholic population. This is, however, only likely to be discovered when one strays farther afield, away from the main arteries of railway and motor travel.

The writer recently went thus wandering in search of good fishing. He found this and more besides, belated observations giving additional zest to a perfect holiday. It was not thirty miles from the city of Ottawa, about a hundred from the great metropolis of Montreal, but away from the highways which, through the summer months bear

along the surging tide of tourist travel. Part of the great valley of the Ottawa, scene of some of the most stirring and romantic chapters of early Canadian history, the district is as attractive in its half-tamed state as any in the wide variety of Canadian landscape.

It is a fisherman's paradise dotted with numerous lakes of surpassing loveliness, meshed by many creeks and rivers tributary to the great waterway. From any centre there is possible a series of entrancing fishing trips to haunts of trout, bass, ouananiche, perch, traversing each day a fresh section of different and distinctive beauty.

Every morning, in that feeling of being miles and years away from customary existences, we set out in the car, winding through quiet, shady lanes, past tranquil farmsteads and grazing cattle as far as this mode of travel was possible. Then we took on foot to the brush, plunging through its entanglements to reach river or creek. Entire joyous days were spent in taking toll of pool after pool, returning comfortably wearied to the car at their close.

I was so engrossed in the sport that I gave little thought to the people who inhabited this lovely and fruitful countryside. Nor did I give more than a passing thought to a little church situated in a bend in the road which we passed most mornings on setting out on our expeditions. On Saturday, when casually making inquiries, I found it was, as I expected, a Catholic church. As we passed it that evening I thought I would hop out and inquire at the priest's house as to the time of Mass in the morning.

I got my first surprise right then. Between the church and the house a building was in course of erection, and, superintending the two workmen engaged, was a young man in his shirt sleeves and clerical collar. Instead of the typical French Canadian curé I had expected to find, he was an English

Canadian who had certainly not been ordained more than a year or two. I praised the new "parish hall," which I could see pleased him, received the information I sought and hastened back to the waiting car.

The following morning I started out to walk the four miles to church. The sun was blazing overhead and beat down pitilessly upon the gravelled roadway. To an increasing extent I found the walking less enjoyable than I had anticipated on setting out. Then behind me I heard the hum of an automobile and was not altogether sorry when it slowed up as it neared me. A voice in a soft Irish brogue asked me if I were going far. I replied as far as the church, and I was invited to step in and ride with the driver and his companion. I looked curiously at them, wondering how long the two of them had been out from Ireland, but we were at our destination almost immediately.

The church was a simple little edifice of lumber, but tastefully constructed and neat and bright with new paint. We had apparently arrived just in time, for about the church stood a circle of automobiles while their occupants were moving inside. I followed them and took a seat at the back.

I knew at once I was not in a French Canadian church, though I might have found it difficult to explain my reasons. Over the sanctuary was the church's single stained-glass window, colored light from it falling upon the one statue which was honored with a place there—that of St. Patrick. I had just time to observe this when the procession of altar boys entered and the soft voices of girls in the gallery broke into an English hymn.

Then I looked about me. On either side I saw men, women and children with the countenances of the Irish countryside. Shortly I heard their responses in the brogue inseparable from the same region. The priest, in lieu of

a sermon, announced the arrangements which had been made for the parish picnic the following week, and in listing those in charge there was not one name but was Irish.

I had stumbled upon one of those little pieces of Ireland which had been set down and taken root in the heart of French, Catholic Canada. The district was known as Mayo, its men folk known widely as Connaught Men. They were of the second and third generation of Irishmen who had come to Canada as a haven at the time of the great famine when so many more of their compatriots went to the United States.

They were the descendants of men whose only source of livelihood at first had been the burning of hardwoods for potash, which they took to the Ottawa river the only avenue of traffic and trade, carrying back sacks of flour on their shoulders over the ten miles or more. They had carried on the work of taming the wild countryside and had developed the lovely farms to be seen on every side. They had won through to a state of prosperity as evidenced in the aggregate of automobiles at the church.

But down through the generations they have never ceased to be primarily Irishmen. They have lived largely unto themselves and kept alive the love and traditions of the homeland. They have married only among themselves and the racial strain is pure. To-day these people in countenance and bearing are as Irish as those who came originally from the Emerald Isle, while their speech is indistinguishable in its characteristic beauty from that of the Irish countryside.

This little sidelight on history gave a final touch of interest to what had been a perfect holiday. It was inspiring to find in the countryside of the French Canadian another people equally tenacious in their adherence to ideals of race and religion with an evident justifiable faith in both.

Authentic Optimism.

BY P. J. C.

IT is customary to speak vaguely of an optimist as one whose mornings are rose-red, days halcyon, sunsets trailing glories down the west. In this acceptation an optimist is a visionary. A visionary lives in his dream world, accepts fancies for realities, conceives as possible projects which cannot be realized beyond his own diseased imagination. An optimist is a different essence. He is not, as we may carelessly think, some one who sees only good in bad, bigness in littleness, greatness in smallness, far depths in shallowness, great heights in stubby statures, a philosopher's head in the pate of a dullard, a lyric poem in the bray of a jackass.

Optimism is high sanity. It is not the opposite of pessimism—which may spring from bad digestion, diseased nerves, an inactive liver. Optimism is not synonymous with mental blindness. It does say, for it can say, in a large, true sense,

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

Because God is always in His heaven, all things are right in the concern of God. They very often are not right in the concerns of men. The condition of the world just now is a convincing proof of that.

The optimist is more opportunist than visionary. That is, if we accept the word *opportunist* in the sense of making the most of what one has, doing the best one can, building as good a house as possible from the material assembled.

The pessimist says: "Everything is gone to smash—nothing can be done." The optimist agrees about the general smash-up, but affirms something can be done. The pessimist sees destruction and wails over the ruins. The optimist sees destruction, but proceeds to clear away the rubbish.

The optimist snatches triumph from failure. He finds a light in darkness—in that the darkness could be denser. He may fail in what he set out to achieve, but finds compensation in defeat. Robert Browning iterates this truth in many of his poems. In "The Last Ride Together" the hero loses his lover, but is not thrown down.

What need to strive with a life awry?
Had I said that, had I done this,
So might I gain, so might I miss.
Might she have loved me? Just as well
She might have hated, who can tell!
Where had I been now if the worst befell?
And here we are riding, she and I.

Rabbi Ben Ezra is old, but years have not trampled down joy, hope, love in the spirit that is his. Age comes to him with benediction.

For note when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed of, calls the glory from the gray:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another
day."

Sickness, financial ruin, loss through death is a battle ground where optimism and pessimism fight it out for the possession of us. We may surrender the fortress to pessimism, and so call off the fight. Morbidity or suicide is the sequel. Or we may strive that sane optimism win us.

We can always see our failure as something that could be worse yet. The blind beggar by the roadside was commiserated by a sympathetic passerby on his hard lot. He was poor; he was blind. "But," he answered, "I can walk, I can talk, I can hear." Our bad condition could be worse. Optimism is the will to better it.

We need Faith. Without Faith to light us it is hard to find the gold in the gray. Faith shows the white space beyond the dark mass. Men who have Faith do not fondle loaded revolvers when a bank closes, when a grave is filled in.

Notes and Remarks.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society, as stated in Catholic press reports, expended \$6,144,869.65 in various charitable activities for the year ending September 30, 1932. According to the report there is a large increase in money spent over the previous year as a result of the present financial condition of the country. This is to be expected. Bad times are good times for the St. Vincent de Paul. It is the business of members to go about doing good where good is most needed. You will not hear much talk of what the organization is factually doing. The right hand is not using a huge publicity so the left will feel the acclaim. The much-used word "overhead" is not found in the vocabulary of the Society. Everybody works for nothing, asking neither salary nor commission. They are not even dollar-a-year men. They operate for the Giver, who Himself will be the reward.

William McCoy, Indianapolis, Indiana, was transferred from a public to a parochial grade school because his parents were dissatisfied with the school progress of William. In the parish school William became interested in the Church, and his interest attracted his sister Frances. Brother and sister visited the Catholic cathedral together to look around and pray. No harm if a Protestant boy and girl pray in a Catholic church. They talked it over, asked questions and continued to pray. Eighteen months ago they were baptized in the Catholic Faith by Rev. George Dunn of the Indianapolis Cathedral parish. Net results of William's transfer: William's parents entered the Faith last summer; Frances McCoy, his sister, is a novice in the Order of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; brother William himself, is a sophomore student in the Cathedral High School, Indianapolis. There will be non-Catholics who will

exclaim—"See, what those parish schools do?" What they do is right altogether and vastly to their credit. They did not develop William into a Communist, nor sister Frances into a screaming feminist rushing ahead of the proletariat to the city hall shouting defiance against God, country and the City Fathers.

Twenty-five thousand Catholic women are represented in a protest sent to leading motion picture producers by the Dubuque Archdiocesan Council of the National Council of Catholic Women. The signers have for their objective the effacement of immoral and obscene films. Local exhibitors are not to blame, it is asserted. They must take what they get—or get nothing. The responsibility for obscenity and indecency rests with the makers of what is properly called an industry, not an art. These women declare, if the protest is ignored, that they will make manifest their resentment "at the box office." "We find," they assert, "the average film reeking of vulgarity, crammed with lewd dialogue, disguised under the term of 'wise-cracking.' We find immorality exalted; gross spectacles presented in the form of realism. Divorce is upheld as an ideal condition; faithfulness between husband and wife is looked upon as something unusual," and much else, true altogether and said with significant directness. The one threat of a massed attack on the box office will be more effective than any single sentence in the paragraphs of the protest. Producers will cater to sex-thinkers, intellectually underfed people, to those below normalcy in morals, to all such as think and live without any restraining anchorage of decency—if wholesome, rational people are silent and endure. Producers think that good, right-minded persons will not fight back, will tolerate innuendoes at the expense of wholesale home life,—sly thrusts at men and women faithful to their marriage obligations,—

so the gadders and the gazers may have their guffaws. If the 25,000 valiant women represented in the protest are multiplied into 250,000 valiant women all over this country, that will give the impression of power. If they turn thumbs down on indecent pictures in every town and city, that gesture will be action. It will bring results. The 25,000 valiant women have cast their bread upon the waters. May it return to them multiplied many times!

—♦—

A newspaper reporter, who is a Catholic, ran into four detectives in St. Pius church, Providence, R. I., some time ago and rubbed his eyes. Detectives in church! A robbery perhaps? Or a hold-up? Or a gunman seeking refuge in sanctuary? No. The detectives were at Mass—like the reporter. "Don't get excited," said a pew-rent collector. "They all go to church here. This is police, firemen, city and state officials church." We are told Catholic policemen, firemen, detectives are conspicuously church-going when they have a chance. They take so many chances anyhow, a chance to attend Mass and hear a sermon is in line of duty in more ways than one. These upholders of law are so often at death's verge they want to be on good terms with God.

—♦—

Radio broadcasting, in those sections of the country where the announcers are careful about their pronunciation, has gone a long way in correcting the mispronunciations of those listening in. It is not an uncommon occurrence for people listening to a speech on the radio to consult their dictionaries when they hear a speaker give a different accent from the one they are accustomed to use. In this manner many persons have learned that they have been for years mispronouncing a word which they use frequently in ordinary conversation. If the speaker, however, is not particular about his language he may do a great

deal of harm to his unseen audience who trust to him for accurateness. Recently a letter to one of our daily papers complained of the abuse of the letter A by those speaking on the radio in some of our Eastern cities. Said the writer: "A choir sings of a 'hoppy bond' of angels, and tells us to be 'thonkful' to the Lord. A radio speaker talking with her father addressed him three times as 'Dod,' and then forgot and said 'Dad,' and it sounded so pleasant. It is said that a board of censors sits by every microphone prodding speakers into the way of culture. A cooking lesson finished thus: 'Cream butter with your hond, odding sugar ond eggs.' Even the honest long 'A' is feeling the influence of radio culture. That distinctive clear-cut word, 'Saga,' so suggestive of Northern latitudes, I heard called 'Sogga,' making one think of half-baked bread. We conservationists must try to save our A from becoming a mere unintelligible mouthful."

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While the current unemployment has sent more people than ever to our libraries, it has not added to the facilities of these institutions for serving the public. According to a note in *The Wanderer*, we learn that "the Chicago Public Library has not bought a new book since May, 1931. In 1931 it could spend \$62,000 for books and periodicals. In 1932 it could spend only \$2299, chiefly for American periodicals; all foreign periodicals were lopped off." To-day, according to the report, it cannot even afford to replace books that are worn out by usage.

—♦—

Not long ago we were treated to another of those lists of "great American women." As usual we found included therein the names of professional women organizers who have learned the art of mixing publicity with the particular type of charitable work to which they have dedicated their talents. Mrs.

Florence P. Kahn, Congressional Representative from California, has given us a truer estimate of what constitutes greatness in womanhood than any of these so-called lists have been able to contribute. She says, "A great woman has a well-rounded life, not a life in one groove." Sometimes we are tempted to think that the professional woman philanthropist is a modern development. Apparently that is not true, for away back in Goldsmith's time that very human writer felt called upon to protest against the claims of these self-confessed heroines. Here is what he says about greatness in womanhood, a judgment to which sensible people will enthusiastically subscribe: "The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband happy and trains her children to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance." We prefer to cast our votes with Mrs. Kahn and with Oliver Goldsmith for the more modest heroines of daily life. We feel quite sure that God's list of great women will not contain many professional publicity seekers no matter how imposing their accomplishments may appear in the columns of a daily newspaper.

There is considerable optimism about the decrease of crime once Prohibition is removed from the Constitution—if it be removed. You need not be too hopeful. Bootleggery, whiskey distilling, beer brewing, and wine making have become secret, illicit, profitable industries. They have expanded in volume and profit to an amazing degree since the advent of the Eighteenth Amendment. Will they decline when distilling and brewing are given a legal status? The issue will largely depend upon the people of the United States themselves. If they cease to patronize unauthorized

beer, wine and liquor producers we may look for the decline of what has become a very thriving trade. Will crime decrease? Not unless people grow better, and unless the agents of government pursue, capture and then relentlessly punish criminals.

New York's well-known former Governor, Mr. Alfred E. Smith, tells the country to recognize Soviet Russia for trade reasons. The late former President Calvin Coolidge had this to say about recognition on that plea: "I do not propose to barter away for the privilege of trade any of the cherished rights of humanity; I do not propose to make merchandise of American principles. These rights and principles must go wherever the sanctions of our Government go." "I do not propose to make merchandise of American principles" is a sentence you would expect to hear come from Mr. Smith. Recognition "for trade reasons" sounds like an advocate of "get back to banking and big business" at any cost. Recognition of Russia is a *de facto* approval of Soviet principles, a recommendation of the Soviet government's treatment of human beings. Mr. Smith's voice urging "hands across the sea" to Russia for import and export alliances is not the voice of the Mr. Smith to which we have grown accustomed. Russia must get into step with the United States, not the United States with Russia, if we are to have trade or other relations.

Selfishness dies hard. In spite of the lessons of the last three years a surprising number of American manufacturers are still under the impression apparently that profits come from somewhere else than from sales to consumers. Philip K. Wrigley, is not under that delusion. He received a good schooling from his shrewd old father, and now he proposes to keep the Wrigley fortune intact by

keeping fertile the ground from which that fortune grew. In announcing a pay increase for his factory workers recently he stated: "If we pay simply enough for our workers to live on, we cannot halt a downward trend in general business conditions. They are the great consumers of products, and must have more than enough to cover the bare necessities of life if improvement is to be felt in a host of lines."

There are some angles to Mr. Wrigley's business that we would not be quite so enthusiastic about, but we would like to commend the quotation above to all American manufacturers as a plan for clearing the way to a general business recovery. Practically all of the colossal fortunes built up in this country have been amassed by the contributions of that great army of American workers who are suffering so keenly right now in the midst of the plenty which they have helped to create. It is not only good business to restore to this great mass of people the necessary buying power with which to start the wheels of industry whirring again, but in a larger sense it is also a matter of justice. Generally speaking the worker has not received a proper proportion of the profits of industry in the past. That share belongs to him now, depression or no depression; but at this moment it will be more than usually appreciated and more than usually productive. The American people ought to know the names both of those who are sharing those past profits and those who are not.

A short time ago the banks of the country were closed for a few days by Federal order. The purposes of the order were to give people time to get a grip on their nerves, to stay the money stampede, to make people understand that the National Government is back of the banks, and that the country is not running into bankruptcy just because certain bankers have at times speculated

too freely with the monies they held as a trust. As in times past, so now. The country will pull through nicely, will live and grow healthier and wiser. The people of the United States do not look upon their Government as something thrust upon them which they must live under because they cannot overthrow it. This Government is their government, over which they have placed Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt is no personal enemy of theirs over whose misfortunes they would rejoice. He is theirs—chosen by them. Anarchists, nihilists, do not thrive in the United States. The people are patriotic, genuinely love their nation. They will not tolerate any growth that interferes with the life and wholesome expansion of the American ideal of government. During these days of national stress, people will be asked to make sacrifices. They will make them cheerfully. They will be urged to cultivate patience and confidence. They will do that too. And because they will give in generous response whatever is asked, they will see the nation go on secure, untouched, to better days. The Government of the United States is safe, under God, because the people of the United States, whatever their faults, are moderate, patient, courageous.



From Vatican City comes denial of permission for marriage between Archduke Albrecht of Hapsburg and Mlle. Irene Lelbach, divorced wife of Ludwig von Runay, Hungarian Minister to Sofia. This bit of information is chronicled here, not because of any special interest in Archduke Albrecht of Hapsburg, nor in Mlle. Irene either. It is inserted, because so frequently the secular press records "divorces," "separations," "nullifications" granted by the Holy See in favor, generally, of titled people. When you read such notices, be sceptical. Newspaper people manufacture as well as report news.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Spring.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

BLUE skies above, and all the world is fair,
Green maple trees and beauty everywhere;
The merry voices of the children bring
A deeper music than the birds of Spring,
And dancing feet make joyous all the town.
Mother of Jesus, Holy One, look down
And give us grace to greet the glad to-day
With joyous hearts, our sorrow put away.

Golden the sunshine lies upon the grass,
And sweet the fragrance of the winds that pass;
Gay little faces laugh the whole day through,
And little hands find wondrous things to do.
They have forgotten all the storm and cold,
Mother of Jesus, lest our hearts grow old,
Grant us the faith that banishes regrets,
Accepts the blessings and past pain forgets.

Shadows on Cedarcrest.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

IX.—MARIE HAS A SHOCK.

“I’D give a dollar if I dared peep in there,” this from cook Hester.

“Save your money; it’s not worth it,” said Mrs. Richards. “All the ladies look grand, and that little Phyllis, bless her heart! is a dream. But that dingy Chinaman spoils everything.”

“Chinyman? I thought he was an Indian.”

“He’s a Hindu,” corrected Marie, with conscious superiority. “He’s a great magician from India.”

“Well, he looks like a gangster, wrapped up in the parlor draperies,” said Hetty, scornfully; “with his little beady eyes like a rat, and claws for hands. Magician, my eye! I bet he’s

never been any nearer India than Forty-Second Street. He’s no more fit to sit down to table with nice folks, like Miss Mattie, and the Langleys, and Mrs. Dolliver, than he is to eat with angels. I suppose His Nibs, Dalton, thought him up. I don’t like the look of him. If I was Miss Debbie, I’d keep an eye on the silver, and Miss Mattie’s pearls.”

“How’s the dinner going?” asked Hester.

“The dinner’s fine. You’ve outdone yourself. Mr. Huston’s raving about everything. There’s a man enjoys his eating. Who’s with the imp, Marie?”

“Emma? No one, just now. I suppose she is sleeping. I haven’t had a moment to run up and see, since I tucked her in for the night. If we don’t get some one to take Adrienne’s place soon, I’ll be crazy, hopping all over this big place, doing this and that.”

“You’re getting extra wages, aren’t you?”

“Well, I’m earning them. Though, I must say, the child’s been good, for her.”

“She’s changed; there’s no doubt of that. She said ‘Thank you’ to me, yesterday, and I nearly fainted.”

“They’re going to the drawing-room,” reported Alice, another maid, hurrying in. “Is the coffee ready? The gentlemen are going in, too.”

Kitchen gossip languished, while the trays were arranged. Then Alice returned to her serving, and Mrs. Richards, resplendent in the stiff black silk and snowy apron which she reserved for state occasions, rustled after her, leaving Marie and Hester alone. The cook poured herself a cup of coffee, and sank in a tired heap by her table.

“Am I tired!” she groaned; “my feet

feel like boils. This is the first I've set, to-day. Did you put that crystal thing in the drawing-room, Marie?"

"Um-humph!" Marie munched at a delicate pastry. "I put it on the table by the window. Gee! I wish that fellow would read my future for me."

"What does it look like? I never saw one of the things."

"My future?" asked Marie, dreamily, reaching for a second confection, "I don't believe there's enough to these things to make me fat, do you?"

"No, not your future. What do you suppose I care about your future? I mean that crystal they're talking about."

"Oh! it's just ordinary. Like a big marble made out of silver, or silvery glass of some kind. Of course, it's about a hundred, or maybe a thousand times as big as a marble. It sets on a silver base, and there's a black velvet pad for it to rest on, and a black-and-silver drape to cover it. There's some hieroglyphics on the drape—"

"Some what?"

"Hieroglyphics. That's a kind of foreign writing, or picture writing. I learned that word in High School."

"Humph! it's a good thing you didn't go to college; I'd have to get a dictionary to talk to you. And what else?"

A bell tinkled in the service entry. Cedarcrest had its own way of summoning servants. Marie sighed.

"That's from upstairs," she said. "Here I go again. Emma must be awake. She didn't eat any supper, and I'll bet she wants some, now."

A man's slight figure arose from the chair beside the child's bed, as the maid entered the nursery. Marie shrank back, with her heart pounding in sudden terror. The man was a total stranger.

"Who is supposed to be caring for this child?" he asked, sternly.

Marie found her voice. "Why, I—I am."

"Do you know that she is very ill?"

"Ill? Oh, no!" the girl brushed past the interfering stranger, and bent over her charge. The child's face was flushed, she breathed hoarsely; and even as Marie stooped to listen to the breathing, a rasping cough shook the small frame. Marie's face paled as she listened. She turned to the accusing face beside her.

"I'm sorry," she said, earnestly. "She was all right when I left her, at six o'clock. She did get wet, to-day. She must have taken cold. I've been so busy helping downstairs that I couldn't get back up. I thought her sleeping."

"Go to the medicine chest," commanded the man, "and see what remedies you can find. We'll need a stimulating ointment, or something of the kind, for her chest, and something to lessen the fever. Hurry, please."

Marie hesitated. She did not know this great, tall cadaver of a man, who was issuing orders so peremptorily. He was not one of the guests from downstairs. Who was he, and what was he doing here? Ought she to report his presence to Mrs. Allen? Her unspoken thought reached him, and he smiled.

"Don't be afraid of me," he said, "Mrs. Allen knows I am in the house. I heard Emma coughing, and muttering feverishly, and so I came in. Will you please go, now, and see what you can find? She is really a very sick child."

Something told the girl he spoke the truth. She was not afraid of him, now that he smiled at her. It was only his extreme pallor and thinness which made him fearsome-looking. Evidently he had recently undergone a serious illness. He was most anxious about the child. As for that, so was she, for, if Emma were ill, she knew she was at fault. Busy though she was, she should have taken time to see that the child was properly dried and cared for when she came in from the rain. Poor little tike! How good she had been, and how anxious not to make trouble! Tears came into

the girl's eyes, as she rummaged through the medicine chest for the needed remedies. When she returned to the nursery, the stranger was talking soothingly to the restless child.

"Did you find something?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, aspirin and camphorated oil."

"Good! How about a piece of flannel for the chest?"

"I brought some with me. Don't you think she should have hot towels applied to the chest, before I rub in the oil?"

"It might be advisable. You didn't call her mother, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, don't yet. Perhaps we can get her fixed up, without worrying Deborah. How much of this aspirin should she have?"

"About a half tablet, now. There's nothing better to break up a fever, my doctor says."

"O. K. You get the hot water and towels, and I'll give her the aspirin. I'll get a glass of water from the bathroom."

Emma obediently swallowed the aspirin and cold water, but she fought off the towels. "Go 'way," she commanded; "don't bovver me. I can't get my back dry. Marie will be cross. Please let me weed the g'ranyum bed, Tom. Go 'way, Mummy. I don't like the hot! Go 'way!"

"She's delirious," said Marie, in a frightened voice. "She thinks I'm her mother. Oh, shouldn't we have the doctor? She won't let me put the towels on."

"Let me try. Here, darling, this will make the hurting stop. How would you like to have the hurting stop, so you can help Tom to-morrow? Let me put this warm towel on here—that's the girl! My! but you're a fine little lady."

"Don't tell Marie," pleaded the child, "I'll let you put the towel on if you don't tell Marie. Oh, she'll be so

cross because I didn't get my back dry."

"Hush, darling!" Tears slipped down the maid's cheeks, "Marie's here, and I'm not cross, darling. Oh, please! Mayn't I call her mother, and see if she wants to get a doctor?"

"Let's wait a little while, this may help her. I don't like to upset Deborah unless it is necessary. Are you needed downstairs?"

"I'm supposed to help with the clearing away."

"Then perhaps you'd better go down, before some one comes to look for you. I'll stay here with Emma until you are through. And then, if she doesn't seem better, you may call Mrs. Allen. And—please—will you do something for me?"

"What is it, sir?"

"Please don't mention my presence here to the other servants, or to Mr. Carstairs. No one knows I am here, except Mrs. Allen. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," wonderingly.

"And you won't mention it?"

"No, sir."

The girl went away and left him, sitting beside the child, holding her hand, and crooning tenderly.

"Well, I must say, you took long enough," Hester, the cook, assailed her, tartly. "Haven't I done enough, to-day, without doing your work, too?"

"I'm sorry, Hester. I was busy with Emma. I'll hurry, now. Have they finished with coffee?"

Hester stared. "How long do you think it takes to drink a cup of coffee?" she demanded. "You've been gone an hour. What's the matter? What have you been crying about?"

Another tear slipped down Marie's cheek. "Please don't ask me, Hester," she pleaded, miserably. "I—I'm worried sick about something. I—I just want to get through here as fast as I can, and get upstairs."

"There, there!" Hester's bark was much worse than her bite, and she was

really the softest-hearted person in the world. "Don't mind me; I'm a nosey old woman. Pitch in, now, and I'll help you all I can. I'm tired, but that coffee heartened me, some, and I don't feel as bad as you do, I can see that."

Marie's fingers flew, and so did her feet. Sink to service pantry, service pantry to sink—back and forth she hurried. She sorted silver, polished glasses, and stacked china on the broad shelves. Alice and Mrs. Richards, who had been finishing the dining room, came in shortly, and helped, too. Their talk ebbed and flowed about the silent girl, who worked with one eye on the clock, and her mind on the sick, delirious child upstairs. Mrs. Richards had seen some of the Hindu's art in the drawing-room.

"He's uncanny," she said, solemnly. "It gives me a creepy feeling, just having him in the house. He's reading all the crystals in turn. You should have seen Mr. Blaine's face when he saw a beautiful woman with auburn hair in his crystal."

"I thought there was only one crystal," said Hester, suspiciously.

"Well, so there is. Don't be so exacting. Can't a body twist things a little? Now what was I saying? I declare, you get me all mixed up."

"You said he saw a red-headed woman in Mr. Blaine's crystal."

"Oh, yes. Well, everyone knows that Elizabeth Barrett, her that used to be Elizabeth Bellamy, old Nina's sister, turned Frasier Blaine down for old Barrett's money bags."

"But she's gray as a badger," objected Alice.

"Well, it used to be red, when she used to come out here to parties with Mr. Blaine. Ah! those were the days. We had a dance once, when Miss Mattie was eighteen."

Marie wasn't listening. Her eyes were on the clock, her ears attuned to the service bell from the nursery. Oh! would she ever be through?

"You look peaked, Marie. Go on up, and let us finish."

"Oh, thanks, Hester! You're a darling. I won't forget it."

The back stairs seemed twice their usual number, the hall three times its usual length. The kind caretaker still stood watch in the nursery. He spoke hurriedly, as she came in. "Thank God! I thought you'd never come. She seems to be getting worse. It may be pneumonia threatening—or bronchitis. Go down quietly, and ask her mother to come up. She'll know what doctor she wants to call."

The drawing-room was hanging on the weird, high chant of the Hindu crystal-gazer, and no one noted her quiet entrance. She sought quickly to espy Deborah Allen, and found her among the group by the piano. Swiftly and noiselessly, the girl encircled the room, and bent to whisper her message, "Please, you're needed upstairs."

Deborah, faintly surprised, murmured an apology to her nearest guests, and followed the maid from the room. Behind them the high, monotonous singing of the Hindu continued.

"I'm glad to get away from that," breathed Deborah; "I hated it. I don't see why people like that kind of thing. What's the matter, Marie? What do you want with me?"

"Oh, Mrs. Allen—Emma—" the girl's voice broke, and she began to sob.

The mother grew white with apprehension. Turning, she sped up the stairs, Marie following. Inside the door of the nursery, the tall man stood waiting. He took a step forward.

"Deborah! Steady, my dear—" he caught her in his arms as she swayed, and seemed about to fall. "Calm yourself, darling. She'll be all right, but we need a doctor. She got a wetting this afternoon. We don't want her to have pneumonia—"

"No, no!" she knelt by the bedside, and laid her cheek against the tot's hot

little hand, "she's burning up. Marie, you never told me she was ill—that she got wet—"

"Oh, forgive me, Mrs. Allen, please. I didn't know she was ill. I didn't even think much about her getting wet. I've been so busy all day. Oh! I'm so sorry. It will be my fault if she dies—"

"Hush!" the girl's abandonment to her grief and fears, seemed to steady the mother. "Don't blame yourself, my dear. I should have looked at her myself, this afternoon, but—we've all been busy. And she's been so good, lately, not getting into mischief. Go and telephone for Doctor Reynolds, Marie."

She turned to the man, when the girl had gone. "Alex—how came you here? And is this wise?"

"I heard her coughing, and muttering feverishly. I couldn't stand it. And, when I found her like this, I rang for the girl. I'm through skulking, my dear. You need me, and I am here. A poor reed, it is true—"

"Hush! you shall not say it! Nothing that has happened has ever been your fault. I have been the weak one—the coward. But I am through skulking, too. We'll fight for our baby's life *together*. Alex, Alex! will she die?"

"God grant that she does not! Perhaps we're getting needlessly alarmed."

"Perhaps. Oh, I hope so. But she is so little—so dear! I love her so!"

"Doctor Reynolds is out of the city, Mrs. Allen. Shall I call some other doctor?"

"Out of the city?" Mrs. Allen spoke in a stricken voice. "But, Marie, we *must have him*. Surely there is some mistake—"

"He won't return for two days, they told me at his home."

"But—but *what shall we do?* The Hopewell doctor is a hopeless old quack. And it's hard to get a strange doctor to drive fifty miles at this hour of the night. Oh! let me think. Let me think." She bowed her head on her child's bed,

and knelt there a second longer. Then she arose, and spoke, as to herself.

"When I was ten," she said, slowly, "I had pneumonia, and specialists said I could not live. But Doctor Rieboldt came out to see me, and pulled me through. Dear old Doctor Rieboldt, kindest and wisest of doctors! He and Dalton have been at swords' points for years, but—he will come, I know he will. Remain here with my husband, Marie. I will telephone for him."

Her husband! No wonder he kissed her, and called her darling. No wonder he was so concerned over Emma! But where did he come from? How was it no one knew of his presence in the house? Marie felt her brain going around "in circles" as she afterward expressed it. Just wait! Just wait until she dared tell all this in the kitchen! She'd even make important old Richards open her eyes.

"He's coming," said Mrs. Allen, returning; "he's coming. I knew he wouldn't refuse. He'll save our baby, Alex. He'll be here as fast as his car can bring him. He—" she broke off, abruptly, and Alex Allen leaped to his feet, and flung open the door she had just closed behind her. From below stairs there had sounded a woman's scream, and now, as they listened, there came another, and another,—two strangled, anguished cries—a word that sounded like "Jamie!"

"Mother!" cried Deborah Allen,—
"Mother!—Oh! what has Dalton done? What has he done?"

(To be continued.)

Woe to Ye Hypocrites.

BY T. H. O.

AND the self-righteous souls on that last day
Beneath His awful scrutiny will chafe,
And from His happy kingdom turn away,
When Publicans and harlots will be safe.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Doubleday, Doran, announce that shortly after the earthquake in Los Angeles, Thorne Smith, the author, wrote them that at the first noticeable quake his two small daughters started to run, and when captured the eldest daughter, Marion, said with tears in her voice, "We didn't do it. Honestly we didn't. It shook all by itself."

—John Moody, well-known financial expert, is now engaged in writing a book in which he will discuss the experiences attendant upon his conversion. The forthcoming volume will be of particular interest because of the author's prominence and because of the fact that he arrived at the Church with no outside assistance, but simply by following the same calculating methods that have made him so famous as a financial analyst. Mr. Moody has stated that the book is being written at the suggestion of His Eminence, the Archbishop of New York, who confirmed him.

—Marcellus Marcellin writes an interesting sketch of Joseph-Simon Gallieni in "Gallieni, Grand de France" (Spes, 5 francs). From boyhood it was the ambition of Joseph-Simon to make a Greater France. He accomplished this to some extent through his efforts of conciliating the good will of African tribes by establishing treaties; by carrying through a successful colonial policy both in Africa and China; and last of all by his services during the World War when he was military governor of Paris. There is a suggestion of false nationalism throughout the book.

—Partly to spread the spirit of St. Francis de Sales, and partly to acknowledge a debt of gratitude for their foundation one hundred years ago in Mobile, Alabama, the Nuns of the Visitation have translated "St. Francis de Sales," by the Rev. Louis Sempé, S. J. Besides offering a brief sketch of the life and character of the gentle and lovable Bishop of Geneva, the book points out with choice brevity his greatness as a writer, theologian, and director of souls. Those not familiar with the Saint's writings will find

this meaty volume not only an incentive to read his works, but also a trustworthy guide in understanding them. Publisher, Bruce. Price, \$1.25.

—A first text-book in history for the grades, "The Dawn of History," by Sister Mary Gilbert, of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Names, lacks proportion. The amount of space given to mythology could be considered reasonable if far more vital matter had not been skimpingly sketched. Yet, in covering the ancient and Medieval world in such a small volume, the author has selected outstanding facts, so that something of the spirit of those days will be carried to the minds of children. Moreover, she writes in a very interesting manner, giving a story-like form to historical incidents. Pictures, maps, and questions enhance the text generally. Publisher, The Loyola Press, Chicago. Price, 72c.

—Two booklets that deserve very wide reading have been published by *The Queen's Work* (price, each 10c). "The Man We Can't Ignore," by the Rev. Herbert O. Walker, S. J., is a popular, clear-cut and altogether convincing proof of the Divinity of Christ.—"Has Life Any Meaning?" by the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J., is an extraordinarily fine apology both in content and in style. Father Lord, in answering the question proposed, is most of all concerned with a definite refutation of those, who, perplexed in their unbelief, have tried to explain the meaning of life by forgetting God. Helpful as this booklet should be in strengthening the faith of Catholic readers, it will undoubtedly draw from error many non-Catholics, especially unbelievers.

—"Saint Alonso Rodríguez," by I. Casanovas, S. J., translated from the Spanish by M. O'Leary, was written, undoubtedly for those persons who do not know the qualities required for sanctity and hence for canonization. It takes pains to set aright, at least in regard to this saint, all who falsely believe that the saints were odd. So far as St. Alonso is concerned,

he himself gave complete answer, in his "Of the Mystery of the Most Perfect Virtues in the Soul," to the critics who accused him of being peculiar in the practice of virtue. Child-like at heart, but a theologian in mind, he is an inspiring example to Religious who wish to follow the hidden life obediently, humbly, prayerfully. Readers in general will like this interesting and instructive biography of an exemplary religious. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1.25.

—Father Engelhardt is, without any doubt, the outstanding authority on California missions and missionaries. Hence merely to state that another volume has come from his pen is to recommend it. The present work, "Mission Santa Inez" and "Purissima Mission," studies the local history of these missions: their foundation, growth and decline. At all times the author writes with historical precision. Nor does he try through well-documented facts to draw a glamorous and heroic picture of those pioneer days. Yet, here as in his other books on California, he makes the reader see the heroism of the missionaries, who, to give credit where it is justly due, were the only ones fitted to solve the puzzling Indian problems. This volume was printed for the author by The Schauer Studio, Santa Barbara, Calif.

—The need of an authoritative book on the Church in South America has long been apparent. Much, in fact nearly all, on the subject has been written by malicious, uninformed, or biased historians. Merely to compile a list of their lies and errors would require a volume of considerable proportions. All the more welcome, then, is "The Church in the South American Republics," by Edwin Ryan, D. D., a recognized authority on the subject. He offers an impartial, thorough, and concise history that is a storehouse of information. Studying the Spanish background and tracing the growth of the Church in the various Republics, he shows finally the position of the Church at the present day. The book is both a distinctive and a notable addition to the Science and Culture Series. Publisher, Bruce. Price, \$1.50.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The silent influence of good books cannot be overestimated. By means of them we can invite into our own homes the great spiritual teachers of all times.

In the list below there may be just the book that you need for your own use or as a gift to a friend.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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Brother Robert, C. S. C.

Sister M. Polycarp, Sisters of St. Dominic.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

THE YEAR
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

APRIL.

SATURDAY, 8.—St. Perpetuus, Bishop.
 SUNDAY, 9.—Palm Sunday. St. Mary of Egypt, Penitent.
 MONDAY, 10.—St. Mechtildis, Virgin and Martyr.
 TUESDAY, 11.—St. Leo the Great, Pope.
 WEDNESDAY, 12.—Sts. Sabas and Comp's, MM.
 THURSDAY, 13.—Holy Thursday.
 FRIDAY, 14.—Good Friday.
 SATURDAY, 15.—Holy Saturday.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 8, 1933.

No. 14.

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Holy Thursday.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

ALL silently, and still, and sweet,
With Easter lilies at His feet,
Our Lord rests in His tomb to-day.
We keep His vigil,—watch and pray.

I keep the world-thoughts from my breast
Lest one disturb His holy rest.
I keep them far; and in their room
My heart lifts lilies by His tomb.

Cardinal Merry del Val.

BY PAULA KURTH.

ON the 24th of February, 1930, Rafael, Cardinal Merry del Val, of aristocratic lineage and high social connections, who, under the Pope, had directed the destinies of the Church for more than a decade, paid a long visit to a club he had organized. It was located in the Trastevere in the slums of Rome, and its members were all poor boys. They welcomed him enthusiastically, joining him even before he reached the club's simple quarters, and clamorously escorted him inside, while he joked with them and made his usual friendly inquiries after their families and interests. But that night he felt ill, and the next day a doctor was called. Appendicitis was the diagnosis and an operation was found to be necessary. The Cardinal asked if it could be performed with a local anæsthetic, but

was answered in the negative. He accepted the dictum quietly; and quietly received the Holy Viaticum. And when they had left him alone he rose, and, taking his will, placed it in a fresh envelope, which he marked *Mio Testamento*, and laid where it could be most easily discovered. "At the moment of death," he had written, "what is necessary is calmness. We pass from this life to the other as if through a door which opens, to lead, or to go, to God." On the 26th of February he was dead. Thus ended the brilliant career of a humble and saintly man who had greatness thrust upon him without ever losing his yearning for the obscure duties of a hard-working parish priest.

Mother F. A. Forbes, in her interesting, recently published biography, tells us that Rafael Merry del Val was born in London on the 11th of October, 1865. He was of Spanish and Irish extraction; but Scottish, Breton and Dutch blood also were mixed in his veins; and a friend, many years later, wrote that the Cardinal seemed to combine in himself all the best qualities of each of these nations. Still it would seem that his temperament was mainly English, and, as an English boy in an English school, he spent a great part of his youth.

Rafael was a clear-eyed, lively child who, almost from the first, wanted to be a priest. He delighted in "saying Mass" on little altars of his own manufacture, and when his uncle brought him some miniature vestments from Spain, his joy was boundless. He loved sports and

fun, but very early gave evidence of sense and judgment. Thus once when his mother, after explaining to him what is meant by Papal Infallibility, placed before him a black book and said: "Supposing the Pope was to say that this was white, what would you do?" The little boy looked at her in surprise and answered, "Oh, the Pope would not talk such nonsense."

Until he was past twelve, Rafael attended a private school in London, but then his father, Signor del Val, who was prominent in the diplomatic service of Spain, was given a post in Brussels and took his family abroad with him. Rafael and his brother went first to the College of Notre-Dame de Namur and a little later to the Jesuit College of Saint Michel. Though still exceedingly lively, he got good marks for conduct, and distinguished himself in the school's dramatic performances. His brother gives some amusing reminiscences of these days, recalling, for instance, how Rafael would tear the leaves off his calendar a week ahead of time, saying that having to remember to tear one off every day was such a nuisance; and how untidy he was, though very particular about his ties!

For a short time, when in Belgium, Rafael had doubts about his vocation, thinking himself unworthy of the priesthood's accolade. But it was only a passing phase. When he was eighteen he told his father of his plans, and Ushaw in the north of England was decided on as his preparatory college. There the young man spent two very happy years, helped to popularize the newly introduced game of tennis and enlarge the tennis-court, and made some lasting friendships. If his fellow-students wondered how their new companion would fit into the rather strenuous and democratic régime, the answer soon came, for, writes one of them who is now an Archbishop in Africa, "they had not long to wait to see the zest and thorough-

ness with which he threw himself into the spirit of his new school. . . . His class was specially noted for its exceeding manliness, and in such a vigorous company the future Cardinal became sturdy with the sturdiest. He was always ready for a bit of good sport or fun, so that his name was soon changed to 'Merry Devil.' He and two other boys once won a bet of "treats of pies" by swimming across the bathing pool in February—to achieve which feat the ice had first to be broken. And the Archbishop goes on to say that "with all his cheeriness, manliness, and daring, his piety, which deepened as he grew in age and dignity, was never absent."

Señor del Val had given the best possible education to his other sons, and determined that Rafael should receive the same. He arranged, therefore, for him to go to Rome and continue his studies at the Scots' College there.

On reaching the Holy City, the seminarian and his father went to pay their respects to the then reigning Pope Leo XIII. It was at this audience that the strange thing happened which was to alter the course of Rafael's entire life. As a result of it his cherished dream of working for God in a large, and preferably poor, English parish was never to be realized, for the Pope seemed to recognize at once the unusual promise of the youth, and, on inquiring where he expected to study, and learning that it was at the Scots' College, said that, though he had a high opinion of that institution, he preferred to have him attend the Accademia. This remark was a veritable bomb-shell; and Señor del Val hastened to explain that his son had not the usual training necessary to entrance there, and besides all the arrangements had been made at the Scots' College. The audience came to an end without any further reference to the subject. But that evening a message was brought saying that the Pope really wished Rafael's attendance at the

Accademia. There was nothing to do but obey.

The Accademia is an institution of Eighteenth Century origin where selected young priests destined for the curia and the work of Papal diplomacy live and are trained. They are allowed such freedom as befits their age, and may arrange their own courses of study. Rafael, who had no desire to be a diplomat, would have much preferred being among companions of his own age in a place where he could have systematically followed the regular preparatory work and where he could have had the advantage of seminary training. Giving up his own will in this instance was but the first of a lifelong series of similar self-sacrificing acts.

The Pope did not forget his *protégé*, and when Rafael was but twenty-two had him created monsignor. And less than a year later he was ordained; but he remained on at the Accademia for five more years, and took his doctorate of Theology and a degree in Canon Law. Then, still clinging to his hope of obtaining simple parish work in England, he wrote to the Pope about it. In answer he was called to the Vatican and was received most kindly. "Come now," said Pope Leo, "are you ready to obey the Pope?—to serve the Church?" "Yes, if your Holiness gives an order," came the reply. Leo knew well the noble spirit of this young man who longed only to work humbly for souls, but his keen eyesight also discerned those powers which could "serve the Church" so well; and shortly after this interview he appointed the young monsignor as one of his four Private Chamberlains.

The office of Private Chamberlain, or *Partecipante*, is an arduous one entailing many long and tiring duties. Monsignor Merry del Val had to be on hand in the audience chamber three and four days a week, welcoming and being polite to countless visitors from all over the world, and to attend to much secretarial

work. But other duties, too, of a more extraordinary nature, came his way. In 1896 he was put in charge of the Committee looking into the question of Anglican Orders which led to the Pope's final Encyclical on this important subject—"Apostolicæ Curæ"; and not long after he was sent to Canada as the Papal representative to investigate the Manitoba school difficulties, and succeeded so well in his mission that a mutually satisfactory arrangement was reached. Also he was named President of the Accademia—which office he held for four years.

In 1900 Pope Leo named Monsignor Merry del Val Archbishop of the titular See of Nicæa. "I will not stop to tell you," the new prelate wrote to an old friend, "of the mixed feelings with which I have received the sublime dignity of the fulness of our priesthood. I had hoped against hope that I should be spared a thing which I dreaded and wished so much to avoid. . . . It is all over now, and I can but cast myself upon the mercy of God to help me to do His will and respond to the graces received"—and he adds simply and poignantly, "I don't know a bit how to be an Archbishop." To one who loved humility and obscurity as he did, honors could not but be a *via crucis*.

Among those who congratulated Monsignor Merry del Val with most enthusiasm were his boys of the Trastevere, who presented him with his pectoral cross and staged a demonstration in his honor. Ever since they had come to know him through their club, which he had organized shortly after his ordination, they had loved him; and he in turn had thrown himself wholeheartedly into the work, concerned not only with the members' souls, but with their bodies too, not only with what they needed but with what would give them pleasure; and so successful was the project and so highly approved by the boys that "once a mem-

ber always a member" was the rule.

In the ordinary course of events the death of Pope Leo, which occurred in 1903, might have released Monsignor del Val from many of his duties in the curia. But things turned out very differently; for just previous to the Pope's demise, his Secretary of State, Cardinal Volpini, suddenly dropped dead. And as the office of Secretary of State automatically includes that of Secretary of the Conclave, this most important post was left vacant just when it was necessary to hold a conclave. Greatly to his consternation, Monsignor Merry del Val was given the appointment, and upon his young shoulders—he was still but thirty-eight—fell the labor of preparing the conclave,—a labor made more difficult than usual because of the many years that had passed since the previous Papal election. That he should have been chosen for the task is indicative of the confidence which the Sacred College placed in him, and it was not misplaced.

The Conclave assembled, and the days of voting went on. The story is well known now of how, when Cardinal Sarto's votes were ever increasing, Monsignor Merry del Val went to look for the humble Patriarch of Venice to warn him of what everyone saw to be inevitable. He found him in the Pauline Chapel, prostrate before the tabernacle. "Is your Eminence immovable in your resolution?" he asked; "is the Cardinal Dean to tell the Sacred College that you refuse the election?" Cardinal Sarto replied in great anguish of spirit—"Let him do me that charity." Monsignor Merry del Val put his hand on the other's shoulder, "Courage, your Eminence," he gently said, "take up the cross that Our Lord has laid upon you." The next day saw Cardinal Sarto's election to the chair of Peter; and as Pius X. he accepted the burden even as Christ had accepted the chalice in Gethsemane.

At the request of Pius X., Monsignor

Merry del Val continued on as Secretary of State, but he considered the charge only a temporary one which would cease as soon as a successor could be named. From the first the two men were drawn to each other. Differing in age, nationality and training, they looked at things eye to eye—both possessed an intense love of God and a consequent zeal for souls, and both cared nothing at all for human opinion provided the work in hand was His. Four months passed, then the blow fell—Monsignor Merry del Val was appointed Secretary of State. In distress he threw himself at the Pope's feet begging to be relieved of the responsibility, but Pius encouraged him with the words he himself had used that memorable evening in the Pauline Chapel: "We shall labor and suffer together for the love of Mother Church," continued he; and so it was to be. Shortly after, Monsignor Merry del Val was created Cardinal. "God gives us His graces at the moment when we need them. We must never doubt that He will give us strength to accomplish what He asks of us," he had once written, and in this spirit he bravely faced the future.

The eleven-year pontificate of Pius X. has been described as "one of the stormiest in the history of the Church," on account of two issues that had then to be settled—those regarding anti-clericalism in France and Modernism. For the moment Pope Pius, and of course his Secretary of State, were subjected to much criticism, but time has conclusively proved how truly wise were all his acts. Thus the Pope's refusal of the *Cultuelles*, which culminated in the separation of Church and State in France, turned out to be a blessing in disguise, for it not only won a battle for Christianity against irreligion, but also liberated the French Church from its longstanding bondage to the hostile Government; and his Encyclicals condemning the Modernist heresy "fell like the strokes of a surgeon's knife, cutting out

the gangrene and restoring health to the body," accentuating truths which the Church has always held and which no Catholic can deny.

Indeed "to restore all things to Christ" meant warfare and labor, but it also involved constructive legislation of a happy kind, such as the Decrees on Frequent and Daily Communion and the consoling Exhortation to the Clergy. And always Cardinal Merry del Val was, as it were, the Pope's right hand. Some one, having heard a groundless rumor during the French troubles to the effect that Pope Pius was about to dismiss his Secretary of State, broached the subject to His Holiness. "Dismiss Cardinal Merry del Val!" he exclaimed, "I would as soon think of cutting off my right hand." They were devoted to each other and each rejoiced to be of service to the other. Pius X. took great care of his co-worker whom, in speaking to close friends, he affectionately called *il mio Merry*, and insisted that he take a six week *villeggiatura* each year in order to preserve his health. During these vacation periods the Cardinal was able again to indulge in the sports he had always enjoyed so much—he could play tennis and go for long swims and walk incognito in the country. And the Pope, having discovered how fond he was of Father S. who lived in England, used to call this old friend to Rome every year so the two could have the happiness of a visit.

The outbreak of the War was a great sorrow to Pius X. He would have given his life to have prevented it; and, as it was, he died of grief. Early in August, 1914, he began to feel unwell, but seemed much better when a sudden relapse made it apparent that the end was near. Cardinal Merry del Val, who was himself recovering from an illness at the time, went at once to the Pope's room. He made valiant efforts to retain his self-control, but when Viaticum was being administered, he broke down

completely and sobbed aloud. That afternoon Pius reached his hand out to him and the Cardinal took it and held it for a long time—words were not necessary, for each understood the other. That night the Pope lapsed into unconsciousness, and on the 20th he died. Burial took place in the crypt at St. Peter's, and the faithful Secretary of State himself placed the seal upon the coffin, bending over afterwards to kiss it. In his position as Arch-priest of St. Peter's, he had charge of the tomb, and for the rest of his life never failed to say Mass there on the 20th of each month.

Writing of his loss to Monsignor Broadhead, Cardinal Merry del Val said: "My dear old friend, I am so grateful to you for your sympathy. The blow has been a terrible one for me, and my heart is fairly broken. You see, I loved him with every fibre of my soul; he was more than a father to me, and I feel as if I could not live without him."

On the death of a Pope, it is customary for his Secretary of State to retire into private life; and with great relief Cardinal Merry del Val gave into other hands the task he had performed so well, and took up his residence in the Arch-priest's Palazzina. The downstairs of this house was furnished as reception rooms, library, etc., but upstairs the Cardinal had his simple bedroom containing a plain iron bedstead which, his servant noted, might often be found in the morning stripped of its coverings—some poor unfortunate having come begging at a late hour and been given whatever was at hand. And upstairs, too, near the chapel, was the little corner which contained his desk and a few books where, wearing an old black cassock, he prepared and performed much of his work.

An idea of how strenuous were his labors is gained from an account of a week's activities which Cardinal Merry del Val once wrote off for a friend:

"Monday, Congregation for Oriental Church; Tuesday, Congregation of Rites; Wednesday, Holy Office; Thursday, Consistorial; Friday, Audience; Saturday, Holy Office"—and he had been appointed Cardinal Protector for several religious Congregations which entailed still other duties. Always, too, there were his boys. In 1915 they celebrated the silver jubilee of their club's foundation. "Boys" then grown-up—priests, business men, artisans and peasants—all rallied for the joyous occasion, and music, he had composed at their request, was used. But the War had brought sad times to many of his boys on the Front, and these the Cardinal ever bore in his heart, praying for them, encouraging them, sending them help, and giving them news of their dear ones, besides comforting their parents and families.

Among the other works of the Cardinal were his retreats and conferences and his direction of individual souls. "He had a wonderful gift of understanding the aspirations as well as the weaknesses and difficulties of others, and an unbounded sympathy and compassion for the latter. Yet he was never soft; he expected from each one what he was able to attain—not more—but he would not be satisfied with less," says Mother Forbes; and the Superior of the Little Company of Mary speaks of his "power of imparting to others his own high ideal of personal holiness."

And the Cardinal's own ideal of personal holiness was indeed a high one. His words, "Offer your sacrifice upon this very cross that Our Lord is giving you to-day, in perfect confidence that it will draw you closer to His divine Heart," were carried out in his life; though he never became impervious to the suffering it entailed. "Our detachment is what counts," he wrote, "and detachment is in the will, controlling and schooling our feelings. But, if we do not feel—in joy or sorrow—what is

there to control, to offer up, to sanctify, to use for God?" Asceticism was the source of his strength and the secret of his unworldliness in the midst of honors—an asceticism that did not flinch from employing hair shirt and discipline.

By his will Cardinal Merry del Val left almost his entire fortune to the Sacred College of Propaganda for the use of poor missions. He was buried, as he had wished to be, near his beloved Pius X. And over his tomb were graven the words that had been the constant aspiration of his life—*Da mihi animas*.

The Bog.*

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XIV.

EASTER Sunday morning. Davey, Nano and their mother motored to early Mass. It was a calm Easter. Fields dozed below a warm sun. Crows in vacant gardens pecked into brown earth unafraid.

"I suppose," Nano said, "I should go to Confession."

"And surely I should," Davey added.

"Maybe there was a small quarrel?" the little mother suggested.

"Indeed there wasn't a small quarrel!" Nano was deliberately equivocal.

"Your father was very considerate last night and told me he'd stay up; said he wanted to talk to you, Nano, about some affair or other."

"He outlined his plans, I bet," Nano said.

"He did."

"And you told him it would be better to leave well enough alone."

"I said, God's will be done." Nano took the small, white hand between hers.

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—Hugh Byrne, "The Bog," was a stern Irish farmer who loved his land and the profits of it. His son, Davey, was anxious to drill with the boys but feared his father who was against all disturbance. One day he faced his father

"'Tis always your woman's last word, Mother—God's will be done."

"And is it?"

"I hope so—I think so."

Happily, the mother was never to learn the story of what happened.

That same Easter Sunday, April 23, 1916, was bright in Dublin too; sunshine and the stirring of many people going to Mass. There was a hush as well—the hush before conflict. Some called the conflict disloyalty; others declared it the heave of a nation to throw off an incubus smothering the life out of a race. Loyalties give shape to people's thoughts about almost any fact of life.

There was division in the councils of the Dublin Revolutionists that Easter Sunday, 1916. A German boat, the *Aud* was to land rifles to the number of 20,000, a million rounds of ammunition, and several machine guns along the Kerry coast some time Friday, April 21. She was sighted by a British war vessel and ordered to proceed to Queenstown. Before reaching harbor, however, the German crew sank their boat and went down with her. The failure of this boat to land rifles and ammunition left the insurgent leaders the alternative of starting a rebellion doomed to defeat, or of postponing.

At their meeting early the Saturday before Easter, the majority of the Dubliners elected to fight. The Commander of the Volunteers, however, opposed the rising in view of its futility, and countermanded all parades the Volunteers had arranged for the following morning—Easter Sunday. It was on this message, relayed to Conway late Saturday afternoon, that the three west Limerick

and by physical strength conquered him, though he did not change his mind. He joined the ranks, and on a tip from Mickeen the Hump who had obtained a position in the barracks, it was raided by the Irish soldiers and rifles and police uniforms were taken. They were hidden in the schoolhouse. Word came that the rising set for Easter

leaders took action Saturday night. The countermanding order was sent to the press late Saturday and appeared in the Dublin papers Sunday morning. It ran:

"Owing to the very critical position, all orders given the Irish Volunteers for to-morrow, Easter Sunday, are hereby rescinded, and no parades, marches or other movements of the Irish Volunteers will take place. Each individual Volunteer will obey this order in every particular."

In spite of this general rescinding order, many Dublin leaders commanded their men to parade for inspection at 10 o'clock Easter Monday. Shortly after, the Easter Week Rebellion was on. By noon that day the insurgents had taken possession of certain positions in the city of Dublin, and civic peace was at an end for the moment.

News came to Conway Wednesday morning of Easter week that the Dublin revolt was not down. That cheered him; yet he knew it had been begun on too small scale to be successful. Wednesday afternoon, he went over the details that came to him with Enright and Ronan. They were encouraged, and Conway did not chill them with his doubts. Mike Enright, characteristically, was for starting their postponed attacks at once.

"Mike, you forget we are under orders; besides, we can go in any time. Only we must be sure when we go in, we'll do more than make a dint."

"Dint me eye! We can capture barracks galore."

"And then?"

"By then we'll have better news from Dublin."

was postponed. The boys returned to their homes and The Bog tried to persuade Nano, first by promises then by threats and physical force, to call Davey off from the army. Nano refused and Davey coming to her rescue grappled with his father and might have killed him had not the word of Nano conquered him.

"Listen, Mike! I'm in this thing for as long and as far as the next; but if the man in command sends out orders to hold off, I take it he has reasons. Why many of the Dublin leaders went in, I can't say. I wish I could—it would give us more light. Now it seems common sense to obey orders until we get more news." They agreed to wait.

That 1916 Rebellion—whatever people may say of its wisdom—was a brave adventure. As an enterprise of war it was hardly a gesture; and very likely the men responsible for its inception did not count on physical returns. They were scoffed at by their fellow-townsmen, ridiculed by smug people who believed the oratory of parliamentarians would lessen the grip of Ascendancy. Those young idealists, who rushed out after racial freedom, were considered as madcaps. The press, so often subservient to Dublin Castle, berated them; some of their fellow-countrymen in the House of Commons flung names at them; certain of the clergy condemned. Seldom in the history of struggles for liberty have men pursued their adventure with less acclaim. They were, however, brave men—as they proved.

Saturday, April 29, at 3:45 in the afternoon, Padraic Pearse, James Connelly, Thomas MacDonagh—three of the Dublin leaders—signed a general surrender which ended the Dublin rebellion of Easter week. The surrender was a nude one—no protecting covering of conditions. The lamb cannot make a bargain with the wolf.

News of the surrender seeped through to Kilbeg the Sunday morning following Easter—Low Sunday. The young men who had been drilling in secret for months were crushed—the Cause was dead again. Conway tried to cheer them, but they had little heart left. Mike Enright witnessed another dream broken and blown away. "A curse follows us," he wrote to Conway. "Some devil puts a wrong twist somewhere in all our

plans. They said 'twas drink at Wexford; now 'tis the *Aud*."

That same Low Sunday, Hugh Byrne got the news while at last Mass. He thought it over carefully, but made no comment; and at home he enjoyed the dinner gloom as much as his food, which he ate slowly. He said nothing to his wife. He rarely spoke to Nano or Davey. And how he enjoyed the silence, like a fog upon their spirits! Nano had been crying, he could see. Served her right! Davey ate little—his appetite was gone. It was the price of him! The jackass! Maybe he'd learn now not to fight his father!

After the hearty dinner he walked down to the bog. It was one of his recreations—observing his land to feel the joy of possession. He looked at his whole farm as a man will look at a book he has written. It gave him such uplift of ownership as a man gets from a work he has composed. He liked especially to view his bog. It was wide, sunken, deep, brooding. The Bog himself was a brooding man.

This afternoon it was sullen. Water-trenches, fringed with green rushes were without motion. Seldom were they otherwise, for the winds rarely penetrated their recesses. One trench, far out and inaccessible except in dry summers, was declared by school children to be bottomless. Those children from the south who travelled across the fields to school whispered about the 'bottomless trench' in suppressed voices as they hurried along the bog's edge.

Over all the countryside no human figure visible—except The Bog. People were within doors—questioning, speculating, depressed. Many of them felt the new Cause had gone the old way of disaster. They were not buoyant, and the knee of the Castle now more than ever upon the neck of Dublin! The Bog was not depressed. He was resolute and confident.

"The fools, with mad girls to encour-

age them! They were trying to bring trouble upon the country and put an end to prosperity. Well, they've found out they can't fool with the Government, and the Government won't fool with them now. Their necks will be cracked for them! That's the news we'll be getting for the next couple of months—necks cracked and chests shot into. They can't fool with the Government!"

These were not his usual reflections on Sunday afternoons. He went to his usual theme—the bog. He liked the bog. It was a tradition come down to him—O so far back! A great grandfather, or perhaps a great-great-grandfather—he was not sure which—had lived at Kilbeg long, long ago, and owned the bog too; but he had been sent to jail for some connection with the Fenians. He was an ass! That would explain why the girl was mad and the boy a fool. Well, they would learn their lesson now!

The Bog liked the bog, but found fault with it. Men will criticize what they like.

"'Tis a good stretch of land, but not producing. 'Tis yielding only turf and rushes. A land which does only that is not a paying land. I'll have to tame her. I've been promising that for a long time, but I'll do it some day. I'll run a dyke down her and drain her dry into Madigans' stream;—Madigans' stream which needs the water. I'll do it—I'll have to do it. Land must produce these days. Yes, I'll tame her."

He walked north leisurely, his hands clasped behind him, fully determined to tame his bog.

Up at the house Davey was talking of taming too. He was not talking of taming The Bog's bog, however. He was talking of taming The Bog himself. The black murder mood of last week had thinned to the old-time, settled dislike. He, Nano and Conway sat in the sun below a front window, going over the news—whatever depressing news there was.

"Now when I have tamed The Bog," Davey was saying.

"Davey," Nano interrupted, "that's no way to talk."

"All right, I'll say it differently. When I have tamed The Bog, who should be my father, I'll marry the girl I like."

"O hush up! We have something else to think of. John, what will happen, now they have given in?"

"Two things may happen. The Government will put them in jail until after this War of Nations, and then set them free. In that case Ireland will fall back to sleep for thirty years more. Or the Government will kill them. In that case Ireland will stay awake. And then, Davey, you and I will be getting an hour's sleep in haystacks; and, Nano, you'll steal us a bite when we're in a bog ditch, or stanch a flow of blood with cotton."

"You don't think they'll kill those poor lads for trying to get the freedom England is said to be fighting for?"

"I'm not sure if any of the big nations is fighting for freedom. They all say they are now. When 'tis over—God help the weak! And as for the men who surrendered in Dublin, it depends on what England thinks the world will think of what she does. If England thinks the world doesn't care—God help Pearse, Connelly, MacDonagh and the others!"

"If they murder them—" Davey seemed talking to himself—"we'll carry on through the gap of hell!"

"But, John, the papers say most of the people are against them."

"That's true. It has been true before. If the Government punishes them with a gesture, they'll be looked upon as bad boys let off easily, and Britain will get a new grip. If they're killed, the Irish people will reassess them as martyrs."

"Their deaths shouldn't be required to keep us fighting."

"That's true, Davey. It shouldn't be

necessary that those brave fellows be murdered to make us carry on."

He left shortly after, and Nano accompanied him to the road.

"Do you think the Government will kill them?"

"Your guess is as good as mine, Nano. England is panicky; and panicky governments, like panicky people, act hurriedly. If the Government thinks the execution of the Dubliners will cow the rest of Ireland, she'll shoot or hang them. If the Government stops long enough to consider the mind of the rest of the world, the Government may send them to jail. 'Tis a toss up."

It was such a peaceful day! And yet a few hours' train ride from where they walked were burned buildings, a city gripped by military, scores of young men wondering what price would be asked for adventuring to win the liberty for which half the world was said to be fighting.

"A strange Easter we've had!" Nano said.

"Isn't it! After two thousand years of the Sermon on the Mount, the world seems not so much ahead."

"Maybe 'tisin't a normal world—just a world in nightmare."

"Maybe. And bye and bye will it be normal again, I wonder?"

Nano did not answer.

"Will it? And our world?"

"O John, everything is so topsy-turvy! I wonder."

"Listen, dear, you're sad. We all are. Let's keep brave. Some time we'll walk together and talk over these hard days as a bad memory. Won't we?"

"I hope so."

Yes, she was broken. She had her troubles—the disagreements with her father; especially the scene of the week before. And now the collapse at Dublin. The accumulation unnerved her.

At the gate her lover asked anxiously,

"You'll come when 'tis over, won't you?"

She nodded.

"Come what will, Nano, we'll always love each other."

She could not answer. Speech would have choked her.

Conway, going south on the road, met four policemen. He noticed the revolvers they carried at their belts which they seldom carried in untroubled times.

"I believe, Mr. Conway, you're the schoolmaster here?" Sergeant Hackett knew very well he was.

"Yes, sir."

"And you've heard what happened in Dublin?"

"I've seen the papers."

"Well, it might be a service to the young men to let them know the country is to be put under martial law. And martial law everywhere is martial law. You'd do a good turn if you'd tell them to stop their fooling. The Government's in earnest. I'm an Irishman myself, and don't like to see Irishmen shot."

Sergeant Hackett was not sure that martial law would be let loose, but he thought John Conway might carry the warning anyhow; and foolish boys would be helped. The Sergeant was humane; he did not like to shoot men. Especially he did not like to shoot men, when there would be an exchange of shots. A warning might bring peace to the country around Rathdrum; and Conway could carry the news to the young fellows better than anyone Sergeant Hackett knew. It would serve as a warning to them. And maybe—who knows?—to the schoolmaster himself.

Davey went out the lane to meet Nano, and they returned to the house together.

"Nan, you've been crying!"

She nodded, wiping her eyes.

"Don't! It takes the strength out of you! You need your strength!"

The Bog, walking leisurely at the bog's edge, his hands clasped at the small of his back, was fully determined to tame his bog.

"Land must be productive these days and the prices tip top. A soil which gives you no returns but turf, rushes and bits of buried bog oak is not doing its duty. I'll run a dyke down her and turn the water into Madigans' stream which is in need of it this while back. I'll tame her! Bogs must be tamed—like people."

He was thinking of his great-grandfather—or was it his great-great-grandfather?—who had to be tamed in jail. He was thinking of Davey—the ass! Of Nano—the wild, mad hussy! He was thinking of the young fellows in Dublin City who had made disorder and tried to ruin prosperity—the fools!

"Yes, I'll tame her; she's of no value as she is."

Walking up hill, he was fully resolved. At the end of the rise he looked back on the low, brooding stretch of peaty earth, green rushes, brackish waters. Come what would, he would tame the bog! His bog—The Bog's bog.

(To be continued.)

Lukewarm.

BY JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

A SAINTLY old lady, Antoinette Margot, lived for many years in the shadow of the Catholic University of America. She had been intimately associated with Clara Barton in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, serving as a volunteer nurse under the protection of the Red Cross, and had come to this country, from her home in France, strong in the hope that she might bring her many American friends "nearer to the knowledge of the great truths of God, nearer to the light of the true Faith, that, seeing more clearly the light, they might love it and wish it."

The manner in which Miss Margot sought to accomplish this end is worthy of the closest scrutiny, because it offers

us, in a most practical way, the positive antidote to the blatant and militant neopaganism of our day. "This she humbly, prayerfully hoped to do by the power of love, by the force of example, by the shining light of a life of unselfish devotion, of unswerving loyalty to that Faith; a life that would show to those who had not seen before, the joy and the peace, the beauty and the power of the Catholic Faith."

She continued to reside in America until her death in 1925, founding St. Anthony's parish, in the city of Washington. In applying the Gospel spirit to her daily life and in consecrating her every act to God, she was a guide, an interpreter, and inspiration, a humble and obscure harbinger of the world's spiritual renewal.

We live in an environment that is hostile to progress in the spiritual life. We have become invalids in holiness. We serve Him, not after the unselfish and whole-hearted manner of Miss Margot, but with reservations, evasions, restrictions, and upon our own terms. We measure our love for the Incarnate Word with a jealous eye and a restraining hand. We are filled with Pilate's spirit of rational compromise. We think very highly of ourselves and devote endless care and attention to the fickle opinion of the world. We are busy about many unimportant things. An hour of silence, prayer and meditation is as far distant from our daily lives as Thebes from Athens.

Our Catholicism sputters and dies. It floats serenely down the pleasantly deceptive river of toleration, liberalism, and broad-mindedness. It simmers and melts away. In return, we have the rich consolation of knowing that we are fully and completely abreast of the times. What we do not realize is that we have become, perhaps all unconsciously, a stumbling-block, defiling the conscience of the weak.

Must He always suffer for us? Are

we never to imitate the example of St. Peter who walked with Christ back to Nero's Rome, back to the gibbet on the Vatican Hill? Without mortification there can be neither progress nor perseverance in the spiritual life. Laughter is absent from the world to-day because the practice of asceticism has largely become a memory. We are blind in our shameful folly, discreet and circumspect in the love of God, careless about venial sins, smug, complacent, and thoroughly self-satisfied. We yawn, we are lazy, we procrastinate. We are like the man, so strikingly described by Father Faber, "who is patient when he has nothing to suffer, who is gentle while he is uncontradicted, who is humble when men leave his honor untouched, who wishes to be a saint without the trouble of it, who seeks to acquire virtues without mortification, who is willing to do many things, but not to take the kingdom of heaven by violence."

If there is to be a reformation of society, the reform must first begin with the individual. In his encyclical *Auspicato*, Pope Leo XIII. wrote: "There was a penury of Christian virtues in the Thirteenth Century." But the same social vices against which the little man of Assisi, the *jongleur* of God, the enraptured lover of Lady Poverty, made relentless and uncompromising warfare, are rampant to-day. As Paul R. Martin, in his recent book, "The Gospel in Action," reminds us, "there is the same commercial selfishness, the same deplorable lack of charity, the same envy, impurity, jealousy, hatred; the same contempt of religion; the same indifference to the integral part we play in the divine economy."

We should strive with all our being to imitate the example of Francis of Assisi, who always insisted upon the unfailing and unstinting practice of charity, poverty, humility and peace. What results would follow if the

rule of the seraphic saint was restored to its former importance? "With it," continues the Pontiff, in the same encyclical, "would flourish faith and piety and all that is glorious in Christianity; the lawless craving for earth's perishable goods would be broken, and—what is frequently regarded as the greatest and most hateful of burdens—people would no longer dread to put the bridle of virtue on their passions. Bound together by the ties of genuine brotherhood, people would love one another and manifest toward the needy and afflicted the reverence due them as representatives of Christ.

"Furthermore, once men are thoroughly imbued with the Christian religion, they feel the conviction that it is a matter of conscience to obey lawfully constituted authority, and that no one may be molested in any of his rights. Now, nothing will serve better than this conviction to root out the evils of that order, such as violence, disregard of rights, sedition, class hatred,—all of which evils are at once the mainsprings and the weapons of socialism.

"Finally—a point over which economists are at such pains—the relation between rich and poor will be successfully regulated. The conviction will gain ground that poverty is not without a dignity of its own; that, while the rich man is bound to be compassionate and bountiful, the poor man must be content with his lot and with the fruits of his labor; that, as neither of them is born to live for the passing goods of this world, the one must find his way to heaven by the road of patience, the other by the path of liberality."

St. Peter Claver, the apostle of the Negroes in the Seventeenth Century, was always the first to board the slave ships that put in every month at Carthage. Despite the great crime that had been committed against them and their horrible sufferings during the long voyage from Africa to the New

World. St. Peter always preached the awful heinousness of sin, and taught them, the crucifix in his hand, to accept their sufferings as a preparation for death. The saint had prayed and mortified himself in their behalf, and the Negroes, to the number of four hundred thousand, embraced the religion which their nominally Christian captors, the Spanish, Portuguese and Dutch traders, "might so well have rendered hateful in their eyes, on the word of their Apostle who lived it."

We must live our Catholicity. We are spiritually united to Christ by faith and charity, possessors of a spiritual priesthood for offering spiritual sacrifices. We are the plenitude, the fulfilment, the completion of Christ. On the threshold of eternity, He prayed not only for the Apostles but "for them also who through their word shall believe in me: That they all may be one, as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee: that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou hast given me, I have given to them: that they may be one, as we also are one. I in them, and thou in me: that they may be made perfect in one; and the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast also loved me."

Our union with Him, in the Mystical Body, has been compared to the unity of members in a society or organization; to a temple; to a vine of which we are the branches; to the physical union of the hand to the human body. But in the Gospel of St. John (xvii, 20-23) this most intimate, esoteric and inexpressible union is compared to the highest conceivable form of unity, that of the three Persons in the Holy Trinity.

We must proclaim and make visible to the world, in all our actions, the abiding truth of the Incarnation. For we are baptised into all that He is, and we possess some hierarchic share in the power of Christ.

A Young Girl's Prayer.

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

I AM a beggar at Thy gate;
 Mary, Mother, fill my need
 With the splendor that is thy love;
 Make me in word and deed
 Daughter of thine and fit to wear
 Grace like a tender gift
 Out of the starry spaces where
 Thy mercies like lilies lift.



Building up Carfax.*

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

XIV.

SUSAN was glad that her husband made no reference to the conversation he had broken in on when young Preston was expressing his opinion on monks. He told her that evening, when they were alone, that the less they saw of the young man the better; and as long as he was at the Rectory, it would be as well not to encourage visits between there and Thurston.

Something in her heart sank a little. Not that she minded whether the youth ever came again or not, but was John just disliking him because he had spoken against Catholics? She had felt terribly venturesome and almost a traitor even to speak as she had done, in admitting there might be as good people amongst them as with Protestants, but his remarks had called for some loyalty towards those who had taught her Peggy.

The more she thought about what John had said on entering the room, the more troubled she grew. He couldn't have meant it, and it couldn't be true, but why, oh, why! should he go to such

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—John Carfax, head of the house of Carfax, which for generations was Catholic, found himself in another faith through the disloyalty of a grandfather. But his mind and heart were in

lengths, always seeming to have something good to say of Papists—no, he didn't like that word—well—Catholics, at the expense of Protestants. It wasn't right. And yet he rarely missed church, and had allowed no excuses from the children if ever, which wasn't frequent, they wanted to stay away.

She was very silent these days. The long hot summer had tried her, and she seemed to give more time than ever to watching for straws, as she called it to herself, to see which way the wind blew them. Perhaps she imagined things, but they weighed on her just the same. It was that more than the heat, but it was easier to accuse the warm weather than intangible things that John, for sure, would have made light of. It would be as well to give Aunt Kate a hint about that young man, and there would be time to go up to Bluebells for half an hour before supper. John and the lad having gone into Tesford. Peggy could talk to Grandy whilst she spoke to Aunt Kate.

But she had struck a bad moment. Miss Grey had had a stormy day with her choleric old brother, and she had vented her own temper on all who came near her. Her famous scones had suffered. Susan and Peggy sniffed the burnt smell as they went in at the open door, and had glanced at each other, knowing that such a catastrophe on baking day boded ill for those in the old lady's neighborhood.

Susan decided she would say nothing of Preston to-day, but it was not left for her to choose. Peggy ran off after greeting her aunt, to find Grandy. He was always gentle and affectionate to her. And Susan sat down by the kitchen table where the old lady was examining her burnt scones. Point blank came the

question—almost with an ingratiating intonation,

"Well, what did y'all think o' my young gentleman? I was proper mortified I was that Peggy wasn't there. They'd 'a taken to each other, so they would. Your John do let himself go summat crazy now and then—talked like a lord almighty he did in his squire voice, but not as anyone could understand." So much the better, thought Susan, and smiled a little deprecatingly.

"How's father?" she said, and understood from Aunt Kate's snort and jerk of her head that there had been domestic ructions other than burnt scones.

"Fair goes off 'is 'ead 'ee do at times," snapped Miss Grey, and added, in a more ruminative voice, "I've 'alf a mind it was that young Mr. Preston upset him. He was here last night. Likes my sloe gin 'e does."

Susan waited, a little anxious. Of course, if the young man had repeated in his own way what John and she had said, she could understand the parental explosions.

"I don't think, Aunt Kate, I'd bring him again to Thurston if I were you. He's only a passing visitor here at the Rectory, and—and—we don't seem to be his sort."

The old lady was taking her apron off and folding it, but she stopped to frown at her niece.

"His sort? Why, Prestons could buy you all up and think nothing of it," she began, when her brother's loud voice broke in:

"There she is again with her Preston fellow-my-lad. Turn it off, woman!"

He was inclined to be in a better temper, after Peggy's gay cajoling, but Aunt Kate had had no cajoling and had not yet recovered.

the traditional way and he hoped that through his children, John and Peggy, there would be some sort of a return to the former condition. Peggy had been sent to a convent, and was returned now with a great respect for things

Catholic and a deep affection for Mother Veronica, who, as Margaret Burnham in an earlier day, had thought well of Peggy's father—John Carfax. A nephew of Sister Veronica, Anthony Burnham, returned lately

"Told me, 'ee did, 'ee was surprised at your John's dangerous opinions, an' said 'twas no wonder you'd sent your daughter to a convent. Fair vexed an' 'urt 'ee was when we came back."

"What perfect nonsense," laughed Peggy, with her hand in her grandfather's arm, and something in her cheerful young voice cleared the frown from the old man's face, and gave a feeling of confidence to Susan, who was terror-struck at Aunt Kate's words.

"Daddy's only dangerous opinion is that I'm not qualified to make as good bread yet 'as Mother; and as for that young man, of course he was vexed when he wasn't asked to tea and honey."

Perhaps the old man was glad of an excuse to laugh. Kate had ruffled him all day, and it was pleasant to see his comely Susan in her neat dress and shady hat, with her pretty color coming and going as she listened, alarmed, to the cross words of her Aunt; pleasant to have his pretty Peggy hanging on his arm. Still, he must do his duty.

"Come along wi' me, Sue," he said, and with her heart beating a little quickly, she followed him into the parlor.

What he felt it his duty to say, would have come more easily if he could have blustered and lost his temper. But the sight of his Susan's starry, frightened eyes, her changing color, something in the quiet dignity of her gentleness, particularly after a day of storms with Kate in strong dialect, made him unusually paternal—still, what he had got to say must be said.

"Sit you down, my lass, and don't look at your old Dad as if he were going to give ye a hidin'. Nothing worryin' ye?"

He had asked her that regularly ever from India, was attracted by Peggy, and through his visits to her house brought together again two families which had been separated years ago through an unfortunate misunderstanding. While John Carfax seemed

since her marriage, rather expecting from the first that it would not be long before he had to protect his Susan in her matrimonial trials. And she had always replied as she did now,

"No, father—of course not."

Her answer gave him a peg for his irritation.

"Of course not—there's no of course about it! All I can say is, my lass, you *should* be worryin'. Now, I'll tell you what's worryin' me." He pulled a chair from the wall to bring it nearer his daughter, and sat down heavily. Susan, on a low chair opposite him, sat with her hands a little nervously playing with her handkerchief.

"It's your John"—began Farmer Grey, and Susan sat very still.

"Don't say anything against my John, father. It wouldn't be my duty to listen to it," she said in the softest voice.

"An' what about your duty to listen to yer father?" snapped Grey, almost good humoredly.

"You gave me yourself to John, an' I took him for better and for worse. And if there's a worse, not accordin' to my view o' thinking but anyone else's, why, it's my duty to stand by him."

Tut! Here was a Susan ready to take the war path! He wished other women when they disagreed with you, would speak in as pretty a voice as his Susan! Well! He'd never get it out if he didn't bluster a bit, so he gave his chair a sudden push and raised his voice stormily:

"I tell you the village's talkin' about him."

"The village! Why, they'd die if they hadn't John to talk about," gasped Susan with spirit.

"Aye—an' time it stopped, with young John and Peggy grown up. Sending 'em to convents, hob-robbin' wi' all

pleased with this return of old relationships it was distinctly disturbing to Mrs. Susan Carfax, his wife, who had been brought up a staunch Protestant and had a wholesome fear of all things Catholic.

his Catholic neighbors, talkin' foolish Popery talk like 'ee did to young Preston. I tell 'ee Susan, my gal, I ain't sweated my life out makin' money for no Papists. I'll leave it—I'll leave it to the dogs rather'n to a Papist member o' my family—so now y' know."

At last her own hidden fears had been put into hard brutal words—but that others should be discussing it!

Grey had rather expected a tearful outburst, or an angry denial, or at least a filial remonstrance at the idea of such alienation of parental wealth.

"Speak up, girl!" he said, as Susan sat staring at him, her face white and drawn.

"I tell you, my lass, for your own good, put a stop to it. They say all sorts o' things at Maydon. That he's been seen at night buildin' up the walls o' the old chapel in the ruins. Did y'ever hear that the old things out o' it were hoarded at Thurston?" He searched Susan's pale face, but her eyes met his, and he read the honesty of her frightened reply: "No, never, father! Who told you that? Everything was burnt." But as Grey got up from his chair and pulled his waistcoat down, she suddenly remembered that "cubby-hole" as the children called it. She daren't follow up her thoughts, not here—not with father staring at her.

"Preston's father told him there were things saved from the chapel. The only things old Carfax wouldn't pawn or sell, and he'd a' sold 'is mother's weddin' ring to get drink. Like enough he did sell 'em after all. 'Ere now, Sue, my pretty, don't you take on—likely it's all gossip. There now, you know your ole daddy don't mean 'arf 'ee says."

One little stifled half sigh, and Susan had wiped away her sudden tears, as her father patted her shoulder.

"It's all right, father. I'll—I'll remember what you've told me. I'll—I'll find Peggy now; they'll be home from Tesford."

He stooped to kiss her, almost penitent at having frightened her, not only about his will, but about John. Still, it was time some one put his foot down about Carfax and his crazy goings on. Nice talk to get to the Rector's ears! Bad enough when Peggy was sent to that Popish convent, but that was over and done with and she none the worse.

"Grandy on the warpath, darling?" asked Peggy, as they left the farm behind them. Her voice was comforting, soothing, and the pressure of her hand calmed Susan's fears.

"Well, love, he gets old and crotchety, and Aunt Kate can be very worriting," she said in her gentle voice; and then fortunately, thought Susan, because she did not mean to repeat her father's gossip to Peggy,—fortunately they met Mr. Burnham coming away from fishing, his tackle slung on his back, and just about to mount his bicycle.

It was such a relief, that Susan gave him her friendliest smile, and for one pleasant moment Anthony was not quite sure which of these two clear-eyed, clear-souled women he liked best. Of course, the girl was only a child he said to himself, as he walked along beside them.

And all the time he strode beside her, he was conscious that, child or not, she held some strong power to move him. Of course it must be her freshness, her simplicity, something virginal like a June dawn; something perhaps that he recognized as not having found in the women he met usually.

Susan was glad after the first greetings, to leave the talk to them. He was talking about the fine trout stream that runs by Buckfast Abbey. He should try to get there next time he came. And then he talked of how the monks—monks! it gave Susan a cold shudder—had built up the great church with their own hands, and in Susan's imagination she saw her husband, her John, laying back on those broken walls, the great

stones and bricks that were scattered by that ruined home.

Why should he waste his time doing that foolish work? And wasn't it likely she'd know—and everyone else, if he did such queer things? But she'd never dare to ask him. He had a right to his own ruins after all, and if he stuck up a stone here and a brick there with his own hard-working hands, why shouldn't he! 'Twasn't everyone who had even the ruins of a past greatness!

"Mother, what plots are you hatching? Mr. Burnham's asked you twice where exactly Grandy's woods touch Thurston."

Anthony protested he'd been poaching without knowing it, and Susan, excusing her inattention, explained that the woodman's cabin with the green door, marked the boundary.

And a sudden idea came into her head to ask this friendly young man in to supper. Right against what she had said to John the other day, about seeing as little as possible of these neighbors, but this evening she felt she would not risk sitting opposite to John and not show her trouble and agitation. And it was strange how pleased her John seemed to be to find him there, giving him a quiet welcome that was eloquent of the neighborly fellowship he had promised him. Young John was openly delighted, and Peggy, smoothing her hair before the glass in her room,—Peggy gave herself a rather grave, uncertain smile, but something fluttered pleasantly in her heart as she ran down again to help her mother.

Later, when they had all strolled down the lane, young John carrying the tackle, Carfax had said, much better leave your tackle here—you have to pass the house to the river and it saves you carrying it, and Anthony had accepted at once. Susan had gone to bed when they came back. She had to think things out. Who could help her? How could she stem this unfortunate

tendency in John which she began to fear was likely to have a bad influence on John and Peggy? And whilst John slept soundly beside her the little woman came to a courageous decision. That nun, Mother Veronica, her that was Miss Margaret Burnham, she'd been always kind and good to Peggy, and there'd been no tricks played, said Susan to herself. Peggy had come back no more Popish than she'd gone. She'd see her—Susan's—difficulty, and perhaps, who knows, agree to discourage Peggy's visits and maybe see John and discourage him too!

How she was going to manage to visit the convent without anyone knowing, she really could not think! She could take the Maydon bus to Tesford which passed by the gates of the school, but to get down there and leave a bus full of chattering Maydon folk whilst she went through those convent gates! Never! She'd got to shield her John from any more harmful talk, and though she could not quite remember having seen Mother Veronica, she had heard enough to know that she was a very kind lady. And now she was the head nun, what Peggy called the Reverend Mother.

Well—she must go to Tesford High Street, where the bus stopped, and walk back again, and after the visit she must find her way to the High Street again. There were plenty of busses on market days. But for the next two days she had an awful feeling of being a conspirator; only she did not call it by that name. Go and tell her private secrets—and John's—to a "nun" of that religion that terrified her! Ask her to give up seeing Peggy! It shocked her. Even while she knew there was no one else who could help her, and seemingly, no other way to get real disinterested advice, because somehow, from all she knew of the Burnham family, and in spite—in spite of their being what they were, she felt that Mother Veronica would be as

honest in the matter as Susan herself would be. But it was a shaking, trembling woman who stood on the broad steps of the convent, having rung the bell and burnt her boats.

For a moment, Sister Anna rather frightened her. She looked so stately and severe, but Susan had hardly faltered in her gentle voice, "Can I see the Superior," than the face in the white bands broke into a friendly smile.

"Why, yes, ma'am. I didn't recognize you at first, but Miss Margaret's your eyes! Come in, please. Reverend Mother will be pleased to see you."

She had a little time to wait in the trim parlor she was shown into, long enough for her courage to ooze away, and just when the door opened and the Reverend Mother, Mother Veronica, "her that was Miss Margaret Burnham," came in, Susan suddenly felt that she must make some excuse for her visit—that not for any earthly consideration whatsoever would she speak of such matters to this stranger.

And then her Peggy's beloved Mother Veronica, the strange "nun" who had comforted and mothered her little homesick Peggy, the woman who had once known her John as a lad, and whose presence here gave her child such evident joy, this Mother Veronica was looking down into Susan's eyes with a smile that suddenly warmed her heart. Something more than a smile too—something that, if she had known about it, she would have said gave her the feeling the hunted man had, when he reached, breathless, sanctuary, and was safe. Here was no fussing welcome for the daughter of old Farmer Grey, nor for the Protestant parent of a likely young convert. Susan was not quite sure what she had expected, but she had not foreseen this pleasant natural lady, who was so evidently pleased to see her, and whose face somehow reminded her of young Mr. Burnham's.

She listened and replied a little shyly

at first. To talk familiarly to a "nun" was beyond her, but suddenly she was sure that she had come to the right person to help her. And having made up her mind, she went straight to the point, raising her eyes to the Superior's with a candor that shone in them.

"I'm in such trouble to know what to do about something that I've come to you quite secret-like. I don't want any-one to know."

"You may trust me, Mrs. Carfax. I hope it's no trouble about little Peggy?" said the warm, friendly voice beside her. For a moment, Susan could find no words. For one thing, her heart was beating so hard—but the thought of John—her man—he must be saved from all these rumors, and worse—and worse! Her Peggy too—yes, but her John first of all. And in a minute she was pouring out her fears, her suspicions, her terrors to this veiled woman with eyes that never left Susan's face; eyes that shone with sympathy, understanding, love! And as Susan's agitation grew a little, the Superior took her two cotton-gloved hands in her two fine ones, and listened gravely to the broken words.

"I used to think 'twas just his old unhappy home that'd given him a restless sort of heartache—an' I've given him all I knew of peace an'—an' affection." The fine hands pressed the little gloved ones.

"I am sure of it. I know something of the beauty of your life from little Peggy," murmured the Reverend Mother.

"But it's not that. There's something else—and it's taken the life out of me—only, when I was frightened about Peggy and the—this convent influence, he promised me he'd never leave me."

"Leave you?" repeated the Superior, a little puzzled.

"Leave my way o' thinking, if—if the children, Peggy, went over to your Church." And suddenly Susan's voice broke and her hands were withdrawn to

find her handkerchief and bury her face in it.

"But dear Mrs. Carfax, if he has promised you that, need you have any fear?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure. If it broke his heart I couldn't go against him. But you, he thinks a deal of what you've done for our Peggy, could you say something to make him give up his way of—of thinking, and—and tell Peggy her duty is—"

She broke off. Peggy had never failed in her duty so far. It was for the future she feared.

"Peggy is young yet, and there are no other influences here, dear Mrs. Carfax, than those of a household 'gathered together in His name' with Him in their midst. You have taught Peggy so much that is good and beautiful, can't you leave the rest to God? About Mr. Carfax," she continued, "will you let me think about it? But," she added smiling, "tell me why you have such a horror of us all? And if so, how came Peggy to be sent to us?"

Susan's face flushed a little. How could she tell this gentle kind lady that she, and her father and her forefathers had been brought up, nursed and nourished on false and lurid history of the evils and iniquities of the Catholic Church? It was in her blood, the very subtlest essence of ignorance, that taught by teachers who mistook hatred of it for knowledge—in her blood, like the no-God religion is being inculcated into the blood of the men and women of to-morrow, unless Christianity stands up to it.

"I've learnt about Roman Catholics," she said hurriedly, as much as to say she spoke from the book but was anxious not to offend. "John, my husband, he used to say that—that he wanted the wine of life for her, our Peggy. That she'd learn to fly here. He talked queerly always—he does still sometimes."

Reverend Mother was smiling in a

way so tender, like a mother who is just remembering some childish *mot* of one of her little ones, that Susan almost caught her breath.

"Yes—we have the wine of life—he was right, but it is entirely dependent on God's grace as to who drinks from His cup. Leave everything in His hands! I will try next week to make some plan to relieve your mind."

Suddenly she laughed merrily as she stood up with Susan's two hands in hers.

"You are the bravest woman I know, Mrs. Carfax! You come to ask the head of this religious home for the best means to keep some good people out of the Catholic Church!" And the next minute Susan was weeping in her arms.

"Oh, don't ever tell him! I know if he were to put it to me I'd give in. There's nothing I wouldn't do for him; but I couldn't—no I couldn't—bear to be separated from him."

"But there, my dear, calm yourself! Poor child you are overwrought. Perhaps it is all a false alarm, and all this will pass. You must remember he has centuries long of Catholic history in his family, in his blood."

Susan wiped her eyes, the Mother's arm still round her.

"I don't see what's that got to do with *him*," she said in a soft little frightened defiant voice. "They're all dead and done with, and I married him Protestant and I want to die with him Protestant."

"But suppose Our Lord wants this big sacrifice from you? We can't stay His hands, and we only hurt ourselves kicking against the pricks."

But Susan caught that comforting hand again.

"If there's got to be any sacrificing it must be me—remember! John's suffered enough." And "her that was Margaret Burnham," stooped down to kiss the little woman with unwonted tenderness.

(To be continued.)

Fords and Movies.

BY P. J. C.

THE writing of scenarios, their re-production by the speech and actions of people has come to be known as the motion picture industry. The designation is frankly denotative and literal. It satisfies.

Motion pictures are assembled products put on the market at a money value. They are assembled like Ford cars at Mr. Ford's assembling plants. The young and old men, young and old women; all they say, do at somebody's bidding, everything put in as scenery, furniture, and so on, are parts of the machine manufactured and assembled in Hollywood; assembled in Hollywood and sent, as cars are sent, to many thousands of dealers all over this country. Automobiles are generally well made—minister to transportation in comfort for a number of years.

Now as to the motion picture—a manufactured product too. It is intended to supply a nation's demand for wholesome, rational amusement, enlargement in education, some spiritual uplift, using the word *spiritual* in a very wide sense.

Let us take amusement, one expression of the Hollywood manufacture. Is not four-fifths of it stale, flat, unprofitable? It is nearly always superlative, ministering to a moron's sense of values. Thus a nit-wit wins a race in a track meet for his alma mater in spite of a blundering start. The producer has the nit-wit execute twenty blunders before and during the race lest the audience miss the point. The producer takes no chances with his patrons; assumes they are morons; punctures them to death with the point.

The kiss in human tradition is the expression of affection. Like a finger ring it should be infrequent and not thrust upon you. There is a turgidness and a violence in the moving picture

kiss that is desolating. We have the preparation and the attack—as of two animals about to horn in conflict. In the kiss assembled at Hollywood there is no tidbit of affection. There is a gluttonous gorge.

It is not correct to call the people who perform in a moving picture "actors." An actor is a creator; as a poet, a painter is. We think of Booth, Irving, Mansfield, Mary Anderson, Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Anglin as the interpretative creators of historical or fictional people. They made these people re-live for us. Screen men and women are parts of an assembled picture—the machine. We hear that so and so was in such and such a picture—an ornamental or working part in the mechanism. And they are just that; all of a type and act in the standardized way of the working parts of an automobile.

And then the story: without originality, poetry, imagination; without any attempt to stay within the probabilities. The plots, when they are plots, contradict all human experience, common sense. They are not wonder tales. Mostly they are a hodgepodge of nonsense.

And finally, you have noted the imbecile method pursued to introduce some girl on the scene whose only contribution to the assembled machine is a bathing suit and a pair of legs. In the midst of a mystery story—in which electric dynamos contribute the mystery—the hero says to the girl who happens to be a part in the machine: "To-morrow morning we'll have breakfast together and then go to the beach." And sure enough, next minute, there they are, the two of them! She with bathing suit, legs, umbrella!

We are told that moving picture directors get the highest salaries in the moving picture industry. If they directed the assembling of an automobile with the same casual effrontery they use directing pictures, they would be in bread lines long since.

Notes and Remarks.

The Holy Father's disapproval of girls and young women taking part in those strenuous athletic events, which up to the present have been considered more appropriate to masculine participants, was not received very kindly in some quarters. The President of the International Olympic Committee has made a special study of the question, however, and has come to a conclusion entirely in harmony with that of Pope Pius XI. Here is what Count Baillet-Letour said on the matter at a recent reception in his honor in Australia: "I am in favor of women taking part in all forms of sport that are suitable to their sex and do not interfere with their health, but I am absolutely against women taking part in strenuous events. I sought the opinions of eminent medical men; they are the only ones who can judge the question of a woman's physique; their counsels are against it, and I will remain against it."

Signs are not wanting of a respectful curiosity on the part of many non-Catholics concerning the teaching and practices of the Church. Within a short time we have heard of two priests being invited to a Public High School, one to explain the meaning of the Mass, the other, a religious, to lecture in his habit on the history and purpose of his Community. Probably the first wholesale expression of this curiosity, however, was recorded recently in *The Monitor* of San Francisco. The writer tells us that on March 5, in Selma, California, the congregation of the First Methodist Church led by its pastor, Rev. J. M. Chamberlin, attended the 8 o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Catholic Church as guests of Monsignor Joseph Koesseyan. When asking permission to attend, Reverend Chamberlin also inquired about how his people should conduct themselves dur-

ing Mass, and was duly informed as to times for standing, sitting, kneeling, etc. How sincerely the visitors appreciated the opportunity and how edified they were at what they saw is evident from the reporter's concluding words: "The Catholics attending the Mass were intensely surprised, and could not easily distinguish their Methodist friends from their own church members, such was the reverent and respectful attitude of the visitors." Surely it is not too much to expect that out of that well-meant curiosity there will eventually come a much better appreciation of the Church, if not some actual conversions.

The Catholic Evidence Guild of Baltimore, under the direction of Rev. Dr. John J. Russell, is making real progress in the matter of acquainting non-Catholics with the principles of the Catholic religion. One of its most recent accomplishments is the public recitation of the Stations of the Cross somewhat in the manner in which they are presented by the Catholic Evidence Guild of London in the famous Hyde Park of that city. Every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock in front of the band stand in Patterson Park the picture of each station is explained by a priest for the benefit of non-Catholics, and then the prayers are recited. Those instrumental in instituting the practice have declared themselves more than delighted with the response of the generous-minded people of Baltimore. Not only have the workers found their non-Catholic friends attentive and respectful in their attitude, but they have found many of them anxious for further instruction about things Catholic. Without any doubt there are thousands of people who would be in the Church to-day if they had any idea of what she actually is. Since a great many of these people do not read religious literature and will not attend

any strictly Church service, about the only way to get in touch with them is by means of the radio, or by some such expedient as has been adopted by the Catholic Evidence Guild. The response to both has been sufficient to place them in the classification of fruitful missionary activities.



Father Timothy Leahy, of the Chinese Mission of St. Columban, reports that in his parish of Tsandankow, Hanyang Vicariate, China, he expects to have a total of 430 new converts at Easter—all baptized since the beginning of the year. Added information is to the effect that Father Leahy has as his assistant a Chinese priest, Father Chu, and both priests work at high pressure instructing converts, ministering, and supervising fifteen schools subject to their direction. Chinese missionaries report that the Chinese make very good converts, and remain such. China is surely a country where the harvest is great. May there always be a plentiful supply of laborers for the work of gathering in and saving!



Dr. Philip A. Parsons, head of the department of sociology, University of Oregon, said to a group of campus leaders some time ago: "Religious education is largely excluded from university and college curricula, and a survey has been instituted because so many students from religious homes have come to colleges and are not furthering their religion after a few months in school." After a few years in school, not only will their religion be not "furthered"; it will stand a speck in desert vacancy; almost, if not quite, blotted out. The jabs and jibes at the sacred Person of Christ by the intellectuals and literati of the teaching staff shatter the religious acceptances the student takes with him from his home to his college. Faith is kept by contacts with the Faithful; by hear-

ing Faith expounded, exalted; witnessing its enactment in reverent religious ritual. A Catholic young man or woman may pass four years in a public high school, four years in a secular university and return to life as fervent and as faithful as when surrounded by expressions of Catholic Faith in the parish school. In which event it is the duty of that young man, that young woman, their parents and all who have an interest in them, to offer many Holy Communion in thanksgiving for the privilege of an exception; something little short of a miracle.



In Olympia, Washington, a bill was passed recently by the State Legislature which clarifies tax exemption of churches, schools and charitable institutions in the State. The Assessor of King's County withdrew exemption from Holy Name Academy, Forest Ridge Convent, Seattle, and from forty teachers' residences; also from private academies and nurses' homes. The Assessor declared the action was taken to make clearer the law governing exemptions; and that notices usually sent out on March 1, were issued earlier this year so that the institutions affected might have an opportunity to lodge protests. Evidently they lodged them, for the State Legislature of Washington has thrown light on the situation for the Assessor of King's County by exempting those institutions about which he had developed constitutional doubts.



Archbishop Williams of Birmingham, England, tells us that communism demands attention, "because there is so much truth in it. It proclaims and believes in the brotherhood of man. It aims at improving the lot of the lowest classes, and says that the working classes ought to share in leisure and culture; that man ought not to exploit man nor dominate class." And then the Archbishop adds a *but*. "But it has one

terrible falsehood,—a falsehood which will be its undoing: It denies and rejects God." It may be added, that present-day communism is more attractive in the show-windows of theory than when brought into the lives of flesh-and-blood people. In communism, when put to work outside of books, we will not note equality, fraternity, security in general distribution. Under communism we will have manipulators of power, wealth, position as we have now—and perhaps more so. We will have tyranny, espionage, censorship over every expression of our lives. "Freedom for all forever" as a communistic battle-cry is fine idealism. It is different when seen as soup kitchens presided over by governmental dispensers in long beards.

As the news column to-day has it, the marriage idyl of two movie stars is "shattered." The word "shattered" is inevitable, is it not? Cause, according to the lady—party of the second part—"merely a case of two persons being unable to get along together." Just like that. The party of the first part, however, is sued by a chemical engineer for tampering with the affections of his wife, "a striking beauty"—of course. The movie husband, who is sued, says of his movie wife, who is separating from him, "I am going to send her flowers every day, send her telegrams, and I'll call her up every day." This would be affecting if it were not unreal and sirupy. Perhaps the movie actors should not be blamed so much as the state governments of a civilized people which make possible this kind of nonsense. Belligerent politicians are shouting in Washington just now because bankers have broken their contracts with depositors, leaving the depositors with empty sacks. Bankers have brought us to our present plight, they assert. On the other hand, men and women make solemn marriage con-

tracts, take on solemn obligations. On the keeping of these contracts, the fulfilment of these obligations, depends the continuance of the United States as a civilized nation. Even a casual reading of the secular press indicates the abandon with which these contracts are broken with the law's sanction.

The London *Universe* records the following little story exemplifying what a few stamps and a little trouble may accomplish: "A couple of months ago a man wrote to a Catholic, a total stranger, but known to the public by means of his professional position. Said the man, he had been a bad Catholic, but he had just become a father, and could not bear the thought of the child not being baptized and brought up properly. He was on the outskirts of a scattered parish and did not know the priest—anyhow, he was shy of him. Could the man he was writing to help? Well, of course, it was only the work of a minute or two to write to the Rector, and send a line of encouragement to the man. Then the curtain fell. It rose again last week, when the more or less good Samaritan (not that he had done much and the priest certainly had not passed by on the other side) got a letter from the Rector. It was to say that the man had come back and the baby had been baptized. And more, the wife was under instruction and two step-children were coming along. Not a bad bag—five souls for two three-halfpenny stamps."

Brother Theodore A. Rush, 85, member of the Brothers of Mary for 63 years, was buried with military honors at Dayton University, March 6. Why the military touch? Well, you see, Brother Theodore did service for the Union as well as for the Lord during his long, picturesque life of 85 years. He marched with William T. Sherman—"Uncle Billy," the soldiers called him—from

Atlanta to the sea, and saw plenty fighting. When cannon ceased and tents were folded, and when Grant had told the Southerners to take home their horses for spring ploughing, Theodore A. Rush decided to join the army of the Lord. And just as the men in blue called their General "Uncle Billy," so the boys at Dayton University called General Sherman's man in blue, "Daddy." General Sherman—"Uncle Billy"—marching to the sea; Brother Rush—"Daddy"—marching to the sea with him; and marching along a quieter road for long years afterward. We hope the officer and private have met by now; at peace both of them with the great Captain.



A few weeks ago people were calling frantically for leadership. Everybody that made a public address—politicians, bankers, professors, radio announcers—told us we lacked leadership. Now the catchword is "Courage! Courage! Courage!" Like a college yell it is shouted at us. Well, the country is showing courage—plenty of it. Not so much because of the cheer-leaders, but because President Roosevelt has stopped for the time the flow of national financial blood to Europe; because with the help of an inscrutable Congress he is putting the Federal Government through a course of setting-up exercises to get it down to working form; because he is taking the bonus from certain former soldiers which was an onus on the people; because—well—because—because—because. The theorists on so-called mass psychology tell you it helps the masses to shout "courage" when the masses are below normalcy. Possibly. Only it happens that mass psychologists themselves did not do much shouting when the financial blizzard struck the banks.



This year the University of Notre Dame has selected the lyric Mr. John McCormack for its *Lætare* Medal. It is safe to say, there is no honor which a

lay Catholic citizen of the United States receives with a more wholesome thrill than this Notre Dame award which is announced every year the Saturday before *Lætare* Sunday. Not for its intrinsic worth, of course, but for its implications. It is not an honor which some one secures for you; not a preference in the distribution of patronage for services rendered; not a vicarious University degree for establishing a tuberculosis hospital where the sun is warm and light winds blow. It is, more or less, a competitive award. Consideration is not given to "influence." Merit is the measure; merit not below par. Names are suggested, very possibly, from here, there, everywhere. Always the honest effort is made, we have no doubt, to discourage stampedes from the outside; to select a man, a woman, for a worthy work rendered; not to be hurried into choosing a merely popular favorite. The University of Notre Dame may not always have chosen the best living Catholic man or woman available for its award. In fairness it should be said the University of Notre Dame gives impressive evidence of care in selection in a list which runs back half a century.

Great Catholic names are in that list: Literary men, lawyers, statesmen, physicians, philanthropists, actors, play producers, historians, political economists. And John McCormack. He has made Ireland a voice in America and wherever the seven seas touch land. It is to his honor that he has grown to his stature by his own trying. He had the gift of song to be sure. But a gift is a gift—to be used, wasted, or hidden under a bushel. In Mr. McCormack's case the gift has been multiplied—at great outdoor Catholic religious services, on the singing stage, in the Victrola, over the radio. THE AVE MARIA congratulates Mr. McCormack on his selection; the University of Notre Dame on its choice.



Gay Witch April.

BY MARY REGINA MARTIN.

I LOVE the witch who rides the sky in Spring.
She doesn't ride a broomstick, but sits a blue-
bird's wing.

She weeps when she's laughing, and laughs
when she cries.

Fleecy lambkins follow her across the skies.

And all the little children run out to play
In the warm, warm puddles where her tear-
drops stay;

And all the grown people, who are very, very
old,

Take their umbrellas and go out to look for
gold—

Gold from the pockets of the witch in the sky,
Magic gold to make all their old bones spry.
They pat the wading children; they hear the
bluebird sing;

And they say, "Well, April's upon the wing."

Shadows on Cedarcrest.*

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

X.—EXCITING NIGHT.

"TOM, Tom!" Someone was pound-
ing on the gardener's door, pound-
ing and calling and sobbing. Tom awoke
from sound slumber, and listened.

"Tom, Tom, are you awake? Let me
in. Oh, let me in, quickly! It's Phyllis
Eaton, Tom. Oh, please wake up! Open
the door!"

"God save us! It's the bit of a girl,
and she's scared half out o' her wits.
Hist!" Tom lumbered to the window,
and let out a warning hiss which could
have been heard in Hopewell. "Hush
your crying, down there. Oi'm coming.
But give me toime, give me toime. It's
in my—my sleeping clothes Oi am!" He

drew back in, and shook the raindrops
from his bald head. "It's raining pitch-
forks, with sawlogs for handles. We'll
be floating around like old Noah, come
morning. Now what can the bit one be
wanting?" He fumbled in the dark for
his clothing, found it, and climbed into
it. Then, with his shoes in his hand, he
creaked painfully down the crooked
stairs. Rainy days were hard on his
rheumatism. He found the light button,
pressed it, and flooded the room with
light. Then he drew the bolt on the
door, and Phyllis, a drenched green
bundle, tumbled inside.

"Wurra! Another one. Where's your
coat, and your umbrelly? Are all ye
little girls geese, thinking ye're ducks?
Hush! ye're wet to the bone!"

"I didn't think of a coat. Never mind
my dress, Tom—"

"Never moind it? Ye're daft, com-
pletely, if ye think Oi'm going to stand
here and talk to a sponge. Look at the
water ye're dripping on my rug—and
me paying twenty-two-fifty for it, on
sale, and a bargain if Oi ever saw one.
Up the stairs with ye, there, and get the
wet things off. That's my sister Ellen's
room, there on the left. She's been
dead these fifteen years, but her clothes
is still there. They'll fit ye twice, but no
matter. Oi'll stir up the fire in the range,
set the kettle, and brew ye a cup of hot
tea—"

"Tom, please—"

"Not a word! Up the stairs. Here's
the flashlight ye'll find the light but-
ton with."

"All right, Tom." The terror which

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—Phyl-
lis Eaton forced by a number of adverse cir-
cumstances in her family to seek work for
the support of her home, was engaged by
Dalton Carstairs as a companion for his

had driven her forth in the night and rain began to abate under the influence of his calmness. She climbed the stairs, turned on the light in the "room on the left," and found there plenty of dry clothing. She took off the drenched green party gown, which had been so beautiful early in the evening. Her sodden undergarments, and her slippers and stockings, must be removed, too. Removing the china pitcher from the old-fashioned wash bowl, she laid all the dripping garments in the bowl. Then she put on the warm, woolly, several-sizes-too-large undergarments she had found, wrapped a warm outing wrapper about her, slipped her feet into coarse, warm stockings, and, donning an enormous pair of slippers, shuffled downstairs. When she arrived there, she found the kettle already beginning to sing, and the top of the old-fashioned range aglow.

"Oi'm not going to have ye dead of newmonie," grumbled Tom, "even if ye ought to know better. Get in the big chair, there, and Oi'll wrap ye in this blanket. Now, while I put the tea over, maybe ye'll tell me what it's all about. What scared ye?"

"Perhaps I was silly," Phyllis was blushing, "but—it was all so terrible, Tom, I didn't stop to think. I didn't know where to go, or what to do. I was frightened out of my skin. Oh! Tom, he's done it!"

"Who's he? And what's he done? Ye're talking riddles. Do ye expect me to see the front of the barn when ye're taking me around back?"

"Dalton—Mr. Carstairs. He's begun those—those 'shenanigans' you told me to watch out for—the things that were going to hurt Mrs. Carstairs."

Tom clinched his fist and brought it

down on the table with a resounding whack which sent the teacups dancing, "Oi knew it!" he exclaimed, "The black one! Oi've felt it coming! What did he do?"

"Oh! Tom," Phyllis dropped her head on the table and began to cry, "I'm afraid they've killed her—poor Mrs. Carstairs! Oh! that terrible man!"

"Hush! ye're all worked up, and ye're getting me the same. Easy, now. Take a drink o' the tea. What happened, at all?"

"Well—" Phyllis dried her eyes, "tonight, you know, we had a dinner party. It was Mrs. Carstairs' birthday, and Dalton had Mrs. Allen plan the party in her honor—"

"Snake in the grass!" interpolated Tom. "Go on, go on."

"The Langleys were there, and Mrs. Dolliver, the Hustons, Mr. Cadwallader."

"And Frasier Blaine, Oi'll bet ye. Where ye see one of them, ye see two—and them no more alike than east and west. Oi know the crowd. All of them were coming out here to see Miss Mattie before she was ever married at all. Oi moind them well."

"And Hira Khan was there."

"Huh?"

"Hira Khan."

"What is it, a disease?"

"Worse. It's a Hindu fortune teller a crystal gazer and magician. That's his name, Hira Khan."

"A Hindu fortune teller? God save us! Hira Khan! Hire a hearse to haul him away, would be more loike it. A fortune teller! One of the devil's helpmates!"

"Yes—just that. You'll be sure so when I tell you the rest. Everything was lovely until after dinner. Then we went into the drawing-room, where we found the stage all set for the Hindu. He has a big crystal, into which he looks and

mother. The old lady was blind, and grieved continually for her boy, Jamie, who had disappeared after the mysterious murder of his father. Dalton Carstairs, who was anxious that his mother make her will, was a strange character, who kept the room where the old

man had been murdered, locked up, and dismissed summarily any servant who in any way referred to the strange happenings in the family. One night while Phyllis slept in the nursery with Emma, the daughter of Carstairs' sister, Mrs. Allen, she heard a door

reads the fortune. He sat before the crystal, and we were all grouped across the room. We were told to be silent, and he sat still awhile, gazing fixedly at the crystal. Then he seemed to go into a—a sort of trance. His eyes got glassy and queer, and he began to talk in a strange, high voice, which made chills run up and down my spine. He told things—things about everyone in that room, except—except me, and Dalton Carstairs. First he talked about Mrs. Langley. You see, he described each one so vividly that we knew whom he meant, even though he didn't mention names. He told things about them which everyone knew to be true—I gathered that from the little remarks let fall around me, as I listened. Things which had happened in the past; and then he prophesied other things for them, to happen in the future—vague, ordinary things that might easily happen to people in their position. But the past happenings were all true things, and I think most of us had an eerie feeling, as we listened to him. He went through the whole assembly of guests, one by one, and at last he came to Mrs. Carstairs. Then he—he—”

“Yes, yes?” Old Tom was sitting on the edge of his seat.

“He said, ‘I see a blind woman. She is an old woman, who was a great beauty in her youth, and loved by many in spite of her affliction. I see two children, who are devoted to her every interest. But, ah! what is this I see? Sorrow—sorrow in her heart; longing for a child. I see the child—a man child, not yet in his twenties. He is standing in a brightly-lighted room; an older man lies on the floor at his feet. The boy stoops down, touches the man on the floor. He straightens and looks at his

hands—there is blood upon them. I see the boy fleeing—running through darkness. He goes down a long road. A wagon comes by, loaded with vegetables. The boy crawls into the wagon and conceals himself among the baskets. I see him, still in the wagon, entering a city. Now I see him again in another city—no, he is on a train—a long train, rumbling through the country—a train loaded with merchandise. The boy rides on top of the train. I see a man approach him—a member of the train crew. He speaks to the boy—the boy runs. I see the boy slip and fall, down, down between the cars. The train passes over his body. I see men coming, running. They pick up the boy's body. I see another man, tall and solemn. He looks through the boy's pockets—he finds nothing. I see a hearse, drawn by two white horses. It goes to a Potter's Field. A casket is lifted out. I look in the coffin. I see the face of the boy.’”

“The dirty liar!” Old Tom sprang to his feet, and began to rage up and down the tiny room. “The vile villains! Oh! could I get my hands on them! And did they sit there and let him get away with it—His Honor, himself; and Sime Cadwallader, the miserable little coward!”

“Sh! They couldn't help it. Don't blame them, Tom. No one realized what was happening until it was over. We were like people hypnotized. I knew something horrible was going on. I was close beside Mrs. Carstairs, and I saw her face, white and horror-stricken, and I couldn't lift a hand to help her. I could not move or speak. Until he said that, ‘I see the face of the boy’—and she stood up and screamed. ‘Jamie!’ she cried,—‘Jamie, Jamie!’ and fell forward onto the floor. At that, the spell was

open and close and a muffled sneeze in the room adjoining the nursery. She grew very much alarmed, but in the morning her fears were allayed after a word with Mrs. Allen. At a birthday party in honor of Mrs. Carstairs, a crystal gazer told the story of the

murder of the old man, and placed the blame upon Jamie, who, he said, had been later killed by a train. At this word Mrs. Carstairs fell into a faint, and Phyllis ran from the house to the room of the gardener, Tom, to tell him about the queer happenings.

broken. Everyone jumped up, moved forward. I heard Mr. Cadwallader say: 'Someone will hang for this!' and Mrs. Dolliver started to cry. One of the men—I think it was Mr. Huston, picked her up, and carried her upstairs to her room, and the women followed—"

"And the black one? What did he do? And the dirty rat of a fortune teller? Where did they go?"

"I don't know. I was so frightened, I didn't know what I was doing. I ran out of the house, and when I got outside, I thought of you and what you said that day about telling you if anyone tried to hurt her. I never noticed it was raining. I just ran and ran, and all the time I felt as though that Hindu, with his evil eyes, was close upon my heels, trying to reach out and touch me, and drag me back. Tom, Tom, do you suppose dear, darling Mrs. Carstairs is dead?"

"Oi hope not. God forgive me if she is! Maybe Oi've not done right by her all these years—"

"You, Tom?"

"Sure, that's neither here nor there. Oi thought it for the best—and maybe Oi could have told what Oi know, and hurt no one. But Oi was always afeard that black devil would get his fingers on it, and be after me to foind out who was the other one—and when Ellen was dying, Oi promised her—Ah! wirra! wirra! sometimes a body's hard-pressed to know what's best. Hist, now, sit ye here until old Tom comes back. Turn the key in the lock behind me, and nothing can harm ye. Oi'm going up to the house to foind out, how is Miss Mattie. And—Oi'm a Mass-going man, but God help that dirty fortune teller if Oi get my fingers on his evil neck this night. Sit toight, now and Oi'll not be long."

Nor was he. Phyllis had scarcely time to ponder on the strangeness of his manner and his words when he returned.

"She's not dead," he said, soberly. "But she's a sick woman. Oi went

around by the kitchen, and talked to Hester, and she says Hetty and some of the ladies are with the Missus, and they've telephoned for a nurse. And it seems, a doctor was already on the way out, for Miss Debbie had called him for little Emma. She's bad sick, too."

"Emma?"

"Yes. The poor baby was out in the rain to-day, too, and Oi dragged her in. Oi was afeared she'd suffer for it. Be getting into this coat, now and these big boots. Oi told Hester to make a warm bed for ye, with a hot brick for your toes, and another warm drink to put in ye. And the doctor can look at ye, too."

"But I'm not sick, Tom."

"Never moind, now, and do what ye're told. Ye may not be sick, but ye're fair on the way, with your nerves floppin'—and a cold from the wettin' ye got, waitin' around the corner for ye. Young things get newmonie quicker'n us tough old ones. That's roight, now—slide under this umbrelly. Oi'm taking ye up to Hester."

"You're making a baby of me," protested Phyllis, pulling on the great boots over the flopping bedroom slippers, and wondering how she'd walk at all.

"And a baby's all ye are. Oi don't want ye down sick. If the Missus gets well, maybe it's you'll be the one to help me spike the black one's guns."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"When Miss Mattie's better, Oi'll tell ye. Only—keep an eye in your head, and see she don't go making no will, nor signing no papers."

"But her son Jamie may be dead, Tom. She hasn't heard from him since he ran away, has she? Perhaps we're misjudging Dalton Carstairs. It's a sin to judge people. Tom, do you think it's possible Hira Khan *did* see something in that crystal?"

"Oi suppose ye'd better be getting that sleep Oi told ye about, so ye'll be sane in the morning," said old Tom,

drily. "Did your catechism ever teach ye that God helps fortune tellers tell the truth? Sure, Oi'm out of patience with ye for the question. Oi thought ye had good sense. Come on; now, step loively. It's raining loike some one turned the sky upside down, and is pouring it all out at once."

"You poor baby!" Hester, portly and sympathetic, waited at the kitchen door for them, "I don't wonder you were afraid of your life. I knew no good'd come of having an Indian around. Come on, now, honey. Hester's going to put you to bed."

"With a hot brick at her feet and the doctor looking in at her," reminded Tom.

"What nonsense!" protested Phyllis, weakly, stooping to divest her feet of the lumbering goloshes.

But Hester was firm, and as unbending as Tom. All her objections neatly overruled, Phyllis was put into bed, a hot water bottle wrapped in flannel placed at her feet, and made to drink a whole cup of steaming hot lemonade, a drink which she detested. She didn't really believe that Hester was serious about having the doctor see her, however, and great was her surprise when, as she was vainly trying to compose her nerves for sleep, about an hour later, she heard a man's voice outside her door, and Mrs. Allen, saying:

"We've another patient in here, Doctor. My mother's little companion has been considerably upset by the events of this evening, and cook thinks she needs a sedative for her nerves, and perhaps something to ward off a cold. She was out in the rain, Hester says."

Phyllis sat up and blinked as her light flashed on. Then she gave a cry of joy: "Doctor Rieboldt! Oh! my dear, dear doctor!"

"Really? I had no idea you were acquainted." Deborah was surprised.

"Yes, indeed!" said the old doctor, heartily, "we're old friends, Phyllis and

I. I helped her have chickenpox, mumps and measles,—didn't I, Phyllis?"

"Then, if you don't mind, Doctor," said Mrs. Allen, quickly, "I'll just leave you here with Phyllis, and go back to my baby. You'll come back to the nursery, when you're through?"

"Yes, Deborah, I'm staying all night," said the doctor, quietly. Then, as the door closed behind her, "Well, Phyllis, my child, I was wondering where you were. The whole household seemed to be on hand, with the exception of one small blonde person for whom I was anxiously looking. What's the trouble?"

"Nothing, really. I did get frightened to-night, when Mrs. Carstairs became ill, and I ran out in the rain—and down to the gardener's cottage."

"Old Tom's, eh? Are you two friends?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Hang onto him. I've known him for many years, and he's the salt of the earth."

"Please tell me how Mrs. Carstairs and Emma are."

"Not so good—but, perhaps, not so bad, either. Mattie seems to be rallying. She has a wonderful constitution, considering all she's been through, poor girl! The little girl is threatened with pneumonia, but, with God's help, we'll pull her through. I'm staying all night, for they both need me. The nurse we called for Mattie can't come until morning, but that Hetty Richards is worth her weight in gold. You're very nervous, Phyllis, and you've a slight temperature." While he talked, his fingers were on her pulse, and his keen, kindly eyes watching her face, "I'm going to mix you a dose of quieting medicine. This the bathroom over here? I need a glass of water. All right, now, here you are. Bottoms up? That's my Phyl. Tastes like the dickens, doesn't it? But, as I've told you before, human ills aren't cured with molasses. Think you can sleep now?"

"I don't want to sleep. I want to talk."

"To-morrow. I'll be in to see you in the morning before I leave. I've a hunch you can tell me something I'd like to know—what caused Mattie's upset to-night, and sent you flying out in the rain, put Simon Cadwallader in a passion, and sent Anna Dolliver into near-hysterics. But it will all wait until morning. You need sleep, little girl. And here's some news especially designed to help you have pleasant dreams. I got my regular monthly report from the east to-day, and what do you think?"

"Mother's coming home?"

"Yes, ma'am! On July first. Now can you sleep?"

"I should, after such wonderful news," said Phyllis, happily. "Thank you, old darling doctor. Yes, I'll sleep. That nasty stuff you gave me is making me drowsy. I might have known you were playing a trick on me—and I did so—want—to talk. Do you mind—kissing me—good-night?"

"*Mind?* I'd be highly insulted if you didn't ask me to. Fact is, I intended doing that very thing, whether you asked, or not. Good-night, tired little Phyllie-kins." He kissed her, and gently pinched her cheek, "Sleep soundly."

"Good-night, old—darling—doctor." The sleeping potion conquered.

Smiling, the doctor drew the white quilt up about her chin, switched off the light, and, going out in the hall, gently closed the door behind him.

(To be continued.)

Little Mary and the Altar-Flowers.

Schoolgirls sometimes act as missionaries. Their good example will often effect among their playmates what religious instructions fail to do. An incident is related of a little Protestant girl, whom we will call Mary, who formed the acquaintance of some Catholic children. They were one day talking of going to gather wild flowers to put on our Blessed

Lady's altar. The expression sounded so strange to Mary that she asked them whom they meant; and the Catholic children explained to the best of their ability, that the Blessed Virgin was the Mother of Our Lord. Mary begged to accompany them; and when the flowers were picked, she begged also to be permitted to go with them to the church, and see for herself what the Blessed Lady was like. The Catholic children were delighted to have her company; so the party went together, and assisted the Sister in placing the flowers in the vases. From that time forth Mary went to the Catholic church and Sunday-school—morning or afternoon, as she could conveniently; and gradually grew to love the Church and everything Catholic.

This continued for two years or more; and when she was about fifteen years of age, she was taken very ill. She then told her mother that she wanted to be a Catholic. Her mother felt very sad about it, and warned her not to act hastily; telling her that by becoming a Catholic she would be leaving her own church for one she did not know. Mary replied that she knew all, that she had learned much from going to the Catholic church and Sunday-school for so long a time; that she had often gone to gather flowers for Our Lady's altar, and afterward helped Sister to adorn it. She told her mother that she also would like the Sisters to come and see her.

The mother fondly loved the child, and, since she was going to die, would leave nothing undone to gratify her. The Sisters were sent for. They came, comforted Mary by their encouraging words, and asked her mother to send for a priest to baptize her. The mother did so. The clergyman came, found the child well instructed, and baptized her. In a short time he allowed her to make her First Communion. She passed quietly away, while pronouncing the sweet names of Jesus and Mary.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Ransom," by Grace Livingston Hill, is not the type of novel that a Catholic should care to read. Its concept of God, Our Lord, and prayer is distinctly Protestant. Besides, it is extremely "preachy." The principal characters, lacking practically all moral and spiritual training, move through a series of episodes that are quite improbable. Publisher, Lippincott. Price, \$2.

—"Le Père de Foucauld," by Edmond Renard (Spes, 5 francs), is popular in style and interesting in content. It tells of Father Foucauld's contribution to science through his explorations in Africa, and his service to that country as a member of the French Army. It is particularly concerned, however, with explaining clearly that Father Foucauld was acting through obedience in his frequent changes of vocation.

—"The English Way," biographical studies of leaders of the Catholic Church of the past in England, has been announced for publication in April by Sheed and Ward. Some of the chapters are: "Alfred the Great" and "Blessed Thomas More," by G. K. Chesterton; "Blessed Edmund Campion," by Father Martindale; "St. Thomas à Becket," by Hilaire Belloc. Other contributors include Father Bede Jarrett, Christopher Dawson, Father M. C. D'Arcy, Mrs. Maisie Sheed, and Father David Mathew.

—The narrative method of explaining simple and elementary principles of health is very effectively used in "Health Stories, Book One," by Anna B. Towse and William S. Gray (Scott, Foresman and Company; 60c). These stories, suited in vocabulary and exercises to the minds of first-grade pupils, are considerably enhanced by the artistic pictures which explain the lessons more fully. Without the aid of a teacher, children could easily grasp the ideas set forth. Parents should give a hearty welcome to this charming little book.

—"Hold That Line," by Elton Raymond Shaw, M. A., a revision of "Beer and Prosperity" to combat repeal, offers no new argu-

ment for the retention of national prohibition. Its appeal is directed largely to Protestant organizations, urging them to use their power to retain the "untold blessings" of fifteen years of prohibition. Even in this pamphlet, which is a study of the economic effect of the sale of beer on prosperity, there is a malicious and untruthful statement concerning the opponents of national prohibition. Publisher, Shaw, Detroit, Mich. Price, single copy, 15c.

—A small book on the Holy Eucharist, "Eternal Testament," by the Rev. John A. Elbert, S. M., is altogether refreshing. The doctrinal matter, treated from five points of view (the Holy Eucharist as the center of Catholic worship, a remedy for all evils, a Memorial, our Mediation, and pledge of final perseverance), is set forth clearly and vividly. Certainly this book will stimulate love for the Blessed Sacrament as well as encourage daily, or, at least frequent, reception of Holy Communion. Those who sometimes have difficulty in preparing for Communion, or in offering a fervent thanksgiving afterwards, will be grateful for this volume. Publisher, Bruce. Price, \$1.25.

—A number of the public libraries in England have refused to place Mr. Bernard Shaw's last book on their shelves for the reason that it might taint the minds of their readers whose welfare they have truly at heart. Mr. Cowles, public librarian of Pendlebury, Manchester, discusses the matter in his monthly *Bulletin* in the following words: "Those public libraries that have refused to place this volume on their shelves are acting properly and fairly. The majority of our readers profess a belief in God, and it is not the function of a public institution to spend public money on circulating literature that will outrage the feelings of the average borrower. The public library has to consider the feelings of the general public, and we know that this book would do more harm than good, for it is a direct attack upon an insti-

tution which has civilized the world, fostered the arts, and still remains a potent force in the affairs of to-day. No question of individual religious belief enters in, for Mr. Shaw's attack is upon the whole fabric of the Christian Faith and practice."

—A book that has already won its way into the hearts of many persons, both secular and Religious, is "My Convent Life," by the Rev. Karl Gerjol, adapted from the German by Sister Mary Maud, O. S. D., Ph. D. The reason of its popularity is obvious. Besides being deeply religious it provides an abundance of instruction on the particular virtues that should pervade each and every part of a convent. Its insistence on the practice of perfection in everyday details is especially elevating and at the same time sweetly reasonable. A serviceable book at all times, it should prove extremely helpful for retreats and Particular Examination. Placed in the hands of young ladies who are pondering the question of vocation, it will aid in the making of a sure and quick decision. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1.50.

—The author, Elizabeth von Schmidt Paulli, the translator, George N. Shuster, and the publishers, the Macmillan Company, have united in producing two very lovely biographies for children—"Little Saint Thérèse" and "Little Saint Elizabeth." The author knows how to write an appealing story; the translator has kept the charm of simple language; and the publishers have printed the volumes with exceptional attractiveness. However, some persons will object, and with justice, that the biography of St. Thérèse is not altogether without fault. It brings out faithfully her girlish humanness, but it fails to make a striking point of her supernatural qualities. The same exception cannot be taken to this life of St. Elizabeth. Her sanctity, even as a child, is convincingly set forth. Both volumes, neither with an Imprimatur, will whet the appetites of children for more books of this type, of which surprisingly few have been written. Hence, the question is pertinent—Why have we not provided a progressive series of small volumes on the saints for growing children?

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Obituary.

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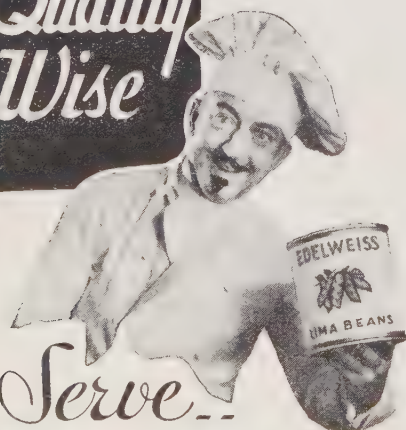
CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

APRIL.

SATURDAY, 15.—Holy Saturday.
 SUNDAY, 16.—EASTER SUNDAY.
 MONDAY, 17.—Easter Monday. St. Anicetus, Pope.
 TUESDAY, 18.—Easter Tuesday. St. Amadeus, C.
 WEDNESDAY, 19.—St. Leo IX., Pope and Confessor.
 THURSDAY, 20.—St. Agnes of Montepulciano, V.
 FRIDAY, 21.—St. Anselm, Bishop and Doctor.
 SATURDAY, 22.—Sts. Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 15, 1933.

No. 15.

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The Angel at the Tomb.

BY A. P. C.

OH, Mary, you come early, bringing spices!

But Jesus is not here; behold His empty prison!

Before sunrise,—ere morning sacrifices,
The Sun of Righteousness in glory had arisen!

Happy France.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

THIS year marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of the apparitions of Our Lady to little Bernadette at Lourdes; and only recently France and the whole Catholic world commemorated the centenary of the visits of our Mother to Sister Catherine Labouré. These two anniversaries, one following the other so closely, recall the unquestionable fact that never before and nowhere else, in the long ages since she became the Mother of all men on Mount Calvary, has any land been so tenderly favored by the Blessed Virgin as was France during the Nineteenth Century.

Again and again she appeared there, with loving words on her lips and rich gifts in her hands; but who can decide whether she came through a mother's special predilection for an erring child, as a means of confounding France's many and aggressive unbelievers, or to

reward the hundreds who, against odds, were steadfastly serving Christ and His cause. For if Nineteenth-Century France saw atheism triumph in intellectual cliques and among large sections of the peasantry, priests and religious driven from their native land for no crime but loyalty to God, squalid poverty and loathsome crime become commonplaces in the large cities, it saw, also, on every side, illustrious examples of holiness.

Frederick Ozanam and the organization of that greatest of all associations of Catholic laymen were of this time; of it, too, were the piety and the boundless charities of Philibert Vrau and his brother-in-law, Camille Feron-Vrau; the zeal of Pauline Jaricot which set on foot the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; great Eucharistic Congresses inspired and inaugurated by Mlle. Tamisier; the founding of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, the Helpers of the Holy Souls, and other splendid religious communities. It could boast of such examples of high sanctity as the Curé d'Ars, St. Madeleine Sophie Barat, a score of men and women whose causes are under consideration at Rome; and last and most widely beloved, of little St. Thérèse of Lisieux. So, whether her visits were designed primarily as a gentle reproach, a refutation of atheism, or a sweet reward, who shall say? Perhaps, for all such purposes.

The story of the Miraculous Medal is fresh in many minds because it was frequently retold two or three years

ago: how Our Lady appeared three times at the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity at Paris, to very gentle, very holy Sister Catherine Labouré, who will probably some day be canonized.

So radiantly beautiful was the Lady of the visions, so exquisitely tender, it is not surprising that Sister Catherine "could never rest on earth again." She had had a glimpse of heaven which made of this world a place of longing exile.

It was during Our Lady's second visit to this French daughter of hers that she appeared as represented on the familiar medal, surrounded by an oval frame bearing the words, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee;" and with rays of light streaming from her hands, to symbolize, so she explained, the graces which she would lavish upon all who ask for them. In this second visit, and again in the third and last, our Blessed Mother commanded that what we know as the Miraculous Medal should be struck.

About two years later, after careful investigation of Sister Catherine's story, the Archbishop of Paris gave permission for the new medals to be made. Very rapidly they were distributed throughout France and in other countries, and from the first showers of graces fell upon those who wore one. Bodily ailments were cured; faith came to scoffing unbelievers; the grace of repentance was granted to sinners and of courageous perseverance to faithful souls. Far-famed among all these favors is the miraculous conversion of the Jew, Alphonse Ratisbonne, who afterwards labored with unwearied zeal for the salvation of Jews and Mohammedans.

Some years later it was to the south of her favored France that Our Lady came: to little Lourdes, unknown before but destined to be forever famous. No-

where else has she ever appeared so often; and no other sanctuary in all Christendom has ever attracted such throngs of pilgrims. Even while Bernadette knelt in ecstasy at the feet of the young and beautiful Lady—"lovelier than anyone I have ever seen," as she explained,—crowds began to gather at the grotto. In great and greater numbers they have gone there from that bleak, early spring of 1858, to these troubled days of ours. Fittingly enough, it has been the French who have most loved the shrine; but all the world feels at home there, for she is *our* Mother, and *everyone's*, no less than theirs.

Bernadette Soubirous, the peasant child to whom Our Lady appeared, was so ignorant, even of some of the doctrines of the Faith, that when, in obedience to M. Peyramale, parish priest of Lourdes, she asked our Blessed Mother please to give her name, and the answer was, "I am the Immaculate Conception," the little girl hurried to the rectory, repeating the long and unfamiliar words under her breath every step of the way lest she should forget them. Scholars and theologians and even saints there were a-plenty in France that year, but Our Lady chose a backward child, of a very poor family, living in an obscure village. Probably, Lourdes is, and for seventy-five years has been, the Faith's boldest and most tangible challenge to modern atheism. Many a scoffer has been silenced to see there happenings which neither science nor any sort of materialistic philosophy could explain.

The apparitions of our Blessed Mother at Pellevoisin and La Salette are less widely known and are less whole-heartedly accepted by Catholics themselves than those to Sister Catherine in the convent at Paris and to little Bernadette at Lourdes. Fifty-seven years have passed since the Blessed Virgin visited Pellevoisin, and

although ever since Notre Dame de Pellevoisin has been a loved place of pilgrimage, ecclesiastical authority is still silent regarding the reality of the visions.

At La Salette, a small place in the diocese of Grenoble, our Blessed Mother is believed to have appeared to two shepherds about eighty years ago. Since, the spot has been continuously visited by many pilgrims, although there has always been controversy concerning the reality of the apparitions and the secrets which, so the little shepherds said, had been confided to them by Our Lady. Rome has uttered no decision in the matter.

The saintly Curé d'Ars, after having doubted for a time, became a firm believer in the vision and reproached himself for having been incredulous at first; others, bishops and priests among them, have given no credit to the story, either because they found its evidence unconvincing, or were prejudiced against it by the unsatisfactory after-lives of the shepherd children.

The story runs thus: at three o'clock in the afternoon of September 19, 1846, in full sunlight, on a mountain near the village of La Salette, Mélanie Calvat, a shepherdess of fifteen years, and Maximin Giraud, a shepherd-boy of eleven, suddenly beheld a "beautiful lady," arrayed in a fashion they had never seen before. After complaining of the impiety of many so-called Christians, warning that dreadful calamities would come if they did not repent, and promising God's plenteous mercy if they did, she confided to each of the children a secret.

The story echoed loudly through the surrounding country, to be ridiculed by freethinkers and much discussed among the faithful. Probably those were right who believed that Our Lady had favored France once more, for soon miracles were wrought on the mountain, and

after careful examination the bishop declared that she had certainly appeared. Some time later, he having resigned the See, his successor was flooded with petitions to discountenance pilgrimages to La Salette; but, by way of reply, he solemnly laid there the corner stone of a great church which has been elevated to the rank of a basilica.

The fate of the two children was very unlike that of Bernadette, who became a nun and died in the odor of sanctity. Both led wandering, restless lives. Maximin returned, at last, to his native village where he died a holy death; Mélanie lived until 1904, when she died in Italy.

About the other marvellous Nineteenth-Century apparition of Our Lady in her beloved France there has been no disquieting argument. The story of Pontmain is an idyl, singularly simple, exquisitely sweet.

In January, 1871, the disastrous Franco-Prussian war was at its height, and France was in dire straits. Villages and towns were falling into the hands of the Germans, while their half-armed, ill-fed defenders, more and more disheartened, were in full retreat. One day news reached the tiny village of Pontmain that a detachment of Prussians was approaching and would reach it on the following morning. Terrified in their hour of peril the poor peasants besought the protection of the Blessed Virgin. She did not fail them.

About six o'clock that evening two little boys, Eugene and Joseph Barbedette, were at work behind their father's house, pulling grass to be used as fodder. Suddenly, Eugene called to his brother in a highly excited tone, "Look up! look up, quick, and see the grand, beautiful Lady!" Looking into the sky Joseph saw her instantly, and his eager exclamations attracted the attention of M. Barbedette, who was busy

within the barn. He came to the door to ask what was causing such commotion. The boys did their best to describe what they were seeing in the star-lit sky; but try as he might their father could see nothing extraordinary; and, rather impatiently, he told the boys to stop talking foolishness and to finish their task.

Attracted by the excitement in the yard, Mme. Barbedette hurried from the house; but although she scanned the heavens from horizon to horizon, she could see only stars, so the father brusquely told the lads that he wanted to hear no more of their nonsense.

By this time a few neighbors had gathered about the barn. Among them were two little girls who also saw the vision and described it as the boys had done, and like them they began to laugh and dance for joy. A babe in arms, carried into the yard by his curious mother, clapped his tiny hands and laughed and kept his eyes on the sky. No one else, not even the other children present, could see anything; but soon everyone in the village was on the spot, all on their knees and all praying to our Blessed Mother.

After some minutes the children announced that a scroll had appeared at Our Lady's feet; that letters of gold were being formed upon it. As they appeared the children named them, until this message was written across the scroll: "Pray, my children. God will help you. Soon, my Son will grant your petitions."

The apparition lasted for an hour, during every moment of which the favored children were in an ecstasy of happiness, not to be forgotten as long as they lived. The vision faded slowly; and all was ended. Strangely, of Pontmain and its story the world has known far less than of other visits of Our Mother to France.

It is noteworthy, in regard to these Nineteenth-Century apparitions of Our

Lady, that not only France was especially blessed, but also were the poor, the simple, the lowly. In no case were the rich or the learned favored; but a humble Sister of Charity; and at Lourdes, La Salette and Pontmain, unlettered peasant children, of much the same social class as certain fishermen of Galilee, beloved of her Son.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

XV.

MISS BURNHAM having read John Carfax's letter the next morning, carefully folded and replaced it in the envelope. It was not laid on her writing table with her other correspondence. On the contrary, she sat quite a few minutes holding it in her hand, regarding it with interest. Not the hand of an uneducated man that! Small, characteristic writing, the end of each line a little straggle,—and a good signature. She opened a drawer, and locked it again, having put the letter inside. Then she sat quite still for a few minutes, seemingly dreaming, with her eyes on her folded hands.

But the morning was no time for elderly dreams, and she had to interview the cook and the gardener, and answer the telephone more than once. And then Anthony and she had had a long talk with the bailiff about the question of stocking or not stocking what he called the farm. And she had finally left them to talk it out. Anthony was for asking Farmer Grey's expert advice, and the bailiff was evidently anxious to assert his own official authority.

Miss Burnham did not return to her own pleasant morning room where she usually did her work. She went to what had been the old Colonel's study and threw open the windows, letting in the air and light. It smelt a little stuffy, for Anthony had not wanted to make use

of it yet. When he settled in, he said, it would be time enough for some change in its heavy Victorian aspect.

Aunt Mary sat down at the big writing table and opened the drawers, one after the other. She knew that some of them contained docketed piles of regimental correspondence, which one day she had always hoped, would be politely requisitioned by some eminent writer of her father's life. Then there were letters of Indian interest, personages her father had met and corresponded with, and so on. There were letters of family interest, all docketed in military fashion—letters from husband to wife and from wife to husband; from children to parents. Mary had never been able to bring herself to destroy them, though she rarely spent much time over them. But when some Belloc or Chesterton undertook the distinguished Colonel's life, then would be the time to go through them and make an assortment! And there was one drawer full, she knew, of Bernard's letters, his sketches, sundry little diaries, and odds and ends. It was there that Miss Burnham searched for something—something she once had seen her mother want to burn, and which her father had refused to destroy for some unknown reason. It was something sealed in a small foolscap envelope and marked "Carfax" in the Colonel's handwriting. She had seen it once since, and had meant to burn it herself, but had forgotten it. There was no curiosity to read its contents—they would have disgusted her, she was sure, as they had done her father; but just now, as she turned the packets of documents over, she had a strong desire to open the envelope. And after a few minutes' search, she found it. It was a letter written on large good note paper, with the date only on the top of the first page. No, she did not want to read what was written there. She turned the page to the signature after rapidly glancing at the writing. Small, extremely neat

writing—no straggling at the ends of lines, and though it meant nothing of course, the J of the John was not written with its tail, but in its Latin character "J," and the J and the C were exceptionally large. Well, she was not qualified to do Sherlock Holmes work; but, comparing the two letters purporting to come from John Carfax, and allowing for one being written by a young lad of nineteen or twenty and the other by a man of fifty or thereabouts, it did strike her that her father had jumped to his usual hasty and choleric conclusion.

Possibly he had meant to rectify matters later on, but so quickly had followed the more serious aspect of Bernard's long illness, and classes being impossible under the circumstances, no more had been thought of the affair.

Mary Burnham locked up the Colonel's study again, leaving it in the darkness she had found it in; and once again, in her own room, she examined that faded signature—"Yours devotedly, passionately, hopelessly,—John Carfax," with an enormous J and an equally large C, out of all proportion to the rest of the name. The writer had made a regular St. Andrew's Cross of the x at the end of the name. Miss Burnham glanced again at the note she had received that morning. He had made two c's, back to back. Still that was nothing to go by. One's writing changed considerably in all these years—only—that man she had talked with yesterday or the day before, that man with the same steady, purposeful eyes, the same quiet, unassuming manner that she remembered in the shy lad of Bernard's days,—that man had never been the youth to write those fulsome, hysterical lines that constituted this so-called love letter.

She rather wished she had had the courage to ask him straight out that day, but it was not so present to her mind then. Perhaps one day she would

—and it was very much Miss Burnham J. P. who put the two letters together in the same foolscap envelope and with a rather grim expression locked them in a small drawer of her own writing table.

She would make some inquiries about that Preston man—the man who had come as a youth to the house and who had been unpleasant. There were quite a lot of people in Milford and the district, who did business with the firm in London—or really—that would not be necessary, if the man with the steady eyes who had stood with his back to that carved “*Losynge I gayne*”—said no to her question. But she did not quite see herself asking him. No, indeed, the whole thing must be ignored lest by any chance it should come to dear Margaret’s ears,—and her Superior now!

Anthony seemed interested to hear about her visit to Thurston, though he wished she had met that nice little Mrs. Carfax who was “a woman in a thousand,” he said, and Aunt Mary had camouflaged a sniff in her lawn handkerchief and said there was a draught from the window.

Now relations had been established she said, it would be easy to see her at any time. She had promised Mrs. Adams to be present at a meeting about a proposed Cottage Hospital at Maydon, where the Burnhams had some property, though she was entirely opposed to the idea, as they were near enough to Tesford for all purposes. She supposed Thurston would be represented by Mr. or Mrs. Carfax, and in the latter case she would make her acquaintance.

Thurston, however, had not been invited to represent itself. It usually got overlooked by some mischance when the great ones of the neighboring earth were expected at the Rectory, and though the Rector had suggested on several occasions the suitability and wisdom of interesting that convent-bred girl in parish matters, the lady of the

house, not having herself undertaken any “care of souls,” failed to see eye to eye with the good man. The girl was too exceptionally attractive to be thrown amongst people above her station. So Miss Burnham sat squeezed between a side table and a dowager peeress who lent her name with the utmost generosity to all good works in the County, opened all its bazaars, laid all its foundation stones, and had been presented with enough silver keys and trowels to stock a shop.

The keys crowded her glass-topped silver tables, the trowels, she used for moving sections of jig-saw puzzles, a pastime she was particularly addicted to.

Miss Burnham’s left arm rested on the side table, and as she pushed away an elaborate covered album to make a little more room, she noticed it was marked, Visitor’s Book. How was she to know that on the second page there rested the small neat signature of Guy Preston, the finding of which was even then occupying her mind. But she would have learnt little had she seen it, except that the exceptionally big splashing capital G and P of his names contrasted curiously with the rest of the small writing.

The meeting expressed itself with cautious enthusiasm on the subject of another charity to be supported, until the Rector, clearing his throat in the distinguished manner that he applied to his smallest actions, announced in his pleasant voice that a suitable house in the neighborhood had been promised, furnished and free of rent and taxes, if the Rector could find sufficient guarantee for its running expenses. The generous benefactor was a gentleman, not entirely a stranger to the district, Mr. Guy Preston.

Discreet applause met this announcement. A few of those present, knew that at the next opportunity, Guy Preston intended to offer himself as the Con-

servative Candidate; and the oldest Conservatives in the county had sworn they would rather vote Red than let him represent them. But that was hyperbole, and they knew it.

Miss Burnham drove back home with a very magisterial expression on her face and found Father Sully of the Milford mission awaiting her. He was elderly and delicate, and had to do the work of three, but the Bishop had promised him a young curate this winter, and he knew it was chiefly thanks to Miss Burnham's generosity. Useless, she said, for Father Sully to make an apology for calling so late in the afternoon. If he apologized for so rarely giving them the pleasure of a visit, that was another thing, but she knew he was run off his legs. Had Anthony told him all the news in her absence, and of course he was going to stay for dinner now he was here and Anthony would run him back in the car later.

But that was impossible. He only wanted to tell them that he had received a very handsome cheque for the schools he was building, and for which money had been coming in so painfully slowly.

"It came this morning only," he said, digging into some inner depths of his coat for his pocket book, "and I thought, being more or less a stranger to the neighborhood myself, you would be pleased to hear that it is an old resident of Milford."

Talk about the laws or vagaries of coincidence, thought Mary Burnham! Before he had finished speaking, she was sure it was the man who had given the Cottage Hospital at Maydon, the man who intended to stand for election at the next vacancy, and everyone knew old Francis Grantham was dying.

"You're in luck, Father! That relieves you of some anxiety, I hope. Who is the man and what's he good for?" asked Anthony.

Father Sully was taking a letter out

of its envelope. "It's Mr. Guy Preston—and he writes that though he is not a member of the Catholic Church, he admires the fine work that the mission has done in Milford in the last twenty years, and begs to enclose a cheque for £300 to complete the work on the schools. It was precisely the sum needed."

"O-ho!" exclaimed Miss Burnham. "You know, don't you, Father, that he intends to stand for this division when poor Grantham is dead?"

Father Sully put the letter down again, and stared across at Aunt Mary, consternation in his face.

"I certainly did not," he replied. "It has not been spoken of in my hearing, and as a matter of fact I heard there was every possible likelihood of Labor getting in if Grantham died."

There was a moment's silence, the nervous, thin fingers of the priest folding and refolding the letter with its opulent cheque that was going to bring such timely aid. Then he slowly put it back into its envelope and sighed a little.

"Ah, well! that puts a slightly different complexion on the matter. Most of us vote Conservative, I believe, at St. Bernard's, but—well, well—"

"May I see the letter? I think you were going to show it to me?" Mary Burnham held out her hand, and Father Sully gave her the envelope and its contents.

"M-m-m!" she said, after reading it, and seemed more struck by the small, concise writing, with its "out-size" flowing G and P of the signature, than by its polite wording and gracious sympathy with the needs of the small Catholic Mission.

"You're not going to refuse it, are you, Father?"

Anthony had been watching the priest's face, its smiling satisfaction suddenly changed to disappointment.

"I am not at all sure that I'm not,

even though my vote will assuredly go for the party this gentleman unfortunately hopes to represent. You are quite sure I suppose, Miss Burnham, of his intentions in that respect?"

"They were talking of it in the Council Chamber when I was there last week; and the Rector of Maydon-cum-Thurston has more than half his Cottage Hospital scheme through, thanks to this Mr. Guy Preston."

She went into further details on the events of the afternoon, and it was only when Anthony had driven the priest back in the car that she unlocked the drawer again in her bureau. She examined the signatures. The small, even writing of Carfax's letter of the other day—each line ending in a straggle, and his signature with what she would call small capitals, the J having its "tail." Then the "love letter," its neat, crabbed writing, small, and not entirely unlike what Carfax's youthful hand might have been, considering his middle-age one, and the large untidy Capitals of the signature, so entirely corresponding to that of the generous benefactor who had signed the letter to Father Sully, with the same "out-size" capitals, G and P. She locked up the drawer, and sat very still at her desk, her hands clasped, her arms resting on the blotting pad, and her eyes seeing nothing.

Or rather were they looking down the long vista of years into that past that she had a little dominated, carrying on as she had thought, the dignified tradition of her father's rule. Of course, these letters were no proof positive of Carfax's innocence or of Mr. Preston's youthful deceit, but she had a strong impression that Bernard, and later Anthony, had been right in their certainty that he had never written that letter.

Her mother had always believed what her husband did, rejected what he rejected, been the faithful Amen to his chronic "as it was in the beginning, is

now and ever shall be." And Mary, in this particular case, had rather aided and abetted the taboo. She had never approved much of those young men coming to share Bernard's classes, and had on more than one occasion been excessively frigid if not rude to young Preston. Looking back, she was sure she had never been more than kindly condescending and perhaps stiffly gracious to the Carfax boy. But no one had been inclined to resent the elder Miss Burnham's stiffness in those days—Margaret had absorbed all the attention. Still, if she had been fostering bad feelings all these years and been the cause of scandal, in its Biblical sense, she must put things right at once—rather annoying just now! She really did not want to establish relations of too friendly a nature between Thurston and—well, Anthony, though she admitted it was rather foolish of her to worry—the girl was only a child!

She wished she could talk it over with Margaret, but of course that was out of the question. She had never known anything of the matter, though she had been told that he and Preston had rather disgraced themselves and were not coming again.

But "her that was Margaret Burnham" had guessed part of the truth, and in those dark days when Bernard's sufferings had shut out all else, she had begged Father Page to befriend John Carfax, who had been cast adrift so ruthlessly it seemed. And John Carfax, in his miserable fury, had refused to be "befriended" by anyone. Father Page, in those days, hardly recognized the youth when he saw him, as the one who had sat so often with him in the little parlor of his presbytery, at first, listening, a little suspiciously, to the simple kindness of the priest, then asking him questions later, voracious of instruction. He had found him again, with the old despair accentuated, with defiant, mocking eyes and a reserve that

had been born in bitterness out of the old modesty. He had put his enemy out of action for the time being, tasted his blood, and revenged himself a little for life's insults and treachery.

For some time he had walked out the five miles daily to Milford and back again just to pass the Preston house, where his enemy lay healing him of his wounds, as if daring any member of its household to come out and accuse him. That frenzy had passed, but Father Page never got him again, though he saw him, the day of Bernard's funeral, hiding behind trees and tombstones in the cemetery.

There was a tap at the door of the wainscotted "office," and Carfax, seated at his desk, lifted his head for a moment.

"Daddy, supper's ready and waiting. Come along!" called Peggy from outside. When they found the office door locked, it was understood they did not wait, if anyone came to fetch him.

"All right!" came back her father's voice. He must not delay. It was young John's last night at home, and to-morrow early he would be gone. There were things to be done—he too had boats to burn, or—or at least a bridge to be crossed—something which he had contemplated doing ever since the moment when Aunt Kate had stuck a radiant old wrinkled face into his room one early dawn and said, "The bonniest boy as ever was—"

Yes—but lately—though he had made up his mind—lately he had thought more about Susan and her fears. After all, what he was going to do was so small, so trivial a thing, perhaps a little theatrical; and yet he was so certain of the children's ultimate destiny that he felt they could not fail to follow the faint *piste* that he had traced for them. For a moment, as the sound of Peggy's voice, calling to one of the dogs, died away, and he heard

the bang of the baize door, he sat motionless, his face in his hands. Then, pushing back his chair, he got up and opened the panel slide into the cubby-hole.

The old iron coffer had been opened—its lid, on its rusty hinges lay back against the wall, and inside, tarnished but severely beautiful, were the old sacred vessels of Carfax Chapel. Carfax had dragged from the bottom of the chest some of the old vestments, stained and tattered with age and damp, and had hung a moth-eaten green velvet chasuble over one end of the box, and placed a twisted and torn stole over it. Heaped at the bottom of the chest, other vestments lay, and on them stood—as Carfax had arranged them—the old chalices and patens, and the altar stone. On the one broad shelf that ran across the little room, lay the old crucifix that had stood on the altar, and close to the open coffer an ancient carved and colored wooden figure of Our Lady. She seemed to be looking down into the open box at those stains and rust and tatters, as if she were again "pondering all these things in her heart."

Carfax, glancing round, came back to his desk, and moved his strong petrol lamp so that it shone well into the open cubby-hole. Then he unlocked the door into the passage, and having passed through, turned and locked it again, putting the key in his pocket.

Grandy and Aunt Kate had been down for half an hour, but had refused to stay for supper. John and Peggy had been to Bluebells for a sumptuous farewell tea, and had come back charged with good advice as to how to avoid the contamination of Oxford and its exotic—only Grandy had not used that word—its exotic education. And Carfax had come to the office after seeing them well on their way home.

"I never sat down to such a tea in my life! No, Mother, 'nor bit nor bite nor wet o' mi lips' am I equal to," pro-

tested Peggy, as Susan proceeded to fill the plates.

"Ha, ha! That reminds me—old Granny Lapworth!" and young John, between mouthfuls of ham, told them of the old woman's complaint about the Coronation feasts.

Susan smiled. She had smiled all day because it was her boy's last day at home, and because if she didn't smile she might cry, and that would be too mortifying for her two Johns. Carfax smiled too.

"Where have you seen old Granny Lapworth?" he asked, cutting a large slice of bread.

So rather cautiously, young John recounted their visit, Peggy wishing she had remembered not to quote the old woman, but her father only seemed amused.

"They say she used to serve in the kitchen of the old house, but she must have been pretty young. They also say, or said, that it was her carelessness that led to the fire that destroyed the place. Ever since that old talk, she has been torn in two with desire to boast of her connection with the family, and fear of being remembered as the unfortunate cause—"

"That accounts for her—her sort of witchy interest in us," began Peggy.

"Witchly?" said Susan, puzzled.

"A regular old witch," put in young John. "Fixed us both with glittering eyes that beat any old ancient Mariner's, and, giving us to understand we were both proper good-looking young people—at least me—don't interrupt, Peggy. Are these your convent manners? She warned us not to let any evil spirits trip us."

Susan looked anxiously at her husband, but he was leaning back in his chair laughing a little.

"Whatever did she mean by that I wonder. I don't like it!" she murmured.

"Excellent advice, my dear. Grandy and Aunt Kate have given the same, in

other words, and so have you and I."

Something made Peggy turn and slip a hand into her father's.

"She said too, tell your father you be good seedin's."

"Well, I never," said Susan softly, "the poor thing must be quite in her dotage."

But Carfax looking at the girl's laughing face, and then for a moment into John's rather alarmed eyes, replied slowly,

"I haven't any doubt about my 'seedin's.'"

It was Susan who proposed that, just for cheerfulness like, they should put a match to the logs already laid ready for the first fire of autumn, in the big chimney place. And when Prudence and Peggy had cleaned the supper table, it was apparently a cheerful foursome who sat in its flickering light, a small lamp behind Susan who was knitting a vest for her John "against the winter."

Much later than usual it was when they all got up to go to bed. It was a very tender hug that her boy gave Susan as she and Peggy left the room; and it was only just as John Carfax was on the point of turning out the lamp, that he said suddenly,

"By the way—I believe I left my lamp on in the office, John. Run down—here's the key—and put it out. If by any chance I left the panel door open, just have a look that it's all right, and shut it. Good-night! my lad."

He turned to the door.

"Put the key of the office at my bedroom door as you pass," he said and young John nodded.

(To be continued.)



WHAT proves to me the strong predilection of the Heart of Jesus for S. John are the three presents which He gave him: in His life He gave him His cross; at His death He gave him His Mother; at the Last Supper He gave him His Heart.—*Bossuet.*

Nuns in an April Wind.

BY LEWIS COLWELL.

THEY chose still paths
Where dignity holds sway—
Companion of stern toil and quiet duty;
Within a sombre shard to fold away
All but the blossoming soul's
Bright beauty:

But when an April gale,
With naught of dread,
Tosses back sable bonnets for a kiss;
And makes of drooping folds
Brave wings outspread;
Their hearts must sing a rhapsody for this—

For this—that winds—wild children of the
skies—
Behold them still
As glad unawesome things,
Ready for welcoming the swift surprise
Of soft caress
Or spreading of wide wings:

And so their heart's song
Is a holy balm—
A holy balm, they prideful are to wear;
Knowing that radiance underneath their calm
Can bid brave-hearted joys
A welcome there.

And when I see in April, nuns walk forth,
I'm glad mad winds ride wildly from the north.

A Plea for the Illiterates.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

IT is better to be well-bred than well-read. Yet there seems to be none, or at most very few, statisticians who use their arithmetical powers to reveal for us the number and percentage of ill-bred people, young and old, in our exceptionally civilized country. On the other hand, there is a great deal of mathematical boasting about our illiterates: the radioed air jangles with figures and percentages about the

tremendous number of men and women who are unable to read and write,—men and women, I mean, who live under the Stars and Stripes; and our press, having the assistance of budding Ph. D. scribes, demonstrates that we have more illiterates in our scholarly latitudes and longitudes than ever existed in our Colonial Days, or since our States were United. And this attitude of chatter, in the press and on the air, is another feature in our spirit of boastfulness.

Surely we must be mistaking the rhetorical purpose that these radiant speakers and doctorated writers have in giving us these bits of information about illiteracy and the legions therein. For in these years (years, not days) of depression we may observe, without announcers, the thousands of domestic departments in dire needfulness,—food-shortages, unemployment, and the depleted crocks of gold. And now to these poverties and shortcomings, we are to add the mental and manual deficiencies of our fellow-inhabitants (not fellow-citizens yet, since they cannot read and write). Why should we choose this pitiable decade for boasting about the multitudinous American illiteracy, especially, too, when we are surrounded by millions of notable literates who employ only colossal words for their display of learning,—impressive words, even when not sesquipedalian, such as relativity, psycho-analysis, paleontological evolution, technocracy, astrobiological imperceptions, *et omne id genus*.

These elaborate vocabularies, so glibly uttered are only ephemeral, we know; yet very likely they scare the unlettered back into deeper caverns of illiteracy. And it is a matter for marvel that so many per-cent signs, %, and %, and %, can be amassed from the printer's stock-in-trade. Of course, we are aware that the linotype machine,

which was twenty-five years ahead of present technocratic boastfulness, may evolve an unlimited supply of signs and figures: thus %, and %, and yet again %.

Returning, *au sérieux*, to the consideration of boastfulness, we must have mistaken the purpose which actuates all this present clamor about our illiterate conditions. Surely no parent would exclaim with delight that he has more hungry children than his next-door neighbor; and what state of mind would that person have to tell the State that his children, being come to the age of reason, cannot read or write. I feel sure that there is a joke somewhere in the biographical wood-pile of an old house of Douglas: the father of the poet, Gawin Douglas, four hundred years ago, is said to have said,

Thanks to St. Gothard, son of mine,
Save Gawin, ne'er could pen a line.

Was the Scotch elder merely glad that no other of his children wasted time in composing lines of verse, even though Gawin became a bishop! Or was it to an imaginary saint he offered his play of thanks? Sift the wood-pile for the correct answer. Douglas or MacDouglas, no father exults in the limitations of his children. And who is going to report of himself truly that he cannot read or write, cannot scribble an argot or a patois, or brogue or slang in company with Chimmie Fadden. "It's little I read," said the dear and brave Kathleen Kenedy, in an old novel, when the pompous English landlord was trying to coerce her to accept his St. James Bible. She and her children needed food and clothing, yet she would not communicate with this heretical bread of life; and, being womanly, she would not admit that she was illiterate; and therefore, how graciously and yet almost truly, she faced the loss of bread and clothes, and said "It's little I read." And that little was afterwards demon-

strated to the landlord when the saintly scholar, though illiterate in English, read the Crucifix for the astounded proselyte.

However, admitting that our broadcasters correctly parade the statistics about illiterates, why should their fellow-men maintain such a Moratorium on this sorrowing condition? We boast about the huge sums of money we expend for our "educational facilities" and the millionaire Junior High Schools. How then is there such a leakage through such facilities and faculties. Have we no committees, standing or waiting or walking committees, to cultivate the neglected illiterate, be he child or man. Do you not remember, if you were a boy in France only three decades ago, that the Brothers of the Christian Schools used to go around the streets and congested alley-ways, and gather the *gamins* together and open a class even on the *trottoirs*, and afterwards lead them to the school in the valley.

And do you recall how in the remotest reaches of Brittany, or farther south over the Pyrenees, some old man, oftentimes the *Curé* or the *Padre*, would patiently pause "on his rounds" to spell out words for children in the little catechism,—thus, so to speak, with one stone killing two birds, a terrestrial and a celestial lesson. And did not Francesca Alexander tell us in Italy about similar methods of meeting illiterates, in her charming book about "Hidden Servants." And where do you think they could assemble classrooms in Ireland during the penal days, when the glories of the old Island of Saints and Scholars had been swept from their former abodes of learning (those countless monastic schools whose once-majestic architecture were so ruined that they now look like X-ray photographs, as Thomsa Michael Kettle used to say); and then again,

Stretched upon the mountainside or crouched
neath sheltering fern,
The teacher and his pupil met, feloniously
to learn.

Well, when the depression of illiteracy was encountered, the children, Douglas Hyde and other scholars tell us, could be seen studying letters (and reading and writing) from the inscriptions on the tombstones in the graveyards.

But, to return to an instance under our own Stars and Stripes; surely we can recall how cases of illiteracy were sympathetically invited into literacy in former days. Let us take off our hat to the memory of Jimmy Ammidown in our New England village at the end of the last century. Here was a man who was typical in charity and patriotism; for he knew that the foreigners in our little, stretched-out community, some of them Polish, some German, some French-Canadian, could not write or read in the English language; to assist them to citizenship would be patriotic, and to assist them towards business careers, small or great, would be charity.

And Jimmy Ammidown, working hard during the daytime in his paintshop, would open all the lower rooms in his old cottage for these foreigners on four or five nights of the week, and teach them the three R's for their enrollment in the ranks of American citizenship and American business. What a citadel of romance the picture seemed to the humble students; how golden was the light of the kerosene lamps that Jimmy fastened about the rooms (or perhaps his two maiden sisters, who during the school hours were silently knitting in the upper rooms, were the lampadeers). Let us acknowledge that Jimmy earned a few pennies in these hours of devoted enterprise, and that he shared the tuition fees of the monthly half dollars with two of us boys who were engaged by him as

assistant scriptioners, readers and arithmeticians; for Jimmy preferred youthful collaborators, because the elders with their foreign accents would be less embarrassed to ask humble questions, and have plenty of time to spell Constantinople and Aurora Borealis.

However, though Jimmy Ammidown and his democratic academy might supply incident and characterization enough for a book by Willa Cather, or at least a short story by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, he is adduced here as an illustration of the means that served illiterates a quarter of a century ago. Indeed there are greater numbers of illiterate people now, we must admit, (and our press and radios are boasting that fact); but why is there not a larger supply of Jimmy Ammidowns, and humble little classrooms of charity and patriotism; and why do we not transport some of the old hedge-schools from Ireland, and also invite the heroic Brothers of France to distribute their readers and spelling-books and slates on the East Side and West Side and all around the town!

Alas, we have a mighty parade of night schools, blazing away and blathering elegantly in figures about attendances and *curricula*, whose faculties, like the tail of a kite, have strings of degrees after their names. Panoplied thus for the tasks of the night time, they offer their "extension courses," so many "credits" towards a degree, even a Ph. D. But the poor illiterates do not enter for their A B C's. For surcharged with the atmosphere of higher education, these classrooms would stifle the timid men and women who cannot read or write; amidst the elaborate jargon and the lady-like enthusiasms over riddles in Chaucer and even Beowulf, over chemical formulas and dazzling mathematics, the readerless and scriptless visitant rushes away to

the solacing *chiaroscuro* of the alleyways. Charity and patriotism would be better served under the old kerosene lamps; and the illiterates, whether native or foreign, would better serve that yearning which is in every human heart and mind,—the desire of betterment, for self and country and God.

If one zealous and neighborly man in a New England town achieved results, surely a tremendous building and staff of teachers in a city should attain greater results. And our press and radios would not have such figures to display about illiteracy. And if we do not bring back the golden glow of the kerosene lamps, at least we should return to the old-fashioned reading lessons, humble but heroic, human yet heavenly. We can well afford to eliminate the prehistoric nonsense that kills time in the pompous night schools now, and return to the sanities in the former readers,—the accentuation in verse and prose, of moral conduct, the glorification of courageous desire and endurance.

"What care I," said a professor of ours in college later, "if there are men on the other side of the moon with ears so large that they wrap up one of them for a pillow at night and cover themselves with the other, when I know that here and now I have rights and duties." And it was according to this knowledge that humble men came in their right and duty to Jimmy Ammidown's cottage to learn to read and write. If any of them are still living surely they can recall how a simple page of reading took on the romance of an inspiration; *exempli gratia*: one night, when a sturdy German was reading a ballad about a storm at sea, the entire worth of his heart and mind was revealed in his reading (Reichstags and Parliaments and Congresses would have hearkened to him), especially when he emphasized the lines addressed to the terrified captain by his sane little daughter,—

Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?

Finally, we might lessen our parades of figures about illiterates, and inquire into other aspects of our shortages in a more important department of culture. To repeat, it is a truism in the realm of civilization that a well-bred man is better than a merely well-read man. The bark of a hound is the same in New Zealand and New York, and the mark of a gentleman is the same in the ploughfield and the parlor, the same in the Twentieth as in the Tenth Century; and many a heroic and cultured character in the history of civilization could not read or write, who might feel awkward in our present night schools, out of place indeed, though they were at home on the fields of courage and in the courts of honor, and sure upon the foundations of respect for authority, whether public or private.

Let us pause sometimes to consider, while we are being besieged with broadcasts about illiteracy, the notable records of great characters who, were they of our day, would be nobodies because they are not literate. Take, for one example, the dauntless knight, Bayard, of Fifteenth Century France, who, despite a lapse or two in conduct, remains in legend and history as the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*.

And in our day, what a text for contrast in sociological studies and in comparisons of character worth, does this history of Bayard's life give to a modern appreciation of true principles of education,—namely the biography of Bayard by Professor Shellabarger. How refreshing, in this day of clamor about mere book-learning, to have a sane critic's light thrown upon things greater than pens and papers. Who would not pencil many passages in Professor Shellabarger's commentary on the life and times of this hero of the world, Bayard:

thus,—“Unlettered, they had no taste for intellectual venturing, no knowledge of their ignorance. The passions of life, its evil and distress, provoked no challenge of religious truth, which stood revealed and clear and ultimate above them as a minster spire. That was the sum of knowledge fit for man, his guide and consolation; they possessed it fully and were content . . . duty to king and overlord, duty to neighbor and underling, duty, above all, to family, kin and name, all this implying the higher loyalty to God.”

Could we not ask our broadcasters about illiteracy to inject these words into their statistics about our unlettered multitudes, and ask them to urge these other reflections of the historian and biographer of Bayard:—thus, after noting that had Bayard lived in an earlier century, “his notable exploits would have passed unnoted in the sum of like achievements” (so common and frequent was high courage and conduct), he adds, “The present identification of learning with book knowledge is grossly inaccurate, and even more so the popular conception of education as schooling. . . . If we can rid ourselves, therefore, of the notion that ‘well-educated’ must include ‘well-read,’ it will appear that Bayard, though illiterate, was highly educated in reference to his career and social position. . . . The intricacy of the code (of social behavior, courtesy, good manners) demanded intensive training; but proficiency, that fine distinction of manner, which set a man at his ease in any circumstances, meant popularity and esteem. . . . It was as vital to success as physical strength. Such knowledge, then, rightly took precedence of grammar, and even to-day, at the meridian of democracy, it might be suggested that fewer books and better breeding would not greatly impoverish education.”

Surely, one need not feel abashed at the length of these citations from a worthy book; for how brief they are when set alongside of the columns of print and the hours of radio that strive to impress on us the need of knowing that we have illiterates in the United States. Since the cheap crooners on the radio and the cheap *dramatis personæ* of “the movies” and their slang cannot improve our poor aliens who do not read or write Americanese, and since we do not forget the Jimmy Ammi-downs of village classes, nor the zealous Brothers of the sidewalk apostolate, nor the hedge schoolmasters of Erin, nor the Curés of Brittany, all of whom put books and pens and the higher things in the hands and hearts of foreign limitations; and since we heartily hail the spirit that aims at the ennoblement of man (are not Mr. Chesterton’s words memorable? “Democracy does not champion educating a man because he is miserable, but because he is so sublime”), should we not leave as a final consideration for our clamorists on illiteracy the picture of the great, though unlettered Bayard, as he started to ride towards the arduous future of his career, strong of body, sane of mind, when he hearkened to his mother’s farewell instruction:

“She summoned him apart from the others behind a tower of the manor-house, and there enjoined him to be true, to serve God and man, to succor the poor, the desolate and the weak, to avoid slander, envy, pride, to be constant in prayer.”

At Emmaus.

BY B. K. E.

NOT by His countenance serene and sweet,
Nor by the words of fire that were said;
But when He sat a guest with them at meat,
They knew Him in the breaking of the bread.

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XV.

“**T**HAT you did act; to wit, did take part in an armed rebellion and the waging of war against His Majesty The King, such an act being calculated to be prejudicial to the Defence of the Realm and done for the purpose and with the intention of assisting the enemy.”

The leaders of the Dublin uprising of 1916 were tried on this charge. Sir John Maxwell, sent to Ireland with plenary powers, followed the traditional English method in dealing with the insurgent Sister. Never in Anglo-Irish quarrels did a British Government have such a chance to exercise clement justice; never, perhaps, did a British Government so hopelessly miss the chance.

There were 20,000 British troops in Dublin at the moment; and as many more stationed at vantage points throughout the country. The Dublin blaze was physically quenched; and only the most ardent lovers of the Cause had hopes of seeing it relit in their generation.

An influential part of the native population was cold toward the Revolutionists. The failure of these Dublin idealists, in what we do not slightly call their “toy” Rebellion, left their following stunned; and a fair percentage of the Irish people censorious. For the latter, the Revolution stirred trouble and brought back the grip of coercion. Sir John Maxwell set up his General Courts-martial, Tuesday, May 2, which held sessions for a week, each trial lasting just fifteen minutes. This marking of time gave an appearance of judicial dignity to the hearings, and terrorized some civilians. Fifteen leaders were executed for the flare-up of Easter Week; one other for what we may call indirect participation. In late April,

1916, the list seemed a roll-call of men gone wrong. In less than a month it was a litany of new martyrs to the old Racial Faith. Here is the list:

May 3, Padraic Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh, Thomas Clark—*Shot*.

May 4, Joseph Mary Plunkett, Edward Daly, Michael O’Hanrahan, William Pearse, brother of Padraic—*Shot at dawn*.

May 5, John MacBride—*Shot at dawn*.

May 7, Cornelius Colbert, Edmund Kent, Michael Mallon, J. J. Huston—*Shot before sunrise*.

May 8, Thomas Kent, at Fermoy, County Cork—*Shot*.

May 12, Sean McDermott, James Connelly, wounded but propped up in a chair—*Shot at dawn*.

August 3, Roger Casement, in Pentenville jail, London, England—*Hanged by the neck*.

The bodies of the dead men were piled into a lorry, carted away secretly at night to Arbor Hill prison and buried in quick-lime. Not a bone of them must remain. Saith a Scripture:

I shall beat them as small as the dust of the road; I shall crush them and spread them abroad like the mine of the street.

The hurried shootings of the men who led the Rebellion of Easter Week stirred in Irishmen everywhere a resentment which no propaganda could effect. The British Government overreached. The killings, instead of putting out old fires, stirred the dying embers to new life. “We will strike terror by terrorism,” military Britain said, and there were many who approved military Britain’s decision. All that portion of Ireland which thrived under Union applauded; certain place men, certain landowners who had no thoughts but for profits and prices approved. They wanted their positions, their gains.

The Bog approved. Not openly and provocatively. He approved secretly.

An unsettled country interfered with markets. He was pleased, but politic. He was so certain the Rebellion was smashed, he decided to be benevolent. He would pretend to forgive. He could afford to do that. A winner can be generous. More important, a restored Davey would drain the bog; a forgiven Nano would keep Davey in obedience. Keeping them loyal to the Government would mean safety for himself. Now that they saw the folly of fighting the British Empire, they would be happy if he let bygones be bygones. He would tell Davey he forgave him, and Davey would set to work draining the bog; he would tell Nano he forgave her, and Nano would keep Davey loyal to the Government. He called them to him the morning after the last Dublin shootings.

"Listen to me now, the two of ye! Ye see what happens when ye meddle with the Government. You see for yourselves. Ye have been led astray by wild, mad heads, and ye find out what happened to them. Very good! Ye've learned yer lesson. I'm willing to forgive and forget. To forgive and forget everything."

"I don't want you to forgive or forget! There's nothing I've done I won't do again—and more. The murdering devils! But our turn's coming!"

"Do you hear that?" He faced Nano.

"Yes, and I'm with him! Davey, you own your soul forever now! Up the Republic!"

He looked at the pair in bogus horror. Had he lived 2000 years sooner, he would have rent his garments. He had planned to win them by a pretence of mercy the better to promote his profiteering. Nano looked at him—saw into him. She hated his hypocrisy worse than his domineering. When he was harsh, he was in character.

"You twisted my arm to break me by force, and you didn't succeed. Your mock mercy and palaver won't succeed now. Come on, Davey!"

He followed them to the door.

"All right! And when that ass is braying for mercy the night they choke him, cry your blasted eyes out!"

"Up the Republic!" she answered.

The Bog was disappointed and angry. Only his anger was not nearly so great as his disappointment. He thought the Dublin shootings had terrified the two of them. He would call them to him and make up. He would be generous—bygones were bygones—and Davey could start reclaiming the bog. Davey and his helpers would release that brackish, stagnant water into Donovans' stream which had plenty room for it. He needed the bog for the root crops which would bring war prices. His plans were broken. He wanted to make up, but his rebel children were owned by the devil.

As usual he carried his disappointment to the bog. He would be alone there at any rate. He could nurse his bitterness in the silence of the place. Even the bog seemed rebellious to-day; unwilling to be tamed. Like Nano—the impudent witch! Like Davey—the ass!

"I'll tame you, if you're hell itself! And I'll tame her! And he'll be tamed—the fool—when they crack his neck!"

The bog below was deep, sullen, watching—like a vicious dog before he leaps to grip.

There was a period of outward inactivity from the early May executions of 1916 to, roughly speaking, 1919. Certain expressions of political maneuvering entered into these years which may obscure an essential reality—that Ireland was pulling up her sleeves. Attempts were made to settle the ancient feud by concession and recession. Thus a National Assembly met, April 19, 1917, at the Mansion House, Dublin, and a thousand delegates were present, including one hundred and fifty clergymen. It proved a divided house.

"What do you think of it, John?"

Nano asked when she met Conway as he stepped out the school gate shortly after school hours.

"Of the Mansion House meeting?"

She nodded.

"We have trebled our recruits since Maxwell's shooting party—I don't think much of it."

Ireland was getting ready.

Mr. Lloyd George called an Irish Convention the same year, "to which," he said, "Sinn Fein must come." Sinn Fein answered, it would not take part in any conference unless the terms of call left it free to decree the complete independence of Ireland; and that the English Government pledge itself to ratify the majority decision of the Convention.

While the Convention was in progress Dan Madigan took a verbal message from Conway to Enright.

"Mike, what do you think of the Convention?"

"To hell with the Convention! We have five times more men now than we had before Maxwell shot his terror into us."

Ireland was girding.

In 1917 and '18, two thousand Sinn Fein clubs were organized—all young men and young women. They were not for a long-drawn-out, passive resistance, if force could secure what they wanted. They wanted a republic.

Conscription for the World War was proposed. And at another Convention the Home Rule bill, snoring in the Statute Book, was promised in return for conscripted Irishmen to serve in France.

Ireland laughed and kept on drilling.

Britain attempted her Conscription. John Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentarians, appealed to his countrymen to fight for the Empire and help heal Ireland's wounds by sending an Irish army to France to heal the wounds of Europe. John Redmond spoke to people set resolutely in another direction. The

completeness of the collapse of his attempt to rouse his countrymen stunned him. He had not known how far along Ireland had gone since the days of Parnell, William O'Brien, John Dillon.

In June, 1917, Mr. Eamon de Valera was freed from prison. On June 23 he set out to contest the seat in Parliament for East Clare, vacated by the death on the West front, of Major William Redmond, brother of John. He won the seat. The same month, 5000 Irish prisoners in English jails were given their freedom, Mr. Lloyd George thinking the gracious act would placate Ireland. It did not. Mercy came a year too late. It should have been bestowed upon sixteen men a little over a year before. Dublin welcomed in a great procession her 5000; whereas she had looked coldly on her sixteen. Dublin remembered the sixteen now in her 5000. So had the seed of martyrs multiplied.

Rathdrum, Kilbeg, and South County Limerick remembered them too. Eight hundred men marched down Rathdrum streets next evening, six abreast. It was a cloudy June night. Houses and shops were illuminated and the new Republican flag was visible at every window. Cheers poured out from packed sidewalks, and bands played defiant music.

The Bog saw young men cross his fields earlier that evening; cross his yard; walk out his lane to that hosting in Rathdrum. Davey joined them—shouldering a gun. Every young fellow Hugh Byrne saw carried a gun.

"The asses! Wait till we read some morning their chests are shot into like the fools in Dublin!"

And yet he was not sure. He thought those May morning volleys would bring peace and a continuance of prices. Times seemed worse since; people appeared madder than ever. Especially the young fellows—the fools! And the girls—the wild devils! The prices could not keep up if the madness kept

on; and The Bog would have to put off taming his bog.

Shortly after the young men had vanished up the road, Nano took out her car. She would meet Alice, Mary O'Sullivan, Kathleen Donovan at the gate and drive in to watch the marching men.

"Where are you going now?" her father shouted.

"To Rathdrum, to honor the sixteen."

"The sixteen what?" he roared.

"The sixteen heroes murdered a year ago. There will be lines and lines of men, banners, bands and—"

Just then her mother came to the door and Nano called to her,

"Come on, Mother, see Ireland pulling up her sleeves!"

"I order you to stay home!" her father yelled. She became rapturous.

"Come on, Mother! Ireland is pulling up her sleeves! Bands, flags, lights, guns, men, women—everybody! Come on! See Ireland stirring! Watch Ireland pulling up her sleeves! Up the Republic!"

"You confounded ape!" The Bog roared as she shot past.

"Be careful and don't have an accident!" her mother warned. Nano waved to her and sped out the lane.

"I hope you're satisfied with the way you've brought her up!" he sneered.

"I'm well satisfied, thank God!"

He entered the house slowly and picked up his bi-weekly. Beef, ham, bacon, mutton, lamb was still soaring.

"The blasted asses! If they'd only let well enough alone, we'd be rich by the end of the war."

The parade of men was impressive because it was orderly. The long months of nightly drill expressed itself in movement; and every man who marched kept a set face and shouldered a gun. It was arranged so secretly the police knew nothing of the parade until it was on; and when they watched the marchers from hidden places, they had subject matter enough for several notebooks.

Mike Enright led his following; not such a numerous company. Men accustomed to great numbers would laugh at them. British officers would laugh at them. John Conway marched with his men. That circumstance unmanned Sergeant Hackett.

"Look at that schoolmaster! And already a year ago I gave him warning the Government would strike! If that isn't treason, what is?"

Nano and Alice watched the men go by from a window at Boylans'—the window at which Alice had seen the policeman pick Nano's purse from the car that evening in 1916. Conway's company was ununiformed and without regularity in equipment; Davey among them. Alice waved her little green, white and yellow flag, but Davey did not look up. Ronan was there leading his men; resolute in spite of fifty odd years; the hottest faggot in the fire.

After the parade, the marchers gathered in the square. Men, women, children crowded in, caught by the spirit of this second revolt. Conway introduced Mike Enright.

"England," Mike said, "has attempted to cow us by shooting our brothers in Dublin. We refuse to be cowed. We take up the torch. When they force us to let it fall from our hands, others will pick it up. Britain thinks her Dublin frightfulness will terrorize us. Britain is mistaken. We're all in this fight—we'll stay in. We'll stay in as long as our bones hold together. That's our answer to Maxwell's spree of killing!"

"A spirit out of our past!" Conway announced, introducing Ronan. Two schoolmasters in rebellion! England's loyalties were tottering.

"It warms me to see this new fight of this new day. And this time there will be no traitors and no drink to embitter us. You're all young men, rich in your traditions, strong in your faith. God is good to you—He is going to bestow upon you the blessing which

has been withheld from many just as loyal to the old Cause. He is going to give you liberty. Don't stop—keep going! You young men, and you young girls (he stretched his lean arm toward the girls who fringed the crowd) will see the day so many waited for and never saw. God save Ireland!"

More wild cheering. "God save Ireland" was played by the band and sung by the people. The first defiance was proclaimed, and Sergeant Hackett was absolutely convinced the proceedings from first to last were treasonable.

And then that part of Kilbeg which belongs in this story, including Enright and Ronan, had a supper at Boylans'. It was given in recognition of Ireland's answer to the May shootings, William Boylan the proprietor said.

"John Conway, why didn't you let Davey address the meeting?" Alice demanded. She was in the act of helping Ronan to some chicken.

"I would, only Davey asked to be excused; said he was keeping all his oratory for you."

"I'd make a fine speech to Alice if she'd only listen!"

Ronan had something to say to that.

"Young fellow, this is no time for romancing. Every girl should make the boy friend keep his eyes ahead these days. Don't you think so, Conway?"

"For myself, I should say no."

"O for yourself, no! But for the rest of us—yes!"

"Davey, you're young. You've plenty time to mope and sing 'My Wild Irish Rose,'" Ronan told him.

"That's enough about romance," Alice broke in. "Nan, why don't you give Michael the Archangel more tea?"

"Michael is quite satisfied," he assured them.

And then Sergeant Hackett entered the room, unarmed except for the bayonet which hung from his belt. He was a merciful man who loved his people. A word now might save them heartaches,

burned homes, hanged men. The Sergeant would do all he could to save his people.

"You will pardon me, I hope, for coming in. My purpose is my excuse."

The diners looked up.

"I came in to give warning. I could arrest you here now for treason against the Government for what you have been doing and saying to-night. And the Crimes Act will support me. But I prefer to give a warning. You all know that the business you're in is against the Government; and whoever goes against the Government pays for it. Drop out of the whole business and I'll take no action."

Enright looked at Conway. "When you want coolness Conway is your best bet," Mike always said.

"Sergeant Hackett, 'tis very kind of you, and—we're thankful."

A pause.

"Won't you follow my advice and stop trifling with the Government?"

"We're not going to stop at trifles this time, Sergeant."

"I'm speaking as a friend—a fellow Irishman, if you like."

"Thank you, Sir."

"You won't follow the advice of a countryman who wishes you well?"

"We will not. Your Government didn't bring any peace offering in May, 1916, to Pearse, MacDonagh, Connelly and the others. These men tried to do what we're going to do. We continue where they left off. We finish what they began."

"I've done my duty. You can't complain the day you're shot."

"No, we won't blame you—if we're shot."

"The Sergeant is a better man than I gave him credit for," Nano said to Conway as they drove home that night.

"A Sergeant's salary is not a subsidy when Ireland's mad. That explains his concern."

(To be continued.)

Crime and the Front Page.

BY F. J. C.

THE press of the country becomes truculent at any hint of setting bounds to its freedom. Its gorge rises at the possibility of any such mandate as, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!" Free press, free speech, free assembly.

It is desirable to have a free press. A free press is a people's watchdog on government. Governments of, for, by the people may grow callous and predatory. Frequently minorities, clamorous, active, ambitious, awe the agencies of government into pliant acceptance of nostrums which work to the harm of unorganized majorities. We have political philanderers who spend their years flirting with public trust; political corruptionists whose business is to degrade public servants by intimidation, whispering campaigns, bribery.

Freedom, however, has boundaries. Beyond these boundaries is unrestraint. Governments are organized to maintain orderly expressions of life among masses of people. When a man, or a group of men, conceives of liberty as something by which to throw over orderly living, peaceful human pursuits under government, he envisages liberty as unrestraint. That unrestraint is often called anarchy, communism, nihilism, and the like. If freedom can suffer by repression from those who administer government, it can suffer by unrestraint from those who would destroy the agencies of government.

In the main, the press has ministered to the better expressions of ordered living. It has not been subservient. It has stood for the maintenance of government, but not of government maintained by corruption. Conceding the wisdom of the doctrine of freedom for press, speech, assembly, certain thoughts occur on a policy of voluntary press re-

striction in the output of one news commodity.

Crime is treated as a news commodity; a commodity which does not contribute to the reputation of the nation. Nor does it build up people spiritually or morally. There is, to begin with, entirely too much space given to criminals and their crimes by the secular press of the United States. There is the suggestion of cleverness, rather than of wickedness attached to crime.

The young lad going to school reads how cleverly a robbery was planned, a murder committed; how like a flash the escape. By contrast, how slow, prosaic, futile the pursuit. He reads of a bold attempt on a surprised pedestrian, bank cashier, store clerk; a dramatic getaway; and fifty thousand dollars—salary of a corporation president for a year—in five minutes! "They labor not, neither do they spin," reflects scripturally the school lad, the out-of-work laborer, the intellectually underfed. It is a great, thriving, profitable business. The newspapers tell you where it was done, how it was done; the attack, the escape.

People in Chicago, New York, Detroit, Pittsburgh exclaim—"My, how crime is growing!" Why not? Do you know of any business shows a bigger, freer, better advertised output? In contrast, after numerous trials, during which attorneys shake fists at each other in mock heroics, one of the heroes is executed finally. A few inches of printed space for that. People, say psychologists, do not like to read about executions. They like, say the same experts, to read about hero gunnery, rapes, murders, wife killing, suicide pacts. Why? "O well, all that's news." The formula settles it.

Newspaper men will not read this. And did they, things would go on just as they are. It is written chiefly to indicate to you the *why* of the *what* when you exclaim: "My, how crime grows in our beloved country!"

Notes and Remarks.

Father Joseph, a young priest of the diocese of Vizagapatam, India, had the unusual happiness of baptizing his father and mother on the day of his ordination. The day following, both parents received their First Holy Communion. The young priest was himself a convert from paganism when he was fourteen years old. Against the wish of his parents he went to Vizagapatam to continue his studies; from there he was sent to St. Paul's Seminary, Trichinopoly, to prepare for the priesthood. While the boy was in the seminary his parents veered around and saw wisdom in what they once thought folly. They began to study the Catholic Faith, which led to their baptism the day their son was ordained, to their First Communion the morning the young man said his First Mass. All this would make a good story, would it not? A story of conflicts to start with; of peace and reconciliation to finish with.

Colonel William Hoynes, founder of the University of Notre Dame Law School, died recently in St. Joseph Hospital, South Bend, Indiana, aged 86. Colonel Hoynes was meticulously honest, patriotic; a Catholic of proud eminence since reason took root in him. He served in the Civil War with Grant and saw fighting aplenty in and around Vicksburg. He lost an eye in the service; but never asked and would not accept a pension. The young men who have been drawing bonuses for fictitious injuries from bewildered taxpayers might remember this. After the war, Colonel Hoynes ran a newspaper and later took up the position of law professor in the University of Notre Dame. There was no law school at the time. William Hoynes created one, fostered it, bestowed upon it his tradition of learning and legal ethics. He was a Republican always. And while he

sometimes felt the Republican party flirted unbecomingly with dubious politicians, he held fast to his first political love. Once, when appointed member of an Indian Commission, he returned what was left over of his expense account, and the head of the appointing bureau became temporarily paralyzed from surprise. Senatorial and Congressional people, loth to relinquish part of their mileage grant to help taxpayers, might note and keep. Simple private in Grant's army, newspaper editor, founder of a law school, professor, writer, lecturer—these are peaks in Colonel Hoynes' range. A Catholic layman who loved his Faith and lived it; without any 'by your leave' or retreat from his religious acceptances. Add this last to the rest, and you have Colonel William Hoynes the Catholic.

At this writing we are mentally, if not factually, rising out of our depression. We are in the condition of a sick person who feels he is going to get well. He is not out of danger, but he has the will to get out. In our case, the will to get well is more significant than in the case of the patient. His will to recover does not always carry him to health; our will is essential to sweep us back to normal economic life. The Government is doing something—trimming its own monumental expense account, refusing the bonus to ex-soldiers not entitled to it, planning public works for men in dole lines. And so on. There is no valid reason why a country of such potential wealth as ours should grow panicky in our present condition. There is food, clothing, fuel, housing enough and to spare for everybody. It must be remembered we have had a long, wild night of spending. It is morning now, and we see considerable household damage as a result of the big spree. We are beginning to take notice and appraise. That is the first step to recovery. Hereafter, for awhile, men will not require

a million dollars income annually to live properly. They will get along with considerably less. That will be wholesome for them—and for the country. In a shorter time than most of us think we will be out of this depression. And kindly note, that just as soon as we are well out, we will again resume the habits which are responsible for depression.



The Rev. Dr. Julius A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., professor of Science in the University of Notre Dame, has been elected to a fellowship of the British Chemical Society. So does the candle cast its beams. Dr. Nieuwland, you will recall, discovered a method of producing synthetic rubber in quantity a year or so ago. In case you want to know more about Dr. Nieuwland—and you should, as he is a worth-while man in scientific pioneering—you may be told he founded and edits the American *Midland Naturalist*, is a Fellow of the Indiana Academy of Science, member of the American Chemical Society, the Duetsches Chemischen Gesellschaft, the Chemical Society of London, and the Phi Sigma Chemical fraternity. He reads poetry and likes it, which is not so common among scientists. When not out picking up new species of plant life, he will be found in the laboratory gravely observing test tubes.



Colonel Horace A. Mann, former head of the Southern Division in the Presidential Campaign of 1928, has been received into the Catholic Church. Referring to charges at one time made, to the effect that he promoted the bitter anti-Catholic campaign against the Democratic candidate for President in 1928, Colonel Mann says in forceful repudiation: "I know of all the organized bigotry and anti-Catholic propaganda in that campaign; and although I have been accused of being directly responsible for the bigotry in the

Southern States, I can truthfully say before God that while I was in the office I never permitted anyone to make use of anti-Catholic propaganda. I gave orders in my office during the campaign that all literature of an anti-Catholic nature was to be destroyed; and anything of that character which went out from my division of the National Committee was unknown to me." A repudiation so unequivocal should settle the question. This touching reference to his conversion indicates a humble, grateful heart: "I have suffered much in my life from misunderstanding. But I see now it was a Good Friday which brought me to the Easter of being welcomed into the Catholic Church. I see now all the great gifts of God are purchased by redemption and suffering on our part. But it is all trivial in proportion to that which is purchased—the gift of Faith." Colonel Mann had the privilege of having his wife a sharer in his happiness. She was received into the Church with him.



A short time ago Judge Buffington of Philadelphia gave a group of newly naturalized citizens a fatherly little talk which was reported in a number of our daily papers. He warned them against the dangers of the saloon and the speak-easy, and told them not to follow in the footsteps of the younger generation in making a cocktail the symbol of smartness. He assured them that this country has seen worse financial panics than the present one, and that there are still in this country plenty of honest banks and bankers to whom they may intrust their money. His concluding paragraph exhorted them to watch over their children and give them good example; to support their churches no matter what their denomination might be; and to go often and see the teachers of their children and thank them for the work they are doing for them. It shows that times are

changing, says the *New York Times*, if the papers considered this little Philadelphia homily good enough news—as indeed it is—to feature in their columns. “It was only the other day that the moralists were making the front page by preaching that cocktails are good, parents are terrible, teachers are demons, school books are instruments of torture and the country is going to Gehenna, and jolly well deserves to.”

One of our Catholic papers carries an item which we pass on. In Carrick, near—or perhaps in—Pittsburgh, the girls of the Blessed Virgin Sodality in St. Basil’s parish are expressing Catholic Action by collecting used Catholic magazines from families of the parish, and redistributing them in hospitals, institutions, missions, homes. That is a useful work which should find imitation in other parishes all over the country. For one thing, the sick and others will have an opportunity to see what a Catholic magazine looks like, feels like, reads like. And who knows, they may find therein certain thoughts useful and wise. Too, the girls will be able to tell what families subscribe to Catholic magazines. And possibly if a Catholic family is asked twice for—let us say—a used AVE MARIA, they will subscribe after having been asked the third time. On the principle underlying that parable of Our Saviour, that if you keep knocking long and hard enough at night on your friend’s door, he will get up and open the door just to be rid of you.

Those who are fighting at the present time against the misuse of pensions may take heart after reading a letter which Grover Cleveland addressed to General Barlow on the same subject. The General had written fearlessly condemning the abuse in the granting of pensions, and the President commented on his letter in the following words:

You know how much I thank you for your

letter on the pension business. I read it when it first appeared and refrained with an effort from writing you then. I have now read it again with fresh interest. I believe it to be a pioneer in that kind of literature, and that the time is not far distant when others will follow, from sources as unquestioned and unimpeachable. I look for a pretty radical awakening among the people on this subject and a thorough change in the public mind concerning it. I hope that the abuses which have been fostered and created by demagogues will not lead to injustice toward honest and worthy veterans, but I believe there is danger of it. If this is avoided (and perhaps whether it is or not), I am looking to a time when such men as you and I will be considered the old soldier’s best friends. I will not allow the sickening abuse which I have been obliged to deal with to prejudice me against all pensions; and I know such soldiers as you will not.

These last Democratic victories are tremendous, and I suppose I ought only to think of the triumph of the doctrines we have struggled for. But I cannot help reflecting upon the responsibility cast upon my party and the duty we owe to our people. Yours truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Some will say the Jews were too previous and too forthright protesting against alleged persecutions by certain elements in the present German Government. Possibly. Hardly will Catholics, much more numerous here in America, be accused of crying “wolf” when there is none. We have Mexico across our border out of which comes every week several new atrocities. In Shakespeare’s language, they come not in single file but in battalions. Up to date, we have done nothing by way of impressive protest. Our Catholic press has indicated editorially disapproval; there have been scattered expressions of reproof from certain sections. In the mass we have done nothing. We could do an effective something if we were not either timid or indifferent. And that something need not suggest our Government’s interference in the affairs of a neighboring Government. Our Government could indicate to the neighbor-

ing Government, diplomatically, that the persecutions of the neighboring Government are a cause of grave concern to many millions of our Government's citizens. A hint like that would be effective. And it would not mean—as we insist to excuse our inactivity,—that war drums would sound, that the nation would arm for conflict.



As the Hitlerites stand amazed and pained to find themselves misunderstood regarding their attitude toward the Jews, a writer in the *New York Times* quotes a passage from Herr Haefstangl, chief Nazi press agent, saying that the German people “crumbled morally, financially and politically,” because of Jewish influence in the life of the nation. “How,” asks this writer, “could such a restrained, sympathetic, and completely documented verdict on the entire Jewish population of Germany possibly arouse resentment? It is ‘Bertha, the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl,’ all over again. In the first act the villain throws her under a train. In the second act he pitches her into the East River. In the third act he puts her under a buzz-saw. In the fourth act he puts poison in her tea. In the fifth act he says, ‘Bertha, why do you distrust me?’”



An air-tight censorship and the punishment visited upon those who dare to raise their voices against the frightful conditions in Russia have prevented anything like a proper protest coming from the victims themselves or their sympathetic countrymen. Recently, however, a British newspaper, *The Morning Post*, printed a letter from Alexandra Tolstoy, daughter of the famous Russian *littérateur*, denouncing the wholesale murders going on in her native land to-day. The reader who remembers the pleasant things said about Russia by George Bernard Shaw will have no difficulty in gauging the mind of this man who could counte-

nance even indirectly such inhuman practices as are related in the letter below:

To-day, in the year 1933, when in the Northern Caucasus a dreadful slaughter is going on, when thousands of people are shot and exiled daily, and my father is not here to protest, I feel it my duty to raise my weak voice against this wholesale murder.

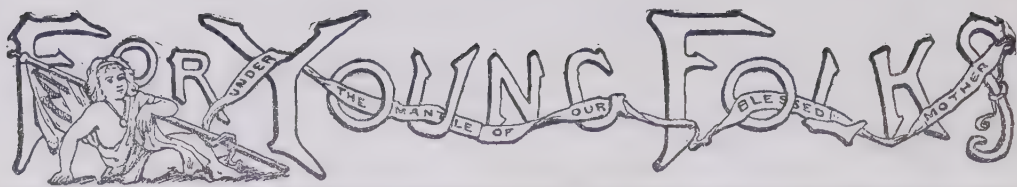
For fifteen years the Russian people have suffered slavery, famine. The Bolshevik Government has been robbing the people, taking away their bread, their food, and sending it abroad. The Soviets need currency, not only for buying machinery, but for their world-wide campaign of propaganda. If the peasants protest, if they hide the bread for their own family, if they refuse to till the soil, they are punished—sometimes shot.

The Russian people cannot suffer it any longer. Here and there revolts are starting. . . . How does the Soviet Government respond to this? It issues decrees, banishing one-third of the Moscow population from the city.

Since the times of Ivan the Terrible, Russia has not seen such a terror. Now, when the population of Kuban has risen in protest, the Soviet Government has taken the most terrible revenge. Whole families are executed, and 45,000 people—women and children—are driven out of their homes, and are sent by Stalin's order into Siberia to labor camps to meet with certain death.



It is reported that Scotland Yard is watching every incoming ship because of the rumor that American criminals are contemplating the establishment of rackets in all the important cities of Europe. The British police have even gone so far as to assert that a racket could not last five minutes in England, and that same idea has been made the theme of a popular movie there. Let our British neighbors not be too sure of themselves. Avarice is not peculiarly an American vice. We have a faint recollection of European royalty bartering titles and selling signatures to American advertisers. Where avarice is, there the racketeer flourishes. If the English police knew the American racketeer as we know him, they probably wouldn't be quite so cocksure of their ability to keep him from operating.



Spring.

BY MARY EDITH CAHILL.

GO on! Old March, you ain't spoofing me.
Ain't the buds green on the old maple tree?
A robin came whistling this morning at dawn.
What's that green, fuzzy stuff out there, but
lawn?

You make me laugh, when you send that snow
down.

What if your old sky-face wears a frown?
Mom, where's my aggies? And where's my old
ball?

And where were my roller skates put in the
Fall?

Can I take my heavies off? Aw! it ain't cold.
The sun will be shining as yellow as gold.
Listen to Pete, the canary bird, sing—
Old March is foolin'. Gosh! Mom, it's Spring!

Shadows on Cedarcrest.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

XI.—IN GARDEN AND KITCHEN.

PHYLLIS, recovering strength and spirits quickly, as is the way of youth, walked in the garden with Doctor Rieboldt two days later, and told him, as she had told Tom, all the events which led up to Mrs. Carstairs' illness. His face grew dark as she talked, even as Tom's had purpled with the same just anger. The day was warm and sunny, and the two, talking earnestly, wandered on, until, when Phyllis was finished with her recountal, they came upon the old gardener himself at the lower end of the garden, quite out of sight of the big house. Tom was down on his knees, carefully smoothing soft earth blankets above his seed babies,

in a new flower bed. His face beamed joyfully at sight of them, and he scrambled hurriedly to his feet, wiping his hands upon his overalls, and hastened to shake hands with the old doctor, who, it seemed, had known him quite as long as he had known Cedarcrest itself, and that no few years. The Rieboldts, father, son, and grandson, had been the family physicians at the "big house" for as many generations of Roswells. This Doctor Rieboldt had started calling at Cedarcrest when he was a callow young doctor, fresh from his hospital interneship; and on his very first trip, as he now laughingly told Phyllis, he had seen Tom Heaney, equally callow and young, awkwardly helping his aged father trim shrubs down along the driveway.

"So we are very old friends, Phyllis—very old indeed. Sometimes I think we're too old. Eh, Tom?"

"Well, if a man is only as old as he feels, then Oi'm just sixteen, myself," said Tom, a grin adding more wrinkles to his seamed, weather-beaten visage, "and if he's no older than he looks, Doctor dear, then ye're not much over twenty yourself. Will ye look at the flower in your buttonhole? It's a dandy ye are! And what are ye doing, strolling around with my best girl there?"

"She was my girl, first." The doctor slipped a proprietary arm around Phyllis, who blushed and laughed. "I'm the fellow who sent her out here, Tom Heaney, and don't be trying to steal her with your blarney."

But, the preliminary rites of hand-shaking and raillery over, their faces grew sober again.

"And phwat," asked Tom, anxiously, "do ye make of the black doings at the big house?"

"Go and look at the flowers, while Tom and I talk, will you, dear?"

Phyllis nodded and went on to a certain delectable corner where hyacinths, white narcissus and yellow daffodils made a riot of perfume in the spring air. She bent to the flowers, and the men talked on without her.

"What do you make of it, Tom?"

"Sure, Oi've not the judgment of an eddycated man loike yourself," said the old gardener, simply, "but Oi'm of the opinion that the black devil's back of it all; and Oi've been planning how would Oi spoike his guns."

"What would you do, Tom?"

Tom scratched his head and looked worried. "That's it," he murmured, "phwat would Oi? My head's weary from thinking. Ye know, Doc, it's easy to do summat on the shot of a gun, as ye'd say, and not look ahead. And then the years set ye to thinking, and ye're bound by a promise and by fear o' doing the wrong thing, and ye don't know where ye're at. Miss Mattie, now—is she bad sick? Will she die?"

"It's hard to tell. She's coming out of this all right, I should say, now. But she's had a great shock—and her heart's very bad, you know."

"If Oi were to tell her what Oi know—leaving out the part other parties played—just what Oi know, moind! would it make her better or worse?"

"God knows! Do you think you're the only one that wonders and worries, Tom?"

"Oi know well Oi'm not."

"Dalton is in and out of her room constantly. He showers attentions upon her. He is the most devoted son a woman could have. Mattie was always easy and trusting. If she had not been she would not have married old Peyton Carstairs, whom everyone knew for a fortune-hunter. She believes in her stepson. And she is transparent—as transparent as cellophane. Her face mirrors her emotions, as the crystal waters of a brook mirror the trees along

its banks. If she were to be particularly overjoyed, do you not think that those around her, who are watchful and clever and vindictive, would see it? And where might their deductions lead?"

"That's it. That's it! But—"

"Keep praying for a break, Tom. I have faith in God's justice, Tom."

"Sometoimes it seems to me God might loike us to give Him a little help."

"To use us human instruments—yes, yes, I know." He fell silent, plucking thoughtfully at the button on his sleeve.

"Oi can't stand much more," said Tom. "Oi promised my sister—she was always scared would Oi be dragged into things—that Oi'd never lift my hand more; and a deathbed promise is a deathbed promise. Oi'm superstitious about keeping them. But—tell me, now—there's one thing Oi must know: that patient ye used to have out this way, Doc, is he well?"

"Just fine, Tom."

"Thanks be to God! That one there, now—the bit one," Tom jerked his thumb over his shoulder at Phyllis, still revelling in the fragrance of the flowers, "she's a foine little one. Have ye known her long?"

"A long, long time. And her parents before her. I recommended her for this place, through Judge Langley. Otherwise Dalton might have turned her down."

"Did ye, now? No wonder she's a foine one. Hist!" he dropped his tone still lower, "Oi've thought Oi'd maybe get her to put a bug in Miss Mattie's ear—"

"No, no, Tom."

"But my blood is roiled! He'll be getting what he's after."

"Perhaps, but I doubt it. Mattie has a mind of her own, and she keeps waiting and hoping, I'm sure. Phyllis told me some things she has said to her."

"Och! It's worried Oi am! This Hindu business might turn the trick for him. Listen, Doc—Oi don't know much. Ye know Oi've never asked a question

until to-day. We agreed that it was better. Ellen would have it so. What Oi don't know, Oi can't tell. Oi've always been afraid Oi'd get delirious sometime, loike Ellen did in her last days, and talk the things Oi shouldn't. Sure, Oi sweat blood keeping them as shouldn't be there out of Ellen's room, when she was out of her head and wanderin' loike. She talked plenty, did Ellen. You remember it, that tended her in her last illness. And she one that would have cut her tongue out rather than say a word, had she known. What harm would it do to tell what Oi know—all but the one part, mentioning a certain person's name? Oi can't keep a still tongue, forever. If this keeps up, Oi'm bound to give Miss Mattie an inkling—a wee bit inkle, moind! Enough to make her see that dirty little rat lied about what he saw in that glass ball—and to set her wondering why he lied. Oi can't get in to see her while she's sick, but if Oi tell the bit girl here, she'll tell her phwat Oi say. Phwat about it, Doctor?"

"Wait a little longer, Tom, until Mrs. Carstairs is better. And if the time comes, when you think it must be done, send me word. Promise me that, Tom."

"Oi promise. But if ye wait too long, Oi'll take things in my own hands—"

Doctor Rieboldt laughed and stretched out a hand in farewell. And "more power to you!" Then, calling to the girl, "Phyllis, it's time I was hitting the highway for the city. Are you walking back to the house with me?"

"Yes, indeedy. I'll be seeing you later, Tom. May I come back after some dafodils for Emma?"

"Ye can have the whole flower garden for the childie," Tom told her.

"You haven't seen any lawyers hanging around out here, have you?" asked the doctor, as they turned their footsteps back.

"No," Phyllis shook her head, "only Judge Langley."

"He doesn't count. I can handle the judge. Phyllis, if you do see any strangers coming—legal-looking gentlemen with brief cases, not quite so good-looking as medical men—or if you get any intimation that Mrs. Carstairs is about to draw up a will, will you let me know?" That sounds odd, perhaps, but you can trust me not to interfere in something not my business. Doctors, you know, sometimes have very intimate knowledge of the lives of their patients. I have a good reason for making this request of you."

"I'm sure you have," Phyllis smiled at him, confidingly, "and of course I'll do as you say. I know you have Mrs. Carstairs' interests at heart. Poor lady! She seems to be drawn along into a black whirlpool of trouble."

"And intrigue, and shameful plotting. Where will it all end? Something must be done." The doctor was thinking aloud. "Phyllis, if you've ever prayed, pray now. Somehow I feel that God is going to step in and help us solve all these perplexing problems. This shameful crystal business must not be repeated in another form. Well, good-bye, dear."

Phyllis watched him down the driveway, and then went back to the kitchen to offer her help where it might be needed.

Now that trouble hung so heavily over Cedarcrest, the servants walked softly and spoke in whispers. There was much about which to whisper—never, it seemed, had there been quite so much. There were the two sick ones upstairs, and the doctor—"Doctor Rieboldt, who had hot words with Dalton so many years ago, and had never been seen at Cedarcrest since"—making that long drive from the city daily, and sometimes twice daily, passing Dalton in Mrs. Carstairs' room or on the stairs, and "seeing him no more than if he was the doormat" (we quote from Hetty Richards), "and Dalton's face so hot

with anger you could light a match on it."

And there was the Hindu, and the events of that night on which "Miss Mattie" had been taken ill,—all this to mull over. No one, save Phyllis, knew exactly what had happened that night in the drawing-room, and Phyllis was not talking. She grew so white when it was mentioned to her that Hester "set her foot down," and told them all to "let the child alone, until she gets over her scare. If you'd seen her that night when Tom brought her to me, you'd know the little one had almost more than she could bear."

But, even if Phyllis did not talk, there was much putting of two and two together to make four. All of them knew that the Hindu had been reading the crystal for Mrs. Carstairs when her seizure took place. Anna Dolliver had sobbed, "Oh! what a terrible thing for him to tell poor Mattie!" All of them, running into the hall at Mrs. Carstairs' scream, had seen Deborah Allen flash down the stairs from the upper floor, and heard her blazing accusation of her brother, as Samuel Huston came from the drawing-room with her stepmother's unconscious form in his arms: "You have done this, Dalton. I knew you were planning something vile!"

But Dalton Carstairs had scarcely heard her. It was Alice who observed that he was so anxious to get the little Hindu out the front door to his car, before Simon Cadwallader and Frasier Blaine could lay hands on his person, that he scarcely knew what was going on about him. The others had taken his stepmother upstairs and cared for her.

"He never even looked at her," reported Hetty, indignantly, "but now he hangs over her all day long. You'd think his life depended on hers, the hypocrite! He's in and out the room like a shadow; he doesn't go near his office."

"Conscience," said Marie.

"Conscience nothing!" snorted Hetty,

"I know what it is, now. I don't know why I was so blind I didn't see it years ago."

There was something else about which to whisper, and that was the presence of Alex Allen in the house. Everyone knew of it, now, except Mrs. Carstairs and Dalton. Dalton was not likely to know of it so long as the servants maintained their conspiracy of silence, for there were two places in the big house where Dalton Carstairs never ventured. One was the nursery, where his small niece, whom he so disliked, was now the center of a battle between life and death; and the other was the suite of rooms wherein Carstairs, Senior, had met his death, and where his brother-in-law was now quartered.

Mrs. Allen had frankly taken the servants into her confidence.

"My husband," she told them, "is staying in the house without the knowledge of my brother. He has been here for some time, occupying my father's old rooms. My brother was responsible for our separation years ago; I did not know this, until I found my husband recently very ill and out of work. I brought him here in the night. He did not wish to come, but I made him. After all, this is as much my home, as my brother's. I have nursed him back to health, and just as soon as my little girl is well—if she does get well—" she paused to dry a tear, "we shall leave here, and take up our life together where we left it years ago. My brother will be furious when he learns all this, and I do not wish to have a scene with him while my mother and my child, are both so ill. I rely on your discretion to spare me the necessity of this scene."

After which simple, pathetic appeal, each and every servant at Cedarcrest would have been cheerfully drawn and quartered by Dalton Carstairs before he could have wrung a peep from his or her lips.

"And that explains," said Hester,

hoarsely, "what became of my chicken breast and currant jelly, and all the other things I've been missing around here. Of course, the man had to eat. Poor soul! I'd 'a fixed him a little extry, and left it settin' handy, had I known. Well, he ain't going hungry from now on. I'll fix him some trays that'll make his mouth water."

"It must have been Mr. Allen whom Adrienne heard," said Marie.

"I heard him, too," said Phyllis, thereby exploding a bomb shell in their midst. There was no harm now in telling her experience that frightening night in the nursery. She did so now while they listened in wonder.

"Well, I never!" declared Hester, when she had finished the tale. "No wonder you were talking about blood dripping from the ceiling. But I must say you're a close-mouthed one."

"I'm glad she is," declared Marie, feelingly. "My nerves were at the jittery stage after Adrienne's going, where I'd have quit at the drop of a hat. And if I'd heard about strange sneezes in the middle of the night, and feet creeping, creeping down the hall—"

Everyone laughed. "And, after all, they were probably only Mrs. Allen's feet," said Phyllis, "and she would naturally pause at the nursery door to listen and see if Emma were awake. Any mother would."

"Well, I don't suppose any ghosts are stalking around that suite of rooms with Mr. Allen living in there. Thank goodness! that's off my mind."

"But *Dalton is still afraid of those rooms*—don't forget that," said Hester.

"Perhaps not afraid," said Phyllis, "Mrs. Allen said he keeps them locked as a matter of sentiment."

"Humph!" Hester's sniffed exclamation spoke volumes of disbelief.

It was pleasant to have the mystery of the chicken breast, the sneeze, and creeping feet and opening doors solved, thought Phyllis, too. And there was a

certain sense of security in the knowledge that another man besides the gloomy Mr. Carstairs was present in the house. She had met Mr. Allen, and he was a fine person. He must have been very ill, he was so white. Odd that Mrs. Allen had searched for him all these years, and not found him.

"Oh, I hope Emma gets well, and they have a little home of their own, and live happy ever after!" said Phyllis.

Mrs. Carstairs was sleeping when Phyllis went in to sit with her at two o'clock. When she awoke, she groped for Phyllis' hand, and Phyllis quickly took the frail, transparent hand in her warm, young clasp.

"Phyllis," murmured the invalid, gratefully, "somehow, I knew you were here. What time is it?"

"It's two-thirty, dear."

"And when will the nurse be back?"

"At five o'clock."

She was silent for a moment. Then she spoke again. "Phyllis, there's something I want you to do for me."

"Yes, dear?"

"It's a—foolish little thing, perhaps. But, there in my desk, in the little drawer, you will find a key; it is the key to the far cupboard in the playroom. You will find in there—oh! just a lot of old, battered, well-worn toys. A little iron engine—and a woolly white dog—some tin soldiers—and — and — other things. You can't bring them all down, dear, but bring me some of them—"

"Dear, don't you think you should wait until you are stronger?"

"No. I want them, now. I may not be much stronger—ever. Those little things up there—they're Jamie's. His little hands caressed them; his little heart loved them. Oh! Phyllis, won't you bring them to me? You are the only one, except Hetty, who could understand."

And Phyllis took the key from the desk, and mounted the attic stairs

(To be continued.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J., in a new pamphlet, "Our Previous Freedom" (Queen's Work Press, 10c), tells the Bradley Twins a few things about the meaning of liberty in which fathers and mothers will find helpful lessons.

—"The Reunion of Christendom," by the Rev. Joseph G. Lannert (The Abbey Press, St. Meinrad, Ind.), is an appeal to the members of all faiths to return to the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. Fr. Lannert points out the basis for such a union, and gives briefly the fundamental doctrines of Christian religion which are those of the Catholic Church.

—The varied and useful work of the Sisters of Charity is well brought out in "Sous la Cornette de St. Vincent de Paul," by Eve Baudouin (Spes, 5 francs). It contains sketches of the following outstanding women who wore the cornette of the Sisters of Charity: Louise de Marillac, the foundress of the Order; martyrs of the French Revolution; Sœur Rosalie, a famous hospital-worker in Paris; Sœur Sion, a missionary to the Orient; Sœur Jaurias, a nurse during the Boxer Rebellion; and Sœur Milicent, the foundress of the Women's Social Syndicates in Paris.

—A pageant-drama in three acts, "A Day with Our Mother," by the Rev. Mathias Helfen, is a suitable play for Catholic dramatic clubs that have plenty of time for practice. The two important parts for men and the large number of rôles for girls and young women need to be acted with dignified sincerity if the play is to convey its deeply religious message of a mother's love for her errant children. Staged artistically, and there is every reason why it should be, it will make a beautiful and instructive production. Publisher, Catholic Dramatic Movement, Milwaukee. Price, 50c.

—Dr. J. K. Foran, who was known throughout Canada as a distinguished lecturer and poet, is commemorated in a beautiful volume, "A Garland," which contains a selection from his lectures and poems. The lectures

deal with a wide variety of subjects, and are written, some in French and some in English, in both of which languages he was a master. His great love of Canada and his tender affection for Ireland and the Irish run through nearly all his addresses. His poetry is marked by that beauty of description and eloquent fire that distinguished the verses of Mr. D'Arcy McGee of whom he was a sincere admirer. The Gazette Printing Co., Montreal.

—The third volume of Dr. Sidney Raemers' translation of the "Compendium of Theology," by the Very Reverend J. Berthier (B. Herder Book Company. \$3.50), deals with moral theology. It discusses in the first part in a clear and attractive manner the principles of Human Acts, Conscience, Laws, Virtues and Sins; and in the second part takes up the Commandments of God. The book is brought up to date by references to the most recent decrees and decisions of the Roman Congregations. The complete set furnishes one with a thorough and clear compendium of theology—dogmatic and moral, and a practical treatment of the fundamentals of Canon Law. It should be especially welcome to the busy priest and the students of the seminary.

—"The Making of the State," by M. Ruthnaswamy, M. A., after admitting the futility of determining the exact period in which the State originated, discusses at length the essential elements that are found, or that should be found, in the State. The book is enlightening, bringing together facts, or at least view-points, which were scattered in numerous volumes. At the same time the author, a former teacher of Law, at Madras, India, treats each part of his subject sincerely, impartially and with a distinctive amount of scholarship. But, he stops far short of Catholic principle on four vital questions: Law, Church and State, family life and education. None of these is given the space it deserves. In fact, each is so hastily touched or so weakly done, that fundamental principles of the Church in regard to them

must not have come to the attention of the author who time and again proves that he has read widely. If the neglect is intended, it is all the more deplorable, for, with the Church's principles fully expounded, the book would have been a classic of its type. Publisher, Williams and Norgate, London. Price, 21s.

—By virtue merely of his office, and irrespective of the particular work to which he may be assigned, the Catholic priest, in addition to a thorough knowledge of moral and dogmatic theology, is supposed to possess at least a good general understanding of philosophy, Church History, liturgy, canon law and Sacred Scripture. But if he is placed in charge of a parish, as most of them are, none will deny the moral necessity of his becoming acquainted with those departments of civil law which have a bearing on such matters as religious liberty, education, corporations, taxes, the acquisition and the administration of property, etc. However zealous and efficient he may be in the conduct of the purely spiritual affairs of his parish, he may not, obviously, neglect the temporal interests of his congregation, since they fall under the prescriptions of the civil law. It is therefore with genuine pleasure that our pastors, who may feel the need of acquiring such knowledge of law, will welcome professor Carl Zollmann's "American Church Law" (West Publishing Co. \$4.). Within the relatively short space of 630 pages, Professor Zollmann has brought together the legal principles applicable to parochial problems, and has supplied references—well separated from the very readable text—to cases decided in the courts, Federal and State, that will enable the reader easily to acquire detailed information on the question at issue. It is not the purpose of the author to make every clergyman his own lawyer, but, having acquired such information as the volume contains, he will doubtless possess such knowledge of the relevant individual and corporate rights of his parish that he may avoid many embarrassing mistakes and much costly litigation. We therefore recommend the volume to the heads of our seminaries and to the reverend clergy generally.

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- "St. Vincent de Paul; a Guide to Priests." D'Angel—Leonard. \$2.15.
- "The History and Liturgy of the Sacraments." Villien-Edwards. \$2.70.
- "Conscience." Romano Guardini. \$1.25.
- "Into Their Company"—Talks for Young Women. 35c.
- "The Beauties of Motherhood." Rt. Rev. Ambrose Reger, O. S. B.
- "Abbot Columba Marmion." Dom Raymund Thibaut. \$5.
- "St. Germaine of the Wolf Country." Henri Gheon. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Reverend Msgr. Joseph Rucsing, diocese of Omaha; Rev. Vincent J. Green, diocese of Peoria.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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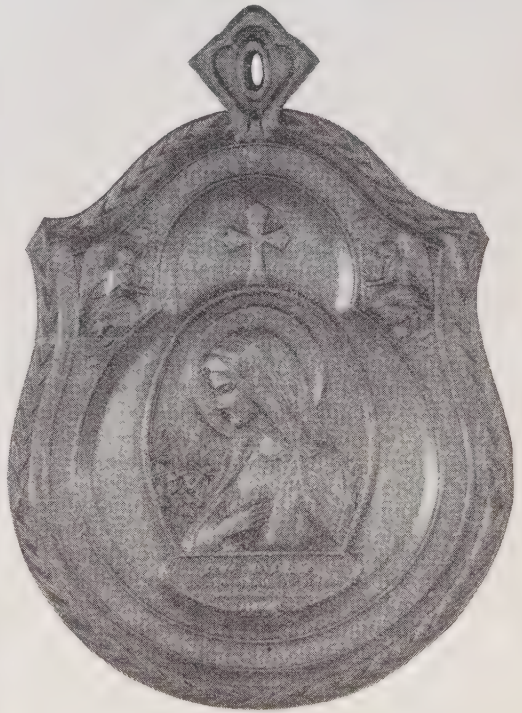
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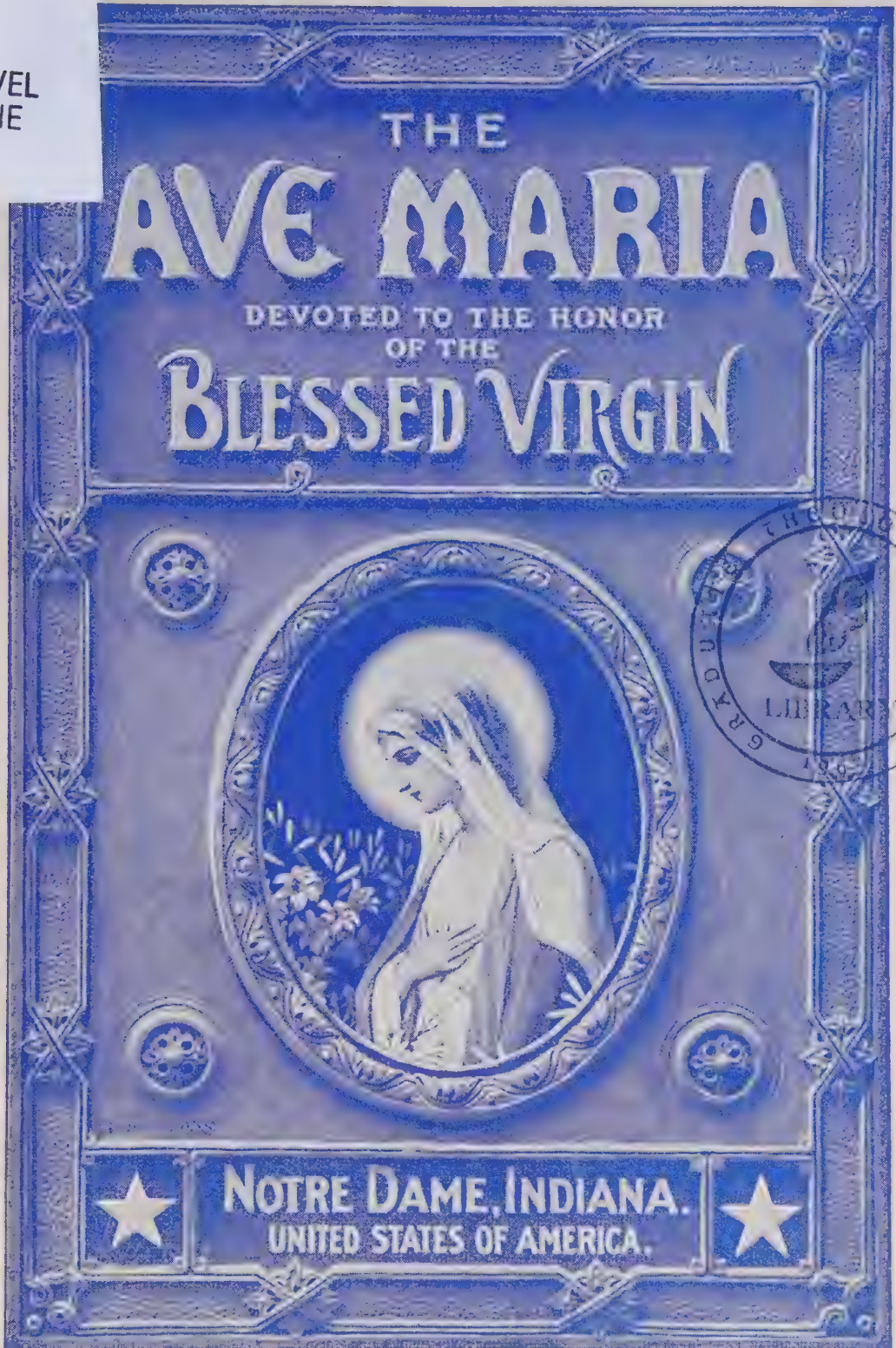
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

APRIL.

SATURDAY, 22.—Sts. Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs.
 SUNDAY, 23.—Low Sunday. St. George, Martyr.
 MONDAY, 24.—St. Fidelis, M. St. Robert, Abbot.
 TUESDAY, 25.—St. Mark, Evangelist.
 WEDNESDAY, 26.—St. Cletus, Pope and Martyr.
 THURSDAY, 27.—St. Peter Canisius, Confessor.
 FRIDAY, 28.—St. Paul of the Cross, C.
 SATURDAY, 29.—St. Peter of Verona, Martyr.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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No. 16.

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Prodigals.

BY CHARLES M. CAREY, C. S. C.

WITH folly spent we come unto
The Life that loosely hung
Full ripe upon an April tree
When Godliness was young.

Like Dismas and his fellowmen
We ply our thievery,
To win the bleeding Lips that wear
A word of Charity.

And down the April road we go
More wisely, being led
By penitence, to find Him in
The breaking of the Bread.



The Curse of Abundance.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

THE riches which the world sought, and to which it sacrificed all else," said Mr. De Valera in the speech which he broadcasted recently from the Athlone Station, "have become a curse by their very abundance." Wild paradox though that appears, it is literally true. While former ages have suffered from famine, the present generation finds itself in the position of having more wealth than it knows how to dispose of. The application of science to industry has enabled it to produce on a scale previously impossible. Though many are starving and ill-clad, and, for lack of housing space, others are crowded into tenements

where neither health nor decency are possible, improved methods of production have vastly increased the supply for which these needs call.

There is in this, as Mr. De Valera suggested, a striking nemesis. The world has been governed by the idea that an abundance of material wealth was the supreme object of life. All its thought and energy has been concentrated on securing this. Western civilization has prided itself on its material progress as other civilizations have prided themselves on artistic achievement or on the efficiency of political machinery. The ages which laid the foundation of our culture were far poorer than we, and the citizens of that Roman Empire whose government is still a model for statesmen, lived lives which, in comparison with our own, were austere and simple. As a generation, we are the millionaires of time. The centuries which preceded our own, clad in tattered garments and often gaunt with hunger, look with astonishment at us as we parade before them in the glittering garb of plutocratic splendor. But our neglect of the more spiritual values has brought a strange reward: there has descended upon us the curse of abundance.

For it is not enough to possess wealth; one must know what to do with it and have the power to control it, and for this, higher qualities and a nobler discipline are necessary than any we know. The distribution of riches in accordance with the laws of justice is

at least as important as their acquisition. It is not abundance of water merely that the farmer needs. The uncontrolled flood which turns some of his fields into swamps and leaves others high and dry will do more harm than good. It is only when the water is directed along the channels, which his skill and labor have dug, that it can be said to be a benefit.

But for the past century or more, mankind has thought only of increasing the size of the flood. It has talked and acted as though the only thing that mattered was water, and still more water. It did not matter what became of it so long as the supply continued. The doctrine of *laissez-faire*, in fact, stipulated that it was wrong to attempt to control the deluge; it must be allowed to flow whithersoever the "lie of the land" invited it. Consequently, it settled in certain sections of society, giving to these a super-abundance, while other sections were almost entirely neglected. It is, therefore, what may be called a system of moral irrigation which is needed, laws which will direct the flow of commodities, so that there may be such a distribution of material wealth as will meet the needs of all concerned.

The possibility of organizing our world on these lines may be doubted. The disorder has become such, the chaos and confusion are so widespread, the complexity of modern society is so baffling, that the question may be seriously debated as to whether it will be ever possible to regain control of our economic life. Confronted by this paralyzing doubt and determined that, at all costs, strong government must be instituted to deal with the problem, some would favor a Communistic régime. Any solution of the disorder, any control, however harsh, they are inclined to think, is better than none. But Communism is too crude a method; its simplification of the problem fails to recognize the finer shades of justice. It is as

though the farmer, dismayed by the manner in which the water is disposing of itself over his land, should dig for it one big irrigation ditch.

Communism is the solution offered by men who may be described as unsophisticated doctrinaires. The experiment could have been carried out in full only in a country as unsophisticated as Russia, and could find favor elsewhere only among a class lacking experience in government, and ready to accept any remedy the understanding of which called for no trained judgment, and could be applied merely by a drastic use of force. The mentality to which it appeals is precisely that of the unintelligent drill-sergeant whose one idea of order is that of a mechanical uniformity.

But when we turn to that other section of society whose minds are more subtle and which is accustomed to deal with problems of social and economic order, we find there the same uncoordinated abundance that we discovered in the material realm. Just as the producers of commodities have worked as though production and still more rapid production was the only thing necessary, so the intellectuals have assumed that the promulgation of ideas was an end in itself, with the result that we are suffering from a plethora of theories comparable to the plethora of goods. The minds of our publicists seem to work on the same principle as our factories. To turn out as many novel plans for the reconstruction of society as they can without any regard for their consistency would seem to be the object of those engaged in this sphere. When Mussolini assumed responsibility for the government of his country he said: "Now that I have undertaken the office of Prime Minister I am asked from every side for a program. It is not a program that we want in Italy, but the men to carry it through. Every problem of Italian life is already worked out on paper, but the will to

transform these plans into facts is wanting. The Government represents this firm and determined will."

It is not only in the sphere of political and sociological thought that we find this irresponsible fertility, but throughout the whole intellectual world. The manufacturers of theories are working at high pressure, and the mills of thought are doing over-time, though we do not know what to do with the ideas we already possess. There is a superfluity of schemes; they clog our steps; they encumber our path. The production of them has become a pastime, or rather a mental habit, which can claim no justification beyond the fact that, since the power exists to theorize, therefore theorizing must go on. The machinery of education like the machinery of industrial production has been too successful. In both cases quality has been sacrificed to quantity. The lowering of the standard of thought has enabled many to find intellectual employment who are incapable of making any serious contribution to the treasury of human wisdom. Eccentricity, aping originality, seeks to escape the uniformity imposed by a standardized education, but succeeds only in increasing the anarchy. Unless we can bring some order into this jungle we shall perish of the very abundance of intellectual effort.

Physical science, like Communism, offers us unity and simplicity, but it is at the expense of richness. Science may give us an orderly survey of physical phenomena, but it cannot deal with the immeasurable and the imponderable. Moreover, it may answer the question "How?" but it cannot answer the question "Why?" The ultimate problems of life lie beyond its domain, and the mass of material which it has accumulated, lacking any interpretive philosophy, only increases the confusion. It is but a crude kind of unity it gives us, and the discipline it imposes is intellectual only and not moral.

Under these circumstances it cannot be deemed foolish to turn back to those ages which, though lacking much that we possess, were better ordered and gave man more complete control over the regions he had conquered. In his "Principles of Social Reconstruction," Bertrand Russell acknowledges that "the Catholic Church achieved during the Middle Ages the most organic society . . . that the Western World has ever known." An organic society—is not that precisely what we need? The realization of such an ideal is the supreme need of our huge, sprawling civilization. You will observe that Bertrand Russell declares that it was the Catholic Church which created this Medieval organism. But the Catholic Church is with us still, the authority and the essential principles by which she created out of European barbarism a coherent system of philosophy, culture and social ethics are unchanged. The question should suggest itself inevitably therefore as to whether this great co-ordinating power cannot be employed in our own age to do for us what it did so well for our ancestors.

The suggestion is met of course with the assertion—vague but confident—that times have changed and that we "cannot put back the clock." But this argument, familiar as it is, seems never to have been examined by those who use it. For they fail to tell us whether the change referred to is one of kind or merely in the quantity and complexity of the material to be dealt with. The constituents of a drop of the ocean are the same as those of the ocean as a whole. The laws governing the mill-stream are the same which operate in the case of Niagara. We cannot conclude that Catholic principles are inapplicable to modern society until we decide whether we are essentially different from our forbears and whether the problems we have to solve are fundamentally of another kind than

those which the Church so satisfactorily dealt with in a previous age.

Human nature has not changed. Neither science nor machinery has introduced new elements in the make-up of the average man. The mere size of the known world and the rapidity of movement possible to-day do not seriously affect the character of the deeper problems of existence. No knowledge has been acquired which invalidates the moral principles on which Medieval society was based. The ideals expressed in the papal Encyclicals "*Rerum Novarum*" and "*Quadragesimo Anno*," promulgated in our own day, proclaim the same ideals of family life, the rights of private property and the obligations of government which obtained in the past, and were issued by the same authority which created "the most organic society . . . the Western World has ever known," are available for us.

The real reason why no effort is made to build on the ancient foundations is that the Medieval society was a disciplinary society. A hierarchy of powers under the supreme authority of Pope and Emperor held the whole together. The law claimed supervision over matters where now it would be reckoned an intruder. This was especially the case in commerce where guilds and corporations with their fixed prices ruled out that competition which is the very life of the present system. Christendom, as a whole, acknowledged certain moral standards which made it possible to legislate on a firm basis and without the vacillation which party government has introduced. Moreover, the fact that society was united in religion meant that a single culture prevailed, and that social and economic legislation, instead of witnessing to contrary principles, constituted a system. Society, in short, was organic.

This disciplinary character is alien to our modern modes of thought. And even where we allow ourselves to be con-

trolled we refuse to credit the authority controlling us with any transcendent character. It is only because it is expedient to do so that we submit, and we comfort ourselves by the reflection that it is we ourselves, who, through our democratic institutions, are the real rulers. We are but obeying the laws which we ourselves have made. In the last resort it is the public which is the final court of appeal.

Now Medieval society held a very different view of the matter. For it the law originated above. It descended into the realm of everyday life from a height which was inaccessible to the ordinary citizen. And it was devised, not so much in order to secure the greatest amount of material prosperity as to maintain the relations proper to a Christian community, and thus to serve man's higher needs. The authority which created the organism of Medieval society was not one which had been set up by human agencies. It owed its origin to God. It existed in the nature of things, and though it might be adapted to changing times, it could not be abolished. It claimed to exercise power in its own right, and was independent of the subjects whom it ruled.

It is this which makes it difficult for us to recover the organic unity of society and to control, in the name of a supreme authority, political, economic and cultural life. Faith having been lost in the one all-transcending and all-inclusive authority of God and His Church, the moral sanctions, which gave unity to Christendom and enabled the law to hold in check the disruptive tendencies of human nature, have also disappeared. Before we can hope to control production and secure a just distribution of property we must allow ourselves to be controlled, and this it is that we refuse to do.

Civilization has got out of hand, has escaped our direction because those concerned have refused to accept direc-

tion. The sovereignty of man over physical things is based on his subjection to spiritual realities. When he refuses to subject himself to these realities he loses his control of the lower sphere. He is mastered even by his own creations. The penalty of refusing to worship the True God is that we are obliged to bow down before idols, the work of our own hands. It matters not whether these idols are hideous images caricaturing the human form or machines of our invention caricaturing human activities. The principle is the same.

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XVI.

IN 1919, Britain began in good earnest to chastise the small neighbor. Let us examine for a moment the forces in opposition.

On Ireland's side we have what was ambitiously called the Irish Republican Army—the I. R. A. for short. Back of this army was four-fifths of the Irish people at home and abroad. Units of the Cumann na mBan (League of Women) were organized to correspond roughly with the units of the I. R. A. Nano Byrne, Alice Farley, Mary Boylan and other girls from Kilbeg and Rathdrum belonged in this League.

Their duties were manifold. They acted as nurses; were proficient spies—secretive, vigilant, resourceful. Frequently they carried important information from leader to leader, from unit to unit. They helped raiders by acting as lookouts, rushed ahead of Crown forces to give warning to some Rebel about to be arrested. They prepared and took food to the fighters, provided them with clothing. They inspired the men, shielded them, found them places of concealment, watched while they took much-needed rest. Without the women to sus-

tain them, it is doubtful if the men could have maintained the fight so successfully for so long.

The first week in October, 1919, Sergeant Hackett gave information to his superiors on Mike Enright's activities. His report was detailed and contained damning information on the latest seizure of police rifles at Leston barracks—almost a repetition of the raid at Rathdrum. The Sergeant did not become active, however, until mid-October, when he detailed five men to secure Rebel Mike.

"Arrest him at noon," he ordered early that morning.

Mickeen the Hump cleaning a corridor window heard the Sergeant. The words might have escaped a less attentive ear; but Mickeen had a gift of hearing snatches of conversation not intended for him. At half-past nine he purposely broke a pane of glass while he pulled down a raised window. When he was given a requisition by Sergeant Hackett to purchase a new pane, he asked,

"Where'll I get it, Sir?"

"At Richards'."

"To be charged, Sir?"

"Of course."

He left the decision to his superior. If he showed indifference Hackett would be less likely to pick up a suspicion. On his way to Richards' he met Nancy Kennedy near the post-office.

"Good morning, Nancy—are you coming my way a bit?"

"Good morning! I'm not, Mickeen—I'm going into the post-office."

"All right, I'll go alone so. Only I like to go along with nice girls."

He walked more slowly.

"You want something—what is it?"

Nancy had taken commissions for him a few times. She belonged to the Rathdrum unit of the Cumann na mBan, and her physical littleness had put a dozen policemen on the wrong track.

"Would you tell Mary Boylan to meet me inside the chapel door above in ten minutes? I have a proposal for her. Would you?"

"Of course—a proposal of marriage is it?"

"It might be."

"Why not make it to me?"

"Sure you're too small! You're only a trupenny bit!"

Nancy was defiant. She knew Mickeen had a trust for Mary and wanted it herself.

"Make it to me—I'm not afraid!"

"Your time will come, Nancy. The time always comes for the nice, small, blue-eyed girl. I'll find a proposal for you some other day."

"I prefer it now."

"You'll tell Mary?"

She nodded.

"In ten minutes at the chapel?"

"Yes, yes! I heard you—I've a mind."

"You have—you're a smart girl, even if you're only the size of a doll."

He ordered his pane of glass and some putty, talking with Tom Richards while Tom cut the glass and secured it in a package.

"Tis the devil, how glass breaks, Tom!"

"O 'twill break, even with the best caution."

"I believe we should have double-thick glass, so 'twould stand the wear better."

"I don't think double thickness will do, Mickeen, the weather is going to be so rough this winter."

"You don't say! I'm no good judging the weather."

"You'll need shutters, there'll be such hailstones this winter," Richards said significantly.

"You don't tell me! I declare!"

He took his package, crossed to Church Street; and there noticed two policemen walking leisurely up Main. He did not stare at them—Mickeen never stared at people he watched.

"Although I get a bottle of whiskey for that Jack Havey once in a while, I wouldn't trust him. You can never trust a peeler."

Mary Boylan was not inside the church door. She was kneeling shortly before a rear confessional on the epistle side in the high-ceilinged Gothic church. It was all very dim and silent that mid-October morning. An old woman knelt far down before the altar of the Blessed Virgin; a young girl very intent upon her devotions knelt before the main altar; and two women removed dust from the pews with moist rags.

"Come on out," Mickeen whispered, as he tiptoed beside Mary.

"Come on in," she said and made place for him in her pew. You would not miss the contrast as they knelt side by side; Mickeen flung about by the winds of the world; shrewd, watchful, full of roguery. Mary, faultlessly dressed, youthful, keen-faced.

She indicated her prayers were ended by making a complete Sign of the Cross. Mickeen went ahead of her out of the pew as a faithful hound might and nodded his knee to the main altar.

"Always a full journey to the Lord, Mickeen!" The two genuflected together, like coached altar boys, and touched bottom. He stole ahead of Mary around the south side of the church into the concealment of a wide buttress.

"How are you? And why the devil didn't you wait inside the door?"

"I'm fine, Mickeen! I didn't wait inside the door because I had something to say to the Lord."

"I'm in the devil's own hurry!"

"Hurry, then!"

"Did Nancy Kennedy tell you I had a proposal?"

She nodded.

"Well, 'tisn't a proposal I have at all; because I don't know yet whether I like you well enough to propose."

"I'm sorry—what can I do to make you like me?"

"I don't know—I'm particular. That's my trouble, I'm so particular."

"You can afford to be, and you such a figure of a man!"

"Thank you, Mary! I believe I'll like you fully later on."

And then he said something else.

"Well, what I want to tell you is peculiar in a way. 'Tis about a dream I had the other night which I want you to put down in writing and make into a story for the *Examiner*. They have fine stories in the *Examiner*, I hear tell."

She became as alert as a caged bird hearing a song note.

"Just what I've been waiting for! Give it to me quick—the main points."

"Well, while I was lying upon my bed the other night, and may be snoring out loud with my mouth open—"

"The main points, please," Mary said severely.

"And maybe with my mouth wide open, I thought that five policemen were going to arrest a young fellow living south of us somewhere who was fighting our Government like a mad devil. It all happened in the middle of a day like this. And didn't a flaming girl who had a small mouth you'd want to kiss take her motor out and race ahead of them. A nice girl of soft complexion with sweet eyes, medium-sized, who prays in the chapel till you'd be yawning. She raced ahead of them, mind you; and he went away with her, and our Government came too late. And then the two of them got married, and lived happy ever after!"

"That's a glorious plot for a story, Mickeen. I'll send it to the *Examiner*."

She held out her hand.

"God bless you!"

"I suppose, Mary, a girl could be even sweeter with her good-bye than just shaking hands."

"She could; but you're good at dreaming. Dream I gave you my sweetest."

She walked through the church gate very leisurely—people who hurry attract

attention. Mickeen waited in the seclusion of the buttress until she had disappeared down street, then journeyed to the barracks.

"Dad," Mary whispered just as she entered the hotel office, "I'm taking the car out for a short trip."

"All right—only be careful how you drive."

To be truthful, Mary needed the warning. She drove slowly up street and encountered Mike O'Donnell. Mike was a tailor.

"Where're you off to, Mary?"

"Fishing."

"Fishing! For heaven's sake, why're you going fishing?"

"There's a Friday every week, isn't there?"

She kept on moving as Mike kept on talking. Two policemen were midway down street, and she had no urge to encounter them. They might begin to speculate, and speculation by policemen must not be encouraged. Just outside the town she turned south.

"Now, lady, you'll have to be a comet racing from the sun!"

The car raced. Cows chewing leisurely cud wondered what madness was shooting past. Jack Donnelly, plowing down his wheat stubbles, saw the meteoric thing whiz by like a bullet to its target.

"Great God!"

She pulled up outside Enrights' gate at eleven minutes after eleven. Her wrist-watch said so. She had the speeder's mind for exact time.

"That's the good *cailin*!" And she patted the engine hood approvingly before hurrying up the gravel walk to the Enright home.

"Why, Mary, you're like winter sunshine, unexpected and welcome! Let me take your wraps."

Mrs. Enright might be fifty-six, but hardly looked it. She was cultured without pretence and could make a piano do her bidding. She had three

loves—God, her husband, her son. Perhaps her son's hatred of Union came from her blood stream; though it could have come from his father's.

"I can't stay this time, Mrs. Enright. Where's Michael the Archangel?"

The cultured woman laughed. Mary Boylan often brought her a laugh.

"The Archangel is above writing some letters."

"Michael," Mary called, "come down from your heaven! The hosts of Satan are coming."

"Do you bring bad news?"

"I never bring bad news, Mrs. Enright. Hurry down, Michael!"

"Coming, lady!"

And then Mike's father came in from the outside.

"Why, Mary—you! You seem a new glory every time I see you!"

"I have to, Mr. Enright. 'Tis all in the make-up. A girl without a well-stocked vanity-case vanishes from the landscape."

"I don't believe it," Mrs. Enright declared; "your face is your own!"

"Here I am at your service, Lady!" Mike called as he descended the stairs.

"I have come to take your son from you," she said lightly to the Enright parents. "The Rathdrum police will be here in a half hour to arrest him for being clever; and as I'm better company than the peelers I'm going to take him with me."

"Of course, we must expect that now and be ready to pay the price," the mother answered bravely.

"And to be going off with a fine-looking girl is a great compensation," the elder Enright said with a lightness he did not feel.

"We have no time to waste, Mike," Mary said seriously.

A small hand bag containing a few necessities was made ready at lightning speed. Mary walked back to the gate, and through glasses she kept concealed in the car, examined the road.

"Thank God for slow, fat bobbies!"

"Be careful, won't you, Mike?" his mother said tenderly.

"I will." He kissed her lips.

"I hate to see you go, but I'd be ashamed if you hadn't to."

"We make a great choice, Dad; the choice that's to make us proud!"

"Exactly."

A grip of that son's hand; breast against breast; one last son-mother kiss; plentiful tears streaming down the mother's face. Mike Enright applied a handkerchief to his eyes as he hurried out. He felt his inside coat pocket—yes, he had his revolver. His overcoat was slung over his arm—his mother did not forget that. Mike Enright began his first day on the run.

The car throbbed in readiness, Mary at the wheel.

"Lady," Mike said, "I'm going to drive."

"Ha, ha!—brute man every time! Brute man must be king!"

She gave place and Mike set the car into motion.

"Tisn't that I want to drive, Mary; but your face is sweetest in repose."

"A little speed, Michael! This is not a church procession."

"Haven't you been arrested for speeding? Nano Byrne told me so, and boasted she'd never been hauled in."

"I wouldn't either, if I'd Nan's car. Her car was made to illustrate speed for a hearse carrying the dead."

They approached Mount Brown cross-roads.

"Which way?" Mike asked.

"You know this country better than I, Mike."

"Of course. Only do we continue east, and then north at Croagh to view the Shannon? Or south and away from Rathdrum?"

"Straight south."

"All right, we'll go east."

"Why so, Sir?"

"'Tis such fine weather, we can watch

the Shannon near Ringmoylan where the world is flat."

"All right—go where glory waits you."

At Ballylin, as the road dips into a hollow, and great lines of oaks make a tunnelled journey, two policemen on bicycles came toward them.

"I spy danger," Mike said.

"Be scolding me and they'll think we're married."

"Mary, I couldn't do that even to save my life."

She turned on him.

"Mike Enright, you're a natural fool!"

The police hopped off their bicycles and halted the car. They were young men not burdened with flesh; and the taller, a Kerryman of quiet address, smiled before he spoke.

"I'll have to get your name?"

He addressed Mike, holding up his hand in the gesture of halting traffic. Mike looked at him dully.

"He's afflicted—deaf and dumb," Mary explained.

"Maybe you could answer for him?"

And both policemen laughed.

"'Tis not a laughing matter—seeing a person afflicted."

"You're his wife, perhaps?" The Kerryman was trying hard to be grave.

"Not yet!" she snapped.

"Well, in case you wish to have a future husband, don't go east. The roads this side of Limerick are black with us." Mary grew confident.

"Not 'with us'—'with them,' you mean."

"I know what I mean."

"Listen, man! You're on our side!"

"Listen, lady! If you hope to keep your deaf-mute from the gallows, go north at the first cross. The roads are black with us."

"*With them*," she insisted.

"Isn't that the woman of it!" The Kerryman laughed to his companion. And then to Mike,

"Hear me, Deaf-Mute! Drive north.

You won't need speech or hearing travelling with this lady. She has gab enough for a King's Counsel. Good day, Miss!"

"Good day,—Impudence!"

The two men laughed. They were on their way to Rathdrum as an addition to the barracks' force for a few days. The fact that they were in the Constabulary rather than in the I. R. A. was due to a request from I. R. A. leaders that they remain as they were. They could render more service to the Cause as members of the police force than as Republicans. Mike turned the car directly north at the first cross-roads.

"Michael of the Flaming Sword, 'twas lucky those bobbies weren't more inquisitive."

"They'd no need to be—we're acquainted."

"Well!"

"I'll tell you something if you're discreet."

"I am—very."

"Well, those two fellows belong to us. They're like first cousins."

"I see—I see."

They talked of something else.

Promptly at noon, while Mike and Mary had lunch at a farmhouse near Penders' woods, five policemen surrounded the Enright home.

"I have a warrant for the arrest of your son, Mr. Enright. I'm sorry, Sir, but I have to do my duty."

"He's not here."

The officer was plainly disappointed.

"The warrant calls for a search. I'm sorry, Sir."

"Yes, I suppose so—go ahead."

They examined every place about the house and premises; and inquired of workmen and women servants. These were noncommittal almost to stupidity.

"They're damnably stupid!" one policeman said.

They went back to Rathdrum without Mike.

(To be continued.)

Homeward.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C. S. C.

EVENING is come and I am going home,
How peaceful now the hills of morning seem,
There is a mellow softness in the gloam
That soothes the restless wood and the chafed
stream;

Twilight has evened all the rugged ways,
And fallen leaves made soft the stony steeps,
Soon will they melt within the purple haze
That like a ghost across the woodland creeps.

So will it be when life's long shadows fall,
And fleeting fears of childhood fade away,
Forgetfulness will fling its silken pall
Over the failures of a fitful day;
And in long lonesomeness our hearts will feel
The phantom fears of morning were unreal.

Some Secret Chapels.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

NOT the least interesting thing in connection with England's ancestral halls and ancient manor houses is the fact that most of them possess one, and frequently several, of those hidden chambers which, during the wars, feuds and persecutions of past ages, when no man felt secure from spies and traitors even within the walls of his own home, were a necessary precaution as a means of concealing men, or for escape at a moment's notice. It is small wonder, therefore, that the most beautiful of the old halls and castles should have been provided with some such cleverly constructed device, for a sudden surprise might at any time be anticipated.

Needless to say that most of these "hiding places" owe their origin to the stringent laws and oppressive burdens imposed upon all, who, in the dread days of the Penal times, remained steadfast to their Faith. Thus it is that in the mansions not alone of families still Catholic, we find an apartment in a secluded corner of the house, or not

seldom a garret in the roof, named the "chapel," where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass could be offered in the utmost privacy, while close at hand, might usually be found a skilfully planned hiding place, known perhaps to only a few of the inmates. Into this secret chamber the officiating priest could slip in case of emergency, and there also the vestments, sacred vessels, and altar furniture could be put away at the shortest possible notice.

We will, however, concern ourselves with some of the chapels only. Moseley Hall, the old seat of the Whitgreaves, and once one of the most picturesque half-timber houses not alone in Staffordshire but in England, had its Medieval chapel in a garret at the gable end of the building, and close beside it was a "priest's hole," just sufficiently large to admit of a person lying down at full length. At Moseley, too, there was another bigger hiding place beneath the floor of a cupboard adjoining the quaint old panelled bedroom occupied by Charles II., when, having spent a day up in the branches of the famous "Royal Oak," he made his first resting-place in the secret chamber behind the wainscoting of what was known as "the Squire's Bedroom" at Boscobel, and thence escaped to Moseley. The story of his flight to Mr. Whitgreave's house is most romantic and interesting, but it would need a separate article.

An intimate friend of mine, herself a member of the Whitgreave family, showed me a letter written by the King to her ancestress and gave me the fullest details of the occurrence. Charles was actually secreted in the house when news was brought in by a maid-servant that soldiers were coming to search, "which," said Mr. Whitgreave, describing the scene, "his majesty hearing, presentlie started out of bedd and ran to what the King called a *very secure hiding-hole*, where his host concealed him as best he could." Mr. Whitgreave

then went down and conversed with the soldiers, who, never suspecting, from his calmness that the King was there, soon took their departure.

The old moated Hall of Baddesley Clinton in Warwickshire has a chapel near which is a stone well or shaft. This well in days gone by, possessed a projection or steps by which a fugitive could reach a secret passage extending round nearly two sides of the house to a small water-gate close to the moat where a boat was always kept in readiness.

It is curious to note that window seats quite often formed the entrance to holes beneath the level of the floor. For example in the long gallery of Parham Hall, Sussex, there used to be seen not far from the chapel, a panel which could be withdrawn by the officiating priest. This panel, however, has been replaced by a door, but the entrance to the hiding-hole within the projecting bay of the window is much the same as it ever was.

Wollas Hall, an Elizabethan mansion on Bredon Hill, near Pershore, has a chapel in the upper part of the house and a priest's hiding place with a diminutive fireplace. When Holy Mass was going to be celebrated here, it was the custom during the Penal times, to spread linen upon the hedges as a sign to the neighboring villagers, in order that they might assist at the Sacred Rite.

In castles, and even in ecclesiastical buildings, sections of massive stone columns have been found to rotate and reveal a hole in an adjacent wall! At Naworth Castle, in "Lord William's Tower," there is an oratory behind the altar in which fugitives could not only be concealed but could see anything taking place in the vicinity.

Salford Prior Hall (sometimes called Abbot's Salford), not far from Evesham, is another mansion noted for its extreme picturesqueness as well as its

capacity for concealment. Here, too, it must be remarked, there is a chapel and a resident priest who says Mass there to this day.

Not far from the pretty Worcestershire village of Chaddesley Corbet, with its old timber houses and Inn, a melancholy, yet mysterious and dignified red-brick pile, rises out of a reed-fringed moat. This is none other than Harvington Hall, which dates back to the reign of Henry VIII., and has many very hallowed associations, for here the intrepid martyr, Father John Wall, a noted and zealous Friar Minor, was hidden for a few days prior to his captivity and subsequent betrayal and capture. He was executed in August, 1679.

Great Harrowden, the seat of the Vaux family, was famous for its secret chambers. Lord Vaux had another residence near London, and its chapel and priest's hole are mentioned by historians.

At Braddocks or Broad Oaks, the home of the old Essex family of Wiseman, we see the remains of a fine old Tudor house where the chapel and hiding-holes may still be visited, and there is also a remarkably interesting stone fireplace which was stripped of its beautifully carved oak by the pursuivants in their vain efforts to capture Father Gerard when he was concealed in one of the many secret chambers built behind the fireplace in a room beneath which served as a chapel. It is not difficult to imagine what his feelings must have been when the searchers, whose conversation was distinctly audible to him, began to light a fire! Not being able to discover the opening they had hoped, they, "by the mercy of God," as he himself tells us, suddenly desisted and went off to other parts of the house. But what unspeakable torture to lie waiting, torn between the dread of capture with its subsequent often prolonged horrors.

Coldham Hall, near Bury St. Ed-

munds, is another country seat which retains its secret chapel and hiding places.

Again, at Clopton Hall, near Stratford-on-Avon, we can see a little chapel in the roof with adjacent priest's holes; and within comparatively recent years, a hiding place was found in a chimney adjoining the chapel of Lydiate Hall, Lancashire. Another house near-by contained a priest's hole in which were discovered spiritual books and an old carved chair.

Myddleton Hall, in Yorkshire, possessed a secret chapel in the roof, and what is still more interesting, there may be found in the grounds a curious maze of thickly planted evergreens in the shape of a cross. At one end of this fascinating spot, are three wooden crosses, a fact which is held by authorities to prove almost beyond question that at the time of religious persecution, the privacy of the maze was used for Divine Service.

In conclusion, mention must be made of an old mansion so secluded and also so beautiful in its architecture that it might well have served as a model for one of those enchanted palaces described in the fairy-tale books of our childhood; for Compton Winyates, as this fascinating old house is called, is hidden so deep down in a sequestered hollow surrounded by woods and hills that it is no easy matter to discover it. No direct route, not even a footpath, takes us to where it lies. But when it does come into view, with its wonderful twisted chimneys, its noble frontage and bewildering number of steep gables, we stand simply lost in admiration of the venerable pile. Once inside we take our way past many Old-World rooms and quaint corridors, and reaching the top of the house, soon discover a "Popish chapel"; leading away from this are quantities of ways of escape by passages going in all directions.

Should the priest, however, be sur-

prised when actually saying Mass, and be unable to escape by any of the staircases to outlets given in the lower parts of the building, there are secret closets between the timbered beams of the roof and the wainscot into which he could creep. Not far off, too, are the "false floors." With the help of these, if his hiding place were discovered, he could isolate himself by removing a portion of the floor boards, thus arranging a yawning chasm into which his pursuers would be precipitated with undesirable speed; for the contrivance was so skillfully constructed that the searchers running in hot haste would suddenly find themselves falling down in utter darkness to a cellar far below.

But enough has been said to show with what ingenuity and care the hidden chapels and secret chambers were planned, and in what perilous circumstances the Adorable Sacrifice was offered in those troublous times.



Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

XVI.

SOMETHING of depression settled on Thurston after young John's departure, and as if to make things worse, a grey sky and a persistent rain seemed to indicate that holidays were over and that after all, "Men must work and women must weep." For Susan had been caught more than once with her handkerchief to her face, and Carfax thought Peggy's eyes looked uncommonly red once or twice. He was sure, much as he knew she loved her brother, she was not so sentimental as to weep his absence.

"Why, why, Susan, my girl," he said with rough kindness, as he came into the room one day and found her weeping, alone, "if this goes on, I shall have to send for the lad to come back and dig potatoes—give up his studies to

save his mother from the doldrums."

He stood beside her filling his pipe, after having patted her shoulder gently. Susan shook her head and put her handkerchief resolutely away, but her voice shook a little.

"It isn't all what you think, John; it's not all the lad's going away."

After all, she had to have another final dab with that handkerchief, and John, ramming the 'baccy into the bowl and nicely adjusting it so that it should draw well, John ran his eye over the sweet, flushed face. And a sudden vision of his mother's face when she had cried—which was often—rose before him. The little ditches through the thick powder,—no; he shook off the memory. Poor woman, she'd had something to cry about. But Susan—and for a moment he wondered he had never noticed it before,—her face seemed younger, more childlike than ever when she cried, even her starry eyes were not red like he had seen Peggy's.

"By the way—what's Peggy been up to to-day? Why isn't she with you?"

"She's been with me, John, but she asked me if she could bicycle in to the convent; and I said she could." It was annoying more tears had to be wiped away. Perhaps she'd better keep the damp thing in her hands, in case of need. John did dislike women sniffing.

"Well, if you didn't want her to go, she'd have stayed here. Isn't it Thursday, and isn't there some singing class she goes to?"

"Some old girls, yes, and they sew, and Peggy said there'd be a service in the church—chapel she calls it—after, and might she go to it."

Susan sighed, and twisted the handkerchief nervously.

"What did you say?" came John's voice as he moved away a little.

"I said, better ask the Reverend Mother what she thinks, and if she says no, to come back at once—it gets darkish these afternoons," she added.

"Well, then, there's no need to worry. I'm sure if the Reverend Mother knew you were like this, she'd send her home at once."

Susan almost choked at the thought of how she was deceiving her John. For nothing could have fallen out better. Peggy would ask the Superior, who had promised Susan her help, and the girl would be sent home safe, without having "attended the service."

"Anyway, she can't go there through the winter, for I couldn't have her bicycling back in the dark alone," she said, sure of John's agreeing in the matter.

"You forget I'm at Tesford market every Thursday and can pick her up. To-day I sent Jabes in as you seemed lonely."

That was kind of him, her John, but her heart sank again at the way being made clear for Peggy's attendance at the classes. There was a nice one every Friday at the Rectory, with tea and buns after, but Peggy had said, such nonsense; I'd meet that red-headed man there! As if, Susan had said, reprov-ingly,—as if young men went to sewing parties!

"Mother said I was to ask you whether to stay or not for Benediction. Do say yes, Reverend Mother!" she whispered as the girls bustled about folding up their work, talking to each other.

For a moment Mother Veronica hesitated—then, pointing to the windows where a Sister was already closing the shutters, she shook her head.

"No, my child, you must hurry back quickly before it gets dark. No one goes your way unfortunately, and I think you had better not come to the classes unless you are quite sure of a safe escort back. Tell that to your mother, my dear, from me."

"Oh, *Mother!*" was all the girl said in disappointment. Certainly the road

was very nasty for bicycling, and before she had gone far she had to get off to light her lamp. A motor shot quickly by her as she did it, but pulled up; and she saw, to her pleased surprise, Anthony Burnham coming towards her.

No indeed, she hadn't punctured; no, she really was quite used to the road. Yes, it was uncommonly dark, but she could ride it blindfold.

He wanted to give her a lift, and liked her all the more for refusing. All Maydon would be coming along from Tesford market. They had passed him and Isabel often in the car together, but little Margaret Carfax, as he called her in his mind, was a different matter altogether.

"I say, Miss Carfax, start off and I'll keep behind," he said, but Peggy laughed.

"I'll certainly start off, but if you crawl behind me I shall feel bound to scorch—and then I shall get run in, and—and—"

"Aunt Mary will give you seven days or the option of a fine."

They broke into a gay, friendly laugh. Far off they could hear the sound of horses and carts.

"Good-bye, and thank you all the same." She was off in a moment, free wheeling cautiously down the wet hill; and as she had forbidden him to follow her, he passed her presently with a gay salute, and then slowed down at sufficient distance from her as to keep her in view.

Turning every now and then, he saw the little lamp keeping its steady course. None of the villagers' carts had overtaken them, and as he got nearer the turning to Thurston, he saw Carfax standing at the corner, evidently watching for the girl. He pulled up and got out just as John, a little dazzled by the lights that Anthony had left on for Peggy, came up.

"Miss Carfax is just coming; she wouldn't accept a lift, but I kept her

well in view all the way. It's an exceptionally dark evening," he said, and John nodded.

"Thank you—that was kind of you," he said heartily, and added, "She hasn't her brother now; but she won't be bicycling alone at dark again." He couldn't have anyone thinking—well that her parents were careless of what she did.

And then Peggy arrived with a little joyous tinkling of her bell, and jumped off beside her father.

"Did he tell you how he piloted me? And lit up the road? I hope your engines won't suffer for going so slowly?" she said. And for a minute they stood at the dark corner of the road, talking, till Carfax held his hand out.

"Good-night; and thank you," he said again.

Peggy held her small hand out too.

"Good-night, and thank you—Pilot!" she said, and somehow Anthony liked that "Pilot," and remembered the "feel" of her little bare hand in his as he sped his car down the long road to Milford.

"Reverend Mother packed me off at once, and said I was to tell you she thought it too dark to-day to let me stay."

Susan had met them at the door—hearing their voices—with a confused feeling of relief and guilt. It wasn't easy to deceive John, because he was so trustful of her; and if it had not been, as she put it to herself, the salvation of his soul—for how could Papists ever be saved, unless, poor things, having been born in their faith and been taught no better, they were forgiven—if it had not been his eternal salvation and that of her children, she would no more have dreamt of circumventing him than she would have thought of murder or suicide.

Well, it was kind of the Superior to have managed it so nicely, but something had got to put a stop to the other

Thursdays. It would be only an added terror if John took to fetching her from the convent on market days. Supposing he arrived early and got drawn in to that service! Supposing—but after all she had asked that kind lady to “put him off” as well as Peggy, and it might be just as well he did go next Thursday.

Next Thursday proved a very pouring, stormy day, and Peggy went in by the market bus which rather paralyzed the conversational powers of several of the Maydon passengers. They smiled at her because she was good to look at, and because she smiled at them, and she helped the old women in with their baskets and squeezed herself into the smallest space possible. But when the bus driver, who had been asked to stop at the school gates, pulled up and shouted:

“Ere y’are, Missy—the nunnery,” every head was bent forward to watch her enter its fearsome gates. No paralysis of tongues after that, and the only pity was that the distance between the gates and Tesford High Street did not give them sufficient time to speak all their minds on the subject of Carfax and his crackedness and the madness of letting his girl go to see nuns in their convents. Shut her up, one day they would; an’ then where’d she be! Said her father was going to fetch her in his trap. “Aye—if she don’t get trapped first!” cackled an old woman whose sprightly wit was much appreciated and kept them cheerful in spite of rain and nunneries.

When John Carfax, in his dripping water coat, rang the bell later, he had no intention of going in. A tarpaulin covered the cart, and the rain having ceased, he had thrown a horse cloth over Robin, the grey mare. As Sister Anna had never seen him before, she eyed him cautiously, having turned the porch light on. He took his wet hat off, keeping it in his hand as he spoke.

“I’ve called for my daughter, Margaret Carfax. Is she ready to come?”

“Is it Mr. Carfax? Reverend Mother said I was to ask you to be so good as to stay a moment to speak to her.”

The Sister stood on one side for Carfax to enter. He hesitated a moment.

“I must tie up the horse, Sister; and I am in a very muddy condition,” he said, smiling, and looking at his boots.

No—he had not foreseen this, and as he fastened Robin’s reins to a convenient tree, he wished he had arranged for Peggy to meet him at the gates. He had been to the house two or three times during her schooldays, but it was a different matter now that he knew who was its Superior. He left his mackintosh in the big porch—his old hat he clung to. He must have something for his hands; and almost before he had had time to glance round the pleasant room, across which he strode cautiously because of his market boots, the door opened, and she came in—came straight up to him, her hand out, a grave smile on the face that, he said to himself, had not changed—time had only added to its serenity.

“John Carfax, have you forgiven us Burnhams the great wrong we did you long ago?”

And straight way something died forever in the mind, the heart of the man who took her hand and bent over it.

“Wrong?” he said, savoring the word—“wrong?” and because in that moment it seemed such an utter impossibility, such an outrageous idea that he could ever have nourished a grievance against life in which she and Bernard had had a part, he added in a slow, deliberate voice, “I have more reason to bless the name of Burnham than you imagine. And now, Reverend Mother, let the memory of that ridiculous letter signed in my name, but which I need not tell you I never wrote—”

His words died on his lips, and he saw too late by her puzzled looks, that

she had not been referring to what he imagined.

"Letter? What letter?" She motioned him to a seat, and sitting down opposite him, she went on.

"My dear father was so hasty in his judgments, and something, I never knew what, had displeased him. So you never came again. Then it was because of a letter?"

She leaned a little forward, grave and dignified, yet the same kind, understanding smile in her eyes that she and Bernard had always had. But Carfax preferred to stand. This was going to be the real burying of the grievance. This was going to be well worth that half-hour in Colonel Burnham's study. But he must be careful. How much did she know? Not all, as he had imagined when she spoke of the wrong done him.

He stood very straight now and the unshaded light showed up the thin lined face and the steady eyes that regarded hers frankly.

"There was some foolish letter, which never reached its destination. Happily it fell into your father's hands. He did quite rightly to take strong measures."

It sounded quite a reasonable explanation to John Carfax.

"So it was that," said the Reverend Mother, after quite a moment's silence, "and of course Bernard's friend wasn't going to exculpate himself from such a ridiculous accusation—"

Bernard's friend—well, let it go at that. Carfax smiled as he had not smiled for years. And back to his mind came the remembrance of how far he had travelled in those days,—as Father Page had known—and how craven he had been since, because of his wounded pride.

"But in those days," said the Superior, and again a puzzled look came in her eyes, "in those days, why, it was almost within sight—your coming into the Church! You were on the very thresh-

old." She paused a minute, realizing what it had meant for the boy—the shame and hurt. "We have much to answer for, we Burnhams. I take it all on my shoulders,—till the day you relieve me of that burden of blame!" she said smiling, and John shook his head.

"The only thing you can take on your shoulders, so far as I am concerned, is the good you and your brother put into me, the determination to win through, to be Captain of my soul."

He turned, forgetting for the moment he had come to fetch Peggy, and took a step to the door. But he had more to say, something that must have no disloyalty in it to Susan, and he was not sure how to put it. He was standing, a little bent, his hands clasped behind him, holding his hat, and he spoke a little jerkily.

"And now it's my girl you're putting it into. There's a line I can't pass—it—it would break my wife's heart. I must consider her. But you—you, Reverend Mother—need consider only Peggy."

There was a moment's silence. The Superior was thinking of Susan's tears, her fears, her confidences; and now here was the girl's father giving her *carte blanche* with Peggy's future.

"I think I want to consider her dear Mother too," she said, standing up and facing him. "She has been so courageous in letting Peggy come here,—though any Protestant parents sending their children to a Catholic school must take the happy risk of God's special grace descending on them, in a house where He dwells, and taught by women set apart to 'be about the Master's business.'"

He held out his hand, at last—a little grave. "The happy risk of God's grace! Well, I take it in her mother's name and mine. And may He forgive my own cowardice. The lad with the loaves and fish couldn't have escaped a blessing himself—even if he went back with

his basket miraculously emptied—like I'm hoping to empty mine." He smiled suddenly.

"Much more likely that he flung himself at Our Lord's feet in adoration, at being so favored, and became one of His followers," came back the laughing reply; and then the door opened and an agitated Sister Anna said, would Mr. Carfax see to his horse, it was eating the laurels.

Such a disaster as the laurels being eaten by the passive grey mare moved John to activity. He took leave of the Superior who followed him into the hall where Peggy was waiting, and as he took up the reins and raised his hat in farewell, he felt as if some heavy stone, that had weighed on him all his life, were suddenly lifted.

"That's Mr. Burnham's car just gone by," said Peggy and smiled in the dark. Had he by any wonderful chance thought of acting as pilot again? They were well on the road back, and the car had passed swiftly, though it had slowed down to pass the horse. Carfax hoped the young man was not going to make a point of patrolling the road between Tesford and Milford every Thursday; and because he did not particularly want to bring his name up, his mind being full of none other just then, he said, flicking Robin gently on the ears,

"Does your old schoolfellow with the strange name, Petrea, write to you?"

"Yes. I heard the other day, and she's to be in London in November. She wants me to go to her for a week or two then, but I don't think I want to."

"Not want a week in London! Most girls would jump at the chance. Why not, little girl?" He laid a hand on hers for a moment.

"If it's a case of clothes, that can be managed. You've got an old miser for a Daddy, but he knows where to find the needful."

"You're not a miser, you blessed Daddy of mine! But I—I think I don't want to go all the same."

They said no more till the lights of the farm came in sight.

"I suppose young Burnham will be getting back to India soon." He spoke as if following his own train of thought, but Peggy's answer brought a new light to his mind.

"He goes at the end of November," came her quiet voice, almost sadly.

So that was why she did not want to accept the invitation to London? Or was he just a silly old father on the lookout for trouble? He rather wished young Burnham hadn't appeared on the scene with Peggy at this impressionable age—the first man of the sort she had ever met! He must be on his guard—not that the young man wasn't to be trusted, but there mustn't be any sentimental nonsense between the two, to threaten the new, happy relations existing. There was rather a relieved feeling that a young man who was so pleasant and who evidently meant to make himself agreeable to the family, was going to be, by the force of circumstances, removed to another sphere—or hemisphere. He would regret him too, but he wanted no complications of that sort. His mind's eye saw Miss Burnham J. P. receiving such news. But, rubbish! His mind had gone off at a tangent, and he suddenly remembered some one had said it would sure be a match one day between young Burnham and Judge Mefford's daughter.

It occurred to him as he took the trap round to the stable yard, that they had both been very silent on the drive back. Peggy had sat very straight and still all the way home. She would be full, of course, of her afternoon with her old friends,—and that service in the chapel, Benediction! And with his own thoughts he could have driven all night content not to speak.

"Did you have to go in?" came Susan's anxious voice presently.

"Go in where?" he asked, looking up from where he sat taking his heavy boots off. How pleasant it was in this big raftered kitchen, with the scent of Susan's new baked bread, and the row of great shining copper sauce-pans that reflected the lamplight. Prudence had carried in a tureen of savory soup, and Susan had been following her, but she had stopped to ask her question.

"In to the convent—when you fetched Peggy."

She wasn't sure what she expected; but somehow, she was sure that that Miss Margaret Burnham, as was, would have said something to John, following her, Susan's, urgent prayer.

"Yes, I went in for a few minutes and spoke to the Reverend Mother," he said, and started unlacing his second boot.

She waited a minute, seemingly to inspect the big roast potatoes that lay waiting in a wooden bowl, but he only got up and went out to wash his hands. Perhaps when he'd had his supper, he'd tell her about his visit. There was a little secret tremor lest some chance had revealed to him her own visit the other day. Supposing she had left her umbrella on a chair! But she remembered Sister Anna had taken it from her almost as firmly as the whiskered attendant at the Museum in Tesford did—only of course there was no ticket at the convent. And then supposing that Sister Anna, who hadn't been told to hold her tongue,—suppose she had said to John, natural like, "And how's Mrs. Carfax to-day? I thought her looking a bit peaky—or worrited, or something else when she was here the other day."

Susan's fair face got so flushed at these guilty and miserable thoughts that she spilled some soup she was ladling out to her John—her John who never deceived her and acted always straight. Her hand trembled, but she managed to

smile when Peggy teased her about the spot on the clean cloth, and said she must put sixpence in the missionary box.

"Oh there!—and I forgot to tell you, John, Aunt Kate was here this afternoon. She says it's common talk that Mr. Preston, father to the young man at the Rectory,—that he's going to buy the Carfax ruins, and build himself a fine house on them. I thought p'raps you might be sorry about it."

Her John had a curious affection for the place, she knew, but it would be nice to see it built up again and lived in, with curtains at the windows and all. For one moment she had quailed at John's grim look, then he had smiled, a little certain good humor in its maliciousness.

"It takes one to sell and one to buy. The ruins are mine, and I'm not selling—to Mr. Guy Preston."

Susan forbore to repeat all Aunt Kate's gossip. It was not much filtered, having arrived at Bluebells direct from a séance at the Royal George by the mouth of a farm hand, and handed on by a dairymaid to Aunt Kate, who adroitly toned it down for Susan, who was "particular."

Unexpurgated, Carfax had been half sneered at, half admired for his audacity. The future M. P. restoring the old Hall and its splendors, and the red-headed inheritor, whose admiration for the young Missy was no secret—the young inheritor to marry the lass, and there y'are! Carfaxes back again as large as life!

Toned down, Susan had been led to see—well, say the curtains at the windows of Carfax Hall,—by the way, who would then sit in the "family" pew at church? That "worrited" her a little—her Peggy? And perhaps softened visions of the future for her Peggy had entered her maternal mind—only John hadn't seemed to like the young man.

(To be continued.)

On Prayer.*

CONSTANT prayer greatly helps to achieve and keep stability of mind; for if it be well-purposed, it destroys the strength of the devils. Though God indeed knows all things, and before we ask anything knows perfectly what we wish to ask, yet we ought still to pray for many reasons: because Christ gave us the example when He passed the night in prayer alone upon the mountain; and because it is the command of the apostle: "*Sine intermissione orate; oportet enim orare et non deficere.*"—Pray without ceasing; for it behooves us to pray and fail not." Also we ought to pray that we may be worthy of grace in this life and joy in the life to come: wherefore "Ask and you shall receive; . . . he that asks, receives, to him that knocks it shall be opened."

Again, we should pray because angels offer our prayers to God, to help their fulfilment. Thoughts and desires are indeed naked and open to God alone. Yet angels know when holy men think worthy and holy things, and when they are greatly inflamed with the love of eternal life, by the revelation of God and by their outward actions, for they see that they serve God alone. Wherefore the angel said to Daniel: "*Vir desiderium es.*"—Thou art a man of desires."

And again, we should pray because by continued prayer the soul is set on fire with the flame of God's love. Our Lord truly says by His prophet: "*Nonne verba mea quasi ignis et quasi malleus conterens petras?*"—Are not my words as burning fire and as a hammer breaking stones?" And the psalm also says: "*Ignitum eloquium tuum vehementer.*"—Thy speech is ardently set on fire."

Yet there are many who cast out the

word of God from their hearts and from their mouths, not suffering it to remain with them, and therefore they are not inflamed with a strengthening heat, but remain cold in sloth and negligence—even after innumerable prayers and meditations on the Scriptures, because they neither pray nor meditate with their whole mind; whilst others that put away all sloth, in a short while are greatly inflamed and made ardent in the love of Christ.

Hence the Scripture also says: "Thy servant hath loved Thy word." Therefore he is truly inflamed, because, O Lord, he has loved Thy word; that is to say, he has loved to meditate upon it and work according to it. He has sought Thee rather than Thine, and he has received Thee and Thine from Thee. Some indeed pretend that they are in Thy service, to get worldly honor and to seem glorious among men. But whilst they rejoice to have found a few things, they lose many: because of Thee and Thine, and themselves and theirs.

It also behooves us to pray that we may be saved. Therefore St. James warns us, saying: "*Orate pro invicem ut salvemini.*"—Pray for one another, that we may be saved." Also we ought to pray so that we do not become slothful and so that we be constantly occupied with good things, wherefore it is said: "*Vigilate et orate ne intretis in tentationem.*"—Watch and pray lest you enter into temptation." Verily, we ought constantly to pray, or read, or meditate, or do other profitable things, that our enemy may never find us idle. But it is most important that we watch in prayer; that is to say, that we be not lulled with vain thoughts that distract the mind, and make it forget whither it is bound, and always, if they can, overcome the effect of the devotion which the mind of him who prays should feel if he prays with watchfulness, industry, and desire.

* Being a new translation of Chapter 20 of the "Incendium Amoris," of the saintly hermit Richard Rolle of Hampole, 1300-1349, taken direct from the Fifteenth Century manuscripts, by G. C. Heseltine.

Triangular Religious Debates.

BY P. J. C.

RELIGIOUS debates in which compete a Catholic, a Protestant, an Agnostic are tawdry exhibitions. Very generally they are financed by some agency, the performers paid so much the showing. And even if this sordid financial adventuring were not in the background, such religious public try-outs should be outlawed. At least when Catholic doctrine and practice are parties of the first, second or third part. Why?

Catholic doctrine is a deposit of beliefs which Catholics accept without conditions. They are of divine origin—just as the Sacraments are. We do not accept articles of divine belief because they come within the domain of reason, because we apprehend them, because we can explain them to the satisfaction of everybody. We accept them because they are the expression of the divine Mind, the divine Will—illuminative and directive, expressing realities often incomprehensible to human intelligence. We accept what is made known, not because we understand, but because God reveals. Hence—*Revelation*. We do what we are commanded to do because the commands come from God. Hence—*Divine Commandments*. Our Faith is accepted through the grace of illumination, maintained by that divine help which comes through the Sacraments and Prayer.

Obviously the assembled articles of a faith call for exposition. Not exposition, however, which explains what transcends explanation, but exposition which announces, expands, illustrates, so we may know the subject matter of beliefs rather than penetrate the mysteries of them. We are expected to know what is taught about the doctrine of the Trinity. We cannot understand the Mystery itself. The

Church through her Pontiffs, her Councils, proclaims doctrines of Faith by virtue of divine commission. She gives form to what existed but was not announced. Bishops, priests, all who have the spiritual direction of people, bring the truths of Faith before people's minds, not that people may understand these truths, when these truths are of mystery height and mystery depth, but that they may know what is taught about them. We are expected to know what the Church teaches; we are not expected to understand mysteries.

Catholic Faith to Catholics is divine reality. Now for a Catholic to enter into public debate with a Jew, a Protestant, an Agnostic, setting divine Faith on the same plane of acceptance or rejection as free silver or world disarmament, is putting indignity upon what is sacred—as if you were to give a stage exhibition of how Confessions are heard. Very wisely the Church does not encourage men or women to enter public contests on the subject matter of divine truth, matching their skill in dialectics with free lances in order to furnish a Roman holiday. There is a majesty about divine Faith which is awesome and compelling. United States citizens will not debate such a subject as “the United States Government should be destroyed.” It is improper, treasonable, taboo. For much the same reason a Catholic will not debate publicly the truths of his Faith. They are not debatable.

There are ways of combating error more effectively than by this bizarre, grotesque, three-cornered fight with its gate receipts and ring-side cheering. “Why I am a Catholic,” “Why I am a Jew,” “Why I am an Agnostic”—such a trinity of questions cannot be answered in a couple of hours' interchange of wit at the expense, very frequently, of the Sacred Scripture. A Catholic can answer the question in only one way—St. Paul's way—“By the Grace of God, I am what I am.”

Notes and Remarks.

Those who are in any way sceptical of the great work of the Catholic Church against Communism will find much light in a letter that was recently printed in *The Working Woman*, a communist paper published in Canada, and quoted in the *Brooklyn Tablet*: "Although the organization here is small," says the writer, "it is very enthusiastic; but we are unable to reach the masses of Sydney, Australia, because the Catholic Church has great influence. And although we can successfully fight the lay organizations of the capitalistic system, we seem unable to pierce through those minds of our comrades, laden with the opium of religion. Will anyone who reads this magazine and who has experience in propaganda against the organized Catholic front give us his advice? This is the first checkmate we have received in a long time, and we should like information to help overcome it." If the capitalists realized that the Catholic Church was the one great barrier that is keeping Communism from devastating our country, they would perhaps do all in their power to increase the influence of that Church instead of allying themselves with her enemies which is so often the case nowadays.

It will be gratifying to those who have looked to the new President to straighten out the financial difficulties of the country to know that his first month's work has brought results that were scarcely to be hoped for. "Gold reserves," says the *New York Times*, "increased during the past week by forty-four millions, bringing the total gain since March 8 to 553 millions. What this means to the resources of the Reserve System can best be understood by noting that at their present figure

the total gold holdings of the twelve district banks are back to within one per cent of their maximum thus far in 1933. They are within eight per cent of the highest figure on record, and more than 200 millions larger than they were at any time during the prosperous year of 1929. Still more encouraging is the fact that currency has continued to come out of hiding and to return to the Reserve System, so that 70.4 per cent of the funds drained out of the Reserve banks so rapidly during the three panicky weeks before March 8 have now returned to it during the three weeks subsequent to that date. These figures are as real a reward as the Roosevelt Administration could desire at the end of its first month of office. They measure what it has done in that short period to re-establish confidence in the banks, and behind the banks in the credit of the National Government."

A manifesto by leaders representing Jewish, Catholic and Protestant faiths calls for courageous governmental action looking toward wider social justice, a check upon the break-down of labor standards, a national planning board "to lay down far-sighted lines of industrial control for human welfare," and taxation reform that "shall place the major burden on those best able to bear it." The signers base their appeal upon the principles set forth last year by Pope Pius XI., by the Federated Council of the Churches of Christ, and by the organizations of the American synagogues. The manifesto is much too extended for even cursory review. It deals with general evils. Obviously it could not single out specific diseases that call for governmental application of the knife. In all fairness it may be said that detecting the evils of the body politic is not nearly so difficult as the important business of removing the

evils. Most people will not object to manifestoes. They are like public lectures on diet and health. You hear them and go on about your business, forgetting what manner of man you are. Slashing bonuses, trimming salaries, removing fatty tissues from bureaus—all this is definite and hurts specific people. It takes much more courage to do that than to speak in general terms of "far-sighted lines of industrial control for human welfare." Nor must this be construed as a dig at the manifesto. That deals with evils in the large. The cure of definite evils requires courage, perseverance, good nerves to withstand the moans, the wails, of those who are specifically subjected to the process of trimming and cutting.

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In his endeavor to cut down the Federal Budget, Mr. Lewis Douglas has encountered many stumblingblocks, the greatest of which seems to be the various inconsistencies in Federal appropriations. Large sums have been appropriated, he points out, in a hopeless attempt to take the agricultural surplus off the market, while at the same time an almost equal amount has been set aside to increase the production per acre on our farms. Money intended to be used for the stimulation of foreign trade has been wasted because of our high tariff laws which are almost equivalent to an embargo. Millions have been put into the building of public highways which are used by the competitors of the railroads; yet it has been necessary for the Government to lend large sums to help the railroads. At the present time the Administration has in hand at least one great project designed to increase the arable acreage and surplus agricultural crops for the attempted disposal of which in another field large sums are expended. Mr. Douglas shows in a convincing way that it will not be enough to cut down the

annual appropriations unless there is at the same time a revision or repeal of such contradictory grants as make the money we spend useless. This can be done, he avers, if a swell of public opinion is brought to bear upon Congress as it was in the case of the Veteran Relief Bill. This seems to be good common sense, and we have no doubt that the people will support the Director of the Budget if he puts his plea to them now.

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The convent of St. Ambrose at Milan has had an interesting history. Originally a convent, it was later transformed into a military barracks, and only recently has been turned back again into something like its original purpose by being made a part of the newly established Catholic University of Milan. Future students of the University will not have to depend entirely upon textbooks to get a knowledge of history according to the following news item which has recently been released from Milan: "A slab has been placed on the wall of the great hall recalling the fact that the building was once the abode of learned monks, and also that when converted into a military barracks the young priest, Achille Ratti, now reigning on the Pontifical Throne, was obliged to spend some days in the following of a military career."

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The extent of God's Providence can only be dimly envisaged even at this age of the human race. When scoffers were beginning to see the end of our fire-wood supply, the great coal beds of the world were discovered. When the rivers of black fuel seemed to be slowing up at the sources, the oil fields were tapped. And now when even the possible end of coal and oil has been predicted, a Cincinnati experimenter, Dr. William B. Wherry, claims to have discovered a method of speeding up the chemical

process by which nature makes peat into coal. When anyone mentions a possible coal field famine to Dr. Wherry, he smiles and points to the great undeveloped peat bogs of Canada. Bearing in mind, however, the overwhelming evidence of God's Providence, it is safe to predict that the much-discussed fuel famine of the future is probably a fiction. Long before the Canadian peat fields have exhausted their treasures man will probably find another combustible, and after that another which God has hidden for our benefit in the bountiful storehouse of the world.



From certain intellectuals in the State of New York—and they are found in other States too—come protests against the present censorship of moving pictures. It is a repression of the exercise of thought, a clipping of the wings of soaring artistic creators and producers. Wholesome pictures which entertain, amuse, educate, stir emotionally will not be censored by the Government; and right-minded people will approve these pictures. When those who manufacture entertainment carry to their work a conscience, a right sense of values, consideration for the masses of people who welcome instruction, romance, amusement within reason, government censorship will not be necessary. As long as Hollywood persists in playing bad boy behind the nation's back, the nation must watch Hollywood. If picture producers wish an end to censorship let them stop sending out a commodity which manifestly calls for censorship.



Forgeries in autographed books have become so numerous in recent years that the New York Public Library is reserving a special room for a collection of such volumes. A short time ago a young Southern farmer with a timid air about him entered a New York

bookseller's, and explained to the proprietor in a rather bashful way that he had a little pocket Bible which was formerly the property of Stonewall Jackson. It had come to him, the Southerner said, from his grandfather who was with Jackson when he was wounded. The many little details related by the lad regarding his grandfather's connection with the General, and the unassuming, shy way in which he related them deceived the bookseller as much as the almost perfect forgery of the General's name. He gave the boy a generous price for the little book, and was surprised to learn a short time afterwards that the youth had sold nine such Bibles to different booksellers.



Here is how blindfolded Justice holds the scales in Mexico. Father Julio Vertis, parish priest in the city of Torreon, distributed toys and candy to the poor children of his parish. Came along an intoxicated policeman who tried to arrest the priest, but was prevented from doing so by those present. Father Julio Vertis reported the matter to the proper authorities. The proper authorities fined the priest 50 pesos and put him under arrest. Later the proper authorities investigated, released the clergyman, but did not pay him back his 50 pesos. Draw any conclusion you like from the incident. We draw this one: The Rev. Julio Vertis is not a Jewish Rabbi.



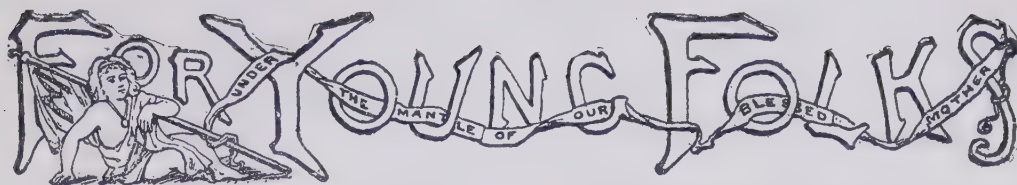
It seems to indicate intellectual insight to discover that many of Ireland's patriots and men of culture have been Protestants. The circumstance is readily explained. During most of the centuries when patriots were called for, Catholics were in jail, expatriated to Australia or on their way to Connaught. Martyrs to Causes come from the educated, who, feeling the sting of bond-

age, rebel. Catholics were the unfree tribes in the Ireland of the Seventeenth, Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries. They were without religious or political status; lived by sufferance. There were no universities open to them. They might learn to read or write in secret from the hedge schoolmaster, might see the wonders of the Mass offered up in some country house by the hedge priest. Much chance they had to harvest culture and start a renaissance! Let us not forget, however, that as soon as Catholics received an opportunity to acquire education they took it, felt the insurgence and gave the blood offering to Nationalism. Those May morning shootings of 1916 ended the lives of lyric singers, dramatists, dreamers, scholars. Most of them were Catholics. And Irish Catholic men and women will be high in the literature of Ireland from now on. Not the kind of literature which expresses the soiled imaginings of decadents who abound in patronizing and self-sufficiency, but a high, white, regal literature; rich of the race, of the soil. Not of sirupy pietism on the one hand, nor of morbid, pessimistic naturalism on the other. Ireland will have a literature that shall express her full essence. Keep in mind that in the composition of that full essence are woven Catholic faith and tradition. Irish Catholic men and women must and will create a literature in Ireland which will be national and Catholic. They must not leave to the would-be pagans the guiding of Pegasus.

Former President Hoover may well be recalled to illustrate study in contrasts. During the World War, when he directed food distribution to suffering European civilians, and even while a member of the late President Coolidge's Cabinet, Mr. Hoover was looked upon as a far-thinking, forceful man who would

see to it that needful things were done and done quickly. As President of the United States he gave the country the impression of a man uncertain, hesitant, lacking somewhat that force which compels obedience. He witnessed, as everybody witnessed, the Federal budget swelling to many times pre-war size, the cost of Prohibition reaching to flood heights; while people waited in lines for food and fuel. And yet Mr. Hoover, the efficient, seemed able to accomplish little in the way of curtailment for relief. Perhaps Mr. Hoover suffered from his war-relief record, which an imaginative people in lyric excitement swelled beyond good sense. And then when the war-relief superman did not factually function as a super-President, there were gasps first—then catcalls. It is altogether possible Mr. Hoover might not have been so disappointing a Chief Executive had he not begun his stewardship with an asset which was a liability. He entered the play a star. And people expect great moments and mighty movements from their stars. Blame a vicarious starship, rather than incompetence, for Mr. Hoover's failure to impress the country.

Representative James Lynch of Providence is sponsoring a bill for the elimination of marathon dances in the State of Rhode Island. Would there were a James Lynch in every State of the Union to end the marathons which are like proud flesh on our yet unhealed depression! You will say, the men who promote these marathons and the boys and girls who enter the ring to limp and sprawl are to blame. No. People who pay to witness the performances are to blame. We hear so much in economics about the ultimate consumer having to pay. In certain expressions of life he pays, not because he has to, but because he wants to. The marathon dance illustrates that.



His Father's Business.

BY GABRIEL MEAD.

WHEN Mary watched Him with His tools
It must have brought her silent mirth
To see Him make crude chairs and stools,
Whose hand had fashioned all the earth.
She must have smiled with mother's glee
When the loud hammer strokes were heard,
Knowing down in her heart that He
Had formed the heavens by a word.
And when He toiled with saw and plane,
I wonder if His mother knew
That He was laboring to train
His sinful children what to do?

Shadows on Cedarcrest.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

XII.—DALTON OVERHEARS.

WHAT a pathetic little aggregate of toys was laid out on the snowy counterpane before the sick woman. The ancient woolly dog, with the missing ear and frayed neckribbon; the shabby tin soldiers, rusted in spots, with their bayonets broken; the dog-eared copy of boyhood's loved "Treasure Island"; the soiled chamois bag of nicked marbles.

"He was so proud of the marbles," said Mrs. Carstairs, softly. "He used to play with them by the hour. He had a cherry agate—which is the cherry agate, dear?"

Phyllis laid it in her hand, and the mother's fingers closed about it tenderly.

"Thank you. He was always bringing me that one to 'hold awhile, because it's so pretty.' And he had another he called his 'mossy.'"

Phyllis' slim fingers went exploring among green and red and blue, to re-

turn with the old-time moss "aggie."

"Here's that one, too," she said, laying it beside its red fellow.

"He got the marbles when he had the measles. He wasn't quite four. He had some trouble with his eyes, then, I remember how I worried about them, for, you see, I always knew how to value eyes. We kept the shades drawn—but, after all, he recovered perfectly. He never even needed glasses. When he was entirely well, and it was time to fumigate his room, we burned his playthings. But he cried about the white dog and the marbles, so Hetty gave them a thorough washing instead. And later, when he was what he thought grown (fifteen—bless him! shall I ever forget his pride in his first long trousers?), when he asked my permission to give his toys to some poor boys in the village, I couldn't bear to see his little treasures go, so I had Hetty lock the homely little things like these—those that were of no particular intrinsic worth—in that one cupboard, upstairs. And later—after he—went away—we left them there. Before we went away from Cedarcrest, I used to get a poor sort of comfort from going up there, unlocking the cupboard, and just—*feeling* these things which he had loved.

"I told you once, Phyllis, that I've clung to hope. You know, I suppose—for the knowledge is common property—that my boy was accused of murdering his stepfather. I admit that it all looked very black for Jamie; and yet—if you knew my boy, as I knew him, you'd know he couldn't kill a human being, even in just anger. I don't know who killed my—who killed Peyton. But I'm positive my boy didn't do it. Quarrel with him he certainly

did. Jamie was headstrong and high-strung—and Peyton wasn't exactly—*just* to him. Why, even I had words with Peyton that day over his treatment of Jamie and Dalton. In all fairness, I must say that he was as hard to his own boy as he was to mine. No, Jamie didn't kill his stepfather, even though he quarrelled with him. I'm sure of that. I've hoped, through all these years, that the mystery of Peyton's death would be solved, and Jamie cleared; hoped that my lad would come back—ah! my poor boy! He always resented Mr. Carstairs' authority over him. Had I known how much he would resent it, I should not have married the second time. But—as I said before, Jamie was high-strung and headstrong, and he was at the age when he needed a father's guiding hand. A blind woman is so helpless. Even in business affairs, I needed some one strong and reliable, for Jamie was too young and inexperienced to handle the estate.

"There was another man whom I might have married—a kind, good man—perhaps you're thinking of Simon, my dear, but Simon has always been a confirmed bachelor. It was some one else—some one with whom I might have found real happiness. But he was poor, and too proud to ask a rich woman to marry him. And I met Peyton—Mr. Carstairs. He had pleasant, persuasive ways; he soon convinced me that marriage with him would be a wise thing. I married Mr. Carstairs, and found, too late, that he was not the man to handle my proud, impetuous boy. They were constantly at swords' points—Am I boring you, my dear?"

"No, indeed, dear Mrs. Carstairs."

"You are sweet. It is such a relief to talk—to unburden myself of the troubles pent up within me. But I should not impose my troubles on a young girl like you."

"Please—" Phyllis patted the white hand,—“go on talking. I like to hear

you. I wish—oh, how I wish I could help you, some way!"

"Letting me talk is—helping. Even Hetty won't let me do that. She thinks it excites me—makes me worse. That is not true. It relieves me. Well—to go on about Jamie: After Peyton took over my business affairs, he stopped the generous allowance which his father and I had always given Jamie. Peyton said it was ridiculous for a young boy to handle money. Whenever Jamie wanted even a penny, he must ask Mr. Carstairs for it, and tell how he meant to spend it. The restraint irked him. He grew moody and sullen, and Peyton said he was incorrigible. They argued constantly. I was distressed and unhappy. I was thinking over ways to smooth the friction between them, when that black night came, when they had that last terrible quarrel, and—Jamie ran away. But I do not believe Jamie killed him. In spite of what the servants and Dalton heard Jamie say—I do not believe it!"

"Have you never heard from your son?" asked Phyllis, gently.

Mrs. Carstairs' face colored. "How odd that you should ask me that!" she said, "when I was just thinking—Dear, down in the bottom drawer of my secretary you will find a square, smooth, box of ivory. Will you bring it here? Thank you. Now—" she opened the box and took out a packet of envelopes, tied together with a red ribbon. "Take these, child, and look at them."

Wondering, Phyllis removed a square white card from the envelope atop the packet. It was a Christmas greeting card. There was a spray of green and red holly in one corner, and in the center, beautifully engraved "Christmas Greetings," followed by the Biblical quotation: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, do I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid." (St. John xiv, 27.)

There was no signature. The second card was like it, and the third. One by one, Phyllis removed them from their envelopes. There were twenty cards, exactly alike. The girl gave a surprised exclamation.

"You see, my dear? They are all exactly alike, are they not? No one knows of these cards, except Hetty Richards and myself. I have never even hinted of them to Deborah or Dalton. I wanted to tell them, but Hetty, for some reason, did not wish me to do so. The first of those cards, Phyllis, came to me the Christmas after Jamie went away. Hetty read the Christmas cards and letters to me—there were more letters than cards, for people did not send cards then as they do now. We both thought it strange that such a lovely card bore no signature. The address was typed, so the handwriting gave Hetty no clue. But we thought it just an oversight on the part of some one, and the card was slipped into a drawer, and forgotten, until the next Christmas, when the second card came. It was Dalton who read me the Christmas mail that year, and when he said:

"'Mother, here's a beautiful card with no signature,' my heart seemed to stand still, for I remembered the other card. He read me the greeting message, and it was exactly the same. When Hetty came I told her, and she hunted out the first card, and compared the two. They were the same. It was then we decided the cards were a message from Jamie—his way of telling me that he was alive and well. The cards have kept coming, year after year, and they have kept hope alive in my heart. They came from all parts of the country—one from Chicago, one from Philadelphia, one from Denver, one from San Francisco. That was another thing which made me think they were from my wandering lad. But, now I don't know. I think perhaps I have been deluding myself. What do you think,

Phyllis? Do you think these cards came from my boy?"

Phyllis' fingers were trembling. She was having the oddest sensation. It was as though she were re-living a dream. Sometime, somewhere, she had stood like this, with this packet of envelopes in her hand; and, one by one, she had removed a half dozen cards from their respective casings, to find them all alike—square, white, old-fashioned Christmas cards, with a sprig of holly brightening the upper right-hand corner, and the same inscription engraved upon them all: CHRISTMAS GREETINGS: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, do I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid." (St. John xiv, 27.) Truly, an odd sensation, and a perfectly absurd one, for never, during her residence here, had she opened the bottom drawer of that secretary desk. Yes—an absurd feeling, and yet—

"What do you think, Phyllis?"

Mrs. Carstairs was hanging upon her answer. Poor Mrs. Carstairs! She needed a grain of comfort, a heightening of her hope. Phyllis was glad that she could be the one to give it. And she could give it honestly, without reservation. For suddenly she was sure—*sure* that these cards were from Mrs. Carstairs' Jamie. Twenty cards, exactly alike, without signature, coming Christmas after Christmas, always with type-written address, and from varying addresses. Of course Jamie would do it that way, especially if he did not trust his stepbrother, so that the letters might not be traced. Probably he wasn't in those cities at all, but some good friend mailed them for him. Of course they were from Jamie. Of course he was alive. How exciting—how splendid!

"Oh, I'm sure you've been right, Mrs. Carstairs," she said, aloud, "I'm sure these are from your son."

The invalid's face brightened, then clouded again. "I hope so. I—I have so

wanted those cards to be messages from him. But now—I'm afraid I have been wrong. I—I begin to believe he is dead. Hira Khan, the other night—"

"I hate Hira Khan!" declared Phyllis, passionately, "hurting you so! Surely you don't *believe* him, Mrs. Carstairs! Surely you must understand he is just a nasty little fakir! He didn't see a thing in that crystal—I know he didn't. He was inventing every bit of it."

"But why?" asked Mrs. Carstairs, in a weary, puzzled voice; "why? Of course that is what I should like to believe. But he was not making up the things he told us about Anna, and Frasier, and the others. He was telling the truth. Some of it was harmless, and some of it was amusing, and some of it was cutting and harmful; but every bit of it was the truth. Dalton says he really has most wonderful powers, and that all his clients find he tells them nothing but the truth. And he would have no reason for lying to me—for pretending to see such a horrible thing in his crystal. Dalton says so. Dalton is grieved that he upset me, but, even so, he tells me he feels it is better for me to have my mind at rest concerning the fate of my boy. Better far, to resign myself to the fact that he is dead, and not a poor fugitive, who never dares to return to me, his mother, or to his own hearthstone. But, when I think of my little boy, dying like that, buried in a Potters' Field—" she choked, and tears coursed from her sightless eyes.

"It isn't true!" declared Phyllis indignantly. "I don't believe it! It's horrible! I don't think your—I don't think Mr. Carstairs should place credence in what that Hindu thinks and says. It's just a scheme to get money—I'm sure of it. I think Mr. Carstairs—"

"Yes, Miss Eaton? It is interesting to come in, unexpectedly, and find oneself the subject of conversation. And what do you think about Mr. Carstairs, Miss Eaton?" Dalton Carstairs' voice, silkily,

dangerously calm, spoke behind her. Phyllis turned, blindly, to face him. Her heart was pounding, her eyes swimming in indignant tears. She met his burning, angry gaze with steady eyes and up-lifted chin.

"How quietly you came in, Dalton!" exclaimed his stepmother. "Even I did not hear you."

"Perhaps it is just as well I came so," said Dalton, still in the same cold voice. "I found Miss Eaton, whom we have all felt to be a safe companion for you, exciting you—something which is certainly against the orders of your physician. You are to be kept quiet, Mother."

"But it is not Phyllis' fault; indeed it is not." Mrs. Carstairs hastened to defend the girl. "I have been the one who induced her to talk. I asked her opinion on certain matters, and she was giving it to me."

"So I observe," he broke off the words, brittlely.

"He'd like to kill me," thought Phyllis, watching him, defiantly, and not caring about his anger. "Let him be angry, let him! I'm not sorry for saying what I think. I wish I'd said more, while I had the chance. I wish I'd told her I don't trust him—that I think him a snake in the grass, just as Tom does. I wish I'd told her he curses her behind her back, and only pretends to love her. I wish I'd told her all this—and more."

Dalton Carstairs was still talking, and she had not been hearing him, so busy was she with her wishing.

"Hereafter I shall see that you do not excite my mother," he finished, abruptly. "What is this junk upon the bed?"

"It isn't junk, Dalton." Like a mother bird, spreading her wings to protect her brood, Mrs. Carstairs spread her hands over the battered toys. "These are—my things, Dalton—precious things. These are some of Jamie's toys."

"Mother! why will you tear open the old wound?"

"It has never been closed, son."

"But Jamie has been dead so many years. You cannot live in his grave. It isn't right or natural. You know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he is dead. Hira Khan has told you so."

"Hira Khan is a scheming fortune teller," interrupted Phyllis, heatedly. "How can he know?"

"I'll talk to you later, Miss Eaton," promised Dalton. "All this is bad—very bad—for Mother. Take these things away. You need not come back. I'll replace you, until the nurse returns. And—I should like to speak to you in my study, immediately after dinner this evening."

Without a word, Phyllis replaced the ivory box, with its packet of cards in the secretary drawer, and gathered up the poor little toys. She was trembling in every limb, but still with indignation rather than fear. She knew what that invitation to come to Dalton's study meant. It meant that she was going to fare as Adrienne had. Mr. Dalton was going to give her what Hester referred to as "walking papers." She was to be discharged in disgrace, and would be obliged to leave Cedarcrest and her dearly-loved Mrs. Carstairs to the "mercy of the Philistines."

What would Daddy say? And Tom, and dear Doctor Rieboldt, who had been instrumental in finding her this fine position? Would they blame her? Should she have heeded Hetty's admonition to "say nothing"? But how could she? Could she stand idly by, and see poor Mrs. Carstairs believing what that Hindu told her? And Dalton encouraging her to believe it—to think the son who had been sending her the message "Let not your heart be troubled," for twenty years, was dead, years past, and buried in a Potters' Field. The shamefulness of him! Phyllis didn't believe it, no more than Tom and the Doctor believed it. And how could she keep quiet, and say nothing, when just knowing

that there was another who believed her boy living, would be such a comfort to Mrs. Carstairs? She couldn't, and she would so tell Dalton. She was not afraid of his glowering face and menacing voice. What harm could he do her, save send her away? And he intended to do that anyway.

At first, when she had replaced the toys in their cupboard and locked the door, she thought she would take the key back to Mrs. Carstairs, and then go quietly into her own room, and pack her clothes. It was as well to be ready, for undoubtedly he would return her home yet to-night. Since he intended to wait until after dinner, Thelma and George would already be sleeping when she got home. But Daddy would be sitting up, listening to the radio, and reading—she was glad that she would have a quiet hour alone with him in which to make her explanation. At the foot of the attic stairs, she hesitated, with the key in her hand. She dreaded returning to Mrs. Carstairs' boudoir, with Dalton there. Better to wait until the nurse came back, and then slip quietly in with it before going down to dinner. She went on to her own room and found a sweater and beret. She would take the time, now, to run down and tell Tom all about it, and bid him farewell. How his Irish would rise! And perhaps, in the talking with Tom, she would be quit of this miserable lump in her throat, and stinging of her eyelids. Whatever else she did, she wasn't going to give Dalton Carstairs the pleasure of seeing her cry. Not she!

"Whither away, my dear?" Deborah, looking happier than Phyllis could remember, met her at the door. "If you're going after flowers for my baby, as Tom said you would be, I've forestalled you. Look at this armload. Spring itself! Aren't they beautiful? Tom wanted to give me the whole garden."

"He's so fond of Emma," Phyllis smiled, wanly.

"To-morrow," said Mrs. Allen, "you may come in and see her. She has been sleeping quietly for hours. Her fever is gone, and the crisis passed."

"I am so glad. But—" the tears she had been fighting back came to the surface, "to-morrow," she said, sadly, "I shall probably not be here."

"Not be here?" in surprise. "Dear child! why not? Is something wrong at home?"

"No. But Mr. Carstairs is very angry with me, and I think he is going to dismiss me this evening."

"Dalton angry with *you*! Phyllis, are you *sure*?"

Briefly, Phyllis explained. Deborah grew more and more troubled, as she listened. Her lips set themselves in a tense, straight line, and she spoke in a strained voice.

"I thought," she said, slowly, "he would desist, after the Hindu episode. It seems I was mistaken. While I have been caring for Emma, he has been about his mischief. And you are to go to him, that he may vent some of his maniacal fury on you, before he sends you away? No, no; my dear. You have done nothing to merit such an ordeal. You were quite right to tell Mother Hira Khan is a fakir. I am certain that the uncanny things he read in his crystal were made up of data furnished by my clever brother. Listen, dear—" she spoke hurriedly in a low tone—"Go back to your room, and pack your things at once. Do not let my brother see you. Say nothing to anyone. Slip out the back way. I shall take these flowers upstairs, and then I shall return, and meet you at the garage, where I will make the necessary arrangements with Charles. Don't bother to pack *all* your things—take only those you need for immediate use. I think I can arrange for your return very soon, child. But, in the meantime, it is as well to have you out of the storm region. By dinner time, you will be well on your way home. No

doubt my brother will be disappointed, when you do not obey his summons. But I will take your place. It is time I have my long-deferred reckoning with Dalton Carstairs."

Phyllis, looking back at Cedarcrest, as Charles turned the high-powered car from its driveway, saw the sun going down in a blood-red sky. Even as she looked, a blue-black cloud swept across its lurid face, and dark shadows enswathed the towers of Cedarcrest. Hester, thought the girl, would have called the cloud an evil omen.

(To be continued.)

Unconscious Ministry.

It is said that when Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, returned to his native land with those wonderful works of art which have made his name immortal, chiselled in Italy with patient toil and glowing inspiration, the servants who unpacked the marbles scattered upon the ground the straw which was wrapped around them. The next summer flowers from the gardens of Rome were blooming in the streets of Copenhagen, from the seed thus borne and planted by accident. While pursuing his glorious purpose, and leaving magnificent results in breathing marble, the artist was, at the same time, and unconsciously, scattering other beautiful things in his path to give cheer and gladness.

So Christ's lowly workers unconsciously bless the world. They come out every morning, from the presence of God and go to their work, intent upon their daily tasks. All day long as they toil, they drop gentle words from their lips, and scatter little seeds of kindness about them; and to-morrow flowers from the garden of God spring up in the dusty streets of earth and along the hard paths of toil on which their feet tread. The Lord knows them among all others to be His by the beauty and usefulness of their lives.—*Miller*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It is a significant fact that "The Kingfish," a book written by Webster Smith, and published the other day by Putnams, was refused a place on the shelves of all the Louisiana booksellers. The volume, of course, is a biography of Huey P. Long which traces the Senator's fast rise from a farm boy to a political dictator in his own State.

—The historical occasion on which certain well-known French phrases or sayings were coined by noted characters of French history is provided in "Petites Histoires de Grand Mots," by Georges Capriles (Spes, 5 francs). This compact and interesting little book having no scientific pretensions does not attempt to prove the authenticity of any given phrase.

—The story of the struggle of a convert to lay the doubts and difficulties that beset him when he feels drawn to the truth is always interesting and instructive. Ida Mary Smalley, who is a literary woman, tells her story in a small pamphlet, "The Key to Freedom," published by the Paulist Press. Another pamphlet from the same publishers is "Is Life Worth Living?" by Adolph Dominic Frenay, O. P., Ph. D., a sensible talk to persons who see some justification in suicide as a remedy for the sufferings of this life. Price each, 5c.

—As an example of haste in the publication of a book we point to the "ABC of War Debts," by Frank Simonds which is just published by Harpers. Along about Inauguration time it was thought by the publishers that a simple statement concerning the war debts would be appreciated by the people, so that they might have a clear idea of how our country stood in relation to the debtor nations. The author chosen for such a work was living in Washington. He wrote the book in ten days, sent his manuscript by airplane to the publisher; it was relayed on to the printer by plane, and planes took the proofs back to the author for correction.

—The *Savoir* series of instructive and attractive books on general topics, published

by Spes (Paris, France), is intended to satisfy the cultural and moral needs of the masses. "Irons-Nous dans la Lune?" by Henry de Graffigny, we are happy to say, is not typical of other volumes of this series. The author means to speak with scientific accuracy when he says: "Basing our convictions on the marvellous results already achieved in the science of aeronautics, we may reasonably hold that the progress of science will be such that interplanetary voyages will be just as practicable as the long airplane voyages of the present day." Price, 5 francs.

—A new life of St. Francis Xavier has been written by Mr. Strank, a priest of the English Church, who has been doing missionary work in Japan. He draws a good picture of the saintly missionary, but with regard to the miracles of this saint, the Anglican priest goes to some pains to point out that they are probably the products of credulous imaginations. Francis himself, he said, made no supernatural claims (quite naturally to be expected in a genuine saint), and the works (miracles, we suppose) claimed for him are generally explicable on rational grounds. When one tries to explain the life of a real saint on merely rational grounds, he has a big job on his hands. Published by the S. P. C. K. 5s. net.

—A practical handbook for those who are interested in the problems of Catholic action is furnished by an Irish Priest in "A Manual of Catholic Action" (M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. 2s.) "The object of this publication," writes the author in his introduction, "is to furnish those engaged in Catholic Action with the knowledge needed for combating the pernicious errors current at the present time, and the unscrupulous propaganda by which these errors are disseminated in many countries." He takes them up individually—forty of them—and points out the fallacy in them in a few brief paragraphs. In the second part he outlines the principles of Catholic Sociology as an answer to the errors of the "isms"

discussed in the first part of the book. This should be a valuable manual for study clubs and for societies who give part of their time to the study of modern social problems.

—"Lessons of a Lifetime," by Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement, was published last week by Henry Holt. The author's manifold experiences as a British officer, and especially his memorable services during the Boer War, which made him a national hero, are set forth in a most interesting way. During his sojourn in South Africa he received so many requests from boys' societies to write letters on scouting which might be read to the boys at public meetings that he decided to write a book on the subject. King Edward realizing that Lord Baden-Powell had an enormous following, and that the movement which had grown up about him was an important one for the youth of the country, removed the officer from the army, and made him devote his entire time to the movement. At the present time there are over two million scouts in some forty-five countries.

—If one looks over the "Questions" sent in to the Question department of any of our Catholic magazines he will find a great number of them on marriage. Father Adrian Lynch, C. P., in an effort to clear up many misunderstandings in the minds of our Catholic laity, evident from the nature of their questions on marriage, has written a book, "This is Christian Marriage" (The Sign Press, Union City, N. J. \$1.60 postpaid), which explains clearly and succinctly the Catholic doctrine on marriage as taught in the new Code of Canon Law. The book uses the method of question and answer and includes, we believe, practically every aspect of the problem that would occur to the trained clergy or the less instructed layman. It is the layman's encyclopedia on marriage in which he will find an answer for any problem that may present itself in his conversations with other Catholics or with his non-Catholic friends inquiring about the teaching of the Church on this subject. A practical alphabetical index makes it a convenient volume for ready reference.

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- "St. Albert the Great." Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P. \$3.
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- "Carroll Dare"—Adventure de luxe. Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.
- "The Pageant of Life"—Apologetics in action. Rev. Owen Francis Dudley. \$2.
- "The Framework of the Christian State." Rev. E. Cahill, S. J. 15s.
- "The Tragic City"—A Story of Washington in the Eighties. Esther W. Neil. \$1.50.
- "The Saints and Friendship." Marian Nesbitt. 25c.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Sister Mary of St. Colette, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mrs. Mary Buckley, Mrs. Thomas Joyce, Mrs. Mary Connell, Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, Elizabeth Roach, Mr. Frank Viano, Miss Rosalind Shea, Mr. John F. Reardon, Miss Catherine Reardon, Miss Catherine Murphy, Mrs. Rose Kelley, Mrs. W. A. Reardon, Mrs. Frances Veling, Eva Liebig, Stanul Jackowich, Mary Jackowich, Anna Baumgartner, Mrs. Tillie Mersch, Mr. Andrew Merlach, Elizabeth Merlach, Alice Merlach, Catherine Hauser, Alice Hauser, Emma Carro, Mr. Ed. Broatz, Mrs. Elsie Hauser, Mr. Joseph P. Schaefer, Mr. Joseph A. Donovan, Mr. Kaminsky, Mrs. J. J. Buckley, Mrs. G. J. Lauer, Mr. Michael Heffernan, Mr. Patrick Stanton, Mr. Philip F. McGoveran, Mr. John Poklemba, Mr. Aloysius Poklemba, Mr. Joseph Rea, Mrs. Hannah Egan, and Mr. James Corcoran.

May they rest in peace!

"PATCH"

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There was the mother who, as a ruler of a very small kingdom, assumed a form of command suitable to the age and disposition of her four children.

There was Mick, who was her eldest, and had a way of seeming to rush to do things at her bidding, and somehow permitting someone else to reach the task before him.

There was Nan who seemed to think that she had a divine commission to tone down the table manners of her brothers.

There was Fan who had a wretched faculty of ferreting out every detail of Patch's misbehavior, much to his confusion.

There Was Also

Paddy Owen who, though he was as tight as a drum and as crabbed as at cat in the cold, did at least one good turn in his life. There was Tomeen Madigan and Johnny Sheehy, who was a great "bhlaster" in his language, and the margie men, and the tinkers, and Burke the Schoolmaster.

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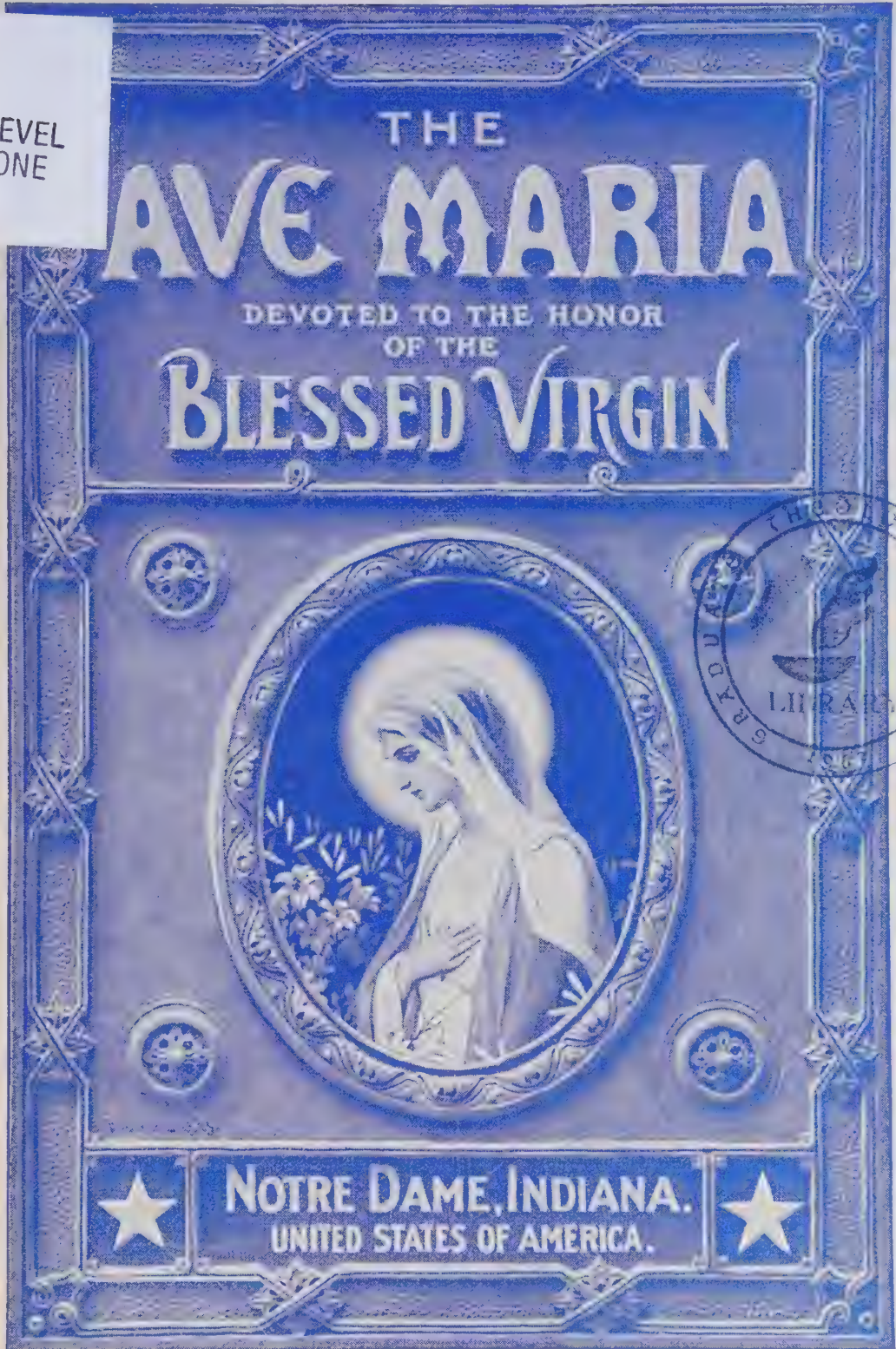
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her unselfishness made her master her own grief, so as to devote herself to her younger sisters, who adored their "little mother."

Madeleine's great beauty and extraordinary charm led to her becoming engaged to be married at the age of sixteen. Her father was then in Africa. Here the wedding took place a month later. It was, alas, a purely civil one, and the girl does not seem to have experienced any regret at the lack of any religious element in so important an event. Worse still, when her little son was born two years later, Baptism for him was not even thought of. Later this was to cause her great remorse, but at the moment the glamor and excitement of her life and surroundings blinded her to everything else. When at last she had made her son a sharer of her own Faith, she wrote these touching words to him: "Yes, your childhood was a happy one because I held it sacred, because, unconsciously, I treated it as a higher thing which had been confided to my keeping. But what regret to think that God was a stranger to it! How much sweetness would have been added to those first years if that Good which I so longed for and desired had been to us a living reality! What guidance, what stability, what support! At any rate, we love it the more now for having been so long deprived of it, and you will never be the one to risk bringing up your children without it."

Deprived of her mother's help at the most susceptible period of her life and submitted to other influences, Madeleine completely lost her faith. Her religious sense atrophied to an extent that would be unbelievable had we not her own words to attest the fact.

While her soul was languishing, Madeleine was reaching the zenith of her worldly success. Her charm of manner and distinction of bearing made her a foremost leader of society in the town where she lived, and won for her as

much affection as admiration from those around her. Nothing seemed wanting to her except—God. She was about thirty years of age, at her very best. Then, three years later, the God whom she had thought to do without, had mercy on her, and by one stroke shattered her whole dream house. Considering her character, only by drastic means could the Divine Shepherd achieve His end, that of saving this poor erring sheep.

Letters of a compromising nature were stolen by a rival, a duel ensued followed by a lawsuit, in which she did not even defend herself, and she found herself homeless and degraded in the eyes of those who had surrounded her with flattery and adulation. Her grief was intense as she later on confessed, and her sufferings were all the greater because they were "concealed through pride by day and only found an outlet in tears by night."

Her son was thirteen, and with him and one of her sisters who was still unmarried, she went to another town, and there made her home for two years. It was a comfort to her to find that her nearest relatives and many of her friends still remained faithful to her. She now gave herself up entirely to the education of her child. Personal happiness she could not hope for, but the love of Paul sustained her, her only anxiety being whether she would be allowed to keep him with her.

Her fears were only too well founded, and in August, 1909, at the end of the school term, the boy's father decided to keep his son with him. Madeleine was now alone and without resources. God was driving her farther down the way of sorrow in order to force her to turn to Him. She had never lacked courage, and her decision was quickly made. She embarked for France and set out for Paris there to earn her living. It was in that great city, the home of such heroic sanctity and depths of crime and

misery, that God was waiting for her. But it was only after trials greater far than even she anticipated, that she was to find the Only One who could give peace to her storm-tossed soul.

Madeleine Semer had for many years kept a journal in which she made copious extracts from the pagan writers, with whose philosophy and moral teaching she was poisoning her mind and heart. From being sceptical she became definitely anti-religious. Her chosen quotations from Renan and Nietzsche followed almost as a matter of course those more frivolous and sceptical ones taken from Alfred de Musset, Gautier and Rostand. It was in this pagan attitude of mind, accentuated by sufferings and humiliations, that she arrived in Paris.

From the modest "Pension" where she stayed, she set out on her daily quest for employment, always to be met by the same answer, "Madame, this position is not a suitable one for you." Why was it? At last she realized that her elegance, formerly so dear to her, and her lack of recommendation would lead her nowhere. She had only the clothes she was accustomed to wear, and even in less fashionable dress she would have remained equally *élégante*. For recommendations, she had, it was true, *brevet élémentaire*, but against that she had her character as a "divorcée."

Her money began to dwindle alarmingly. She wrote in anguish to her sister of her vain attempts to find cheaper lodgings, and of having to pay eleven francs for cabs. Obligated to leave her pension, her thoughts turned to a convent, and especially to one in the Avenue Malakoff, where she had once been to visit some Russian girls. Still, it was a Convent, the home of narrow-mindedness and bigotry, where her appearance and past history were likely to find scant approval. But poverty was a hard master, and she rang the bell at the

hated Convent. Her reception at first fulfilled all her worst forebodings. The Superioress, alarmed at her appearance and want of references, told her decidedly that they had no vacant rooms. She had expected this, or thought she had, but when faced with the reality of what it meant, her distress was great and betrayed itself in her face. The nun was touched and tried to comfort her, and Madeleine did what was the wisest thing she had done for many a long day, she confided her whole history to the motherly heart of the Superioress. "What can I do?" she asked. "Stay here, my child," was the unhesitating answer; "we will find a corner for you somewhere and help you to get work."

If the nuns shared the sympathy and Christlike charity of their Superior for the newcomer, it was not so with the elderly lady-boarders already established in the Convent. Hard looks and a frigid silence greeted Madeleine's entrance into the dining-room. One glance at the attractive, fashionable woman was enough for those modern Pharisees, who do so much to discredit religion and piety in the eyes of the world. Who can blame Madeleine when she tells her sister that she was stunned by her surroundings and had often in her mind the sarcastic words of Anatole France, "Such is the clothing of virtue!"

But luckily there was one exception, an American, who smiled at her and tried to talk to her, notwithstanding the fact that she knew no French and that Madeleine did not understand a word of English! However, they soon arrived at an understanding, and became fast friends, and they were able to laugh together at the peculiarities of their fellow boarders. Madeleine liked the Convent, and did all she could to please her benefactress, even going to Mass on Sundays and to evening prayers, but she was terribly unhappy and cried a great deal, as she told her sister.

Hard though the life was, it was as nothing compared to the disappointments and hopeless quest for work that followed during the ensuing months. She had gone to the Convent in October, and the New Year came in bringing her no nearer to the wished-for goal. Her money was exhausted and she had to stay on in the Convent on credit—gall and wormwood to her proud nature. In February she obtained a post as housekeeper to a South American Baroness, but alas! in March she was back again at her Convent. All this time her journal reveals the state of anguish of her soul and her striving after something better. When not seeking for employment she tried to drown her grief by reading. Alas! it was still to pagan authors that she turned for help and comfort. All this time God was stirring up better impulses in her heart, and in May, 1910, He gave her a period of comparative security and comfort. For eight months she was in charge of the education of the twelve-year-old daughter of Count de S——, one of the diplomats accredited to France. It was a really congenial task, and Madeleine put her whole heart into it. A revolution in his own country deprived Count de S—— not only of his diplomatic career, but also of his fortune. Generous as always, Madeleine offered to remain with her little charge without salary—an offer which naturally could not be accepted. Little M. S. returned to the Convent with her dearly-loved governess till the latter found work, and Madeleine was rewarded by the lifelong devotion and love of the child who looked upon her as a second mother.

For two years Madeleine resided with a "foreign family," and travelled with them in Bavaria, Saxony and Austria. The beauty of these countries, their richness in works of art, museums, etc., delighted her, but her heart was always sad and she keenly felt her subordinate position.

On her return to Paris a great joy awaited her in the presence of her beloved son. At this time also she received an offer of marriage in every way desirable. She was free, according to the civil law, but she shrank from the idea. Was it not God who thus preserved her from putting up fresh barriers between herself and her return to Him? This was perhaps the most intellectually troubled time of her life. She longed after something—but what was it? Where could she find it?

We do not know what made her take to reading the Gospels daily. On the 9th of April of 1912 she records what she calls a "dream," and tells us that she was ashamed to write this "weakness into her notebook of free thought." These are her words: "In the evening of the 9th in the excitation of fatigue, my thoughts heavy, when shaking my head as if to drive away ennui, I saw beside my face a sweet and beautiful countenance, a shoulder was offered to my inquietude, and I retain the remembrance of a clear second when I smiled at Jesus—rare moment not of faith but of love."

Later on she wrote: "More than five years have passed since this marvel, and I recall it as on the first day. No human countenance has ever left on me an impression so vivid (I mean certain, lasting, recognizable) as that made by this vision of light. It was at my left; if I had leaned my head I should have touched the shoulder. It disappeared at once. I was certain that I had just seen Jesus. . . . Yes, I was certain of a miracle. . . . But instead of wondering, giving thanks, acknowledging my emotion and the relief of my anxiety, I thought only of finding possible reasons for disputing the reality of this marvelous vision."

Madeleine loved God without believing in Him. Sorrow once more came to her by the serious illness of her son. It was a relief when he came to Paris and

she could see him at the hospital. Words that escaped Paul's lips during his illness were to prove the turning-point in her life. "Oh, mother, if I had been able to pray!" She drew her lesson from them, she must learn to pray that she might help him to do so. From this time onwards Madeleine continued to advance spiritually as her "journal" shows us. She left the "foreign family" in October, 1912, and her future prospects looked blank, but she did not lose courage. She was right.

Shortly afterward she became secretary-reader to an old lady of ninety, a woman of rare intellectual qualities who still gathered round her all that was most brilliant, witty and literary in Paris. Madame A. S. was a Jewess, the niece of Father Alphonse Ratisbonne, and was to have married him when his sudden conversion put an end to the project. She thought she did not believe in God, but was charity and kindness itself to all in need. She loved Madeleine from the first, and the years spent under her roof were some of the happiest Madeleine had known. Writing later of this period of her life she says: "My spirit still refused to surrender itself, but Faith was mounting, mounting, and had filled all my heart."

On November 27, 1912, she wrote in her diary: "God is my deepest desire;" and on January 1, 1913, "A great desire for God." On January 1, 1914, she wrote: "May my New Year be given to God and to those I love in Him." The letters of Mgr. d'Hulst and the "Conférences" of Father Lacordaire were helping her more and more towards God.

August, 1914, brought to Madame A. S. and Madeleine as to all the world the realization of the horrors of war. Madeleine wept over their resolution to quit the Château de U. as a "desertion in the face of danger." She would have stayed and faced the enemy.

November, 1915, brought her still

deeper sorrow, her beloved friend Madame A. S. died, aged, 93. She had the inexpressible consolation of knowing that through her the old lady had been entirely freed from her doubts and prejudices. Three times she asked Madeleine to say the Lord's Prayer for her; it was a lifelong consolation to her later.

Marriage had again been offered to Madeleine more than once, but her resolve was firm, she wanted now to live for God. She took up a position as secretary to the Prince of M., but fearing that she would not find "true solitude and recollection" in his house she made arrangements to live either at the Convent or in an apartment of her own.

A year after the death of Madame A. S., Madeleine lost the one friend who had been to her more than anyone else, the Superioress who had received her when she first came to Paris. She wrote in the journal: "The good Mother died peacefully, she smiled. She said to me yesterday, as she kissed me tenderly, 'You have been one of my joys.' This is the end of a beautiful friendship, of an entire confidence, of a sweet and dear devotion in which I believe I have never failed. I shall not forget." The good Mother had from the first discerned the treasures that lay hidden in the heart and soul of the young divorcée.

With more time at her disposal Madeleine now devoted herself to helping in the hospitals for the wounded and in working for the soldiers at the front and their families at home. She also visited the poor and sick, and made her influence felt by her words and letters to those at the war or on leave. Her patriotism and love of country were supreme, but she could also feel for the enemy, and her letters to her son and others also attest how far she had now advanced in the ways of God.

(Conclusion next week.)

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

XVII.

MARY BURNHAM had never had much sympathy with match-making mothers, particularly since her nephew's arrival on the scene, but it was astonishing how Mrs. Mefford and she understood each other—that was another thing. The two families had always more or less lived in each other's pockets. But with only one month before Anthony's departure for India, she felt that things needed speeding up. This was where wise parents came in, though with young women of the Isabel calibre, they seemed altogether and completely unnecessary in the conduct of matrimonial preliminaries—at that stage, at any rate. When it came to settlements, they were useful. So that it seemed to be a dispensation of providence when Anthony, with a frown on his face, looking up from a large business-like typewritten letter, said,

"I say, Aunt Mary—what a bore! I've got to go up to town for a couple of days on business—yes, Green & Lane—about that Yorkshire property, and I know nothing about the place. You couldn't manage to come along too?"

Miss Burnham tried not to appear too delighted. She wondered for a moment if any match-making mother had ever planned such a clever plot for making an elderly aunt and a handsome and popular nephew "run up to town" for a two-days' visit? Two days? Miss Burnham smiled as she wrote some letters.

So it seemed quite in the order of events that they found themselves lunching with the Meffords at their hotel where they generally stayed for a few weeks on the way back from Scotland. It was so convenient, said Aunt Mary, as they got into the taxi that took them to Green & Lane's—so

very convenient. Mrs. Mefford had telephoned to her whilst she was dressing. Oh, she knew the hotel because she, Aunt Mary, had mentioned in her last letter that they were coming to the Grosvenor; but the Meffords' hotel on the other side of London was *most* convenient after a long morning in Bedford Row, a stone's throw. And when Anthony had said,

"But you were going to rest at your club after, and I was going to look up a fellow at mine," she had laughed comfortably,

"We can do all that another day."

The old Judge, rubicund and jovial, if not a little garrulous, was genuinely pleased to see them. He had no schemes or matrimonial plans for Isabel in his head. He had once wanted to marry Mary Burnham himself, but he had never summoned up sufficient courage to ask either her or the magnificent Colonel. He had not found the same difficulty with the lady who became Mrs. Mefford. She had greatly helped him out; and though Sandy, their son, had intervals of modesty and reserve that he could well have shared with his sister, Isabel herself was decidedly the product of her time—and of her mother.

Yes—shocking bad season in Scotland—birds shy, poor bags, but he'd managed to enjoy it all, and in spite of his old age. Oh, old age! came the affectionate jeers of the table. Well, well, in spite of *anno domini*, his right hand had not lost its cunning. But there'd been some good guns there; and here the old man turned to Miss Burnham.

"Isabel's a fine shot—but I'm old-fashioned, and don't like women out with their guns."

Nor did Mary Burnham, but she wasn't going to say so.

"Nonsense, my dear," broke in Mrs. Mefford, laughing. "You want to keep us all at the spinning wheel or the embroidery frame. And a woman who

kills her bird is far preferable at a shoot to a man like Mr. Preston, for example, who only winged them—the gillies hated him.”

“So Mr. Preston’s been with you?” asked Mary, surprised.

“Certainly not. He was staying, unfortunately, with a man who shoots with me every year, and there was no getting away from him.”

“But he was quite pleasant!” protested Mrs. Mefford, “and I rather liked him. His wife is charming—a cousin of the—who was it, Isabel?”

But the old judge laughed derisively.

“Yes, yes—these climbers! The wife is always a cousin of *the* Somebodies—the Fitz-Urban—Suburbans, or they are descended from the Lord High Executioner of William the Conqueror. I haven’t spent a lifetime in the law courts to make mistakes about—let’s call it the gentleman’s aura,—with a tendency to sulphur color.” Isabel laughed gaily.

“It’s the first time I’ve ever heard you speak so indiscreetly of your trade, Daddy.”

“In the bosom of my family I make a remark without prejudice,” chuckled the old man.

“See how you’re included!” Isabel touched Aunt Mary’s hand affectionately, but her eyes smiled at Anthony who laughed back.

“If all reports are true, I suppose I shall find the gentleman installed in the neighborhood as our respected Member, when I get back next time.”

“Not if I know it,” growled Mr. Mefford; “we’re going to produce the right man at the right moment, but it won’t be Mr. Red Rufus Preston. Pity that fine man, Carfax, won’t stand.”

“*What!*” cried Miss Burnham. “Won’t stand!—a Carfax! He’s been asked?”

Certainly it was a bomb shell. Everyone looked at the judge, who continued to peel a pear, his eyes twinkling.

“A-ha! Can any good come out of Nazareth! He has proved himself a man

of valor—the sort of man the country wants. Oh, I don’t talk of village opinion as expressed by frequenters of Five Bells, Marquises of Grantly and Royal Georges. A committee from Milford and Tesford approached him, and he sent them back with the firmest refusal, but badly regretting that they had lost their man.”

“By Jove! that would have been—” began Anthony, but catching Miss Burnham’s eye, he finished, “that would have been poetic justice.”

He had been going to say, that would have been a pitched battle, thinking of the old enmity. Which of them would have retired in favor of the other?

“You’re right there, Burnham—‘Poetic justice.’ He’s earned his shoes and can walk off in them.”

“What *do* you mean?” queried his wife, and Mefford smiled round the table.

“Mediæval France had a custom in some towns of taxing a man buying a pair of shoes, unless he could walk away with them on his feet—paid for, of course. Seems to me our friend Carfax has ‘arrived’—life has taxed him heavily so far.”

“And the charming daughter?” asked Isabel of nobody in particular, but Mary Burnham had not finished with her host.

“Why did he refuse?” she asked. The judge shook his head.

“Said he belonged to no party for the moment, but to the country—like most of us. Said he was a stranger to the county.”

There was a general distribution after lunch. It appeared that Mrs. Mefford had the greatest possible need of Miss Burnham’s support that afternoon. Isabel “rattled” her when she wanted to choose a new hat or a new book. The Judge disappeared to his club, and Isabel having finished her cigarette and implored “Aunt Mary” to take pity on her mother, turned to Anthony:

"What about us lone orphans? Don't tell me you've got an important engagement, because I simply shouldn't believe it. I've got my little car quite handy. What about a spin to Richmond?"

There would assuredly have been an important engagement if Aunt Mary had not said plaintively to Mrs. Mefford,

"Well, I'd love to come, my dear, but Anthony had kept this afternoon free for me—and we were going to do a *matinée* or something."

"I'll take him off your hands," said Isabel, and Anthony smiled and took out another cigarette from his case.

"What's it to be?" he asked, and Isabel said over her shoulder as she got up,

"Shut your eyes and open your mouth, et cetera. Wait till I am booted and spurred and we're over the hills and far away."

"Goodness, Isabel, it sounds as if you were eloping with Anthony!" It was Mrs. Mefford who said it, but it quite expressed Miss Burnham's thought too.

"He's much too respectably brought up to do such a shocking thing!" The girl's voice had a little mocking laugh in it as she passed through the door of the private sitting room into the bedroom beyond.

"Who's going to drive? You or me?" she asked, a few minutes later as they came down the hotel steps.

"Just as you like. I'm in your hands apparently. Are you used to London traffic?" he asked, drawing on his gloves. Isabel smiled.

"Am I used to buttoning my own pinafores and washing my own face!" she said again in the same mocking voice, but she managed that her arm touched his as she spoke, and something in her expression warned Burnham that he was going to have rather more *camaraderie* than he wanted that afternoon.

She steered with skill through the streets, and they were soon clear of London. As they skirted by the beau-

tiful Roehampton Convent she pointed it out, and suddenly laughed.

"You may smile, but I'll tell you what, Tony, that little Carfax girl will finish by being a religious."

"Never!" The word shot out with such energy, such conviction, almost such feeling, that Isabel nearly turned to look at him, but a slow, dull feeling of annoyance, which must be concealed, kept her rigidly looking ahead. They were just turning into Richmond Park, and Anthony was to take the wheel after that. So they got out and changed places. Burnham vexed that he had spoken so vehemently, Isabel vexed that she had mentioned the girl at all, but having done so, she meant to pursue the subject.

"You know her enough to answer for her—the little Carfax girl? Come, come, my Tony, you've been probably letting her lose her young heart to you, which isn't cricket when you're so *experimenté*, and she—*isn't*."

It was said in a soft, laughing voice as she sat, her arm against his, her shoulder almost touching his. They were going very slowly, because Isabel said when they found a good place, they would keep the car in sight and stroll a little to see the view of the river.

Anthony turned suddenly to look at her—her face so close to his, and though he smiled a little, because there was something, he was not sure what, perhaps just her amusing audacity—something he rather liked about her, he said, in a friendly voice,

"I say, don't talk rot, Isabel. But considering they are none of them Catholics, one can venture an opinion on the likelihood of the girl's becoming a nun or not."

Isabel made a little grimace.

"I'm sorry for her. I suppose she'll marry somebody of her own class down there and have fourteen children—those people always do."

Actually Anthony had flushed! Could

he not bear to contemplate such a happy ending for the little farm girl?

"Which class? Her class is as good as ours. But isn't this the place everyone gets out to look at the view from?"

Isabel was frankly bored with the famous view, but Anthony, who had never seen it, was inclined to loiter. A late October evening mist was mixing itself up with the pale, setting sun, and the river far below seemed to be waiting in silver silence for the shadowed night. There was a scented hush in the autumn air. Few people were about, and by the time the two had got to the point of vantage, they had the place to themselves.

"Don't tell me your impressions, I implore you! The volumes that have been written 'On contemplating the view from Richmond Hill' must have sent hundreds of blameless publishers into lunatic asylums. They were given us to translate into French and German till I wished Richmond Hill were submerged—or at Jericho."

"In that case, why did you bring me here, to revive such painful memories?"

He turned with an amused look and took her elbow to move away.

"After to-day I think I may love this view." A little movement of her arm brought him nearer to her, and she turned her face up to his. "Guess why, stupid old Tony." For a moment he refused to look down at her—she was so perilously near.

Then he gave her arm a little shake, and managed a cheerful laugh.

"I'm no good at guessing; but it's jolly to do things with—with pals—and jolly to think that when I get back from India again, I shall find this little pal—eh, Isabel?"

"Oh—pal? Is that all you want?"

Perhaps if she had been really in love with Burnham, if it had moved her voice to tenderness, if it had shown itself in her eyes as they rested on him, he might have been more touched,

might have responded tenderly, and given the girl enough assurance to announce herself "engaged" when she got back home. But the voice was too business like. It gave Anthony just the impression that the hoped for Mefford-Burnham affair was to be brought to a satisfactory conclusion this afternoon, and hence the drive to Richmond. Hence also, he began to think, the lunch—if not the sudden visit to London.

These women!

So he let his hand remain where she had imprisoned it, but he continued to give her elbow little shakes as he said with amused irony,

"Yes, my dear—my wants are few and modest. But I'm going to count on your palship—rather nice word that."

Still, for all that, Isabel was not going to lose him easily. What was the use of this modern freedom if one couldn't choose—and ask for—one's own man.

"I think it's a rotten word—between you and me. Let's clinch matters, old man, before you go back. You know we get on jolly well—everyone's ready to give us their blessing, and we could have a ripping last month before you sail."

This time there was no mistaking her, no chance of pretending to misunderstand.

A dull flush mounted to Anthony's face, as she dropped his arm only to stand facing him, her two hands held out. Women had made love to him before, and he had not always turned a deaf ear. Yes, but they weren't women a man married.

"I say, Isabel—you make me feel a beastly churl. I'm not 'clinchin' any matrimonial matters these days; and if you drive off alone and leave me here I've only got myself to thank."

"Turned down! *Pas de chance!* And you remember, Anthony Burnham young fellow—my-lad, you've had the chance of your life. Come on, we must light up—sun's set."

She broke into an amused laugh as she spoke, turning to the place where they had left the car, and Anthony, abashed and annoyed, proceeded to follow her.

But Isabel, though disappointed, was quite at her ease. She had plenty of strings to her bow, and there was always Ralph Maddox ready to dance to her piping. Still, she liked Anthony and Four Orchards better than Maddox, and Maddox needed no angling. She had enjoyed playing Anthony—and he had some silly old-fashioned notions about women that were essentially Catholic. Not that she wasn't "all right" as a Catholic, but she had moved with her times. She was one of the "bright young things" of London, and—custom makes all things easy.

"I'm going to drive back," said Anthony suddenly, having spent a few minutes examining engine and lamps. She liked his decided voice.

"Right-o, and I can wipe my weepin' eye and sniff in peace. Where's my fur, it's a bit chilly? Back through the Park or by the road?"

It was when they were leaving by Sheen gate that the girl broke the silence. She rather felt she wanted to stand well with this man.

"Let's talk, Tony," she began in a cheerful voice.

"Rather. Go ahead. We shall be in the thick of Barnes and Hammersmith soon, so you do the talking."

"Well, look here. I rather feel as if I'd been 'put in my place,' and—don't interrupt. I'm sure that's a city alderman you nearly knocked down. You're not good at blowing your own trumpet. I'll do it for you."

Anthony sounded his horn and hoped she had changed the subject. But her calm, clear voice went on,

"You young men—at least a few of you—aren't above doing the same go-ahead, modern things as we modern

girls do—you do them *with* us. We spur each other on to do idiotic things, sometimes irretrievable,—and then when, for example, a bright young thing like me suggests marriage as naturally as I'd ask if you take sugar in your tea, why then your lovely white swan's-down soul revolts, and at the bottom of your slightly battered heart you've got a feeling that your wife must be like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. There aren't many of you Sir Galahads about—or at any rate, I've not met many of you."

Anthony suddenly smiled at her. Quite the friendliest smile he had ever given her.

"Don't be a goose, Isabel. I think a whole heap of us camouflage our solid decencies with this rotten modern stunt. It's as much a silly fashion as wearing your hat on your right eyebrow."

They both laughed, and Isabel gave the sketchy one she was wearing, a still more precarious angle.

"Solid decencies! I suppose you think I haven't got any. I shall probably let Ralph Maddox place a diamond engagement ring on my pretty finger to-morrow."

"Well, if you think I think that about you, you're mistaken. Catholics may do some pretty foolish things, but if they're worth their salt, they don't 'disconnect.' Rather like when I was a kiddy and I was taken to bathe at Killiney—a long rope from the bathing machine, and if you held on to it you're all right; let go and it's all up in a rough sea."

For the rest of the drive through the busy outskirts of London, there was no chance to talk, but when they had left the car in its garage and were walking the short distance to the hotel, Isabel glanced curiously at her companion.

"What should you say if I told you I was 'disconnected'?" For a moment he had nothing to say. He supposed it could only mean one thing, and a sud-

den feeling of nausea filled him, but it passed. After all, he'd done "his bit" towards it all—girls were what they conceived men wanted them to be. But as long as you held on to that rope, you could *not* be wrecked—as long as you were "connected" you had the light and the power.

"I say—Isabel—" he began, miserably, when she touched his arm, laughing a little uncertainly.

"All serene, Tony! I mayn't be above suspicion like the old Cæsar johnny's wife, but I'm fundamentally quite a good little girl and go and get my gruelling from Father Sully at regular intervals. It's been rather a bore sometimes, and I've been tempted to 'disconnect' but I didn't dare."

No, he wouldn't come in—he must try to catch that man at the Club, but as he shook hands with her, he had a warm feeling of friendship for the girl.

"And I say, Anthony," she said as they were parting, "if there were a few more of your sort about, there'd be less of my sort. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

He laughed quietly, liking the girl better than he had ever done.

"It'll be the best pipe I ever smoked—and I'm jolly glad and grateful to have found you, my dear," and with that she left him, nodding cheerfully and disappeared into the lighted doorway.

Apparently in the minds of the two elderly ladies who awaited them, there had been no doubt of the successful finale of that afternoon. They had not quite ventured to speak openly to each other of what they each hoped for, but there had been delicate allusions to the young couple at Richmond. Such a poetic spot would be looking ideal in this autumn sun, said Mrs. Mefford, and sighed. Aunt Mary took another lump of sugar and remarked suddenly,

"The best room at Four Orchards is the old nursery—facing south. But the

ivy must be cut from the windows." And then, feeling that it was rather a big jump from a drive to Richmond, she fished out the lump of sugar in a very dissolved condition and added, "Here we are disposing of our children, and goodness knows what intentions for their own disposal they have!"

"Oh, I make no mistake about Isabel's intentions," laughed Mrs. Mefford; "I think we can reckon on it being an arranged affair."

And then Isabel, gay and insouciant, had come into the little room.

"Any tea? And hot scones! how nice! No, Anthony's gone round to find that man he wanted. He didn't think you'd be here, Aunt Mary, or he'd have come in."

Aunt Mary said something in reply, but her eyes avoided Mrs. Mefford's face.

"Rather cold driving, wasn't it—was it Richmond?" asked Isabel's mother, as she rang for fresh tea and with much courage she lay back in her chair again and scanned the girl's face.

Nothing to read there. Isabel seemed entirely taken up with picking out a scone with the most raisins, and having chosen it, to biting off a goodly portion with her pretty teeth.

"Richmond—" she said, with her mouth full, and presently, "Ripping sunset and all that, but a bit of a wash-out. You go back to-morrow, don't you? So Anthony was saying." She turned to Miss Burnham. So that was it. Of course if Anthony had said that, nothing had happened. If it had, was it likely they would be going back to-morrow?

"Yes, my dear—our business is done," she said a little plaintively. No hurry about cutting down that ivy. It could wait.

And that night as she went to her room down the long corridor of the hotel, she leaned a little more heavily than usual on Anthony's arm.

"Good-night, my dear. I think I'd been hoping for some great news to-day and there seems to be none."

He did not seem at all like a man who had been refused. On the contrary, he was quite cheerful, and laughed affectionately at her as he said,

"Oh, while there's life there's hope! I promise I'll do my best to give you the right sort of news one day."

"But the right sort of girl?" she asked anxiously—almost whispering.

"Yes—and the right sort of girl. But put it all out of your head till I come back from India." He stooped to kiss her, and went slowly along to his room.

Curious if there should be another Margaret Burnham one day.

If, did he say? By Jove, to-day was Thursday—and a fine day for her bicycle ride! How she would have loved that view to-day.

(To be continued.)



The Late Priest-Chancellor of Austria.*

BY ALBERT RUNG.

"THERE is a point of view from which every life is worthy of a biography. Done with competence, such a work unfolds mysteries of character and offers commentary on human life which is always worth-while." How much more pointed this truth when the subject of the biography is a character of lofty ideals and a philosophy of life that must command the admiration and respect of all? The late Monsignor Ignaz Seipel, D. D., former chancellor of the Austrian Republic, was a man of this type. He was an ardent patriot, because he loved the country of his birth and its institutions, its people and their customs. He was a shrewd but strictly honorable politician, because he

hoped thereby to benefit his countrymen. He was foremost and pre-eminently the priest, because this was his chosen vocation, which he would not abdicate for any other interest in life, no matter how great or important.

Some less-known traits of character of this renowned man are disclosed by a privately circulated print published in Austria. Based chiefly on the diary which the prelate kept up almost to his death, the facts revealed give an insight in the very soul of the man who has been termed the "Saviour of his country." The pages of this little book show that the Monsignor had made it a rule of life never to omit saying daily Mass, always to make a good preparation and thanksgiving for his Mass, and daily to devote some time to meditation. How faithful he was in observing this rule for Mass may be deduced from the fact that he said Mass even after being detained at the chancery office until one or two o'clock in the morning. The effort to continue this practice even in his last illness is genuinely pathetic.

During the last weeks of his life he still persisted in saying his daily Mass, although under agonizing circumstances. Diabetes had made him its victim, and as a consequence he suffered much from thirst. In his diary we find this short remark: "Never has the celebration of Holy Mass been so difficult for me. Prodigious thirst!" Yet he was unwilling to give up a practice of thirty-three years' standing, and continued until his strength gave way to a degree that he could no longer say Mass standing and was forced to celebrate it sitting down. On the tenth Sunday after Pentecost even this expedient would help no longer. After the consecration of the bread, he sought to elevate the Sacred Host above his head, but from keen exhaustion fell back into his chair. Managing somehow to consecrate the wine, he did not attempt to elevate the

* Based on an article in the *Korrespondenz des Prestergebetsvereines*, Innsbruck, Austria.

chalice, then after resting awhile continued the Mass until the end. This was the last Holy Mass he was able to celebrate. The remaining days of his life he was still able to receive Holy Communion, and to hear Mass from his bed which commanded a view of the altar in the neighboring chapel.

The rule for daily meditation was as assiduously followed. A record, going over a period of years, was found noting not only the daily subjects of meditation, but also the corresponding thought for the day; a thought which he wished repeatedly to revert to during the day of the meditation. How this practice reminds one of the advice of St. Francis of Sales, who would have everyone who meditates gather a spiritual nosegay from each meditation to carry with him all through the day.

Besides mental prayer the priest is obligated to daily vocal prayer. This obligation is satisfied by his daily recitation of the Breviary: a compilation of psalms, hymns and scriptural readings, which the Church places in the hands of the subdeacon at his ordination to be said daily ever after under grave obligation of sin. This hour of prayer each day was a solace and source of strength for the priest-chancellor in the trying and complex work in Parliament and during the delicate diplomacy of international negotiations. In consideration of his almost unceasing political occupations for Church and State during his term of office, he was dispensed by the proper authorities from this daily obligation, yet it was seldom if ever that the dispensation was made use of. Only when physical strength no longer permitted, which came a few days before his death, was he forced to lay aside the precious volume of prayer, and with a sigh utter: "I can do it no more."

Praying the rosary was equally as dear to him. Under the press of official

duties he could hardly find time for its daily recital. Hence he would when alone utilize the time while riding from place to place in the governmental motor-car to tell his beads to the Blessed Mother of God.

Under similar stress of work, many a man might deem himself excused from that exact observance of the rules which go to make the good priest. Not so Monsignor Seipel. His diary attests to his fidelity in the reception of the Sacrament of Penance every fortnight. His retreats, as prescribed by canon law, were not neglected even during the heyday of his political career. His simple pious practices were not discontinued during his chancellorship as may be seen from the entries in his diary of the visits paid to the Christmas cribs in the Vienna churches at Yuletide and of the little pilgrimages with fellow-priests to the holy sepulchers erected in the various churches for Good Friday. His affection and remembrance of the faithful departed was manifested by his prayers for them in the cemeteries on All Souls' day. So high was his estimate of the dignity of the priestly state that he never appeared anywhere except in the clerical garb.

The charming simplicity of the man which kept him ever the humble priest, despite his holding the most important post of government in his beloved country, was carried over also into his domestic life. During the terms of his office he retained his room in the Old Folks Home in Vienna conducted by the Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo, for whom he acted in the capacity of chaplain. This room was meagerly furnished. A soft-wood table was used as a desk. On it stood a statue of the famous Nuremberg Madonna. Later there was placed near it a statue of the suffering Saviour, His hands bound and His head crowned with thorns. This statue most probably was to remind him of the

Blessed Lord's resignation to the will of God. Seipel's hands, too, were bound by his political adversaries when with the best of will he made plans for the good of his country and its citizens. When his designs for the good of his people were thwarted, he needed resignation to a high degree in order not to despair of the eagerly sought advantages he desired for his fellow-citizens.

As scanty as the furnishings of his room were the articles of his wardrobe. The small supply of linens he allowed himself excited the wonderment of his laundress. He made his old clothing do because he had no money to buy new. It was not that he had had no money, for he was receiving the Chancellor's salary, but most of his money was given to the poor. The (*Die Arbeiterzeitung*) official newspaper, one of his severest political opponents, unhesitatingly stated upon his death: "Seipel was a man with clean hands . . . his income for the most part was always given to the poor." At his death his last will disposed of property consisting of his library and about 250 shillings (\$18.75). At the close of this document he added the request: "I beg the priests and my friends in both archdioceses (Vienna and Salzburg) in which I was privileged to labor to remember me in their prayers."

Another outstanding trait of character was his trust in God and his unwavering belief in the inherent good in every man. In his private conversations as well as in his public addresses the expression most often from his lips was the confident: "God is good." It was this vivid realization of the goodness of God which prompted his own kindness toward his fellowmen. Many instances of his never-failing kindness will be recorded by his biographers, but the most of them are known only to God. When the would-be assassin attempted to take the Chancellor's life, notwithstanding the pain of the bullet wound, his one concern was that the fanatical perpe-

trator, Jaworek, should be spared his life. When again, in 1927, a threatening opponent jumped upon the running-board of his automobile, he calmly bade him: "Step down before you are hurt!" When stretched upon his sick-bed in his last illness, he was informed of the sickness of one of his most bitter political adversaries, and at once he had a telegram dispatched to this one-time political enemy, reading: "From sick-bed to sick-bed I extend to you my hand." No matter how contemned or humiliated by those opposed to him, his kindness toward them was always uniform, and he never allowed hatred to hanker in his heart.

In its death notice of the Priest-Chancellor Seipel, the *Osservatore Romano* sums up an estimate of the man by saying: "Dr. Seipel accomplished much, not only because he was a great mind, a man of iron will, but because he was a deeply religious priest, full of self-denial. His life was filled not only with labor but also with prayer. His firm faith was the foundation upon which he built."



Bridget, Bridget, Bride!

BY IVY O. EASTWICK.

LEAD ye my sheep,
 My little sheep, my lost sheep!
 Lead ye my sheep,
 Bridget, Bridget, Bride;
 Them do ye keep—
 My little sheep, my lost sheep—
 Them do ye keep
 In safety at your side!

Stretch ye your rod,
 Your sacred rod, your ash rod!
 Stretch ye your rod,
 Bridget, Bridget, Bride;
 Lead us to God—
 His little sheep, His lost sheep—
 Lead us to God—
 In safety at your side!

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XVII.

MIKE and Mary came in view of the Shannon, near Pallaskenry. From the main road they drove in that lane east of Ringmoylan to the brink of the wide, brooding river. Meadows lay flat at either side; meadows which are swamps in rainy seasons and yield coarse, heavy hay in dry summers. There was peace everywhere. Few people in the fields; few people on the roads.

They stopped at the water's edge. Far out in the river-bed a tug steamed leisurely to sea. Two men were in a row-boat, fifty yards from the bank; a woman drove cows through a gate in the road ditch so they might feed on the after-grass of the mown meadow. The land about was flat, swampy, gray-green. The sun shed a quieter warmth, and one could barely stay awake inhaling the drowsy air.

"My man, Michael, do you think the Shannon out there will ever be our Shannon?"

"Lady of the Lake, do you suppose I'd be dodging peelers if I didn't think so?"

"You don't understand! It isn't what you think as a patriot I'm after. 'Tis what you think as a cold business man—as the Americans say. Do you think as a cold business man we'll win this time?"

"A cold business man thinks we will. Why? We're united; and for once, men, women, children are in the fight. We'll win this time—or be blown to hell."

"Why not to heaven?"

"All right, to heaven."

"And this Shannon will be Ireland's Shannon, if we're not blown—to heaven! Just think—Ireland will own the Shannon!"

"Yes, and when we're rid of peelers, soldiers and every species of political

weed which sends roots into us from the Empire, we'll see an Ireland that owns her soul too."

They drove through the Ballysteen country, south at Askeaton along the road west of the Deel. They passed Kilbeg chapel; on up hill by The Bog's lane. It was just as well the massive figure of The Bog himself was not then leaning over the gate. It was too early yet. Passing Conway's boarding house Mike slowed down.

"Come on out, Scholar!" he called.

John Conway was surprised.

"You two! Honeymooning? Eloping—or what?"

"On the run, Master," Mary answered, imitating a schoolgirl.

"On the run! Who's on the run?"

"Michael, Teacher. Michael's on the run."

"Are you?"

Mike nodded.

"Since when?"

"To-day noon. Lady Mary here brought the happy news the peelers were going to call on me."

"Why?"

Mike laughed. "Can't you guess?"

Conway could. He knew of five or six acts against the Government, any one of which would get Mike up at dawn to be backed against a wall.

"Mike, has it occurred to you this isn't a safe place?"

"It hasn't."

"Well, it should have. This is the first house the police will search to-night. Keep off the main road going back."

"I think you're wrong, Scholar. The peelers won't come this way."

"Mike, we'll argue that next week when the subject will no longer be debatable. Steam up and get off the main road! A quick good-night, travellers!"

"Master, you might offer us some food," Mary said as Mike started the car.

"I would, Woman of the Roads, but

there's no time. Carry on till you reach home."

"Good-night, Teacher," Mike said.

"Good-night! Good luck!"

When they reached the cross-roads two hundred yards south, Mike stopped the motor.

"Let's go the main road and meet them. They'll pass us and never know."

"Michael, obey the scholar! This is no time for daring. There's one night every five hundred years when the bobbies have intuitions. This happens to be the night."

"All right, Lady, we'll obey the scholar."

While Mike and Mary were on their way to Rathdrum, Sergeant Hackett detailed five men to drive to Conway's quarters to seek Mike.

"Search the schoolmaster's place. Likely as not he'll stay there to-night. Then get Byrne, the two Farleys and Madigan. That'll show the country we mean business."

John Conway, coaching young Paddy Hartney in a recitation for a school program, showed surprise when he saw the police step out of their car an hour after Mike and Mary had left him. Three entered the house; two remained outside to command doors and windows.

"We carry a warrant to search this house," the policeman in command said.

"Search it for what?"

"For Enright. We have information which leads us to suspect he's here."

"This is not my house, Officer. It belongs to this couple."

Ignoring the old people, they began a search. Conway showed Paddy Hartney to the door.

"Tell Davey Byrne the police are here," he whispered.

And then at the door he said aloud,

"Good-night, Paddy. We'll have another practice Sunday morning at half-ten."

"Yes, Sir."

Paddy's eyes indicated he captured the whisper. He walked unhurriedly out the yard and down the road. Once beyond sight and hearing of the two policemen outside, he ran; ran as a boy will when he thinks he is pursued by a ghost. He did not spend time opening and shutting The Bog's gate; he crawled under. In the art of crawling under gates Paddy was an expert. He raced in the lane, striking the point of his boot against a stone which stood loose in his path. The Bog, walking leisurely out the lane, heard the noise made by boot meeting stone. Some one was coming in evidently. He decided to keep an eye open.

He often walked out the lane in the earlier evenings these times. Dr. Hayes told him a walk in the fresh air after supper would settle his nerves. More worried than he used to be, he was missing his sleep of late. That ass of a boy and that hussy of a girl were affecting his whole system. He had told the doctor his nerves were not so orderly as they might be; but he did not tell the doctor why he was so jerky and so irritable, because the doctor's wife would blather it all over the district. And maybe Hayes himself was one of the fools who were trying to ruin the country. Why wouldn't he be nervous? A young fellow who should be down taming the bog this fine October weather was running all over the hills like a lout. The Bog sometimes applied the word "lout" to Davey. It came out of his mouth in a satisfying fulness; and because he liked the word, he used it. And there was that devil of a girl—the impudent snip!—encouraging a pack of rebels—fellows who should be following a plow so as to keep redness upon the land!

When young Paddy Hartney saw dimly the mass and height of The Bog coming toward him, he stopped short.

"The Bog!"

He almost faced about, but changed his mind. A quick leap over the ditch into the garden came to him as a way to freedom. He could half-moon around the big man and take his message to Davey without encountering the terror. He did not do that either.

The word "terror" as applied by small boys and girls of the parish to Hugh Byrne is hardly overstatement. The tall, heavy man was a figure remote, strange, forbidding. He walked by them as he would by dead spears of grass in November; not looking—hardly knowing they existed. Boys lifted their caps in recognition when they passed him, but they were no more visible to him—probably less visible—than a locust or a butterfly.

Paddy Hartney went more slowly, hoping The Bog would pass on without halting him. Had he met the policemen in their motor he would have been less afraid. He took the north side of the lane, keeping close to the fence, and left The Bog several rights of way. He made the mistake of shrinking too much. Mickeen the Hump would have gone by whistling, and would probably have said "Good evening, Sir," even if he carried a can of dynamite intended to blow up The Bog's premises. The lad's shrinking stimulated The Bog's attention. Before Paddy knew it, strong fingers were gripping his coat collar, a circumstance which forced him half way round. A stern, rock-like face looked down at him. Fortunately, Paddy did not look up. Had he seen the face he would have lost all sense of time, space, direction.

"Why is a little fellow like you racing in here this hour of night?"

"Father Healy sent me up to tell Miss Byrne to send down flowers for the altar in the morning."

It is said a clever lie will reach the heights of inspiration. Paddy Hartney in this sense was inspired. He could

not have happened upon an excuse to exempt him more surely from suspicion had he spent a month manufacturing a falsehood.

The Bog grunted and relaxed his grip; Paddy's pent up breath escaped; his chest and neck felt freer. He seemed to stand below a mountain which was silent and motionless now, but might roar and shake with thunder any minute.

"Well, you can go this time; but come early with your messages. Lads like you have no business mouching around people's premises this hour of night!"

"Yes, Sir."

The Bog walked on, fully set on keeping the brats of the neighborhood out of his premises. They might be running about his place for anything—spying or thieving. That lad now might be doing the very thing for all he knew. The Bog had forgotten to get his name. Strange he had forgotten! He might belong to any one of fifteen families The Bog tabulated in his record as good-for-nothings.

"Young fellow, what's your name?" he shouted.

Paddy, careering now in a new spurt of speed, heard The Bog's challenge but raced on. Davey Byrne might be having handcuffs upon his wrists in a minute, so why waste time answering The Bog.

"I've a good mind to tell him so too," Paddy said defiantly, below his quick breathing. He was sixty yards away, however. That made a difference. The Bog kept on. He would find out later who the brat was, and then tell the priest to send his messengers earlier in the day.

Paddy found Mrs. Byrne showing Nano how to execute a fancy stitch upon what seemed a circular piece of cream-colored cloth.

"Why, Paddy, by yourself in the dark! Aren't you afraid?" Nano exclaimed.

"For goodness' sake," Mrs. Byrne

admonished, "don't remind him! Talking about fear is what makes children fearful. Tell them about midnight ghosts and every white cow is one."

Paddy, who had more important matters to set before them, whispered to Nano,

"The peelers are above at the Master's and coming for Davey!"

"Paddy,—do you mean it?"

"Yes, Miss,—the Master sent me down."

"Run for Davey—he's in the barn."

"At last Davey's on the run, Mother!" Nano said in a kind of triumph. Davey hurried in.

"Davey, the police're coming! I'll pack a few things in the small bag; and, Paddy, like the good boy you are, watch the lane!"

Paddy ran out the way he had come, until he saw dimly The Bog leaning on the road gate. He stopped then and listened for the noise of a motor. Quiet everywhere, and that large figure in repose bent over the gate bars.

"Has he to go surely?" Mrs. Byrne asked wistfully. It is distressing for mothers when tall sons have to seek cover, Government hounds in pursuit.

"Of course, Mother," Nano answered as she packed the small bag with a rapidity in which you would note method.

"If he has to, he has to, I suppose."

She was resigned, but lonely too. Seeing her son forced to go, she felt the pain of parting. Mothers everywhere feel that way. Davey came out from the room ready for his journey.

"Where are you going to spend the night?" Mrs. Byrne asked anxiously.

"I have a place spotted—picked it out a good while ago."

"Be sure and don't catch cold."

That made Nano think of his overcoat. She brought it out from his room and handed it to him.

"Davey, keep warm whatever happens."

"And don't get your feet wet."

Mrs. Byrne had the traditional mother's horror of wet feet. Davey suffered himself to be advised, but thought he was staying too long. He felt the inside pocket of his coat. Yes, the revolver Mike Enright had given him was safe. And the shells—they were beside the revolver. His mother was crying quietly—Mrs. Byrne never cried aloud. Davey bent his face to hers, and kissed her.

"Good-bye, Mother!"

He felt the sensation of choking. His mother said nothing; just shook her head slowly several times. The tall boy, almost the full of the door-space, was going at last!

"God keep you, Davey!"

That was all she could say.

"Nan, good-bye! Be out evenings so I'll meet you—I'll be around sometimes."

Nano was brave. She had to be and Davey setting out on a brave thing. It was so MacDonagh, Connolly, Plunkett, Pearse went out to give up life and everything. Wives, mothers, sisters saw them go. And they were brave. Nano would be brave too.

"Good-bye, Davey. I'll look for you evenings."

He crossed the lane fence and went east along the headland of the plowed garden, carrying the little bag which Nano had packed so orderly. From his right arm was slung the topcoat. He felt that pocket again. Yes, revolver and shells were safe.

(To be continued.)



ONE of the things that keeps us at a distance from perfection is, without doubt, our tongue; for when one has gone so far as to commit no faults in speaking, the Holy Ghost Himself assures us that he is perfect. And since the worst way of speaking is to speak too much, let us speak little and well, little and gently, little and simply, little and charitably, little and amicably.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Monk and His Cat.

BY HUGH S. GALLAGHER, C. S. C.

UNTIL comparatively recent times the knowledge that we have to-day of the importance of the work of the Irish monks in Medieval Europe was mostly confined within libraries, and there, too, in obscure manuscripts. Montalembert, in his "Monks of The West," was one of the first to bring to the attention of the world in a public way the marvellous culture that had existed in Ireland throughout the Middle Ages as well as the work of the Irish missionaries in rekindling the light of Christian civilization in Europe after it had been all but quenched by the barbarians from the North. Professor Heinrich Zimmer of Berlin, a Celtic philologist of the highest authority, over forty years ago corroborated the findings of Montalembert and others, enlarging on the latter aspect of the subject, in his book, "The Irish Element in the Medieval Culture of Europe"; and since then we have material of the highest scientific guaranty in support of truths that before were considered extravagant.

As an instance of how well settled and how widely extended the field of labor of the Irish missionaries became in the time of St. Virgilius and for two centuries thereafter, we can refer to the monastery of St. Paul in a city of the same name in the southeastern frontier of Carinthia, the farthest-most province of the present Austria. Virgilius became bishop of Salzburg in 756. Some fifty years ago an Irish manuscript was found in the monastery of St. Paul. It is a poem composed by a monk in his cell while he is studying or working at his book. The interpretation was difficult at first, in fact, some time elapsed before it became known that the language was old Irish, and

some time was again consumed in reaching the decision that the monk was comparing his own industry with that of his cat companion, Pangur Ban (white). The bracketed words of the first stanza depend on that interpretation:

"Pangur Ban"* (my cat) and I
To our tasks ourselves apply,
He on hunting (mice) intent,
I on study keenly bent.

No mighty fame can me decoy
From the booklet I enjoy;
Pangur cares not what I choose,
Puerile pranks will him amuse.

Oh, how joyful! sweet to tell,
Are we two within our cell;
Ceaseless sport we here can find
Bringing comfort to our mind.

Dext'rous feat and prowess bold
Aid him oft a mouse to hold;
As for me I hold my thought
For a meaning keenly sought.

Wild he gazes at the wall,
Green his eye and gleaming all;
Knowledge I am wont to seek
With an eye now waxing weak.

Joyful he in frolics high
When to his paws a mouse comes nigh;
When I solve a problem deep
Joyful, too, my spirits leap.

So the time we thus beguile
Friendly in our course the while;
Blissful in each other's joy
Singly blissful, he and I.

Constant toil and vigor kept
Make him in his art adept;
Master too am I forsooth
In my daily search of truth.

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA.

A DYING man was asked what should be put on his tomb. He answered, "let this be the inscription: Here lies a fool who went out of the world without learning why he came into it."

—*The Curé d'Ars.*

Our Worries.

BY P. J. C.

THERE has been a considerable stirring of the nation's spirit during the past year. Hook-up orators have been saying brave things to lift the public soul out of the dark valley; magazines and newspapers in prophetic optimism have promised that the rainbow will span the business sky. Clouds of doubt must drift, mists rise. Crooners, yodelers, cracked tenors have been begging us to pack up our troubles in our old kit-bag and smile three times.

Undoubtedly it helps people to hear other people say, "Ah, cheer up! everything's all right!" Even should everything be all wrong, men and women take comfort hearing a cheerful voice. Those who dispense cheer may have no more cheer than we have. And for that reason, if for no other, they deserve to be well thought of. It is great charity to bestow help on others out of the small store we keep for ourselves.

It is quite safe to say that everything will come out all right. Everything has thus far in the history of the world. The right thing may have been a long time coming. Often too, what seems the wrong thing is the right thing. Plagues, wars, are devastating—kill people. We are assured they are intended to subdue us into humbler thoughts, holier ways of living.

In the detail of smaller personal worries it may be said that people worry too much. There are some who labor not, nor spin, nor give thought for tomorrow. Very few, however. The many worry too much. About what?

Health for one thing. Those who are well look ahead anxiously to days when sickness will send them under bedclothes. Every draught is a cold, every wetting pneumonia. People lose much of the joy of freedom in the out-doors, thinking so much of the imprisonment

of the indoors during future sick spells. Why suffer vicariously because of an unchecked imagination?

"Business worries" is a frequent phrase to explain collapse of mind, physical break-down, death. There have been business failures since people began to engage in business, just as there have been floods, wind storms, earthquakes. It serves no purpose to become panicky about possibilities. Unpleasant realities call for all our reserves of good sense and reflection. Unreasonable anxiety over our problems unfits us to meet them. In a storm the ship's captain is expected to be calm.

Looking back one, two, five, ten years—where now are all those worries that vexed us? Those problems that troubled us? Those shadows that saddened us? That train we missed one morning when we had an important engagement at the end of the line—it disturbed our balance, made our day miserable. What of the engagement? Did we lose seriously missing it? It does not matter any longer—if it ever mattered. The letter we received which hurt us and kept us awake nights—we have it yet. We read it now after two months. We are amused that it disturbed us. The reprimand that crushed us, the plan that went wrong, the attempt that failed—what of it to-day?

An hundred years hence these human shortages, defeats, losses will not matter at all. There is only one failure we must provide against; provide against and yet not worry doing so. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Missing human, lesser ends may cause us temporal distress. Missing the purpose of our being—God and happiness—is everlasting tragedy. This is a trite reminder, a commonplace of sermons and books of devotion. The fact that it is so immeasurably important may excuse the circumstance of iteration.

Notes and Remarks.

Episcopal Bishop Charles B. Colmore and the Evangelical Knights (Protestant Organization) of Puerto Rico have added their protests against birth control to those of Bishop Edwin V. Byrne, of San Juan, and Aloysius J. Willinger of Ponce. Bishop Colmore says of the proposed measures: "They will not remedy conditions, and are opposed to morality and the spiritual welfare of mankind." In union there is strength. There are so many menaces to morals for all the forces of religion to unite against and overthrow! To instance only divorce. If Protestant bodies were to march out with Catholics against that evil, singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," so to speak, lawmakers would give thought to their political horizons. We have divorce because so many Christian people of the nation are with it; or, anyhow, not conspicuously against it.

For a long time now the world-wide ambition of the Communists has been quite generally known. In fact, we have lived to see the machinery of that ambition in operation. Almost every locality has its Communist headquarters from which speakers go forth and through which flows a constant stream of propaganda. Perhaps we should not be unduly alarmed about that situation, but the infection is there and it is spreading rapidly. Almost any group conversation of workers will furnish ideas which if not actually communistic are dangerously near being so. Periodically we even see reported in our newspapers actual demonstrations of the revolt spirit against organized society. And of course any such movement has its anti-Church activity, or will have as soon as it is definitely established. The Catholics of England are already awakening to that danger. "I am not a scare-

monger or a prophet of panic," declared Rev. Father Leonard, C. P., at Vauxhall, London, recently, "but I sincerely believe that we in England—we of the Catholic Church—will have to suffer even as Spain and Mexico." That Father Leonard was speaking from fact and not fancy is evident from a recent discovery made by an English Bishop, according to *The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, in which it was revealed that every piece of Church property in the diocese—churches, chapels, schools and convents—was catalogued and recorded in the local Communist headquarters. There is nothing imaginative about that, and we ought to be just as foresighted in our own preparation for the inevitable conflict. In addition to Russia we have Mexico and China and Spain before our very eyes as evidence of the tremendous conflict which is already going on between Communism and the Catholic Church. Who will dare to say that we will not undergo the same experience in this country with perhaps the same unfortunate results unless we can prepare ourselves now for the storm which is threatening.

Mr. Charles C. Marshall sprang from obscurity in 1927 by asserting that Mr. Alfred E. Smith's Catholic Faith was a diriment impediment to assuming the Presidency of the United States. Mr. Marshall rises from obscurity again to assert something against His Holiness, Pius XI. He considers as "discreditable" the requirement of the Pontiff that the daughter born to King Boris of Bulgaria (Eastern Orthodox Church) and Princess Joanna of Italy (Catholic) be baptized in the Catholic Faith. Quoting Mr. Marshall: "If the promise of King Boris included the male issue, and therefore the heir to the throne, then the Pope clearly exacted of the King as a price for the dispensation, a promise subversive of the Bulgarian Constitution and in violation of

the King's coronation oath. The discreditable character, both to the Pope and the King, of such a promise is obvious."

Mr. Marshall indicates muddle-headed reasoning. First, it was not a *price* that the Pontiff asked—the wrong word which Mr. Marshall uses. It was a "*condition*" laid down; a condition always present in mixed marriages. Secondly, the Pontiff did not ask, still less require, that the Bulgarian King unite with the Italian Princess. King Boris sought to marry the daughter of the King of Italy. She is a Catholic. King Boris is of the Eastern Orthodox Church. The circumstance of differences in religion made a dispensation necessary. The Bulgarian King asked for the dispensation, subject to the usual conditions—that the children resulting from the union be baptized and brought up Catholics. King Boris signed the agreement. The Pope did not compel him to sign it. The King could have married some one of his own or another faith if he chose. He chose a Catholic, subject to the conditions of selection. His coronation oath and the rest of it was the young King's affair, not the Pope's. There was nothing "discreditable" in the Pontiff's procedure. The King's failure later on to keep his signed promise was highly so. The Pontiff treated the King and the Princess as all who contract mixed marriages are treated. Mr. Marshall should hurry back to his obscurity.

Plans are on the way to commemorate a year from now in religious and civic ceremonial, the tercentenary of religious liberty in America. Maryland is to be tercentenarian—Catholic Maryland, where religious liberty was first proclaimed and established. Efforts have not been wanting to nullify that Maryland doctrine in other parts of the country during the past few centuries. And there are sections of the country

where even now it is obscured. Theoretically, of course, it is an American political doctrine in every State of the Union. Some States give it out in full measure to all; other States—not so many—dispense it generously to some, ration it to others. There have been attempts to legislate Catholic children out of parochial schools; applicants for school teaching are required to answer questions with the view to determining what religious Faith they accept. If they happen to accept the Catholic Faith, their names are set at the end of the waiting list. This condition does not prevail everywhere in the Union. It does, and stridently, where Catholics are few and far apart.

With the return of the much-mentioned beer and with a likelihood of Prohibition's overthrow, the Church's traditional position on Temperance calls for expositors and crusaders. Of course, the bishops and priests of the country did not change their beliefs on sobriety, sanity and good conduct when a Constitutional Amendment made the manufacture, sale, consumption of alcoholic beverages a federally punishable offence. They may, however, have hoped for so much from Prohibition as to retreat somewhat from their traditional stand. They may have relied too much on the roseate promises of Prohibitionists, may have taken the word for the deed. Hardly are they to be blamed for that. From so much that was promised one should expect a fifty per cent performance. Well, the promise was just promise, the performance below zero. The last state of the American people has become worse than the first. The bishops and priests of the United States will have to begin anew; will have to go back to where we were when Prohibition began—or beyond it. There has been temperance preachment among Catholics during the Prohibition era, to

be sure. It has not been insistent, resonant, militant. It has been retarded somewhat because of the hope that Prohibition would do what it has not done. It is time to give up chasing the rainbow, to see facts, not mirages. Back to Temperance—which connotes poise, self-control, discipline through God's grace and a strengthened will. Let there be a calm, quiet, quick return. We are almost stone deaf from the racketeering gunfire of bootleggers, the shrieks of fanatics. Let us return and re-establish Temperance to its niche among the virtues.

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The question of Jewish persecution in Germany has been argued back and forth in the press of the world for the last few weeks, and, like all disputed questions of the day, it seems to have two sides. Meetings of protest condemning the Germans have been held everywhere the world over, editorials denouncing the Nazi government have appeared in almost all of our daily papers, radio orators have heaped up epithets in an endeavor to describe the shame of Herr Hitler's reign, yet in spite of all this unfavorable publicity, which any civilized government must deeply resent, Germany has not withdrawn one iota from her first stand, which she believes is altogether justifiable. The London *Catholic Times* in an editorial has the following to say: "We hold no brief for persecution, but is it quite certain that the alleged Nazi persecution of the Jews is quite what it is made out to be? We cannot easily forget the part played by international Jewry in the present state of world-distress. Nor can we overlook the fact that Jews are at the back of much of the present widespread propaganda of irreligion and immodesty, two of atheistic Communism's main lines of attack on the civilization which Herr Hitler, for all his faults, has sworn to uphold.

When Signor Mussolini set about rebuilding Italy, one of the first great actions he deemed necessary was to crush the power of Jewish Freemasonry, and among the first he sent packing was the infamous Nathan, the Jew-Freemason Mayor of Rome. If Jews find themselves beneath the same heel that has set out to crush Communism, who is to blame? Jewish Freemasonry is at the back of a world-wide persecution of Catholics far worse than anything that Jews have had to suffer in Germany; it inspires all that is worst in the loose morality of the films, the indecencies propagated by 'Paris fashions,' and the immoral economic domination of international finance." There is undoubtedly some truth in this statement. It should not be forgotten either that Hitler told the members of the Reichstag recently: "As we see in Christianity the unshakable foundation of moral life, so it is our duty to continue to cultivate friendly relations with the Holy See and to develop them."

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The Bureau of the Census has recently issued the mortality statistics for the year 1931. In doing so it has given us something to think about. As might be expected the figures show that medical science is gradually winning its fight against the ravages of disease. The results, while not overwhelming, are entirely satisfactory. Mankind cannot escape sickness of course, but we are gradually approaching the point where there will be no longer any wholesale wastage of life because of the ignorance and carelessness of the multitude. Well-directed education and the popularization of preventive measures are protecting people from some of those common diseases which took their toll by the hundreds a few decades ago. While the census figures have furnished us cause for at least that much rejoicing, they raise the red flag of warning over

another and even more disheartening danger. Although the mortality rate of all diseases, except cancer, has declined, the number of suicides and homicides have shown a substantial increase. That situation is particularly threatening since it indicates a weakening of that moral fibre which is so necessary to a healthy national life. Every effective force in the country should be mustered into service against this new danger just as they have been mustered in the past against the threat of the microbe. The Church, of course, has been fighting that battle through the centuries, but too often she has found herself standing alone. It may be expecting too much of our schools and our press perhaps, as they are now constituted, to ask them to fight that fight for its own sake, although that certainly is their obligation. In view of the patriotic significance attaching to this new crusade, however, we do not see how they can possibly stand aside in the emergency. Disrespect for human life is a type of moral anarchy many times more dangerous than anything that ever came out of Russia. Every American has the obligation of enlisting in the fight against this disrespect for human life which makes living in our populous centres to-day almost as dangerous as traversing the jungles.

Here are statistics on the Catholic press of the United States for you: Nine dailies, one tri-weekly, three semi-weeklies, one hundred thirteen weeklies, thirteen bi-monthlies, thirty-seven monthlies, thirty-one quarterlies, two annuals, one bi-annual. In all, 310. These are not all in English. German, Polish, Bohemian, French, Italian, Slovak, Ukranian, Slavonian, Spanish, Hungarian, Ruthenian, Japanese language publications are included in the grand total. You may ask, with St. Andrew, what are these among so many? Considering our Catholic population they will seem meagre. Con-

sidering, on the other hand, the army of Catholics who never see, still less read, a Catholic paper or magazine, the number will seem to satisfy. Add to the army of the indifferent, those men and women of aristocratic intellectual height who find Catholic reading dull, flat, unprofitable; who feel that were they seen with a Catholic book or magazine, they could not converse with aplomb on Sinclair Lewis. Many thousands of Catholics—we might as well be frank about it—do not read Catholic literature because that would indicate they are Catholics, and therefore—in their minds—old-fashioned and not “up.”

The element of fear has gone out of the law court, if we can believe the statement of Dr. Walter N. Thayer, Jr., Commissioner of Correction for the state of New York. Dr. Thayer estimates that a man who commits a crime in the Empire State to-day has a five to one chance of escaping sentence to any correctional institution at all. We can see of course what encouragement that situation offers to the professional criminal, particularly when he has the best legal talent at his back as he frequently has. What we do not always realize, however, is the plight of the poor policeman who is asked to make an arrest at the point of a gun with the knowledge that the risk which he takes may be entirely nullified by a suspicious court decision.

At the last annual meeting of the American Academy of Optometrists, Dr. William Feinbloom of New York told of the development of telescopic lenses for eye-glasses. The latest in spectacles, according to the Doctor, will be equipped with high-powered lenses instead of one, and will enable forty per cent of those people now accounted blind to actually see. What a sale the new spectacles should have among our American automobile drivers!

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

April Symphony.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

O H, April vision of delight!
An apple tree, bloomed pink and white,
With dancing sunbeams laced around!
Dear, turn this loveliness to sound.
Enfold your music 'round this tree
And play its fragrant joy for me.
Include the Robin's voice, the sky,
The South Wind that sings softly by;
Play these pink buds caressingly,
Call it our April Symphony.

Shadows on Cedarcrest.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

XIII.—SHOWDOWN.

DEBORAH ALLEN kissed her sleeping child, and then dropped another kiss on her husband's head.

"Are you running away from me?" he asked, fondly.

"Only for a little while, Alex. I have some necessary duties to attend."

"All right, run along; but don't stay too long. I am jealous of even necessary tasks which take you from me. I was without you too many years, Debbie."

"Flatterer!" She gave him another kiss, and went on her way. Outside the door she paused, and leaned against the wall with her hand pressed to her heart. She was afraid, desperately afraid, of what she was about to do. If Alex guessed that she was about to face her brother, he would never let her go alone. But some one must stay with Emma. Besides, there were some things that even Alex did not know.

"Courage, Deborah," she counselled herself. "You have been weak too long."

Going to her own room, she sat at her desk and wrote a letter. It covered several pages, and her tears fell upon it as she wrote. At last it was finished. She took it to the housekeeper.

"Hetty," she said, "here is a letter. It is for my husband. You may think this a strange request, but if—if anything happens to me, will you give this letter to him?"

Hetty looked compassionately at the woman's white, distraught face.

"Why, surely, Miss Deborah," she said, "but—aren't you feeling well? Have you told the doctor? You do look like death, itself. You've been keeping in too close, taking care of that child. Now that she's going to be better, you'd better let me or Marie take our turn sitting with her."

"I'm all right, Hetty; I'm not even tired. But—anything can happen, you know. I have no eternal lease on life; and there are things in that letter my husband should know. Don't let it be in any careless place, Hetty. Guard it carefully."

"Indeed I shall. You need not worry about it, for I'll put it in my purse, and I keep that in a safe place, I can tell you. And—say, Miss Debbie, have you seen Phyllis Eaton? Mr. Dalton is hunting for her, and he's madder'n a March hare. I told him she wasn't down for dinner, and none of us have seen her; and did he rave! He had us turn the house inside out for her, and when we couldn't find her there, he went out into the grounds to look for her, himself."

Mrs. Allen smiled faintly. "Luckily for Phyllis," she said, "he's wasting his time. I sent the child home. Which way did he go, Hetty?"

"Out the east door, Miss Debbie."

"Thank you. I'll go out and join him. You won't forget about the letter, Hetty."

"No, indeed. But, land! I hope it ain't necessary for me to deliver it for another half century."

"That's sweet of you, Hetty. I hope so, too—a half century, or at least a quarter. Time enough to get my little girl's feet well set on the path of life. That's all the time mothers want, Hetty."

They were standing in the lower hall, and now she took a wrap from the coat closet under the stairs, and went toward the east door. Mrs. Richards followed her with puzzled eyes. All day she had seemed buoyantly happy, and now she was suddenly frightened and sad.

"She's terribly troubled about something," mused the old woman. "Odd about her sending Phyllis home, without a word to anyone. The child must have had trouble with His Nibs, and he'll be furious at Miss Debbie, for getting her out of the way before he had a chance to land on her. Hum! queer about this letter, too," turning it about to give it minute inspection. "Why couldn't she tell Mr. Allen what's in this now? It seems almost as though she's expecting something to happen. My! she must have written a lot."

The east door blew open. Deborah had not pulled it all the way shut. Mrs. Richards went to close it, but before doing so, she pulled it wide, and peered out. Mrs. Allen was already out of sight. The dusk was deepening without, and a mournful breeze sighed through the cedars and shrubs. A shiver of premonition struck the old housekeeper.

"It's dark and gloomy, for her to go out like that alone," she said. "She might not find Mr. Dalton—no telling where he's lit out for. There's been a sight of tramps around lately, too. Spring brings them fellows out thicker'n dandelions. Hester fed four yesterday. I wish I'd offered to walk out with her—

but then *he* wouldn't 'a liked it. I believe I'll just ring Tom, and tell him to keep an eye on her. He can sort of stroll back that way, and see if she does find Mr. Dalton, and if she does, he can sneak away, and they'll be none the wiser. I can't help feeling uneasy."

She rang the gardener's cottage.

"Yes, phwat is it?" Tom's hearty voice brought an immediate lessening of her fears. When she explained, he grumbled.

"Och! wimmen, wimmen! ye're always havin' fears and throubles. What ye need, Hetty, is a good, strong man to take care o' ye. Think how handy it'd be now, if ye didn't have to be tely-phonin' me, but was roight here in my own little cot, tellin' me your throubles—"

"Don't be a bigger fool than you are!" snapped Hester. "Are you going after her, or ain't you?"

"Whush! Oi'm agoin'—Oi'm agoin'. Ye'll be gettin' high blood pressure, Hetty. And think over what Oi told ye. It ain't too late, yet. Of course, ye'll have to give up being a non-belaever, to marry a good man, loike myself—"

Hetty's receiver banged on the hook. "The idiot!" She was laughing. Tom had offered to marry her at every opportunity for a score of years and more. "And wouldn't the poor fellow back water quick, should I take him up on his nonsense!"

In the meantime, Deborah hurried on through the cedars. Ordinarily Deborah would have faced any danger rather than her brother, when he was running amuck in anger, but to-night she felt the time for action had come. She was glad she was going to meet him out here, where no one could overhear what passed between them. She was going to cross swords with him, at last—and because he was her brother, she was going to give him a chance to save himself.

"What a relief it will be!" she thought, aloud.

She had half-encircled the ground when she saw the glow of his cigar through the shrubbery. He was standing, moodily gazing into the darkened waters of a lily pool.

"Dalton," she said.

He whirled to meet her, an oath escaping his lips.

"What do you mean, sneaking up like that?" he demanded. "What do you want?" He was in his blackest mood, but she ignored his ill humor.

"I came to talk to you, Dalton," she said, quietly.

"Yes? Well, you'll have to do it some other time. I've other business on hand. Where's that Eaton girl?"

"I sent her home."

"You—sent her *home*? By what authority?"

"My own, Dalton. She is only a child, and you shall not intimidate her and frighten her to death with your ravings as you did poor Adrienne. You must resign yourself to a conversation with me, Dalton. I intend to talk with you, to-night, whether you will or no."

"Why—you—you—" he blustered and swore horribly.

"You can't stop me with curses, Dalton. You must listen to what I have to say; it concerns you, deeply. For years and years, Dalton, you have ruled with an iron hand in our stepmother's home. Your word has been law, and the whole household has lived in fear of your anger. When some one displeased you, you sent that one away. But all that is to be changed, Dalton. To-night you are not sending another away, but you are being sent away. You are going to stop doing the things you are doing. You are going to stop your scheming and contriving for poor Mother's possessions. You are never going to annoy her again. To-night you are going away from Cedarcrest, and you are never coming back." He threw away his cigar and came to tower over her, his eyes angrily amazed.

"Deborah," he said, contemptuously, "you have suddenly become insane. I shall put you in an asylum."

She looked up at him with steady, unflinching gaze.

"How you would enjoy that!" she said, slowly; "yes, I believe you would do it, Dalton, if you could. You would put me in an asylum, as you put my poor husband in a prison."

He started back as though she had struck him. "You know that!" he said, hoarsely.

"Yes, my brother, I know that. You lied to my poor Alex about me, and made him believe I was tired of being a poor man's wife—told him that I never wished to see him again. You saw to it that he got a job in a distant city, and then you hired a man to frame him. You caused him to be sent to prison for a crime he did not commit. And you told me he had deserted me. Why, Dalton?"

"Because I always hated him," said Carstairs, sullenly, "because you were a fool to marry him. I was straining every nerve to get up in the world, and you, my sister, married a common groom—"

"He was a good man; he *is* a good man, and I love him, Dalton. We had our child, and we were happy."

"Love! pouf! You love a jailbird!"

"He is not a jailbird. His innocence has been established. Your tool confessed, Dalton."

"Wharton? I'll kill the—"

"He is already dead. And, even if he were not, it were better that you do not talk of killing, Dalton."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that one murder is enough."

He seized her shoulder in a crushing grip. "*What do you mean?*"

"I mean that the police were on the wrong track when they went out to search for poor Jamie. I mean that you—you, Dalton, *are the murderer of our father!*"

For a moment it seemed that he would throttle her. Even through the dark that was settling about them, she could see the deadly fury of his face. And then he released her—cast her from him, contemptuously, and laughed a laugh more terrible than his anger.

"More insanity," he said. "Now I know I shall put you in an asylum. What fairy tale is this? And did your precious Alex help you invent it?"

She came back to him and spoke earnestly, with her hand upon his sleeve. "Dalton," she said, "please listen to reason. I came out here to-night to give you a chance. After all, you are my brother. In your way, I think, you have loved me. Perhaps it was really a kind of love which made you try to separate me from Alex. A queer love, but the only kind of which you are capable. I—I think, Dalton—I have long thought—you are different from other men. I believe you were born with some queer kind of kink in your brain which makes you do the things you do. You inherit this kink from our father. I am more like our mother. I have been told she was a weak, foolish little woman, whom our father terrified to death. But you are like Father, ruthless, domineering, with an insatiate craving for power and riches, and a terrible temper. Oh! if one of us should go to an asylum, it is you, Dalton. I think, when you are angry, you go mad. You were like that, the night you killed our father. He angered you, and before you knew what you were doing, you struck him. I understand that, Dalton. It was, perhaps, a kind of—justice—that he should die because of a trait you inherited from him. It wasn't murder, like a murder plotted and planned.

"But—scheming to lay the crime on Jamie—that was the bad thing, Dalton. Letting him be hounded and hunted, and so turning a sword in Mother's

heart—Mother, who has always been so good and kind to us both. And now you go on, trying to make her believe he is dead, so she will make a will in your favor. You do not care how soon she dies after she makes the will. Oh! that is a terrible thing, Dalton. Worse than killing Father—far worse. But the law will ask you to account for the murder, Dalton; and so I am asking you to go away—go, and leave Mother alone. Clear Jamie's name, and let him come back to brighten her declining years. Go away, Dalton, *please*. I will give you a week, a month—all the time you need,—to get out of the country, to go where you can't be found, before I tell what I know. Won't you go, Dalton?"

There was a long silence. She could scarcely see his face now, but she heard his quick breathing. But when he spoke it was in an even, unexcited voice.

"A pretty plea—and well rehearsed, I have no doubt. And it might work very well had I murdered my father, as you insinuate. How dare you, Deborah? *How dare you insinuate such a thing?*"

"I do not insinuate it, Dalton, I state it; I know it. No one else in the world knows it, save me, Dalton; won't you go away? Won't you take the chance I am offering you?"

"Do you think I am mad, too, Debbie? I have waited twenty years for independence, for money of my own. Wealth—power—not to be a beggar, dependent upon another's generosity; and now—it is at hand. *To-morrow she is making the will*. She told me so this afternoon. She believes that Jamie is dead. That baby-faced companion you sent away nearly upset the apple cart, but I arrived in time. After to-morrow, I am safe. Go away, *now!* What a laugh!"

"You *must* go, Dalton. Mother will never make that will. I shall not permit it. She will not wish to, when I tell her what I know."

"Do you think you can stop her? That I shall permit anyone or anything, to prevent this for which I have planned so long? You are bluffing, Deborah, and you can't bluff me. Tell what you know—you *know nothing*. I did not kill our father."

"You lie, Dalton. You did kill him. I saw you!"

Instantly she felt the crushing grip on her shoulders, the hot breath in her face.

"*You saw me?* Explain yourself!"

"I — can't. You're — hurting — me Dalton."

The grip relaxed a little. "I'll hurt you worse, if you don't talk fast. What did you see? Where were you?"

"I was under the couch in father's study. Nurse had put me to bed in the room next door. That was the nursery then, as now. I was only six, you remember. I wanted my doll. I had been playing in father's room in the afternoon, and I remembered that I had left it there. The door was unlocked, and I slipped in. I was getting the doll, when I heard father and Jamie coming. They were quarrelling. I was always afraid of father when he was angry, and I crawled under the couch. They came into the room, and I heard them arguing bitterly. Father told Jamie if he didn't like the way he was treated at home, to get out, and Jamie said, 'All right, I will. And so long as you are here, I'll not be back. Cedarcrest is not big enough for both of us.' He rushed out of the room. Father laughed, and mumbled something that sounded like, 'Good riddance!'

"I waited, hoping father would go away. It was dusty under the couch, and I was afraid of mice. But instead, he turned out the light, and to my terror, came to lie upon the couch, itself. The springs sagged until they touched my head, and I lay very still, scarcely daring to breathe. I thought he would

sleep, and then I could creep out and run away. But a long time went by, and still he did not breathe as though he were asleep. Then some one fumbled stealthily at the door, and came into the room, carrying a flashlight. The light picked up the objects in the room, but the screen before the couch concealed it from the room entrance. The intruder went across to father's desk, turned the light into it, and began to ransack the drawers. And father said, 'Get out of there!' and swore, and turned on the lights. And then I saw that it was you, Dalton. Father was angry, and so were you. He asked what you were looking for, and you said 'money.' And then he called you a thief and struck you across the face. And then—then, Dalton—you snatched the brass candlestick from the desk, and you—you—"

"Shut up! Don't say it! You—you—why didn't you tell this, then? Why have you waited all these years?"

"I was afraid. You ran away, and I ran out and back to my room. I huddled down among the covers, and cried all night. Mother forbade the servants to talk before me, and it was a long time before I knew they thought Jamie did it. And then—"

"Yes? And then?" his grip tightened again.

"I was afraid of you, Dalton. I saw your face when you struck father. And I was afraid you'd look at me like that—and kill me, too."

"You were afraid. *And you did well to be afraid*. You thought I would kill you—and I will. You have just admitted that no one knows this save yourself, and no one shall ever know it. For you are never going to tell, Deborah, never. *I am going to kill you, now—now, Deborah—*'"

"Dalton—my God; help me! Please, Dal—"

His hands crept up about her throat, pressing, pressing. She strangled—

gasped. Deep, black waters swirled around her. The world went away.

"Och, Miss Debbie, poor thing!" said a deeply concerned voice. "Is it too late I was? God forgive me, now! Why wasn't I a step closer? Miss Debbie, can ye hear me at all?"

Deborah felt her wrists being chafed, frantically. "Tom," she said, weakly,—"Tom."

"Whush! God be praised! Ye fair had me going south with fear for ye, poor thing! Can ye walk now?"

She struggled to sit erect, and memory came back with a terrifying rush.

"Where—where is he?" she asked, fearfully.

"The black divil! Don't let him be worryin' ye none. Sure, Oi give him a clout on the head with my stick he'll be feelin' a month o' Sundays. Oi laid him cold—"

Deborah shuddered. "You didn't *kill* him, Tom?"

"Kill him, is it? Didn't Oi say he'd be feelin' the blow, and does a dead man feel. No, ma'am, Oi didn't kill him. But Oi give him a foine headache. And Oi've trussed him up, nately, with my garters, and my muffler. 'Twas a good muffler to be usin' rough, and loike as not Oi'll get a cold in my neck, but it'll be worth it. Here, now—Oi'm carryin' ye to the house—"

"No;" Deborah tottered to her feet, "I can walk, Tom. Only—I'm a little dizzy. Just let me lean on you. You're sure he—can't get away, Tom?"

"Not much; he can't. Oi'll call the police to take him in, soon as Oi get ye to the big house. Sure, the doctor was roight when he said to have faith, and God would give us a break. We waited twenty years, and we got it! Whush! Miss Debbie, Miss Debbie! for why did ye wait twenty years to tell that ye saw the black divil kill the old man?"

"You heard that, Tom?"

"Sure, Oi heard the whole thing, and

well for ye, Oi did. Hetty sent me down to look out no tramps bothered ye, and when Oi heard ye two quarrelin'-loike, Oi stopped, not meanin' to listen, and yet not shuttin' my ears, ye understand—it bein' agin nater, not to listen a little, when there's a scrap goin' on. Sure, Miss, did ye ever see an Irishman who didn't love a foight?"

(To be continued.)

Colston's School.—A Bristol Legend.

"*N*OW, build me a noble school-house
As any may wish to see;

Let the walls be fair and strong,
The light of heaven be free.

"Let the door be wide and grand,
The entrance easily known;
And over that entrance place me
A dolphin carved in stone."

So spake the good old merchant,—
With trembling joy spake he;
For his heart was full of thanks
For the miracle wrought at sea.

He was passing the Bristol quay
In the teeth of a fearful gale;
And he told of his home-bound ship,
And his listeners all turned pale.

The rocks, the rocks in the channel!
She must soon be dashed to a wreck,
With all the wealth in the cabin,
And all the souls on deck!

"That wealth shall be God's," said Colston—
And he made Him a solemn vow,—
"If He graciously spares this gallant ship
Safe through the tempest now."

On the ship was wild confusion.

"She has sprung a leak!" they cry.

"To the pumps, and pump for your lives!
If the water gain, we die!"

Then the water suddenly lessened;
The captain went to the hold,
With wondrous looks returning:
"God's ways are manifold.

"We could not check the water,
Nor stop the leak," quoth he;
"But God hath stopped it thoroughly
With a dolphin from the sea."

And the school was built by the merchant,
And the children wear to this day
A dolphin deftly woven
On the sleeves of their garments gray.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Church is interested in the welfare of her children on sea as well as on land. Some years ago, therefore, Father C. A. Martindale, S. J., compiled a handy book of prayers for all English-speaking sailors. Soon a similar book will be published in Italian by the Apostolato del Mare, Genoa.

—Reverend John J. Kennedy, of the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, of Savannah, Georgia, has written a novel dealing with Ireland's fight for freedom between the years 1920 and 1922. Singularly enough "Men of the West," as the new book is called, is being published in serial form by *The Savannah News*, a secular morning newspaper of that intensely Southern city.

—Henry van Dyke, the noted author, who died the other day, has written some books that have had a steady sale every month. *Harper's* announced after the death of Mr. van Dyke that his story of "The Other Wise Man" ran into fifteen editions totalling 750,000 copies, that his volume, entitled "The Mansion," has sold nearly 200,000 copies, and that "The Lost Boy" has sold about 100,000 copies.

—Schoolgirls and schoolboys will enjoy "Talks for Girls," by Aloysius Roche (P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Postpaid, 85c). These talks take their title from the fact of their having been delivered to the pupils of the Ursuline Convent at Brentwood, but their subject matter is applicable to all school students. And their manner is delightful—bright, witty, concrete; a hitting home at many of the foibles of schoolgirls, but always with sympathetic understanding. We cordially recommend it to all school libraries.

—Somewhat in the nature of the cross word and the jigsaw puzzles is a book recently published by the Century Company, entitled "Who's This?" The volume contains over one hundred fifty biographies of well-known men, and the author intended that the book should be used in the playing of a game. One person is asked to begin reading one of the biogra-

phies to a group, and each member of the group may, at any time during the reading, suggest the name of the person whose biography is being read. The one who guesses correctly after the fewest number of facts have been read is the winner of the game. Such a pastime, no doubt, will be valuable for acquainting people with important facts in the lives of distinguished men.

—Charles J. Pieper and Wilbur L. Beauchamp, the authors of "Everyday Problems in Science" (Scott, Foresman. \$1.60), state on page 240 that "Accuracy is very important in many lines of work." The pity is that they did not follow their own advice. In this volume, as in "Everyday Problems in Biology," they sometimes hide the meaning of certain statements by vagueness. Moreover, they manifest a point of view that is contrary to Catholic principles. Such is true in the way they write about creation, the dire effects of the use of alcohol, and the origin and development of means of communication. However, in dealing with daily problems of science regarding weather, climate, physical conditions, clothing, fuels, heat, light and transportation, they make this text extremely practical. High school students will like it.

—"Let the Hurricane Roar," by Rose Wilder Lane, a well-written novel whose setting is in the pioneer West, has little action, less plot, and but two characters of importance. It tells how the recently married Charles and Caroline broke old ties to build a home for themselves. Their wholesome and strong love for each other gave them high courage and hope in their new surroundings, and many a time they travelled a road of dreams to prosperity. However, grasshoppers destroyed their first crop, forcing Charles away from home to work, and leaving Caroline to face an uncertain and fearful winter. Though the story is not altogether convincing either as a study of character or as a representative picture of life, at least it might serve as a tonic, if the depressing days of pioneer life

are contrasted with those of modern times. Publisher, Longmans. Price, \$1.50.

—A book of sermons that is different in the sense that it deals with special subjects, is "Sermons for Special Occasions," by the Reverend Thomas P. Phelan, M. A., Litt. D. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, \$2.65, postpaid.) There are thirty-five sermons which cover almost every possible occasion. If the "busy" pastor is really too busy to prepare a discourse for a First Mass, or a Profession ceremony; a Priest's funeral, or an address at a Seminary Alumni meeting, he will find a fund of suggestion in this volume of Dr. Phelan's. He does not neglect, either, the great civil holidays—Independence Day, Armistice Day, Thanksgiving Day, Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays. It is a volume that will save the speaker a great deal of searching; for Dr. Phelan has read widely and thoughtfully.

—The lack of an understanding of the divinity of Christ is the fundamental cause of the lack of real religion among non-Catholics. Religious forms that are superficial and artificial because they want the vivifying force of divine faith, soon pale upon men, and bring them to neglect what they feel has no genuine and lasting influence upon the conduct of their lives. Father Francis X. McCabe, C. M., who as an experienced missionary has mingled much with the man of the street, feels keenly his needs, and brings him an answer to his difficulties in an interesting volume, "Ecce Homo" (The Bruce Publishing Company, \$1). It is the Gospel story of the life of Christ, and the early history of the Church as told in the Acts of the Apostles, written for the man who cannot abide the intricacies of theological discussion. Father McCabe points out that the narrative of Christ's words and deeds teaches clearly and effectively His divinity, and holds out for the struggling Christian hope and comfort, and a way of living that will bring him peace and satisfaction even in the midst of the world's trouble and distress. It is a well-written book, bringing together in a short space the essential incidents of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The silent influence of good books cannot be overestimated. By means of them we can invite into our own homes the great spiritual teachers of all times.

In the list below there may be just the book that you need for your own use or as a gift to a friend.

Send us the titles you select and the purchase price, plus 15c for postage, and we will have the books mailed to you at once.

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- "The Book of Christian Classics." Michael Williams. \$2.
- "The Mirror of the Blessed Virgin." St. Bonaventure. \$2.
- "At the Feet of the Divine Master." Rev. Anthony Huonder, S. J. \$2.25.
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- "St. Vincent de Paul; a Guide to Priests." D'Angel—Leonard. \$2.15.
- "The Virtue of Trust." Rev. Paul de Jaegher. \$2.90.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Reverend William Lynch, Archdiocese of Chicago.

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May they rest in peace!

Ave Maria Plays

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THE AVE MARIA

A Family Magazine Devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin

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THE AVE MARIA is the only periodical of its kind in the language. Its primary object is to honor the Blessed Virgin and to make her better known and better loved; and it thus commends itself to all who venerate the Mother of God and wish to see devotion to her more widely extended. The Holy Father has given his special blessing to all who, as subscribers, or in any other way, contribute to the support of this Magazine. It has readers all over the world, and is encouraged by prelates and priests in every part of Christendom.

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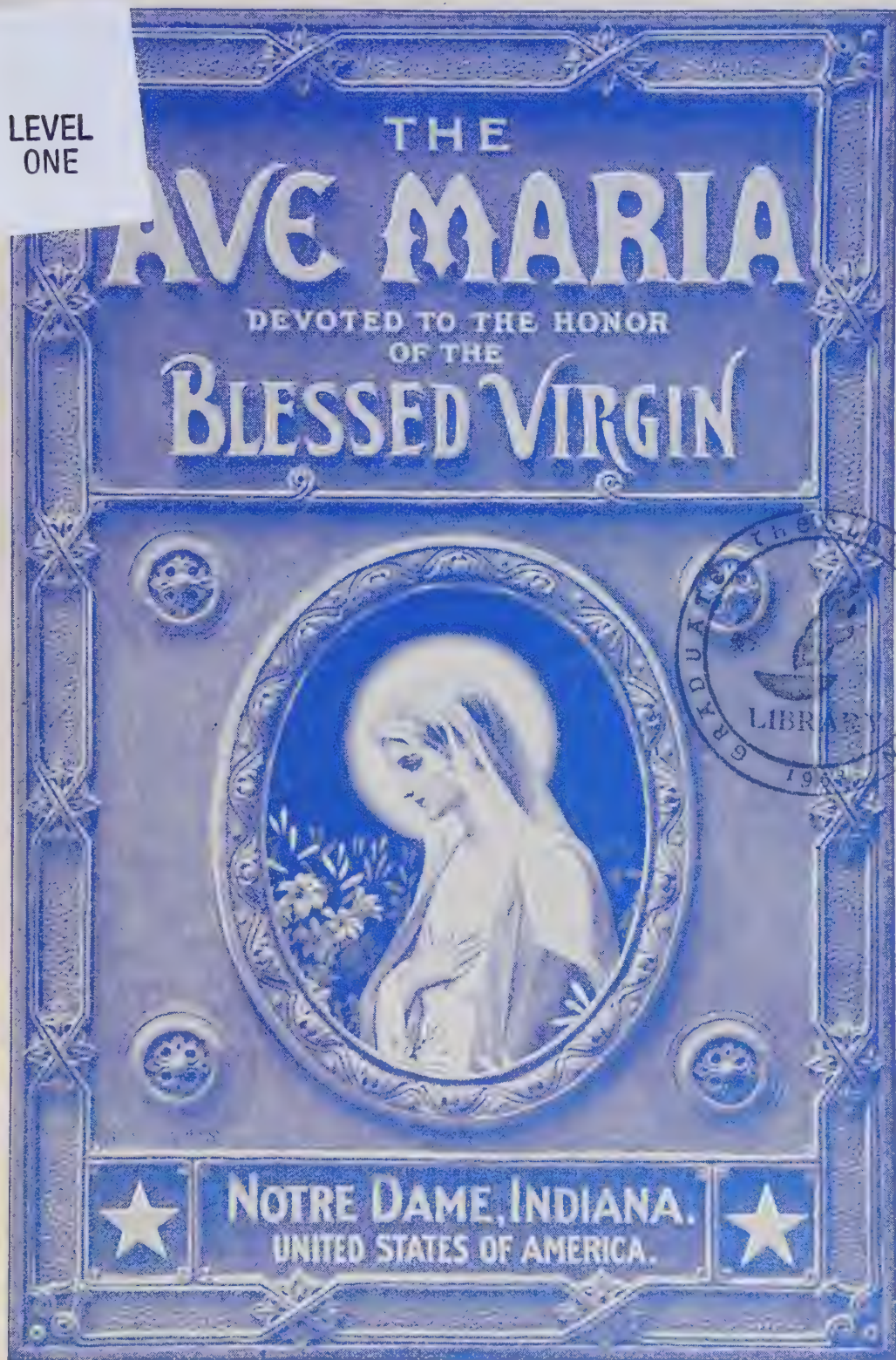
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ST. JOSEPH COUNTY,

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

MAY.

SATURDAY, 6.—St. John at the Latin Gate.
 SUNDAY, 7.—Third after Easter. St. Stanislaus, Bp. M.
 MONDAY, 8.—Apparition of St. Michael the Archangel.
 TUESDAY, 9.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop.
 WEDNESDAY, 10.—St. Antoninus, Bishop and Confessor.
 THURSDAY, 11.—St. Francis Jerome, Confessor.
 FRIDAY, 12.—Sts. Nereus and Comp's, Martyrs.
 SATURDAY, 13.—St. John the Silent, B. C.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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QUEEN OF THE WORLD
(Müller)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 6, 1933.

No. 18.

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Usque in Finem.

BY PAULA KURTH.

SORROW, I think, is bitterest in spring;
Then all the earth rejoices, and the air
Is redolent of fragrances from where
The windflowers blow and roving robins sing.
By June, joy is a customary thing;
And darker seasons fall in step with care.
But spring's high ecstasy is hard to bear
When life, sore-stricken, trails a broken wing.
So Christ, who would not leave a drop undrained
Within the brimming chalice of His woes,
Was well aware. That is the reason why
The seasons' Fashioner, by love constrained,
Passed over all the other months, and chose
An April day to suffer on and die.

Catching Them Young.

BY G. C. HESELTINE.



EVERYBODY knows very well that the Catholic Church has always made a special point of insisting on the Christian education of children from their earliest years. All our schools and universities, however they may have changed in recent years, derive their main principles and systems from the early monastic and clerical schools, grammar-schools and song-schools, which up to the Sixteenth Century upheaval, were in the care of the Church. In the earliest days they were established and staffed by the Church, later

they were founded and endowed by great churchmen, like Bishop William of Wykeham in the Fourteenth Century who founded the first public school of importance at Winchester, which is the prototype of the famous Public Schools of England, and so of the higher grade boarding schools in the New World. The same bishop's college of St. Mary at Oxford (New College) is the model of all university schools. The Church made all this educational work a duty on her Bishops and pastors; all the great educational foundations received their sanction from Rome.

Then again, every Catholic parent is aware of how frequently the Church insists on his and her duty of providing a good Catholic education. Catholics and non-Catholics alike know how the Church insists on most solemn promises from both Catholic and non-Catholic in mixed-marriages to have all the children of such marriages baptized and educated as Catholics. All this is commonplace, and my readers will no doubt say it is being continually dinned into them by their pastors. I recount it here to emphasize how very important the Church considers this matter, before I proceed to show how the enemies of the Church have taken this leaf out of her book and begun a most determined attack on Christianity through the children with this weapon of education.

Although all Catholic parents realize that they have a solemn duty to provide their children with a sound Catholic education, they do not all realize

how that education is being undermined and undone by anti-Christian forces. They do not all realize how very necessary it is to go further than giving their children a Catholic education, and protecting them against the attacks of anti-Christian educators and propagandists.

One of the most obvious ways in which these anti-Christian zealots work against Catholic education is by the excessive secularization of all education under State control. Anyone who studies the curricula of schools in general and State schools in particular for the past generation or so, will see how more and more time has been allotted to what are called "modern" subjects, and less and less to what some call by contrast "classical" subjects, or the humanities. For example, more time is given to "science," "business" subjects, eugenics or callisthenics, modern art and modern writing, and less time is given to history, and the art and literature of the past. This means that the young minds are trained to feel a less intimate contact with the civilization and culture of which they are the heirs, the Christian civilization and culture which, however it is now despised, has made us what we are. Pagan devotees of progress may now, in their arrogance and pride in mechanical progress, think they can dispense with the Christian culture as out-of-date. Nevertheless, the social system, the judicial system, the moral code which make life tolerable in our civilized communities, owe all their value to the Christian Faith and philosophy, however much we may now be de-Christianizing our civilization.

Now to educate children in ignorance of this fact, is to depreciate Christianity in their minds by depriving them of a full realization of its value and importance to the society in which they live. That is the indirect, but nevertheless very serious damage that secularized

education is inflicting on the children. The second and more obvious de-Christianizing element in secular education is the reduction, and in many cases complete elimination, of the time allotted to religious instruction. This means that instead of religious instruction as a systematic, regular, and important item in the child's daily study, it becomes a perfunctory matter of a few minutes, or it is cut out altogether.

The pagan element in State education tries to cut out religious instruction on the ground of being fair to all religions by not setting any one of them to be taught, especially where children may be of mixed religions. The result is that being fair to all, means allowing religious teaching to none. We know very well that where Catholic instruction is not provided in schools, Catholic parents are bound under pain of grave sin to see that their children get it elsewhere. Nevertheless, everybody knows that the additional trouble and inconvenience of getting religious instruction outside school hours means that the children get less than they would under a regular curriculum at school; and since they will regard it as an extra burden of lessons, they are fortunate if they do not come to regard it with disfavor.

It is a full realization of this that has moved the bureaucratic pagan educationalists to squeeze out religious instruction from the curricula, that has moved Communist Russia to forbid religious instruction to children until the age of 18 (by which time it is hoped that they will be too pagan to submit to it); and that has now moved the anti-Christian element in the new government of Spain to forbid teaching by Religious Orders.

Nobody with any sense or intelligence can pretend that the education provided by Religious Orders is in any respect less valuable, as education, than that given in secularized State schools. It is a matter of common sense that

teachers whose whole life is dedicated to their work, who regard their work as a vocation undertaken for the love of God and the highest of ideals, will give more of themselves, in devotion to their task, than those to whom teaching is chiefly a means of earning a living, who are teaching for the dollars. It is doubtful whether many teachers in a normal state of society can be of much value to their pupils unless they look upon their task as a high vocation, and many of them undoubtedly do so. Still, there remains a big gap in this respect between the best of them (and they are not all so high-minded) and the Religious in teaching Orders.

When one considers that practically every great man Spain can boast was educated by Religious, certainly in schools under the ægis of the Church where religious instruction was all-important, it does seem fantastic that Spain should go so much further than other (and non-Catholic) countries in forbidding Religious Orders to continue their educational work. We are not yet told in what way the teaching of Religious Orders has fallen short, but the most obvious accusation that can be made against them is that they were responsible for the education of many of the leaders of the Spanish Revolution, who now control the destinies of Spain and seek to destroy the educational establishments in which they were reared. It looks like the naughty schoolboys trying to revenge themselves on their schoolmasters. But even these leaders of the Revolution who were schooled by the Religious Orders will readily admit that they are what they are in spite of, and not because of, their religious education.

It is estimated that some 40,000 members of Religious Orders are engaged directly or indirectly in the education of over a quarter of a million young Spaniards, and it will cost the State

something over 20,000,000 dollars a year to take over their work. But the new rulers of Spain will cheerfully pay that to hamper, and in a large measure prevent, the religious education of the next generation. Incidentally by preventing the Religious Orders from doing this useful work they will be able to attack them later on the ground that they do nothing useful for the State.

One may well ask how it can come about that in a Catholic country like Spain, where almost everybody is Catholic, such strong, anti-Christian action can be taken. My own impression, gathered to some extent on the spot, is that the average Spaniard had become self-satisfied with his condition as normal, not dreaming that such an integral part of his life and that of everyone he knew, could be tampered with. In other words, the mass of people suffered from indifference. A small, enthusiastic, and determined clique can easily force its extreme policies on an indifferent mass. Before the full extent of the change is realized, it is effectively accomplished. That is why it behooves every Catholic to be on the watch for action against his Faith on authorities and Bolshy-minded bureaucrats. They may wake up, like the Spaniards, when it is too late.

The second, and more serious, because it is a more secret and insidious, attack on the Catholic Faith, through the children, is that of propaganda in books, especially books of an apparently educational and informative nature. I have before me a new book, "An Outline for Boys and Girls," full of most fascinating information concealing vigorous and carefully-planned anti-Christian propaganda. Parents may easily be misled into buying such a book for their children, especially since it is commended by eminently supposedly Christian clergymen (though not by any Catholic priest). The most charitable thing that one can assume is that these

persons have lent their names to publicizing the book on a superficial judgment, without having read it. On the face of it the book is very attractive and quite innocent. Nearly a thousand closely packed pages, with plenty of diagrams and fascinating illustrations, written by all sorts of professors and clever people, for the comparatively small sum of two-and-a-half dollars.

But when we come to look into the book we find it exalts the materialistic and mechanical sort of civilization and scorns the Christian civilization as outmoded, sometimes almost by direct statement, at other times by ignoring the achievements of Christian culture or treating them as insignificant compared with the achievements of extremely modern and pagan persons. The work opens by a general survey of Science, its history, its branches of physiology, psychology, biology, chemistry, physics, and so on. Then there is a section on civilization, giving an outline of world history and carefully omitting to mention Christ, and finally a section on "values," meaning the Arts. And it all looks mighty interesting and the very thing to amuse Tommy and keep him out of mischief.

In science, as usual, all sorts of still uncertain and debated matters are taken for accepted facts, always in favor of paganism and materialism and against the Christian conception of life where that is involved. When we come to the section on the family—that all-important unit of Christian civilization—Tommy is told that the Catholic Church regards sex as evil in itself, woman as evil, and objects to people loving one another because it interferes with the love of God! "Entering a monastery or convent," we are told, "was a way in which sons and daughters could escape from the authority of their fathers," and there is no hint that monasteries and convents had any other purpose! As for the rearing of

children we are told that "the simplest thing is not to make the child's father responsible for it, but the child's mother's husband, *who is of course usually the same man* (my italics, so that the notion, which Tommy will not miss, will not be missed by you either). "*But in Soviet Russia there are crèches and kindergartens and children's organizations, and these take the place of the father. It is their existence which makes it possible to remove the rule that a father and mother must go on living together.*"

Then again: "But the Russian people, for the first time in their history, are in charge, through the Communist Party, of their own lives . . . and as they have got rid of rich people, using all their resources to make life bearable for humbler folk, given women equality with men, abolished the privileges of great wealth and the power of great possessions, their example provides a living inspiration to the working classes of other countries and an unmistakable challenge to the defenders of the existing order in the rest of the world."

You and I, gentle reader, can doubtless make hay of this balderdash fairly easily. But can we be so sure that it will not seduce Tommy and turn his mind Bolshywards? The extracts I have given are but a few words out of some 350,000. Not all of them so outspoken, but collectively all having the same drift.

This book I give as an example. It may be safely said that most of the books of the "canned knowledge" type, especially the simplified science and sociology, look in the same direction—if not towards Communism, at least towards a pagan materialism. The enemies of Christianity have seen the value of directing their attack towards the minds of the children, "Catching them Young." The Church deemed it a duty to protect her children by publishing an

Index of harmful books which Catholics in general are forbidden to read because the attack by the expert and the learned on the minds of the simple and unlearned is unfair. So must we, now that we know the attack is being made on the children through their education and instructive books, exercise an increasing vigilance on their behalf, and assure ourselves beyond doubt that the cunning enemies of Christianity do not take an unfair advantage of Tommy's immature and inquisitive mind.

❖❖❖

The Bog.*

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XVIII.

THE BOG, facing the road, leaned his arms on the topmost bar of the gate. It was a strong gate—The Bog liked things strong,—and clanged shut after it was opened. The Bog was not smoking—he never smoked. You would like to see him smoking. It would mean he was not all iron and hard rock. You would be drawn to him because of this concession to nature. No matter what stern people say, it makes men gentler to grant lawful concessions to their human selves. They become more considerate and merciful to other human beings. When a man concedes himself a smoke, it is an admission he needs the quieting which a smoke bestows; and he is more willing to tolerate reasonable concessions to other men.

The Bog turned about and looked across the lane fence to see in darker outline the plowed stubbles. Next spring root crops would be planted in that plowed garden and would yield. That was as it should be. Mares, cows, ewes,

land must yield. They must be fecund. He did not embody just that word in his reflections; the word would have suited him, however. It was impressive. The Bog liked impressive words. Land must be productive; and that reminded The Bog of his bog.

His bog was not productive. Dark bog water, black turf, green rushes are not a yield worthy of land on which a man has to pay taxes. A tamed bog would grow rich vegetables which are always marketable. If the bog were only tamed! That reminded The Bog of Davey. Was there ever a man had such a fool for a son? He might be down with his spade and shovel this fine October weather dyking the bog, fifteen or twenty men to help him! He was such a fool—such a stubborn ass! The girl could bring him to his senses, but she was the worse of the pair—the wild, young devil! Whenever he thought of Davey now, he became furious. He wished they would arrest the fool and keep him locked up until the times were settled. That would tame him.

He heard a motor throbbing down the road and faced about again. Motors did not often come that way at night. The headlights were easily visible, and already he could trace the path of light. The car stopped at the gate, and a policeman leaped out. He recognized Hugh Byrne. In all west Limerick Hugh Byrne was a figure.

"Good evening, Mr. Byrne."

"Good evening, Sir."

The Bog was certain the police were coming to arrest Davey. He was glad.

"We're coming into your place, Mr. Byrne."

"Yes, Sir." He stepped out of the way as the policeman opened the gate; and another emerged from the car.

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Hugh Byrne, known as "The Bog," was a Limerick farmer who thought more of his profits than of the distresses of Ireland. His son Davey at first through fear of his father did not join

up with the "boys" who were drilling. But encouraged by his sister, Nano, and by the threat of Alice Farley to cast him off, he faced The Bog and joined the ranks. Mick-keen the Hump, employed at the Barracks at

"Mr. Byrne, I'm sorry, but we carry a warrant for the arrest of your son," this second policeman said.

"Will he be hanged, do you think?"

The Bog did not suppose the Government would hang Davey, but wanted some assurance.

"O no! Your son is not in so deep as that. He will be imprisoned during the period of the Rebellion—which will be suppressed very soon."

"All right—he's in there." He jerked his head in the direction of his home, which would include barns, stables, those elms and beeches that kept all-year sentry around the Byrne premises.

"Jail him if you want to—he's a young ass."

"We will. Only you can be certain, Mr. Byrne, your son will not be asked to pay the supreme price."

This officer, like Sergeant Hackett, used impressive words.

"Go ahead—jail him all you want to!"

Paddy Hartney heard the motor too; had listened for it as a fox will listen for the baying of hounds. He rushed back to the Byrne living room, to find Nano again at her needle.

"They're coming!" he called in softly.

"All right, Paddy, let them come!"

She hurriedly got the youngster a slice of bread and jam.

"Paddy, would you be terribly afraid to run with word to the Farleys?"

"I wouldn't be afraid at all."

He rushed out, keeping tight grip on that bread and jam, as the motor chugged in the lane; then hurried over the plowed fields, the thought of his errand keeping all night fears away.

The policemen were very considerate.

"Davey Byrne lives here?" the officer asked.

"Yes, Sir," Nano answered.

"We have a warrant for his arrest, Miss."

Two policemen kept careful watch outside—courtesy does not exclude watchfulness.

"It happens my brother is not in."

That was disconcerting. It was disappointing enough not to find Enright at Conway's; but if this fellow Byrne had word and escaped, the night's plans were smoke. If Byrne had word, those others they were out to arrest had word too. They searched the house. Searched it thoroughly, but did not find Davey.

"You know where he is, perhaps?"

"I really have no idea," Nano answered truthfully. Her mother was quite happy Nano was meeting the inquisitor.

"Will he be back some time to-night, do you think?"

"We're not expecting him."

"He perhaps got word we were coming and made off?"

"You wouldn't expect me to answer that question, would you, Officer?"

"No, Miss, I wouldn't. But 'yes' might be the answer, mightn't it?"

"It might."

The police got back into the car. They would have been so much better pleased with the night's work were they in possession of Mike Enright, Davey Byrne, and two or three others—especially Enright.

"Good-night," the officer called to Nano, who stood inside the front door. She could not resist the temptation to say something smart.

"Shall I tell my brother you called, Sir?"

"No. And you needn't tell him either when we're going to call again."

That was a good shot! Still, the policeman would forego the pleasure of

Rathdrum, gave a tip to the boys that the police would attend a concert in Father Healy's Hall, and while they were there the boys raided the barracks and took uniforms and rifles which they hid in John Conway's

schoolhouse. The Easter rebellion followed by the execution of the patriots, fired all Ireland to new zeal for the Republic.

Five thousand prisoners released from English jails were welcomed by Ireland with bands,

a hundred better shots for the possession of Davey Byrne, a few others, and Mike Enright. Especially Mike Enright. Sergeant Hackett would not commend a man to his superiors for flashy replies.

The Bog was still at the gate when they returned without Davey.

"He must have got word," he said. "Undoubtedly."

By coincidence, The Bog and one of the policemen who stood guard before Conway's boarding-house had the same thought just then. They remembered an insignificant schoolboy, very retreating, whose speech was confined to "yes, Sir" and "no, Sir." The policeman should have held that boy at Conway's house. It was a mistake, letting the brat get away. The Bog should have held the brat too, and not listened to his lies about altar flowers. If he only had him by the collar now, he wouldn't get away so easily!

The police returned to Rathdrum without any catch. The Bog walked in home, resolved to get the name of the lad that told him the lie about the flowers. When he entered the house, he took his place by the grate fire and read his paper in silence. If he put his question as soon as he came in, Nano would be suspicious. She was devilish clever that way! After a while he said to Mrs. Byrne, as he looked up casually,

"I met a young chap out the lane a while ago with a message from the priest about flowers. He seems a promising lad. Of what family is he?"

"I wouldn't know. I know very few of the children around."

"But wasn't he in here?"

Mrs. Byrne turned the inquisitor over to Nano. "Did you see some one, Nano?" she asked.

"Yes, there was a lad here."

"Who was he?"

The Bog would rather not deal with Nano—she was too oily.

"Some schoolboy—I can hardly tell them apart."

"Don't you know him?" The Bog was never sure of Nano, she was so tricky.

"I suppose I would if I observed him much—he just came and went." She was practising to see how long she could fence and parry against a direct lie. The Bog made the mistake of rushing her.

"He brought word the police were coming to arrest your brother. Isn't that it?"

"Yes, that's it."

She was delighted her father's cross-examination had taken this turn.

"What's the brat's name?"

"Why, to tell you that would be giving aid and comfort to the enemy," Nano answered boldly. He saw his mistake and went back to his wife.

"Who is he?"

"One boy around here is the same to me as another."

It was no use.

"Well, anyhow, the big lout is out on the roads to-night; and in a few days he'll be behind bars looking out at ye like a trapped pup. Keep yer secret 'bout the lad that brought him word. They'll be at the lout's heels from now on anyhow, and all the brats in Ireland won't save him!"

"We have a wonderful intelligence service," Nano said without lifting an eye from her work.

"Yes, ye have! I know what ye have, and what ye are—a pack of blockheads!"

She bent lower to conceal her laughter. The Bog returned to his paper out of temper, his major strategy having collapsed. His minor strategy collapsed also. In fact his whole strategy

banners and public speeches. Sergeant Hackett, head of the Rathdrum barracks, gave orders that Mike Enright should be arrested at noon. Mickeen heard the order and passed it on to Mary Boylan who contrived Enright's escape.

Then he ordered the arrest of Davey, but he, too, escaped after Paddy Hartney, in obedience to a word from John Conway brought warning to the house of The Bog.

missed. And Sergeant Hackett's strategy missed. His fishermen returned with an empty net.

"You're sure you made a thorough search?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And nobody escaped from Conway's house?"

No. One policeman did, indeed, remember that young lad who sidled past, but kept his counsel.

"Did you have your car dark?"

They did not. Sergeant Hackett lost his temper.

"That's elementary! The whole bad business is explained by that one oversight. You can't expect to steal upon criminals when you announce yourselves with headlights."

And the Sergeant made these observations:

"We're going to be criticised for failure to apprehend these men. Young Byrne should be here now; the others you carried warrants for should be here. They're at large. Enright, the most devilish of them, should be locked up. Instead of that he's roving about the hills this very night."

Enright was not roving about the hills. He was much nearer to Rathdrum barracks than Sergeant Hackett thought. He was in the Boylan hotel, a few squares from the police, where he and Mary Boylan arrived half an hour after they left Conway's. Just then Mike was playing bridge in one of the more secluded rooms with William Boylan, his wife and Mary. William Boylan liked a game of bridge when the game was well played. The game was well played when he won. To-night the game was not well played. His daughter Mary was a stupid bidder. She bid beyond her hand. People who bid like that should stay out of the game. You cannot expect a miracle when you bid beyond your hand.

William Boylan had bid two "Hearts." That was conservative by all the rules

of the game. His wife went "Spades"; he went three "Hearts." He could make that—probably. It was a safe, but not a sure bet. You may take a chance, but keep within your hand. William Boylan was still within his hand.

"I'll give you a lift, Mrs. Boylan—let's say three 'Spades,'" Mike said.

"Four Hearts," Mary announced. She had a jack, a ten, a deuce of Hearts; a queen of Spades; a king, a queen, a three of Diamonds. A few small Clubs. Nothing else to speak of. Her father was set disgracefully.

"Mary, why in God's holy name did you advance me?"

"Why, Dad, I thought you had the cards!" Her father "blew up," as people say in America.

"Will you listen to that! Will you listen! Advanced me thinking I had the cards! Doesn't it occur to you at all, by any chance or circumstance of reflection, that I can do my own thinking? Doesn't it?"

"You'd have been set anyhow," his wife interrupted.

"I would not—at least I doubt it. I had a reasonably good hand."

"O well, never venture, never win, Dad!" Mary said lightly.

"Yes, but I prefer to do my own venturing, Mary. With you 'tis,—always venture, always lose. You're as big a bungler as Hackett above!"

Sergeant Hackett did not think himself a bungler. Far from it. To-night, however, he was not satisfied the way things were going. He said in confidence to Policeman Jack Havey, as a final word before going to bed,

"If we could only get Enright we'd receive a commendation. We must get Enright if he's at the other side of the world."

It was lucky it did not enter the Sergeant's head that Mike might be considerably nearer than the other side of the world.

(To be continued.)

Moving Day.

BY ISABEL MCLENNAN McMEEKIN.

NEW-BORN, I shall forget what went before,
And cross the threshold of this door
With all new promises and new delight;
The hearth is swept, the blaze is bright,
The cream invites the kindly elves,
Accustomed books are on the shelves;
Familiar shadows seem at home
Like bees within a honeycomb;
The candles lit, and may God bless
Day's busy work, night's quietness.

From Atheist to Mystic.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

II.

DURING the long and tragic years of the war, in spite of her constant occupation for others and her duties as secretary to the Prince of M——, the chief, we might almost say the only, real preoccupation of Madeleine's heart and mind was her son. This anxiety and fear she shared with millions of other mothers, but in her case it was aggravated a thousandfold by the haunting idea that she had brought him up without God, and that he was facing the deadly peril of war unbaptized. Her letters prove the emotions she was passing through, and we see revealed by her words a modern Monica leading back a new Augustine to God.

Paul was twenty at the outbreak of the war, and in April, 1915, left his training quarters for the front. Madeleine went to Dijon to meet him and stay with him from midnight till 2 a. m. She saw him later again in Paris and at places *en route* where meetings could be arranged. In her letters we see the ideal mother. She is concerned for all his needs: clothes, books, films for his kodak, —nothing is forgotten, and through all these touching letters we constantly see her concern for the welfare of his soul.

"I hoped the Imitation would reach you before you left, also the box of candy." Later on, after announcing the dispatch of sausages, Camembert cheese, chocolates, etc., she begs him to read every day a few lines of the Imitation, "not allowing yourself to get discouraged by its lofty demands intended for those who are perfect, but just enjoying its clear pure light."

Madeleine followed the slow but sure steps that were leading her son to the threshold of the Church. At last she ventured to send him the Conferences of Mgr. Hulst, "a priest of great talent and of magnificent intelligence, of a lofty philosophy and a yet more lofty virtue." To the intense joy of his mother Paul agreed to read the book. He relished it and asked for the succeeding volumes. He did more, he interested one of his friends in it, and once more was enacted in the trenches one of those scenes which must have set all Heaven rejoicing—two young artillerymen in the very face of danger absorbed in the study of the "Foundations of Morality," the *Pensées* of Pascal, or the Imitation of Christ. But the book Madeleine pressed on his notice more than any other after the Gospel and the Imitation, was the Life of Mgr. Baudrillart and his letters of direction.

In spite of the progress made, Paul still had some difficulties which his mother tried with unfailing patience to clear up. Still she always told him, "Go slowly, reasonably, I like that better. I detest capriciousness and false enthusiasms in deep matters." Again she wrote: "Examine your conscience often, my Paul, so long as it is carrying its *idée fixe* it will bring forth the fairest fruit of human genius—a pure belief in God."

These letters, so beautiful in their thoughts and elevation of style and ideas, were rendered still more fruitful by the prayers of a holy mother pleading for the soul of her only child. We

can imagine with what joy Madeleine received a letter written on December 21, 1916, "Please do not give me anything material for Christmas. You have given me a soul and that is all I need."

On that same day she had written to Paul these beautiful words: "I often recall, too, your four-year-old prayer when kneeling you asked God to make you good. What a beautiful cry of love! and how wise and learned you were in your childish innocence, since reflection and experience and culture have served only to bring you back to exactly the same point."

By this time it was not only one but several in Paul's battery who profited by Madeleine's goodies and counsels. It was a repetition of St. Augustine and his companions, not in the quiet peace of Cassiciacum, but amid the din and turmoil of war.

It was on March 17, 1917, the fourth Wednesday in Lent, that Paul was baptized at Neuilly. Madeleine does not attempt to describe either the scene or her emotions in her journal. She notes that it is "The liturgical day for baptisms in the primitive Church. Paul became a Christian in the Church of St. Pierre, Neuilly. Alleluia!" But is not a whole world of joy and thanksgiving and happiness contained in that one sentence?

That very evening Paul left again for the front.

On May 17, the Feast of the Ascension, Paul made his First Communion at a field chapel. "Never have I been inundated with truth as to-day," he wrote to his mother. Her joy was almost more than she could bear, her heart overflowed, and she wrote as a second Monica, "Let your soul rise towards the marvels that await us all, and even before they are actually enjoyed, merely by the longing and the respect which they inspire in us, shed so much beauty on our life here below. This is a sacred day (Pentecost), so I can talk to you

in my best style; to whom should I, if not to the preferred of my heart, to him whom God has given me twice over?" At this period even Madeleine's director was surprised at her rapid progress in virtue. She seemed to fly. She had become as it were enamored of everything relating to God, to His Church, to His saints; but above all she loved her Eucharistic Lord. All, priests and laity, who saw her before the Blessed Sacrament, have retained an indelible impression of it. The American friend who knew her first at the Convent, and found her so attractive, but so cynical and incredulous, tells us that she never believed in Madeleine's conversion till one day when she saw her in church, motionless in prayer, her eyes fixed on the tabernacle, and then when she was leaving saw her turn back once more towards her Eucharistic Lord to salute Him with a look and smile full of love and tenderness.

Madeleine who, like a rudderless vessel, had known all the flux and reflux of error, now tasted to the full the joy of believing herself moored in port. The Church for her meant repose and security. "The Church is holy, the Church knows," was her exultant cry.

Her obedience was as remarkable as her humility. She had indeed become the child of Providence. In 1920 she wrote to a friend: "I have no longer a maid; I sweep, put things in order, wash, and along with a reasonable amount of fatigue I taste a thousand little joys in doing these humble things well. I think of the House at Nazareth where Jesus worked between the dear Virgin and St. Joseph. Never in the world were so much beauty and holiness united, and this makes me think that *real* labor is necessary for the sanctification of the soul and therefore for joy."

The privileged virtues of obedience and poverty had been early planted in the heart of the convert, and she re-

solved also to remain single in spite of many offers, for love of Him who feeds among the lilies, but only much later was she permitted to make a vow of chastity.

In December, 1917, a few months after taking this obligation on herself, she wrote to her son: "If I were twenty, and rich, and loved by a prince, I would become a Sister of Charity!"

God was not slow in responding to the ardent love of the newly converted, and in her diary we see how quickly He drew her towards the highest forms of prayer. Her journal is one long recital of the heavenly favors Our Lord now showered upon her. Her devotion to the Most Holy Trinity became the absorbing occupation of her life; she seems to have lived on earth only in the body, her soul being in intimate union with God. Her burning words remind one of St. Teresa and other great mystics. She became as St. Teresa says, "No longer attracted by anything but living alone with God, or working for the spiritual advancement of her neighbor."

She wrote in 1921: "I am under the impression that I am still on earth to serve, to speak the saving and life-giving truth. Perhaps that seems to you far from humble, and yet I cannot say anything else without insincerity. Knowing the secret of *true* life, and seeing in all men my brothers, I must as I love them tell them the truth, that they, too, may find it and enjoy it according to their good-will."

She made every effort to convert M. Bergson, to whom she owed so much, for through his writings she threw off the baneful influence of Buchner and Nietzsche. But it would be impossible to give even a short list of all those whom Madeleine tried to convert, and in many instances succeeded. Her correspondence with her own father and young stepmother are particularly touching. She gave herself whole-heartedly to trying to lead back to God those who had

gone astray, and above all, perhaps, she loved to lead the already good, higher and higher up the path of perfection. Madeleine often felt and said that she was too happy since her conversion. Her director and friends were astonished that her sufferings did not seem in any way proportionate to the extraordinary graces that God showered upon her. She herself often asked Our Lord that she might be permitted to share in His Passion. Her prayer was to be granted in Our Lord's own time. She was to drink in one week a chalice so bitter and full of intense suffering that even her thirst was to be satisfied.

Suddenly on May 2, 1921, a serious illness, the stoppage of her digestive passages, laid her at death's door. Two doctors were summoned and did not at first think an operation necessary. Ice applications were ordered and gave her some relief. Madeleine was quite calm and happy. She heard a street singer pronouncing the Name of God with great reverence. She sent for him and gave him ten francs, begging him always to think seriously of God whenever he pronounced His Name. It was her last alms-giving.

On May 5, Ascension day, the doctors were alarmed and ordered an operation immediately, and the invalid was hurried to the hospital. It was a holiday, the hospital had not been warned, and the operation was performed in really unfavorable conditions. Incredible as it may seem, Madeleine was left all the first night alone without a nurse. Only those who have been through such an experience can imagine what it means to bear without assistance, the torture of thirst, internal conflagration and delirium. God had His own designs on this favored soul. During the sixty hours she lived after the operation her sufferings went on increasing every minute. God gave her suffering in proportion to her love for Him and His love for her.

The hardest and most profound suffering was not to be denied her. She was not to see her son again. Each time the door opened, she asked wistfully, "Is it he?"

They had telegraphed at once, but he was far away and could not arrive in time. She asked when he could come. "To-morrow night," was the answer. "That will be too late," she whispered. She uttered no complaint, but more than once the heartrending cry was forced from her, "My Paul, my boy!"

She died at midnight on May 7, 1921, just as the fairest of her anniversaries was being ushered in, that of May 8, 1919, when she had placed on her finger the ring of the divine marriage. She understood now what her beloved Ruysbroek meant when he said, "Heaven is to give oneself up freely to eternal Love and to feel that He gives Himself to us, and to dwell forever in Him."

(The End)

Building up Carfax.*

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

XVIII.

NEVER had there been in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Maydon-cum-Thurston such a drear and wet November, though Thurston, standing higher than its partner, escaped the floods which visited Maydon at this period.

Perhaps the weather had something to do with it, but Susan had lost her peace of mind, and having been all her life as "clear as crystal," as Carfax had expressed it once, she suffered all the more from her exaggerated scruples. That she should have conspired against her John; that she should have crept down in that deceitful way to visit that "Head Nun" and beg her help—help against what she was foolishly imagining John might do! And one evening when he read out from the local paper

how a notorious criminal had been caught not very far from Thurston, she had caught her breath and given a little soft cry.

"What is it?" John had turned to look at her, and was struck by her white face.

"That poor man! And to think how it all began likely—deceiving his husband—"

"His husband!" Peggy had laughed, and Susan had flushed and corrected herself. "His mother—or his wife maybe."

John had smiled, but he had discontinued his reading. Susan, glancing at him once or twice saw he was only staring into the fire, and her mind more than ever was filled with remorse for the immediate past and forebodings for the future. And lately he had taken to talking about that Carfax Chapel in the church, and had asked Peggy if she knew the meaning of the Latin words which ran round the arch in the wall.

Susan had been divided between pride and fear when the girl said yes—"Let light eternal shine upon them, and may their souls rest in peace." She was sure there was some "catch" there—or else why in Latin, but for the moment she could think of no fault to find with the words, only she had said gently,

"Those were your Roman Catholic forbears. I wouldn't like foreign words of that sort put on my grave."

"And what would you like, my dear?" John had asked with an unusual twinkle in his eyes.

Susan stirred her tea slowly, and kept her eyes on her cup.

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—John Carfax came of a family that had been Catholic for generations. His grandfather, however, gave up his faith for financial reasons during the days of persecution, and John was brought up in the Protestant faith. However, through his relations with the Burnham family, he was on the point of returning to Catholicism when an unfortunate happening spoiled all. A letter written by a certain Guy Preston to Margaret Burnham, to which Car-

"I'll be proud to be just put, wife of John Carfax. A good man's respectable wife; she's sort of got a claim to heaven."

It was so tenderly said that John, passing her chair to go out, put his hand on her shoulder and stooped to touch her neat little head with his lips.

"Bless you, my lassie, 'you've more claims to heaven as just yourself than through having anything to do with me."

Never had Susan been so happy, or so miserable. She must unburden herself of deceit towards him; but he did make it difficult, because every evening now, as the three of them sat by the lamp in the cheerful big room, he would bring his talk to that sort of dreadful subject. Only he made it so interesting, she often had to lay down her work and stare at him, or ask him questions. And all the time he had spoken of that little creature, a young girl called Theresa Martin, whose life and death was such a beautiful Act of Love; and Susan's eyes had been more starry than ever. She had caught her breath when he finished.

"Why must they imprison themselves in convents, these good people?" Almost plaintively, her eyes on John.

"Isn't it better to canalize these streams of the River of Life, so that we can all benefit by them?" he had said; and then Peggy had told her father something about a place in France where some of the Sisters had been that summer, and how a Mother at the Paris convent who had not walked for years, was suddenly cured by a bath.

Carfax's name was signed, was intercepted by her father who, believing it was written by John, drives him from the house. He never tried to clear himself except by thrashing Preston. He was Catholic at heart, however, and sent his daughter Peggy to the convent school where Margaret Burnham, now Sister Veronica, was superior. Through a schoolmate of Peggy's and a nephew of Sister Veronica's, Anthony Burnham, lately returned from India, the two families became friendly again. But Mrs. Car-

"I've known that happen," said Susan. "Just hysterics and foolishness. It was a cousin of father's. She made everyone run about and wait on her."

It was Peggy, this time, who told them amazing stories of this place called Lourdes, until, seeing that John only smoked his pipe and said nothing, she interrupted,

"That's enough, Peggy, love. I don't like these fanciful stories. Of course we know, because the Bible tells us, that Mary was His Mother, but it's nonsense thinking all that about her."

It was then something had happened. John Carfax had knocked his pipe out against the big chimney place, and he had straightened himself with his back to it, and in that voice that recalled the old "Stand!" he had said very deliberately,

"Susan, my dear, do you think we know enough about heaven and earth to call nonsense our love and devotion to the woman who was chosen to be the Mother of God incarnate?"

Our? And then there had been a little silence, and presently he had gone to his office, after Peggy had kissed them both good-night and disappeared.

Young John's letters had cheered her up, but now and then he said things in them that she couldn't understand. For instance: "By the way, tell father, Thurston's more of a brickfield than he thinks. I wonder if I found a corner stone that last night—or an iron girder?"

What *did* he mean? But John had seemed to attach no importance to it,

Carfax, brought up in the Protestant faith, dreaded this relationship, and went so far as to call on Sister Veronica and ask her to prevent Peggy and her husband, John, from going into the Catholic faith. Anthony, who was very fond of Peggy was about to return to India to settle his affairs, and was troubled in mind as to whether he ought not to speak of marriage to Peggy before he left. He decided to ask his Aunt, Sister Veronica, about it.

though Peggy had looked up suddenly from her work and begun to speak, and then had picked up her thimble again and continued to sew with a little smile on her face, not finishing her words.

That young Mr. Burnham, too, had taken to coming over, and John always seemed pleased to see him, taking him off to tramp over the wet fields and the sodden woods, but rarely bringing him back to tea because by that time Anthony was in too wet or muddy a condition to do anything but get back home. And John had entered the house one day after such a tramp, to find Miss Burnham just leaving, and Susan in attendance at the door to see her off.

"Your wife has been giving me much needed consolation. I'm losing my boy like you have just done."

She spoke a little more gently than usual, still holding Susan's hand in hers. Such a simple nice little woman, and suited her—her situation admirably. She had inquired for the daughter of the house, and learnt that she was visiting some sick people, the wife and the child of two of their laborers. No, not far off, on the farm, but she wouldn't be back yet.

Miss Burnham had expressed her regret, but she made a useful note in her mind that the girl had not gone on one of these "tramps" with her father and Anthony. A point in Peggy's favor, but something of the flavor of Mrs. Adam's feeling about the girl's good taste. If there had been less of it,—still! And then Mary Burnham had felt very properly that she ought to be ashamed of herself. Carfax followed her out, though he had told her her car was not there.

No, she had told the man to wait at the foot of the drive. So he walked down the short way with her, and Susan left the door open to let the light follow them. And quite suddenly Mary Burnham interrupted him in some information he was giving her on the state of the floods in Maydon.

"John Carfax, never mind the floods. I've wanted to tell you for some time past that I'm an arrogant old woman and have judged you badly. Don't interrupt—I want to say things now that we'll never refer to again. You never wrote that letter to—to my sister—did you? Yes or no."

There was such an unmistakable touch of the J. P. about the question, that John's face wrinkled into smiles, and with the faintest shadow of a laugh he replied,

"Not guilty, your worship," and added soberly, "No. Have you only just realized that fact?"

"And why the—the—why on earth did you never say so?" she demanded, standing in the path and facing him. He turned to go on. That was a question he did not intend to answer. He had seen the hopelessness of the situation in those days—one excuse was as good as another.

"Oh—what was the use of accusing somebody else? As you say, let us forget it. If Bernard had lived it would have been clear as daylight—or if—" No, he was not going to bring her name in, but Mary understood.

"Margaret and Father Page never believed anything but good of you, but no one imagined in those days that that objectionable Guy Preston had done it. Well, I'm asking you now, John Carfax, to forgive us all and me in particular." She had her hand ready but did not offer it until he held out his.

"There's no such word as forgiveness between us, Miss Burnham. But I'm glad to be regarded, in retrospect, as a decent lad again."

They both laughed as they shook hands. He watched the car for a moment as it went down the narrow road. Rain had begun to fall again, but it mattered nothing to Carfax. There was an absurd feeling that he was a free man again. He hardly knew he was walking swiftly down the road, away from the house—

crossing the Maydon high-road and entering some fields that would take him across to the ruins. By the time he had stumbled in the dark and risked falling once or twice, he began to realize what a ridiculous thing it was to come this way with no lantern. But he was not going to turn back now; and the stumbling and slipping, the beating of the brambles with his big stick, the rain in his face, all gave him a physical and mental satisfaction. He was free, he said, and beat some straggling branch that caught his feet,—free, and pushed open with a strong hand a broken gate that leaned tipsily against its posts. Once in the boundary of the house, he knew every step, and where once Peggy had collected burrs on her dress, and rested against a little stone erection, a man, bare-headed, sodden with rain, coming up to it in the dark, put out his hand and found it.

Peggy was interested when her mother told her that Miss Burnham had been to see her. The poor lady, said Susan, was going to miss her nephew badly when he left next week. It made a difference having a man in the house; she had got to rely on him, and had let him manage a lot of her affairs, and now she must take them all up again. Still, as she had said, she had his return next year to look forward to, and then he'd settle down and marry. A nice proper young gentleman; and Miss Burnham, so Susan said as she threaded her needle against the lamp,—Miss Burnham had seemed to speak as if there was a marriage in view. Father would be pleased to have the young man as a neighbor, though for sure Milford was a tidy step from Thurston. But maybe 'twas a dispensation of Providence, for it didn't do in their position to be too intimate with Roman Catholic gentry.

Peggy had been rolling bandages for the sick child, and listening with much quietness to her mother's talk, but

she looked up at this cautious remark.

"Why not, Mother? You like Mr. Burnham and his aunt, and you like, so you told me, all the Sisters you've met at Tesford. Why should we be afraid to meet them? There's a—a largeness about them—" she hesitated and Susan murmured, troubled,

"How do you mean, a largeness?"

"Good Catholics—why, it's like living in a country with great horizons—north, east, south and west you've got space and beauty, sunrise and sunset and all the glory of day and the hope of heaven. Why, Mother, there seems to be all the glory of creation in the Catholic religion!"

"Peggy!"

Susan's sewing had slipped from her hand, and as the girl had spoken, her eyes had rested on her in increasing amazement and terror. As she gasped Peggy's name, the girl put her hand into her mother's and laughed softly.

"Don't be frightened, Mother—only of course I love them. You'd be the first to scold me if I forgot what they'd done for me, wouldn't you?"

Susan breathed again.

"Well, if it's only that, child, yes; but I don't like you to talk so foolish like of their religion."

"Why not, you funny little mother? Their religion is their love of Our Lord, and you remember He made St. Peter say over and over again that he loved Him—so why not much oftener than three times us little scatter-brained creatures?"

Susan bent an anxious face over her sewing. This familiar way of speaking of things "in the Bible" vaguely distressed her, and seemed disrespectful. Rather as if one should discuss the person of the Rector, who was a reverend gentleman to be listened to on Sundays with respect, and in one's best clothes. There was something she was sure she ought to say, to put all this out of Peggy's mind, but she was not at all

sure what it was. She sighed. This was what came of convent schooling, and suddenly John's words, spoken long ago when she had asked him what they would do if they made the girl a Catholic, "Nothing wrong with it if they do."

She glanced uneasily at Peggy who was gathering together her bandages, ready for the morning. Very quiet she seemed after her little outburst. Quite a grave little face bent over the table; and a sudden fear shot through her mind.

"You won't let them ever make a nun of you, Peggy, love, will you? I couldn't—no, I couldn't bear that."

A sudden flush covered the girl's cheeks which had been rather pale all day, but she turned a laughing face to her mother.

"I think I'm quite safe to promise you that, Mother. There's you and daddy to be looked after, and John's family will want an aunt."

Susan smiled a little wanly.

"I daresay there'll be other children than nephews and nieces for you to look after one day, love."

But Peggy had shaken her head, and said quite vehemently,

"There's no one in the wide world I want to marry."

Next week he was going away to the other end of the world, and after that Thurston would just be a little hamlet and the farm; the days just grey and clouded, with certain duties to be performed; the country round would just be—well, just Maydon and Milford and Tesford. And life had been enchanted since the summer. Thurston was where he came to from time to time; the days had been golden, the country fairyland, and now—when he comes back he will marry and settle down.

"Nonsense, child, you're not much more than a schoolgirl yet; but when the right time comes you'll talk different."

And Susan had placidly folded her work, content that at least one fear was removed from her mind.

"No, no, my dear, you must say nothing to her. She is—she is full of other things just now, and I want no exterior advantages to influence her—not that I think they would."

The Reverend Mother had not intended to bring upon herself Anthony's intimate confidences, but when their visit to London and the Meffords was mentioned, it was her nephew himself, with a twinkle in his brown eyes, who had volunteered the information that Aunt Mary had a bit over-reached herself. "Brought her horse to the well—but he wasn't taking any." Aunt Margaret had laughed a little.

"Well, you know, Tony, my dear, we shall be two very happy old aunts when you bring us a nice—I won't say niece, but daughter, to love us in our old age."

And suddenly Anthony, very grave, had assured her that if it only rested with him, such a "daughter" for his dear aunts was not far to seek—but there were foolish prejudices to be overcome on the part of—well, certainly Aunt Mary—and so on.

Yes, Aunt Margaret too, had been a little grave when he spoke of Peggy, but not from "prejudice." Only, she advised him to say nothing to the girl, still so young. This year of his absence would not fail to confirm both of them in their affection if it were the real thing; but the religious wanted no "love-affair" to occupy the girl's mind for some time.

Anthony had stood facing her as she spoke—his hands behind him, a troubled frown beginning to pucker round his eyes.

"You're not going to tell me she's likely to become a nun?" he asked abruptly, and was relieved to see his Aunt smile.

"I don't think that is at all likely, unless she showed unmistakable signs of a vocation. And remember she is not even Catholic." Anthony smiled suddenly, a tender understanding smile.

"Every bit of her is Catholic," he said, and Aunt Margaret smiled back—but only repeated gently, "So say nothing, dear Tony."

Very good, he would say nothing. He would wait those twelve or fourteen months of absence, but he would like to feel that Aunt Margaret was going to be their real friend.

"My dear, it's not for me to give my opinion, you know. Aunt Mary is 'the Family'—but I see no reason—given her religion—why she should not be a very admirable acquisition to it. You can count on me."

And on that, he had stooped to kiss her hand, and had gone, well pleased.

The village had had a good deal to talk of in that last week before he left for India. Some one had seen Carfax and young Mr. Burnham coming away from the ruins. But they had not seen or heard them as they had walked round the walls of the old house.

Carfax had discovered that the young man was interested in the place, but that from some feeling of delicacy he had never seen it; and John, whose liking for Anthony was growing into a warm affection for this young Burnham, had taken him there one late November afternoon. Anthony had remarked on the thick, bricked-up windows of the piece beyond the chapel,—for Carfax had had no need to tell him what the long, broken-walled space, with the stoup, had been once.

"The village says it was to avoid window-taxes." John had spoken with a little amused smile, and Anthony had noted that even the doorway had been filled up with the rough grey stones and mortar. He forbore to ask, but his curiosity was evidently roused.

"The old man who had forfeited the right to the Sacraments, put all the ornaments and Church vessels in this small room, which had been the sacristy; and with his own hands he built up the windows and doors. I think he

must have entombed the greater part of himself there. And in his son's, my grandfather's time, the place was reduced to what you see—by fire—and plunder!"

"Plunder?" repeated Anthony, and Carfax's face relaxed into a half smile.

"Oh, the Hall was the ancient Rome of the neighborhood! When its broken marbles and stones could embellish some one's stable yard or garden walls, they helped themselves, and there was no one to say them nay. I believe the village Bethel raised itself on stones from the chapel here."

The two men laughed.

"Wasn't it Abbot Richard of Ware who brought back slabs of porphyry and serpentine from Rome—honestly acquired from some less honest marble cutter who 'plundered.' They form the Romanesque pavement in front of the—the high altar in Westminster Abbey."

"Ah!" said John, shaking his head, "we didn't get as far as that. It was the village cobbler who did the 'lifting,' and it is his apostolic successor in the trade who expounds the Ten Commandments."

And after a while he had said suddenly,

"One day I'll show you what was saved. I sometimes wish I'd been the Carfax of those penal days; but after all," he seemed to be talking to himself as he strode along beside Anthony—"after all, a chain is only as strong as its weakest link—its weakest link," he repeated in a low voice.

"I don't think, Sir, if you'd been the Squire then, there would have been that walled-up sacristy," ventured Anthony, breaking in on the older man's silence.

"I don't know. It's always easy to think one is stronger than those who've given in. It's perhaps a curious thing that my own father, who had fewer convictions than most men, used to quote to me, 'the first truth to be believed is that one must believe nothing lightly.'"

"Good advice—otherwise, light come, light go. A man once said to me that indifference to one's faith was worse than sterility—that it was a form of spiritual birth-control that brought its own nemesis."

The two men walked through the woods in silence, Anthony falling a little behind Carfax on the narrow path. He did not mean to be dismissed when they reached the open. To-morrow was his last day and would have to be spent at Four Orchards: to-day he meant to make the most of his visit to Thurston.

But Carfax had forgotten him. His mind was working in another direction. These Catholics had a way of speaking with assurance, with certainty, with authority! Indifference to one's religion, impotence—sterility! And there came back to his mind the only sermon he had ever heard Father Page preach in old days. It had so astonished him, the text,—“Because thou art neither hot nor cold I will spew thee out of my mouth.”

God! when a man began to scavenge his own conscience, it was like exploring some cold, dark cave under the mountains—full of emptiness, sterile, incomplete, impotent. And yet—with deliberate consciousness he was finding his way to that hillside—perhaps the hillside that covered the black cave—where the great miracle was to be achieved, where his “two loaves and small fish,” should provide the wherewithal for the great “geste.” And there flashed through his mind again—what became of the “lad”? Mother Veronica had said she was sure he became a disciple. Or did he just go on carrying scantily filled baskets in the hope of more miracles, or become a vain, boasting man who gossiped, to the end of his life, about that day on the hillside?

Would it be enough if the miracle were wrought for young John and Peggy? And, tramping steadily through

the damp woods in the evening mist, with Anthony well behind him, Carfax knew that everything in him demanded his share in it; for there should be no going back with an empty basket. And then the house came in sight, and the cheerful lights from the window; and as they came nearer he could see Susan as she stood for a moment, her arm raised to draw the curtains. Something made him want to shout, don't close out the light! A pulse beat furiously near his throat, and he stumbled once on a root, because his eyes were on that window. Did she know he was out there in the dark? And as she stood there, her hand on the curtain not yet drawn, trying to peer into the black night, he felt that his salvation depended on whether she left the light or hid it.

There was still the length of that small field to cross after they left the wood, then, only the garden path. She moved, and John caught his breath, for one of the curtains was twitched.

“Susan!” He thought he had cried aloud, but no sound came from his lips. Then her arm dropped and she turned away.

“Why, John, I thought you were lost!” came her soft voice as he stumbled in at the door.

“The light—it saved me,” he muttered, and seemed surprised to find Anthony behind him.

“’Twas Peggy said, ‘don't shut out the light till you're safe in,’” said Susan.

“Aye—‘till I'm safe in,’”—whispered Carfax as he hung up his old burberry. No one heard him.

(To be continued.)

The Magdalene.

BY S. T. D.

COULD He, the Christ, remember her offence
Whose later life was sanctified in prayer,
Who washed His feet with tears of penitence,
And dried them with the glory of her hair?

A Conversion through the Rosary.

THE conversion, in 1874, of the Queen-Mother, Mary of Bavaria, relict of King Maximilian II., caused a great sensation throughout Germany; for she was by birth a Prussian princess, and had hitherto been a zealous Protestant. Her liberality to the poor and her charities of various kinds had made her an example among her co-religionists of high and low degree; and from the day of her conversion she became a model of still greater piety, practising the virtues of a good Catholic with charming simplicity and admirable fervor. It is not generally known, perhaps, that Queen Mary's conversion was due to the Rosary.

When, in 1842, she was married to the heir of the Crown of Bavaria, she was in the prime of life and gifted with the most brilliant qualities. Great, presumably, was the influence she was destined to exercise over the hearts of her people. Her Catholic subjects began to feel uneasy on the score of their religion. To ward off the impending danger, some pious ladies of Munich formed among themselves an association, the sole object of which was the conversion of their future Queen; and they decided upon the daily recitation of the Beads for this intention.

When death claimed the King, her husband, Queen Mary was cast into deep sadness, and began to see the futility of Protestantism as a comforter to the dying or to their surviving loved ones. She was forcibly struck, on the contrary, with the prayers and ceremonies with which the Church aids her departing members, and notably with the common practice of its devout children in reciting the Holy Rosary. Thenceforward she determined to seek her consolation in prayer. As she often visited the public hospitals, she became closely acquainted with the Sisters of Charity, and frequently recommended

her departed husband and herself to their prayers. On one occasion she asked the good Sisters to instruct her as to the meaning of the Beads and the manner of saying them; and, turning their explanations to good account, she set herself to reciting the Rosary with a fervor which grew more and more intense as the days and weeks went by.

Passing a part of the Summer at one of her country-seats in the heart of the Alps, she came in contact with a well-known priest of the neighborhood. By slow degrees she obtained from him instruction on all the points of the Catholic religion. The more she listened, the more she reflected and prayed; and the more completely, too, did her Protestant prejudices vanish. At last, after long and fervent prayer, accompanied with deep study, she determined to become a Catholic.

As soon as her resolve was reported in Berlin, every effort was made to induce her to change her mind. They sent her one of the chief Protestant pastors, in whom she formerly had great confidence. He put forth all his arguments to prevail upon her to remain a non-Catholic. It was all to no purpose; for, after having bootlessly spun out all his logic, and losing his temper, he added: "Then, Madam, all you have to do now is to say your Beads."—"I am already," said the Queen with a smile, "in the habit of saying them every day."

Incidents like this should have the effect of increasing our confidence in the efficacy of prayer and our devotion to the Holy Rosary. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," says the poet; and, as everyone knows, the Rosary has been the source of innumerable blessings, not merely to the Church at large and to nations, but also to families and individuals.



MOST of us, if we were introduced to our real selves, would find it hard to be courteous to such disagreeable persons.

Losing and Finding.

BY P. J. C.

A LOST thing found gives the joy of acquisition. Those Lost and Found stories of Christ do not omit the joy which discovery and recapture bring to the seeker. That shepherd who missed the single sheep, lost in the desert from his flock of one hundred, left the ninety-nine and followed the one. He found the bleating stray; shouldered it home with him, not feeling its weight he was so glad. And because joy, like grief, is diffusive, this sheep-owner called in friends and neighbors. "Rejoice with me because I have found my sheep that was lost." The woman who missed one of her ten groats was troubled about that. And she searched below dust, in dark corners, in most unlikely places, in places which she had searched three times already. She found it finally; her lost groat, so small to others, so big to her. It came to her as if it were a new thing, an added possession. She gathered in more joy from the found groat than she would from a groat given her. A sense of triumph came to her, as if she had conquered an enemy; of easement, as if some taxing trouble were taken away; of gladness, as if she had heard good news. "Rejoice with me because I have found the groat which was lost." And that father, as prodigal of mercy as his rake of a son was of money, was not his joy, when the lad came home chastened and penitent, the joy of finding and recovery?

You lose a watch. It was given to you by your wife or your husband. You left it somewhere, dropped it somewhere, gave it to some one. Or it was stolen. You pray to St. Anthony, to the Little Flower, light a candle and drop a nickel into that box which thieves break through sometimes and empty. You go back over places you travelled, stop again at places where you stopped.

You search and research. And then, when you are not high in hope, your ears come suddenly upon your ticking sheep! Your fingers touch the white glory of your lost groat! You do not say in words, "Rejoice with me because I have found my watch which was lost; my ring, which was lost." You tell the neighbors all the same, and they rejoice with you saying, "How lucky you are!"

And people lose what is so infinitely more valuable with never a regret, never a search! The boy, frank, fair-spoken, decent in thought, act; the girl, who could show flaming resentment at a familiarity—they have lost something. You know what. Veiled language, sophistication, indelicate behavior are seen now where once a quieter essence rejoiced you.

And Faith—that is lost. Many of those bereft never sigh for the vanished possession; never seek. Physicians, lawyers, business men, public servants, poets, fictionists, actresses, clubmen, society lionesses, baseball players, college boys and girls—they all contribute their percentage to make the pathetic total of those who have lost the path, never again to feel the joy of recapture!

A fortune, a business, a proud possession, an honorable position, a football game, election to important office, a lover—these, when lost, men and women sigh for and cry over. And sometimes they inhale gas. The quarrels of lovers, the troubles of parents, the turbulences of children, the failure of this project, the shortage of that—all will seem of small accounting beside the great accounting. That settlement which settles finally is the chief concern of all such as live for eternity.

Think—if you have Faith and believe in Him—of losing God. That would be for always—no sudden discovery, no recapture. It is not a pleasant thought. It is an appalling thought—if you have Faith. If you have, be thankful. Do not lose it. It is your path to God.

Notes and Remarks.

Another martyr in the leper settlement of Molokai is the Rev. Peter d'Orgueval, who recently contracted the disease from caring for the lepers. Father Damien, it will be remembered, was the first one to give his life for this cause, and the letter of Robert Louis Stevenson, written in defense of this peasant priest, directed the eyes of the world to that distressful island where numerous lepers were literally rotting away into their graves. Father d'Orgueval is a successor of Father Damien, and the first Catholic chaplain to contract the disease since the time of Damien. When it was decided lately that there was no hope of his recovery he left the mission to live in a hut among the lepers. He had formerly been in the French Army, and during the war as a Captain he received six decorations for gallantry. His last act of bravery, the giving up of his life for his fellow-men, will be little heard of, and the only acknowledgment he may hope for are the words of the Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Senator Clarence Dill, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has introduced a resolution authorizing the broadcasting of Senate proceedings. No more important movement could be made, we believe, in the direction of responsible government. Up to the present the American voter has been kept almost entirely in ignorance of the activities of those who are supposed to represent him in Washington. About the only time he gets even a peep into Congressional activities is when his Senator or Congressman makes a speech which he feels will bring him a few additional votes from the folks at home. On those rare occasions the representative in Washington can be relied upon to see that a report of his activity reaches his

constituents, under government frank of course. Well, the new resolution, if approved, will enable the electorate to keep check upon Senators, not only on occasions when they would like to be heard, but on some occasions also when they certainly would not. Naturally we couldn't expect all senatorial deliberations to be broadcast, but under the resolution offered we could rely upon the National Network's giving us the opportunity of listening in on all important debates. And that would be a sufficient check, we believe, to make a lot of hitherto irresponsible Senators more respectful of the will of their constituents. Broadcasting from the House, of course, while presenting some difficulties, would be equally desirable and equally effective.

Persecution has always had a chastening effect upon members of the Catholic Church in every land. It has brought back stray sheep to the Fold, made those who were lax in their religious duties more fervent, and has often made veritable saints out of zealous Catholics. The recent persecution in Spain is no exception to the rule, if we may judge by late reports from various cities and towns of that country where the people have begun to realize that their former care-free life has been saddened by the prohibiting of their religious devotions. "Encouraging reports from Spain," says the London *Catholic Times*, "seem to indicate that the Catholic revival is already on the way, and making progress especially in what is, perhaps, the most promising quarter, among the young men. The signs of vigor must be causing concern to the present irreligious rulers of Spain; the attempted suppression of religion and the multitude of mean enactments against even the simplest religious manifestations—such as the effort to prevent people from praying before the famous Bilbao statue of the Sacred

Heart—are having the most salutary effect, but not of the kind intended. Catholics all over the country are studying and organizing; scarcely a district has not publicly protested against the secularization of the schools, and parents are forming defensive associations; while in Seville we hear of a demonstration of twelve thousand people enthusiastically cheering the speaker who declares that, ‘Spain will go into the next revolution crucifix in hand.’”



This on the progress of Mexico: Officials of the Secretariat of Public Education engaged in the revision of the libraries of private schools are proscribing all works which treat of religious beliefs. It is reported too, that German Litz and his brother, who are among those named as school inspectors by Narcisso Bassols, Secretary of Public Education, were sent to Russia at state expense to study communist institutions. At present these men are employed spreading communism. One can think of a number of things the Catholics of Mexico could do in self-defence against this unabashed violation of their religious and civil rights. And in Mexican history there have been flare-ups for very much less provocation. Are there Catholic laymen in Mexico sufficient in number and quality to make an impressive opposition? If there are, why are they inactive? If not, we quite understand why Narcisso Bassols, German Litz and German Litz’s brother can drive books which treat of religion out of school libraries. Indifference and cowardice encourage tyrants.



The fact that we are not chin deep in banking and finance may excuse these growly elementary questions: Why may banks which hold people’s money for safe-keeping, close doors any morning and people have no redress? They are considered almost illiterate if they

inquire about their savings. If they keep up the inquiry, they may almost be arrested for contumacy. Again, what is the value of Federal or State supervision of banks if the only net result to depositors is to be officially informed that bank so-and-so is closed by State or Federal order. The money is gone whether supervision be State or Federal. The chief concern of poor people who try to save up a little for the rainy day is, can they have their money out of the safe-keeping, where they placed it, when they need it. We will be pardoned for asking these two questions, even if they indicate a below-primer understanding of banking. If you give a man ten dollars which he promises to hold for you and return to you when you need it, do you not think he should give it back when you ask it? Or do you think he should say, “You can’t have it—I’m closed.”



Catholic nurses the world over will meet in an international conference at Lourdes from July 18 to July 21 of this year. At the first session there will be a general discussion on the subject, “What the Catholic Nurse has received from Christianity and what she owes to her vocation and to Catholic Action.” A comprehensive heading certainly. At the second session the Catholic nurse’s attitude and duty toward what is euphemistically called “birth control” and other anti-religious practices will be up for consideration. The first general discussion should establish an answer to the second. To Catholic teaching the Catholic nurse is indebted for the ethics of her profession. Such ethics emancipates her from the bondage of the slave woman who is not expected to have any mind or conscience of her own. The slave woman must follow the dictates of the practitioner whether what he tells her be with or against the law of God. The Catholic nurse is told in the Catholic hospital what she may do,

what she may not do ethically in the exercise of her profession. When the practitioner asks her to do what ethically she may not do, the Catholic nurse has the obvious duty to remind him of the what and the what-not. The practitioner—especially if he has what is called a reputation—may manifest displeasure in violent speech, and throw things around. The Catholic nurse must not get strident too. She must maintain her poise, admire the practitioner's elocution, assure him he is a great man. No compromise in that. It is the soft answer that turns away wrath. The Catholic nurse must be sure, however, to maintain her ground, but need not lose her professional manner. If she can hold the fort, yet subdue tantrums by sweetness and light, she is a going concern.

A few days ago *The New York Times* summarized the reports from a dozen cities on the recent return of beer, and it states that the new beverage is justifying expectations, both as a temperance drink and a revenue maker. Arrests for drunkenness increased in none of the cities examined, while many of them showed a notable decrease. Thus in Philadelphia there were only twelve arrests in the five central police districts as compared with ninety-six on the previous week-end. Drunken drivers of motor cars were considerably fewer, and the number of speakeasy clients had diminished throughout the whole area. The anticipated orgy and debauch, which the Drys had foretold, were nowhere to be seen, but a note of cheerfulness was evidenced which had been missing for a long time from the character of the people. "In spite of the debasing effects of prohibition," says the *Time's* writer, "the intemperance which it has begotten from its own intemperance, the long, foul education which it has given in cruel forms of vilely sophisticated hard stuff, the instinct

for honest, mildly-exhilarating beverages has survived intact. It is not curious, but it is gratifying, that the reappearance of beer has given rise to a general revival of temperance. From the Dry point of view this edifying behavior of beer and its consumers is an exhibition of peculiarly devilish malignancy. Beer has utterly disappointed the hopes and prophecies of its enemies. Millions of men and women are contriving to be happy and sober, besides doing a little bit more for the Government. We will leave it to Bishop Cannon or Dr. McBride if such conduct isn't disgusting."

According to statistics just published, Germany has at present 24,235 Catholic priests. Of this total, 3507 are members of Religious Orders. Some 2800 are engaged in teaching, or acting as directors for Catholic associations and charity organizations. There are 9804 Catholic parishes, 3507 pastorates in the country. Though Germany is tabulated as a Protestant nation, it has an alert, aggressive Catholic minority. Ecclesiastical and lay leadership is not timid, vacillating. The Center Party has been well disciplined, unified; and aggressive against aggression. The bishops of Germany have frequently challenged opposition. Generally the Catholic Faith is held in respect by the government because of the solidarity of German Catholics; their insistence on the plain preachment of live and let live. We do not look for any religious persecution in Germany.

There has been considerable unfavorable comment among the church-going people of Scotland, we learn from the English papers, on account of the Prime Minister's recent visit to His Holiness, Pius XI. The ministers are sure, the *London Tablet* informs us, that the divine wrath will descend upon Scotland as a result of this unholy deed.

One of the elders, a Mr. Sinclair, said that Mr. MacDonald's visit to the Vatican was like the sinful visit of King Saul to "an old witch, the Witch of Endor." The visit was sufficiently evil in itself, others point out, without the aggravating circumstance of Sabbath-breaking which a Sunday visit added to the guilt. The descendants of the old Scribes and Pharisees are still among us, it would seem; and it would be interesting to know how many camels these Presbyterians will swallow after straining out this gnat.



The State of Wisconsin wants its beer back. It has said so unmistakably. The much-mentioned forces of law, order and Prohibition will not like Wisconsin for that. In addition to wanting beer brought back, Wisconsin wants atheism kept out. A bill recently introduced into the State Legislature provides a penalty of from \$100 to \$500 for any person convicted of teaching or discussing atheism or any theory that "denies the existence of God, or a Supreme intelligent Being." And so-called birth-control is invited to keep out of Wisconsin territory also. A bill in the same State Legislature forbids the advertising, distribution or sale of any literature containing birth-control information. A jail sentence goes with this bill—not to exceed six months. There will be persons who will get into a rage at Wisconsin for admitting beer and smiting atheism and birth-control. Not so many. Sane people everywhere will approve.



Narcisse le Beau, a hardy voyageur who could live a month on a bushel of hulled corn and two pounds of bear's grease, came to Chicago from Montreal, Canada, sometime in 1838. He was a singing voyageur, and attended Mass at the St. Mary's Church of those days, Lake and State Streets. They were on the

look-out for a Narcisse at St. Mary's—some one who could sing *Stabat Mater* and other hymns. Narcisse joined the choir and sang and sang. He was a lyric tenor or perhaps a baritone—it is not so important. And to-day Narcisse le Beau's grandchildren carry on the fine tradition of Narcisse. There is Richard, 17, a student at Mt. Carmel, who sings counter-tenor at St. Mary's; and Thomas, 13, student at Tilden High, a soprano soloist. Willis, 17; Donald, nine, are probationers in the Paulists' Surplice Choir which Father O'Malley directs. So there you have the orientation of the singing Le Beaus. Narcisse, granddad, the original; Richard, Thomas, Willis, Donald, who carry on. At St. Mary's, don't forget. Where Narcisse used to sing *Stabat Mater*, and so on.



In New York, Father Christopher J. McCormick, assistant in St. Stephen's Church, East 28th St., climbed a fireman's ladder to administer the Last Sacraments to Josephine Travato, aged 15. It should be noted it was a real blaze. Father McCormick bestowed on Josephine the consolations of her Faith in a smoke-filled apartment, three New York firemen lighting the room with flashlights as he administered. The priest wore a rubber coat, rubber boots, and a fireman's helmet, instead of his working-day derby. With him were Dr. Zunder, Lieutenant Thomas O'Sullivan, Fireman Benjamin Moore, and Anthony Meyers of Hook and Ladder No. 7. Despite the efforts of Dr. Zunder to save her life, fifteen-year-old Josephine Travato died one hour and a half after she had been made ready for death by Father McCormick. And do not overlook Lieutenant O'Sullivan, Firemen Moore and Meyers who lighted up the darkness for the priest with their flashlights. On the fourth floor of a tenement house it all happened.



May.

BY MARY REGINA MARTIN.

MAY is a child who goes to Mass,
Very sedate, and prim, and sweet.
Forget-me-nots are on her hat,
And lady-slippers on her feet.
Her folded hands are lilies white,
Of rosebuds is her rosary.
Queen Mary leans from Heaven's arch,
The beauty of her child to see.

Shadows on Cedarcrest.*

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

XIV.—PHYLLIS GOES BACK.

IT was like that other evening, six months ago, thought Phyllis, who had been home nearly two hours. She was curled up among the colorful cushions of the couch, darning stockings; there was the wind, banging at the shutters, with only your own reason to tell you that it was a frolicsome Spring wind instead of a gray November gale; there was Bill, sleeping comfortably on his cushion; there was George, sprawled on the rug, reading a book; there was Thelma, at the tall Governor Winthrop desk, fuming over the intricacies of Latin. Dinner should have been over long ago, but they had all been so excited by her home-coming that it was only recently some one had thought to start it, and so there were even carrots, simmering on the stove, in the kitchen, and chops, waiting to be browned. What if, presently, a news-boy should come down the street, yelling, "Extry-y-y! Extry-y!" And then she would go to the mail box and bring in Mother's letter, and take it to the

kitchen for Thelma to read to her while she browned the chops—and then, just as the chops were in the pan, Mrs. Cunningham should call across the area way between their two houses: "Phyllie-e. Telephone, dearie."

Ah, no! Thank God! It wasn't *that* night. For there was Father, safe in his big chair, reading the Sports section of the daily paper; and the winter snows were gone—vanished, with the snows of other winters. Life had moved on. For Phyllis it could never be quite so simple, so uncomplicated again. For, back there, miles and miles away, was Cedarcrest, and all its peoples—dear Mrs. Carstairs, little Emma, kindly old Tom, Hester, who kept her soft heart hidden as jealously as the chestnut burr guards its sweet secret, loyal Mrs. Richards, sphinx-like Charles, flighty Alice, well-meaning Marie, gentle Mrs. Allen and her pale husband—and Dalton, "the black one," who was angry with her. She had told her father about the trouble with Dalton, and he had looked stern and troubled, and said, "You aren't going back, my Phyl."

And then, to her own surprise, she had found herself with her arms about his neck, pleading, "But I *want* to go back, Daddy. I love Mrs. Carstairs, and she needs me. I love her—why, I love her next to you, and Mother, and Thelma, and George, Daddy. She—she seems to *belong* to me. I can't leave her, for always. She'd be so unhappy without me. And Mrs. Allen will arrange things.

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Phyllis Eaton, forced by adverse circumstances in her home to seek work, was engaged by Mr. Dalton Carstairs to be the companion of his stepmother, who was blind. Her husband had been murdered, and the blame was put on her son, Jamie, who had quarrelled with his father

She promised. Please say you'll let me go back when she sends for me, Daddy. You've no idea how poor Mrs. Carstairs needs me."

And then, suddenly his arms had tightened about her, and she had felt his cheek against hers, wet. "I do know how she needs you," he said, "God help me! God, show me the way!"

Queer, for Daddy to cry. And what did he mean? "God, show me the way!" But—she could go back. He had promised. Thelma and George didn't even know she had been in trouble. She was only waiting now for Mrs. Allen to call her on the telephone. When Mrs. Cunningham opened her window this time, and called across the area way, "Phyllie-e, telephone, child," it would mean that she was going back. Mrs. Allen might call to-night, to-morrow, the next day, the day after that—

"How about dinner, Thelma?" asked Mr. Eaton, looking across the paper at his younger daughter, who was scribbling like mad on a pad of yellow paper, "when do we eat? Don't you know we've company for dinner?"

"Now, Daddy—" Phyllis pushed aside the mending basket, which she had appropriated, automatically, as of old, when she sat down, and scrambled from the couch. "You know perfectly well I'm not company. Go on with your lessons, Thel; I'll finish the cooking. Come on, Georgie-Porgie, lazy bones Georgie, set the table for me."

"Aw, why make me work, Phyl?" protested George, lazily. "Let me finish this chapter."

"Not a chap, me lad." Phyllis merrily appropriated his book, and danced out

just before the murder. Dalton at a party, introduced a crystal gazer who declared that Jamie had committed murder and had been killed in a railroad accident while escaping from justice. This was a terrible shock to the old lady who fell in a faint. While Phyllis was talking with the old lady during her convalescence, the young girl said that the crystal gazer was a fake, and that she believed, too,

the door with it, while George followed her, laughing.

"It's a gift," said Thelma, looking after them wonderingly. "Do you think I can persuade him to set a table for me?"

"That's because you go after him with blood in your eye, and Phyllis uses a twinkle," said her father, with a laugh. "My! but it's good to have her at home. I think I'll go out in the kitchen and help, too."

"I, too." Thelma slammed her book shut, and got up, abruptly. "For once, Cæsar can go it alone. I don't have Phyllis often."

Finishing dinner turned out to be a merry affair. Phyllis browned the chops, and Father opened a can of peaches. George hunted out the silverware, and centered the table with a huge bouquet of spring onions, tops and all, "In honor of Phyl." Thelma sliced the bread and sponge cake of her own baking. And Bill, smelling the fresh meat, came out and purred, and rubbed himself against everybody's feet, until Thelma, in exasperation, picked him up and uncereemoniously dumped him out the back entry way, and told him to have manners and wait his turn, for, after all, he was "the youngest."

After dinner, they washed dishes together, all talking at once. Then they repaired to the living-room for a merry game of euchre, George declaring that "contract is too hard on the brain." They played until the clock struck ten, and Mr. Eaton was reminded that to-morrow was a school day, and that certain young people should be in bed.

"I'm not going without Phyl," declared Thelma, firmly. "Last time she

that Jamie was alive. In the midst of this talk Dalton entered and said he would talk with Phyllis after dinner. She told the story to Mrs. Allen, Dalton's sister, who asked her to go home for the present. Mrs. Allen then met her brother and told him she saw him murder their father. He seized her to kill her, but Tom Heaney coming out of the shadows knocked him down with his cane.

was home, you two sat up, talking, half the night. It seems ages, Phyl, since you and I lay in bed, chattering together."

"You'll not chatter at this time of night," commanded Mr. Eaton knowing quite well that the admonition would speedily be forgotten. "Come, now, it's time for Rosary."

So they prayed together, as of old, and then the children, kissing him, trooped upstairs. For a little while he heard the girls talking, and then the voices died away. Alone, he sat in his chair, the book in his hand lying idle and unread. He did not want to read; he wanted to think. What Phyllis had told him of events at Cedarcrest, added to what he had already learned from Doctor Rieboldt, disturbed him greatly. While he thought, his cheeks were wet again, and his face inexpressibly sad. Hours slipped by, and the mantel clock struck one. Then only did he get up from his chair, and go to bed. But even there he lay awake, struggling with his perplexing problem. Then to his ears there came an interruption. A car stopped before the house, hurried feet came on the porch, and a hand banged at the door.

"Hurry down, Jim," called Doctor Rieboldt's voice, when he hailed him from the upper window. "There's no time to lose!"

And, when they faced each other, pale in the dim light of the hallway, the older man put a steadying hand on the younger one's arm.

"Keep a grip on yourself, Jim," he said. "It's come at last. Old Tom just called me up. Keep your grip—" warningly. "Mattie's all right, and doesn't know yet what's going on. But Debbie accused Dalton of murdering his father, to-night. *She saw him do it, Jim.*"

"*She saw him—Debbie?*"

"Yes. And he went crazy at her accusation, and tried to kill her—"

"He didn't hurt her?"

"Not much, thank God! Tom over-

heard the whole affair, and stepped in in time to overpower him. The police have taken Carstairs into Hopewell, to the lockup, for safekeeping. Now that it is all over, Debbie has collapsed. They called Doctor Smith of Hopewell in the emergency, but now Allen wants me. And—you'd better go along, Jim—"

"Yes. I'd better go along." Mr. Eaton leaned against the wall, grayness spreading about his lips. He broke into shuddering sobs. "I'd better—go—along—"

"Lord! I'm a fool! I should have known better than to come bursting in here like this, taking you so suddenly. But I didn't have time to lose." While he talked the doctor loped to the kitchen and back again with a tumbler of water. "There's going to be plenty happening in the next twenty-four hours. Here, boy, take this." He slid a gray powder into the water. "It's a bracer—you need it." Eaton swallowed it, shudderingly.

"Doctor Rieboldt! What is the trouble?" Phyllis, wrapped in a blue dressing gown, appeared on the stairway.

"Phyllis! Great Scott! I didn't know you were at home."

"Yes." The color was seeping back into Jim Eaton's face. "She came home this afternoon. She had a little trouble with Dalton. But she's going back—back with us. We'll take them all. Phyllis, go up and call the children. Tell them to get dressed quickly, and do you do the same. We're going with Doctor Rieboldt."

"Going where?" asked Phyllis. "Where are you going? Is Mother worse? Oh, Doctor Rieboldt, is my mother dying?"

"No, no, child, bless you! Your mother is getting better. Everything is better. 'God's in His Heaven, and all's right with the world.' We're going for a little drive, child—down to Cedarcrest."

"*Cedarcrest?*"

"Yes, and we'll explain, later. All right, now, Jim?"

"All right, Doc."

"That's the boy. Don't loiter there, Phyllis. Put wings on your feet, child. Mrs. Allen is sick, and needs me."

"Oh!" Phyllis flew up the stairway, and shook awake her slumbering brother and sister.

"I don't know what it's about," she made answer to their bewildered questions, "but we're going down to Cedarcrest. And we have to hurry. For we're going with Doctor Rieboldt, and Mrs. Allen is sick. Tumble into your clothes."

They needed no second urging. In almost less time than it takes to tell it, they were downstairs, a subdued, wondering trio. In silence, their father ushered them to the car, where the doctor waited, motor purring. And in silence, they rode through the darkness of the night out toward Cedarcrest. George, boy-like, went sound asleep again, and Thelma, too, drowsed in her corner, but Phyllis sat bolt upright, very wide awake. What was about to happen now? It was easy to see that Daddy and Doctor Rieboldt were filled with excitement, which they made effort to suppress. Why were they *all* coming to Cedarcrest? The question seemed to admit of no logical answer.

Old Tom met them at the gate, just as the East was beginning to glow with a hint of dawn. "The doctor, is it?" he said, "God be praised. Sure, Doctor dear, we got the breaks at last. But who's all this with ye?" Lifting his lantern, he peered into the back seat. "The bit one!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Phyllis! So ye're back—and good ye are! The Missus will be needin' ye, sore. And these with ye, now?"

"My brother and sister, and my father," exclaimed Phyllis.

"Whush! A family reunion!" exclaimed the puzzled gardener. "Come along for the ride, did they? And a quare toime o' night to be travellin'. Happy to make your acquaintance, Sor."

"Come along up to the house, Tom,"

said the doctor, "I've a surprise for you. We're going to put the children to bed up there, and after I see Deborah, I'll be ready for a talk with you. You can take Mr. Eaton, and wait for me in the library, Tom. How is Debbie?"

"Restin' aisier. The doctor from Hopewell gave her a hyperdermic. She's a badly bruised neck, where the black—"

"Sh! let's not talk of that, now, Tom."

"Oi understand. Sure, Oi should know better, myself. Get them to bed, Doc, and we'll talk, plinty. Sure, God laid His hand on Cedarcrest, the noight."

"And the end is not yet," said the doctor, moving on.

"What's it all about?" asked Thelma, excitedly, when the two girls were closeted in Phyllis' room.

"I wish I knew!" Phyllis was equally excited. "Queer things are always happening at Cedarcrest, Thel. Don't talk too loud. We mustn't waken Mrs. Carstairs; her room is next to this. See, that door leads into it."

An abrupt rat-tat-tat sounded on the other door behind them, and Thelma jumped nervously. "Who in the world is that?" she whispered.

"It's nothing about which to be alarmed," said Phyllis, calmly. "Perhaps Hetty forgot to tell us something; or it may be Daddy." She crossed swiftly to the door, and turned the lock.

"It's just me," said George, in an audible stage whisper, as his sister peered out at him. "Say, that house-keeper, or whoever she is, put me in this room over here across the hall. It looks mighty spooky around here. That ain't the haunted room, or anything like that, is it?"

"Of course not, you silly! That's one of the regular guest rooms—just about the loveliest one in the house. You're lucky to have it. There is no haunted room, anyway. That's all bosh."

"Well, all right." George was still apprehensive. "But—it's an awful big, spooky room, and there's a bath next

to it. What do I want with a bath? I had one this morning. I don't like to take chances. I'd just as leave sleep in a chair in your room, if you and Thel don't mind."

"But we do mind," said Phyllis, giggling. "Don't be so absurd, George. Daddy said you were to go to bed, and sleep, not sit up in a chair and watch us. I'd feel like the corpse at a wake. It's hours until breakfast. Go on in there, and go to bed."

"All right. But, gee whiz! I haven't any baggage with me. I can't go to bed without my pajamas."

"That's right. Oh, dear!" Phyllis flashed across to her dresser, and came back with a lacy nainsook gown in her hand. "Here's one of my nighties," she said, "you can wear this. Now, go to bed." And she closed the door.

"Gee whiz!" George stood looking at the diminutive bit of feminine apparel with an expression of acute dismay. "I can wear this, can I? Good gravy! I *guess not!* I wouldn't be caught dead in a thing like that. I'm a head taller than she is, too, and twice as wide. I couldn't even get my big toe in it, anyway. Trust a girl to think of something like that! Bet she and Thel are in there right now, laughing their heads off. Good gravy! I'm in worse shape now than I was before." With which expression of disgust, he went back into the room across the hall and closed the door. Crossing the room gingerly, he carefully inspected the bathroom. It was untenanted. Then he looked behind the window drapes, in the cedar chest at the foot of the bed, and under the bed itself. Still finding nothing, he breathed a great sigh of relief, pushed the bureau against the hall door, made certain that the windows were securely fastened, and sat down in a big chair. And there daylight found him fast asleep, every light in the room burning, and the nightie draped gracefully over his knee, lest he forget it, and one of the maids

spy it in his room. This might not be the haunted room, but, as he told Phyllis, he "wasn't taking chances."

At eight o'clock, Phyllis knocked gently on his door. The three young Eatons, she told him, were to eat in the small breakfast room off the big dining-room with the Doctor and their father. Hetty served them there—a strange, absent-minded Hetty, who forgot to give the doctor cream for his coffee, and knocked a plate from the table, and looked at them strangely, with eyes that glistened.

"Is she a little bit cuckoo?" whispered George, once, when she was out of the room. "Gee whiz! she acts queer this morning. She keeps looking at me, as though I was something good to eat."

"Probably thinks you're a poor prune," answered Phyllis, hilariously. She didn't understand Hetty's behavior either, but George's suspicious attitude toward Cedarcrest and all connected with it was ludicrously funny. He'd never hear the last of it, if she told Thelma he had to move a bureau away from his door this morning before he could admit her to his room and that his bed had never been slept in. He couldn't make up a bed like that—he couldn't fool her. Besides, he hadn't had time. He'd been asleep when she called him. And he always bragging how much braver boys were than girls! He even jumped nervously when Hetty patted his cheek, as they were about to rise from the table. "My! my!" she said, "how much you look like—"

"Hetty," said the doctor, sharply, "I'll take another cup of coffee."

"Yes, sir. Excuse me, sir, I forgot." Hetty hurried away, wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron, and didn't come back. They waited a moment longer, then—

"Guess you aren't going to get your coffee, Doc," said Mr. Eaton, smiling strangely.

"I suppose not. Poor Hetty! She's

had a full night. No matter. I didn't want it, anyway. Shall we go upstairs now, Jim? Mattie's awake, and has had her tray. Hetty told her I was in the house. She didn't think my presence strange, for I told her I'd be out in a day or two."

"Everybody's crazy around here," insisted George to the girls, in the same stage-whisper, as they climbed the stairs behind the two men. "Even Doc, asking for a cup of coffee he didn't want. I believe he just didn't want that funny old woman to finish what she was saying. Wonder who she thought I look like?"

"The Prince of Wales," suggested Phyllis, gravely.

"Or Apollo, or Napoleon, or Horatius-at-the-bridge," added Thelma.

"Or James Fitz-James. You know—'This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.' I know she thinks you resemble a brave warrior of some kind," said Phyllis, mischievously.

"Aw, let up, will you!" grumbled George, rosily—and they were at the top of the stairs, where the doctor and their father awaited them.

"Phyllis and I will go in first," said the doctor. "You may wait just inside the door, Jim. As for you two youngsters, perhaps it will be as well for you to wait in Phyllis' room, until we call you."

"Wouldn't that jar you?" exclaimed George. "Here we are—and here we ain't. What's going on, Thelma?"

"I don't know," replied Thelma, seriously; "but—it's very serious, George. Let's stop our nonsense, and say some Hail Marys. Daddy is crying. *Our Daddy is crying, George.*"

"Good morning, John," said the blind woman to the doctor. "I know your step. Is that Phyllis with you? Come and kiss me, Phyllis. I'm so glad you're back. I was afraid—that trouble with Dalton. You mustn't mind him, dear. You won't leave me, will you?"

"No, dear Mrs. Carstairs."

The doctor drew up a chair, sat down, and found the invalid's pulse. "Feeling well this morning, Mattie?"

"Better than for some time, John."

"That's fine. And now, dear, can you stand a little good news?"

"What do you mean, John?"

"There is no easy way to break great sorrows and great joys to people, Mattie. I have always been awkward at such tasks. But—if all the things for which you've prayed throughout the years were suddenly yours, Mattie—could you stand it?"

"John! What do you mean? Jamie?"

"Jamie's innocence has been established, Mattie."

"Oh! My poor boy—at last! at last! Thank God! And to think he died, before he knew—"

"I said *all* the things for which you prayed, Mattie," very gently, "if Jamie were dead—"

"If! John, you say *if*! Then—he is *not* dead! You know he is *not* dead! You would never deceive me. My boy—my little boy! Where is he, John? Where is my Jamie?"

And James Eaton, tears streaming from his eyes, came quickly across the room, and knelt beside her bed.

"Mother!" he said, "Mother, darling; *your Jamie is here!*"

"Daddy!" exclaimed Phyllis, in a voice not her own, "Daddy! Is it a dream? Daddy—Jamie!"

"It is no dream, Phyllis," said the doctor; "it is no dream."

(Conclusion next week.)

MAY is the floral feast of all Christians, and it is interesting to note its mystical consistency throughout. The object of our celebration is floral by Scriptural allusion; for Mary in signification of her perfect purity is styled "*Flos campi*—the Flower of the Field," "*Lilium Valis*—the Lily of the Vale," and "*Rosa matutina*—the Rose of Morn."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A writer in the *American Magazine* is authority for the statement that over one hundred books on bridge are published every year and that they head all the lists of non-fiction best-sellers. He estimates that two thousand people make a profession of teaching the game, while about twenty millions are engaged in playing it.

—The three plays in one volume, "Tekakwitha," "The White Flower of the Canienga" (by a Sister of St. Joseph, Brentwood), and "Tekakwitha, Who Moveth All Before Her," portray the heroic loveliness of soul of this Indian maid with haunting beauty. Catholic dramatic clubs would do well to examine this volume. Publisher, The Tekakwitha League, New York City. Price, \$1.

—Telephone exchanges in England from this time on are to be named after well-known writers of that country. Byron and Wordsworth have been used for some little time now, and Arnold is to be the name of Wembley's new exchange. Chaucer, Spencer and Shakespeare will have a place at the first opportunity, and even the metaphysical poets may be called upon to do duty in the near future. This is one way of acquainting youth with the names of great men without making them go through the books of English Literature.

—"A Catholic School and College Dictionary," by Edward McT. Donnelly, S. J., is a valuable booklet that every school and college student should want to have on his shelves, and every home library have place for. It is a ready reference for almost everything Catholic, giving the pronunciation and a brief explanation of a thousand things that the Catholic in his discussions or explanations might want to make sure of quickly. "What are 'discalced' Carmelites?" "What is a 'dispensation' and an 'indult'?" "What is 'Lætare' Sunday?" "What is the 'miraculous medal'?" "Tenebrae"? The 'Portiuncula indulgence'?" "What does 'C. SS. R.' stand for?" These and a thousand other questions that might puzzle

the ordinary layman are answered briefly and clearly. Published by Wilcox and Follett Co., 1255 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

—An excellent volume for the holy hour, useful for priests or for religious, is "One Hour," by Mother Mary Philip I. B. V. M. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.35 postpaid). It is filled with short meditations, devout prayers, striking quotations from the Fathers of the Church and spiritual writers, litanies, Holy Scripture, Collects from the Mass, and religious poetry. There is such variety, such fervor, such profound doctrine in these meditations and prayers that they will fit every occasion—the First Friday, the Closing of Retreat, a common Hour of Adoration for Religious, and for private visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

—A recent biography of Ferruccio Busoni, pianist and composer, by Edward J. Dent, has been published by the Oxford University Press. Boston seems to have been the city that Busoni liked best in America. "It was one of the few places in the world," says the author, "about which he himself could be sentimental; he could never forget those first years in America, with their friendships and the new sense of artistic independence which they brought him; above all he could never forget Gerda's (his wife's) devotion in those early days of struggle. But the moment that Bostonians themselves began to be sentimental about 'the dear old place' he was reminded of Vienna."

—Romance and adventure have been so consistently associated with avarice and bloodshed in the mind of youth that it is a real pleasure to be able to recommend a book in which those gallant qualities are depicted as shining with more than usual brilliancy in the edifying company of holy men. "With Hearts Courageous," by Edna Kenton is the story of the French Jesuit missionaries who came from France in 1611 to work among the Indians. In one sense the book is a first-hand narration, for the author's acquaintance with "The Jesuit

Relations" and her ability to keep out of the picture have enabled her to draw aside the curtains as it were, so that we can look upon these daring old missionaries in the flesh. We look through their eyes upon the most intimate details of Indian life; we hear the sacred tribal songs, and taste a variety of foods strangely tantalizing to our more civilized palates. American boys and girls as well as their parents will enjoy this book and be edified with it—and, incidentally, learn a lot of history. Illustrated by Raphael Doktor. Publisher, Liveright, Inc. Price, \$2.50.

—There is no doubt that one of the outstanding causes of unhappiness in marital life is the mixed marriage. The constant urging by pastors that their people avoid them is based, not only on the strict legislation of the Church regarding these mixed marriages, but upon the experience of all pastors and confessors of the sad aftermath of such unions. There is no priest who cannot point to cases of grief and unhappiness that are directly attributable to the fact that husband and wife have essentially different views upon the most fundamental principles of human conduct, and upon the duties of divine worship. An interesting and eminently instructive volume recently published that will be helpful to all priests is "Mixed Marriages and their Remedies" (Frederick Pustet. \$1.75), by The Reverend Francis Ter Haar, C. SS. R., translated from the Latin by Rev. Aloysius Walter, C. SS. R., with an appendix on recent ecclesiastical legislation concerning mixed marriages by the Editor, Rev. Francis J. Connell, C. SS. R., S. T. D. The author gives us a detailed commentary on the code regarding mixed marriages and discusses in a practical way the means of preventing them, and the method of dealing with such marriages when they cannot be prevented. It is, besides being a theological treatise on the subject, a practical volume of pastoral theology drawing on the experience of wise and successful pastors in dealing with such cases, and helping the priest to make the best of, and avoid if possible, the usual dire consequences of, such marriages. It should be a helpful volume for every priest who has parochial work to do.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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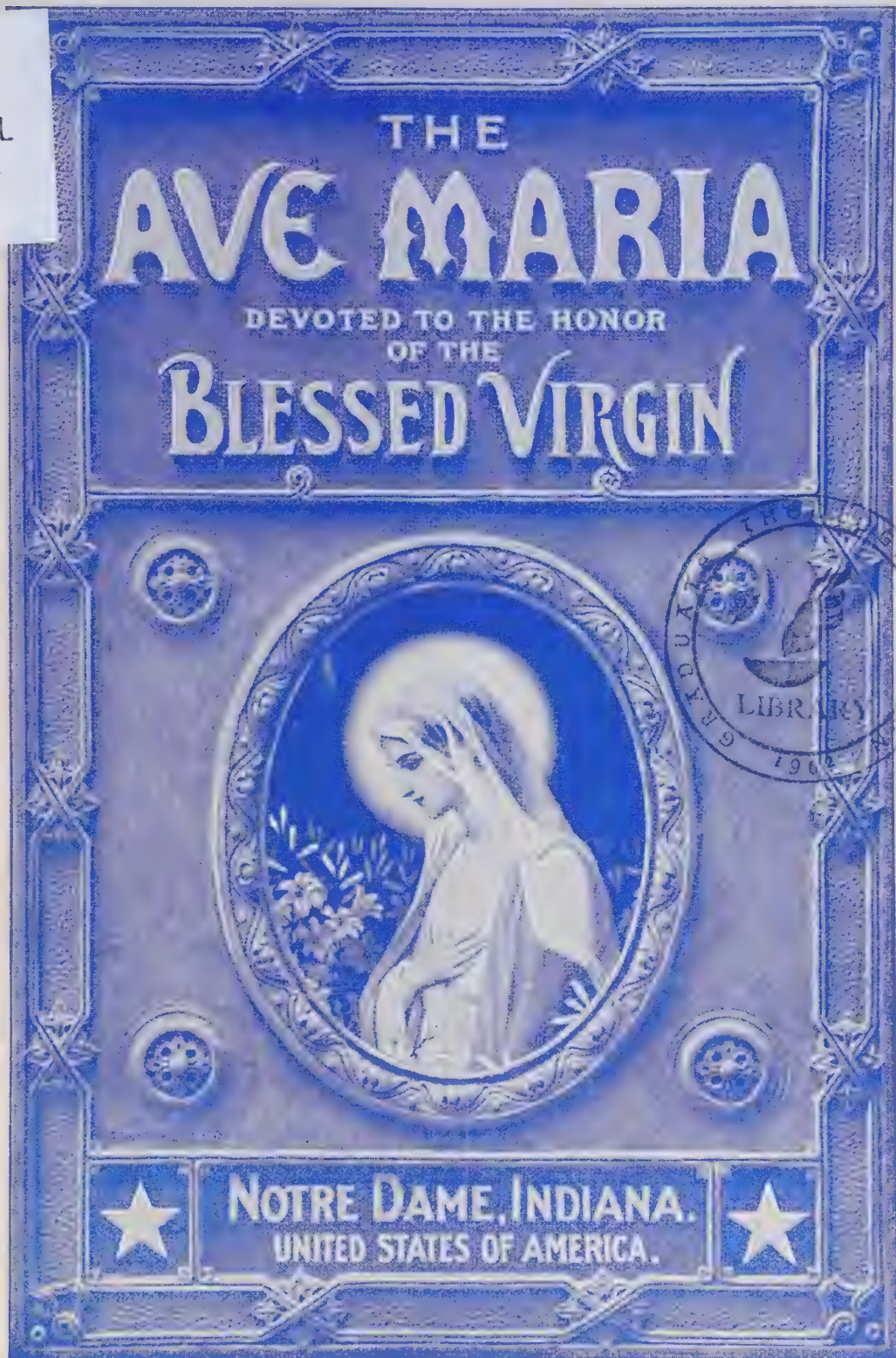
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

MAY.

SATURDAY, 13.—St. John the Silent, B. C.
 SUNDAY, 14.—Fourth after Pentecost. St. Boniface, M.
 MONDAY, 15.—St. John Baptist de la Salle, C.
 TUESDAY, 16.—St. Ubaldus, Bishop and Confessor.
 WEDNESDAY, 17.—St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor.
 THURSDAY, 18.—St. Venantius, Martyr.
 FRIDAY, 19.—St. Peter Celestine, P. C.
 SATURDAY, 20.—St. Bernardine of Siena, C.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 13, 1933.

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Prayer to the Mother of Mercy.

BY EDITH TATUM.

MOTHER of Jesus, sweet Star of the Night,
Take Thou my hand and lead me aright.

I'm lost on the hillside, sad, gone astray,
Oh, come with your light and show me the way!

Mother of Mercy, my heart is oppressed,
Gather me close, with my head to your breast.

Mother of Jesus, the day has grown dim—
My soul, it is passing. Take me to Him!



A Recent Beatification.

BY R. G. S.

ON April 30, 1933, second Sunday after Easter—known as Good Shepherd Sunday, from the Gospel of the day—our Holy Mother the Church proposed to the veneration of the faithful a new star of the heavenly constellations; one whose light and warmth, nevertheless, have long since beneficently influenced the whole extent of our orb.

Venerable Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia-Pelletier, henceforth to bear the title of "Blessed," was the foundress of the Generalate of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, a branch Order of Our Lady of Refuge, founded by St. John Eudes in 1641, yet destined to multiply his work a hundredfold and to extend it to all parts of the world. The Religious of these two Orders lead what is termed a "mixed" life, that is,

they combine the active with the contemplative life. The Mother House of the Congregation is at Angers, France, and dates no further back than 1829; a marvellous development has attached to this magnet-centre, a compact group of 321 houses, possessing a personnel of over 9200 Religious, to whose care are confided 70,000 "children," young and old, divided into many well-defined categories.

The originator of this novel idea—the Generalate, at least in so far as cloistered convents are concerned—was a person of great worth, a superior type of Christian womanhood, particularly qualified by God for the fulfilment of her special mission. However grand may have been her project, its execution met with violent opposition for more than ten years, to such a point that during all this period, Mother Pelletier, misunderstood and misrepresented, suffered a veritable moral agony, living, as it were, on Mount Calvary. Yet her patience and courage never faltered, so convinced was she that God wanted the Generalate, and that it would produce abundant fruit. In after years, when her efforts had been crowned with success, she often repeated: "Remember, dear Sisters, that our Congregation took birth at the foot of the cross."

Many noteworthy appreciations have been made of this woman of strong personality. We shall cite only two. The Bishop of St. Cloud was heard to say: "If Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia had been a man, she would have been Pope."

To Mr. Gregory Bordillon, an ardent Republican, which the Revolution had placed at the head of the department of Angers, is due this tribute: "There is only one man in Angers, and that is Mother Pelletier." He alluded to the admirable poise she maintained in her enormous establishment, in dangerous and troubled times, with incredibly inadequate resources.

Rose Virginia Pelletier was the daughter of Dr. Julien Pelletier and Anne Mourin. Owing to the revolutionary state of France at the epoch, her parents, seeking liberty of conscience, removed from Soullans to the Isle of Noirmoutier in the Bay of Biscay, where Rose, their eighth child, was born July 31, 1796, feast of St. Ignatius, whose zeal she was to emulate. The example of her virtuous parents who never swerved from their duties, the majestic scenery which surrounded her on every side, silently eliciting the admiration of her enthusiastic young soul, the state of insecurity still prevalent after the "Reign of Terror," punctuated by continuous rebellions and revolting carnage from which her family barely escaped,—all combined to form in the child a very noble and virile character, typical of her Vendean extraction. Outside the pale of her ideally happy home, she had seen enough of sin and wickedness to hate and despise its very shadow; whilst on the contrary, the social and personal virtues of her beloved parents, their tender affection and profound piety, raised her mind and heart upward, imbuing them with the deepest respect for God and religion.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Pelletier were renowned for their great charity toward the poor. Rose inherited this trait among many others, bringing it to a perfection which few saints have ever exceeded. In after life, the whole world will not seem to her too broad a field of action, as she hopes thus to reach

all souls in need of help. She will say to her Daughters: "The earnest desire to do good to our neighbor gives us strength to rise superior to our weakness, and if once God be truly loved, everything can be borne if it but procure Him glory." Then again: "Never forget that the whole foundation of our Congregation rests upon the love of souls. . . . What, O my God, are we doing in this world! Why are we here at all, if it be not to help our brethren to save their souls?"

But let us return to her childhood. Rose Virginia was a highly spirited child, yet no less serious and pious. Many charming anecdotes might be related of her, but space will not allow. Soon, however, she was to receive the seal of predestination—the cross. At the age of ten, she was bereaved of her father to whom she was deeply attached; she then centered her affections on her mother, but seven years had scarcely elapsed when death severed this tie also. Her biographer says: "Henceforth all her aspirations were for heaven," and her thoughts were set upon the Religious Life as a means of glorifying God. Rose was now placed under the guardianship of Mr. Marsaud, her eldest sister's husband. She had received her education at the "Christian Association" of Tours, thus having had the opportunity of coming in contact with the "Ladies of the Refuge" toward whom she felt strongly attracted, because their work tended directly to the salvation of souls. But her guardian completely discountenanced her wish to enter there.

After a three years' trial, her perseverance triumphed, and Rose obtained her brother-in-law's consent to make her vows at the age of twenty-one, September 9, 1817, under the humble name of Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia, a name which she was to render illustrious. Her piety, her zeal for souls, and administrative capacities having been

immediately appreciated, she was soon named, notwithstanding her inexperience, first Mistress of the "Penitents," a laudatory name used in the folds of the Good Shepherd to designate the wayward girls seeking anew the path of virtue.

Her ideal of the charge confided to her was very high. "Tact, born of love, taught her that the wounds of the soul require even more delicate treatment than those of the body." She was maternally indulgent and admirably devoted to her charges, however trying might be their characters. She treated them with a gentle courtesy, ever manifesting the most heartfelt sympathy for them in their trials, whilst grace and constant prayer gave her a strange power of softening hardened hearts. She endeavored to maintain about them an atmosphere of peace and cheerfulness, at the cost of numberless sacrifices to herself and her Sisters, and to develop in them the love of work as an antidote to temptation.

The "Magdalen Sisters" were created by her initiative for such among the penitents as wished to embrace the Religious Life in a spirit of reparation, it being difficult at times to obtain admission for them elsewhere, and the Constitutions absolutely forbidding to receive them, *under whatsoever pretext*, in the Order of the Good Shepherd. In this way, many souls were favored who afterwards attained to great heights of sanctity. Mother Pelletier was wont to call the Magdalens "her crown and her glory."

To-day, they number thousands the world over, for each of the thirty-five Provinces of the Order, possesses at least one sheltered "Bethany" or "*Ste. Beaulieu*," as it is called in French, from the solitary Grotto sanctified by the first famous Magdalen.

After some years, Mother St. Euphrasia was named purveyor of her convent, and a little later, in spite of her youth,

she was unanimously elected Superior, a charge which permitted her to give full sway to her zeal. The house of Angers was her first foundation, and its beginnings cost her many a cruel pang; but God being with her, in vain many were against her. The work progressed marvellously; numerous houses were asked for, and Divine Providence seconded the zeal of the apostolic Foundress by guiding toward her novitiate a splendid galaxy of religious vocations.

Mother Pelletier founded personally 110 houses in Europe, Africa, North and South America and Australia—a consolation not allotted to all Founders. But her zeal was still unsatiated. Being called to her reward before the realization of her immense projects, she promised her Daughters, if God permitted, to help them even more powerfully after her death: a promise well fulfilled, for since that date—1868—the Homes of the Good Shepherd have more than tripled.

Mother Pelletier's system, identical to that of her sainted Father, St. John Eudes, is based on the principles of brotherly love and mercy, so strongly inculcated by Christ, and on the supernatural value of the human soul, which it rehabilitates before itself and before God.

It is this woman who devoted all her life to such noble work, that the Church has proclaimed "Blessed," and to her shall be attributed in the future the honors of the altar, for the greater glory of God whose faithful instrument she was, and also for the spiritual welfare of thousands of repentant souls throughout the coming centuries. Mother Pelletier's "Cause" was introduced in Rome in 1886. The process was regularly continued, and after minute examination the Sacred Congregation of Rites proclaimed the heroism of the virtues of the Servant of God on January 29, 1924.

What better closing can be found for

this rapid sketch than the eulogy of our Holy Father the Pope on this last occasion. Answering Bishop Rumeau's address, His Holiness said: "In addition to this virtue (her characteristic attachment to the Holy See in an epoch when Gallicanism prevailed in France) there were so many other great virtues, *giant virtues*, which, in truth, make this woman truly admirable. In her the virtues seem to rival each other in magnificence, and at first sight, one does not know to which to give the palm. . . . Presented with lives so rich and bearing such solid fruit, judgment becomes for us relatively easy. God is truly admirable in His saints! This woman is truly the strong woman: it is a perfection which seems to surpass all terrestrial and human capacity."

May fame now extend her name to the remotest parts of the earth, where her zeal had longed to penetrate; may the brilliancy of the aureola which will adorn her humble head bring light and guidance to myriads of youthful hearts in quest of high ideals and spiritual treasures.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

XIX.

IT was a little disturbing to Susan to find how everyone, led by Grandy and Aunt Kate, loudly sympathized with Peggy for being "shut up" at Thurston, far from any gaiety, and forced, as they said, to lead a humdrum life whilst her brother enjoyed himself at Oxford.

If he had been in the worst slum in London he would still have been "enjoying himself" at his sister's or his parents' expense. Young men away from home always "enjoyed themselves" at their relatives' expense, according to Maydon and Aunt Kate; and that he would be likely to be making use

of his time and opportunities wasn't to be expected of a likely lad—and a Carfax to boot! Ah—they'd see when he got back!

But Christmas had come and gone, and the brief glimpses the village got of brother and sister, gave no indications of a lurid career at Oxford. On the contrary, he seemed just as quiet and shy as of old, until some chance word brought out a cheerful burst of laughter and a form of boyish wit that tickled the villagers. Every man knew his neighbor was waiting to take him up sharply if anyone called young John "Sir." They were very careful not to do so. Only old Granny Lapworth, and she didn't count. Perhaps it would have been more surprising to Susan if Peggy had hankered after distractions and amusements, instead of just naturally stepping into the quiet, well-occupied life of the farmhouse and appearing content.

Susan had not moved with her times, and her own placid youth seemed the only correct model for any well-brought-up young girl. Peggy had had more advantages than her mother, so Susan said to herself; and maybe, being John's child, she'd have some leanings that Susan must watch out and allow for, but the girl had relieved both her and Prudence of quite a lot of small duties that had eaten up their time and energies.

Except for her son's being so far off, Susan was more content than she had expected to be that winter. Life with her beloved John had always had its alarms from time to time, and she knew "in her bones," as she said to herself, that there was a wasp's nest that must be avoided. But she shook her head at her brutality in comparing people like Mother Veronica, or that nice young Mr. Burnham, or that gentle, little thing they called Petrea, to dangerous, stinging wasps!

It wasn't them, poor things—'twas

the nest they came from! And Peggy had been so quiet since her brother had gone. Perhaps she'd been rather quiet too, through the Christmas holidays when he had come down, seemingly not changed, only more like his father than ever, and with a youthful gaiety. It worried her a little though that they didn't seem such close companions as formerly, her John and the boy.

She had expected them to go on long walks together when John was free to do so, like he and Mr. Burnham had done; but though they were suggested now and then, they never seemed to come off. And presently she noticed that when she and Peggy went to bed, young John either professed extreme sleepiness and went too, or her John got up and said he had business to do in his office and they could put the lights out.

Yet when they were all together she would sit sewing, with a tender smile on her face, because of the evident, absorbed interest they all three took in each other's talk, and a certain satisfaction grew in Susan's mind that there were never any more references to that "wasp's nest." Once only, Peggy had referred to the Convent. They had had a priest from Oxford who had given Benediction one day when she was there—Father David. Had John ever met him? For a moment no one spoke. Susan pricked her finger with her needle, but did not dare to look up; and at last young John had given a little laugh.

"Do I know the Pope? I read the other day a police report during the French Revolution, that they had found 'nothing contrary to the safety of the republic except a chasuble.' Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, my young sister Margaret."

Chasuble—Susan didn't know what that might be, likely something dangerous; but she wished her John had said something. He was only smoking quietly and looking into the fire with no par-

ticular expression on his face. Peggy had answered quickly, laughing,

"Thank you! I deal in Kingdoms."

And young John had retorted,

"You and your royalties!"

She had not seen her John's face as he closed the panel in his office that night, nor heard him murmur,

"It works! The lad's kicking against the goad!"

That spring, the county had broken out into an epidemic of political meetings; and Mr. Guy Preston's physiognomy appeared on all the hoardings available, in spite of much discontent amongst some of the party he claimed to represent.

Farmer Grey was his ardent supporter, and had plastered his buildings with posters expressing the most noble resolutions and aspirations on the part of his candidate. Young Robert had been forgiven for the time being. As soon as the election was over he was to be under his father's eye in London, where the grindstone would be kept in full working order, with the Robertian nose in correct position.

That the Thurston property flaunted no posters was not surprising—it was so small and unimportant, so hidden, and the few laborers' cottages a mere handful. But Mr. Guy Preston, bland, urbane, with that beneficent air that all political candidates achieve, had descended from the sparkling new motor one day as the half dozen farm workers had straggled to their dinner, and he had harangued them jovially and astutely, only regretting that he was addressing empty stomachs and not post-prandial ones.

It would be unwise, he had said to the two men with him,—it would be unwise to disturb Mr. Carfax just now. He would have plenty of opportunities of meeting him. And as the motor turned out of the Thurston road, and slowed down for a loaded lorry to pass

along the high-road, John Carfax had stood aside to let it pass. Guy Preston had given rather a sweeping bow as he bent forward with his hat raised. Carfax had merely raised his stick to his hat in salute. Perhaps something in the action, something at the sight of that thick stick lifted, may have brought back an unpleasant memory to the mind of Mr. Preston. He had replaced his hat and had leaned back again with the same bland expression on his face.

"The slogan, 'Wake-up, England,' has not yet been heard in this place. That was Rip-van-Winkle Carfax, whose family has been asleep, or drunk, or dead for a hundred years."

There had been suitable mirth in the sparkling motor, and the success of his *mot* had been followed up by a few discreet directions for finding out via Farmer Grey, how the land lay with regard to the Carfax vote. For want of a better man, Preston had been elected by a small majority. Miss Burnham had met Carfax one day in Tesford.

"I find it hard to forgive good men like you not coming forward when the country wants you," she had said, facing him squarely, and he had replied, with an amused look,

"Since when have I been a 'good man' in your mind?" and she had shaken her head.

"Since you became a man. Have you any Irish blood in you?"

He had looked surprised.

"No. Why? Have I a brogue?"

"No, but you can't forget old grievances," she laughed, whilst he assured her she was mistaken.

That was the day Peggy had joined them as they had spoken on the steps of the bank at Tesford, and Miss Burnham had suddenly shed her old prejudice and had made herself as pleasant as she was in the habit of doing with all young people.

Peggy was on her way to the Convent where her father was to pick her

up at the lodge gates an hour later; and Miss Burnham had taken her off in her car, as she was going there herself. And after that, all through those spring days, it was no strange thing for Mary Burnham to find something to take her to Tesford, generally on market day, though the market did not particularly interest her. But, as she told Mother Veronica, the bank steps were a neutral meeting ground where she chanced on people whom she did not see elsewhere, and that she was only regretting the years when she had not known a man like John Carfax.

"Fine—in its most delicate sense! It annoys me," she had said, smiling at her sister,—*"it always did annoy me, you know, to find that you and Bernard had been right in your judgment of people, or things, and that I'd been wrong."*

"But why confine such a pleasant friendship to such a very noisy corner in Tesford? For a busy man too, isn't it a little trying to be kept talking there on market day?"

Mother Veronica had sat laughing at her sister's talk, glad that common sense and good feeling were prevailing, amused at the belated generosity beginning to find expression. Miss Burnham's eyes twinkled.

"I can't put in the newspaper that we are good friends, but I'm making it quite clear on the bank steps. Old Judge Mefford fell on us last week and rated him well, in a loud voice too, of course, for not having consented to stand for election."

"But Mr. Carfax must have disliked all this," said Mother Veronica anxiously. Mary had nodded.

"He did. He simply bolted—after telling me that he was going to change his bank or else keep his money in a stocking or the brown tea pot. As a matter of fact, I didn't find him to-day as usual."

Nor had Peggy, who had driven in

unexpectedly with Aunt Kate and the ex-zebra. The quadruped was resting in the ancient yard of the "Step-aside" Inn where the Greys and their forefathers had consumed roast beef and Yorkshire pudding on market days for many generations past.

Aunt Kate, compressed into an ancient coat that may once have been sealskin but which her brother called "priceless rabbit skins," stood waiting at the foot of the steps whilst Peggy ran into the bank to see if her father were inside. No sign of him, and when there was a chance of getting near the grey-haired cashier who knew her, she asked in a low voice if he had been there that morning.

"He left half an hour ago, Miss Carfax; he seemed in a hurry too," smiled back the man. He was not the only one who smiled at her—she was "good to look at," as a woman said who was waiting her turn near.

And then an old gentleman with bushy white eyebrows and white side whiskers which framed a jovial red face, stood before her, hat in one hand, the other held out.

"If your father is John Carfax of Thurston then you must be Miss Carfax, and you'll allow an old man to introduce himself. My name's Mefford. You tell your father from me with my respects, he's a wretched selfish creature."

A genial smile and his pleasant low voice as he spoke, brought an answering smile from Peggy.

"No, I won't tell him that," she said, looking back gaily into the old man's face.

"You won't? I've got several fine succulent bones to pick with him—bones I've been saving for years."

"They must be quite horrid by now, and not a bit succulent," murmured Peggy in her soft, hoarse voice, and the old Judge laughed as he opened the door for her.

"You're right. But here I am reduced

at my age to motoring all the way in to Tesford for the chance of meeting him on market day, when I want to talk to him. He hides himself—and now I find he's hiding you, and we're going to bombard Thurston and unearth him, or my name's not Mark Mefford."

There was such a grave, tender look of trouble in the girl's eyes as she raised them to his face that something smote the old man's heart. For an instant she seemed to be the living form of an impression John Carfax had always given him. Something of a grave imprisoned charm, chained and manacled, of something waiting to be freed, waiting in a rich, fertile loveliness to use its wings. Here was the little winged exquisite creature that Carfax had fathered; here was the fine beauty of the man's mind,—he had begotten no pretty dolls, John Carfax, he'd swear!

Peggy was saying hurriedly,

"No, he is not hiding himself—it's—it's just that he lives in a world by himself, but—" she hesitated a moment, eyeing the Judge's kindly face bent to hers. Had she the right to speak of her father like this? But her swift intuition, all she knew of the old man, gave her confidence. "But it's a world I think where he's hunting for a door, and he hasn't found it."

Several people who knew the old Judge, and some who knew the girl by sight, passed them, almost jostled them in the big porch of the bank.

For a moment, as Peggy had examined his face, the old man knew she was seeing if he were to be told more. She knew of him of course, and he admired her for the instant's hesitation, but her decision, as shown by her words, touched his heart.

"He'll find it, my dear, no fear. And remember this, John Carfax and his family have no firmer friend than Mark Mefford. Ah, why, why, Miss Grey, I haven't seen you for many a long day!"

As Aunt Kate said to her brother that

evening, with her old eyes still shining, "Such a mercy I had on my sealskin, though it's not the cut they're wearin' now."

The sound Farmer Grey made in his throat and nasal organs, as response to this *naïveté* of his sister, needed no translation, so Aunt Kate hastened to add,

"An' Peggy as pretty as paint, an' talkin' to him as if she'd known him all her life."

"An' why not? I'll say for John Carfax, as I'll say for myself, a clean-livin' man's the equal o' the finest king on the earth. But *only* the clean-livin'—"

"Well, I never, an' you votin' Conservative an' all," snapped Kate, who had curtsied in her youth to old Mrs. Carfax.

"What's that got to do with it? D'you take me for a damned Red 'un?" he had snorted wrathfully.

There had been great disappointment at Bluebells when the summer came, and young John had not spent more than the last few weeks of the long vacation at Thurston.

In letters to Peggy he had occasionally spoken of two friends he had made, one who had entered with him, the other apparently an older man. He referred to them as Goliath and the Patriarch, because the younger one was a giant and the elder one had seen much of the world. They were splendid friends, though the Patriarch—who, by the way, was a young don—rather deadly cocksure on things no man could be sure about, and had to be gone for occasionally. The giant, much more tolerant, but being a babe as the Patriarch insultingly put it, his "tolerance" meant that his moral bones weren't set yet, and yielded easily.

Then had come the letter in which he said they wanted him to go on a tramp in Brittany. France, if you please! Just a knapsack on your back and the Patri-

arch to do the talking, though he and Goliath were swotting up enough French to live by. What did the father and the blessed little mother think? He had enough cash to last him till he got to the bank, and he undertook to be home for the harvest, and they'd have to excuse him if he spoke with a fine French accent, etc.

John Carfax had gone to Milford that evening, rather late. He told them not to wait supper, he had to see a man, and when Susan had said plaintively,

"But, oh, John, I did want to talk to you about this letter of the lad's—" he had said hurriedly,

"Yes, yes, my dear. We'll discuss it to-night or to-morrow, if I'm late."

It was not the first time he had met Father Sully, but it was the first visit he had ever paid him. He put away some time reading the newspaper in the little hotel lounge, waiting till it got darker. He would rather no one saw him going to that small house where he had spent some wonderful evenings long ago—where he had come, in outgrown patched clothes, starving for friendship.

And the two men stood facing each other. John's glance had taken in the prim, stiff, familiar setting of the room. This was the apostolic "parlor" where you were received; and before his hand had dropped from Father Sully's warm grasp, the priest had said,

"Come into my den, Mr. Carfax, it's quieter, and we don't hear the noise of the street."

It was not far off midnight when he left the house, and he had some miles to cover before he reached home. One or two cars screamed past him as he swung along the dark road, his tall, lithe form moving rapidly, seeking when possible, to avoid the strong glare of lamps as they lit up the road for an instant.

How often he had tramped this road

in the dark in old days, from that presbytery door to Thurston! What a new world he had discovered for himself in that library at Milford—living in it as he had tramped back again home, so that the high-road became the high seas of adventure, and the scanty traffic, ships that pass in the night. And then all that had followed after. Mr. Trent had spoken to him, and Father Page had asked him in to supper one never-to-be-forgotten evening. Yes, this old high-road held his life! It had been bounded narrowly by Milford and Thurston, but great things for good and for evil had been crammed into its space.

A car passed him, coming slowly from the direction of Tesford, and as it rather went out of its way to oblige him to halt, he seemed to remember that it was the same that had passed him just outside Milford. Hardly possible it could have got to Maydon and was returning again, but he only had time to notice that a man's figure from the back of the car leaned suddenly forward as he had turned. The inside of the car was in darkness, and the chauffeur in livery, had shouted to him some scathing words for being on the wrong side of the road.

"My dear, we can't get life histories and police reports on all the friends the lad's going to make. If you don't wish him to go, he must come home, but that would be a pity."

Susan listened to her John wide-eyed. They were in his office where she had come next morning to say she didn't like the boy's going off with people they didn't know anything about, and she was sure his clothes would want seeing to and that he would want "feeding up," and she didn't like his going to those foreign parts. John was changing so these days. He seemed to be getting gradually relieved of some burden, so it appeared to Susan, only there was a

sense of waiting, as if he were expecting something. He had smiled at her words.

"I know something of the men he's going with—if he goes. The one they call the Patriarch is one of the dons—one of the tutors."

"Well, it wouldn't be much of a holiday would it, if he had to take his teacher along with him?" she had said, and John had not smiled.

"It's a great advantage, my dear, as John knows. He's got a lot of work to do before his honor nods—a big examination, Susan,—next March. And the other is a young Irishman—"

"Irish? Then would he be Catholic too?" put in Susan quietly. That Petrea girl was Irish and Catholic, and there had been an Irish laborer on the farm and he was Catholic too.

John arranged some papers carefully, but only for a minute did he sit silent.

"Now listen to me, Susan, my dear." His voice was very gentle, but a sense of the old "stand!" seemed to hover in his wife's mind. "John will knock up against plenty of Catholics both at Oxford and in any sort of life outside Thurston. You must make up your mind to it. Let me say this, my dear. As far back as this village can remember, the name of Carfax has stood for failure, ruin,—dishonor—"

"Not yours, love—" she broke in quickly, and he half smiled.

"But remember this—and it's what I never forget. The history of the Carfaxes, up to the time of my great grandfather, has been consistently a history of honorable, useful men and women, who feared God, honored the king and served the country."

"Well, that's you exactly," came again her voice.

"No, Susan, you're wrong. I've trailed my wing in the dust," he began, and put his hand on hers when she gasped,

"John! How can you say so!"

"Because no Carfax since my wretched grandfather's time has been a complete man! Susan, for eight hundred years there's been honorable Catholic Carfaxes; and since one wretched Carfax sold away our birthright, we've been lame, impotent creatures cumbering the earth,—aliens to any form of religion, aliens to this diluted 'Establishment' that has no nourishment in it for us—us, whose fathers have fed on the Bread of Life."

He was silent a moment, and Susan, whose eyes were fixed on him in fascinated terror,—Susan could not find a word to say.

He drew his hand slowly away from hers, and passed it over his face.

"I think Susan, it'll hurt you, but you can't go against blood; I think the children have got it in them. I'll say no word to push them on, nor to hinder them,—so—let the lad go! There are men—aye, and lads—who become spiritual Albinos for want of the Bread and Wine of Life."

They sat still, he gazing out of the window, his hands clasped before him on the writing table, Susan motionless, her eyes still on him, her mouth a little open, breathing short, quick breaths as if she had had to run after him whilst he had spoken. All the security of her life seemed to be crumbling. People, English people, weren't born different like that! In your blood? She and her fathers had been content with—with—with, what they got on Sundays, and keeping the Ten Commandments,—at any rate, the decent ones did.

Then he had stood up. Something of the terror in her eyes had hurt him. He pulled her gently till she was in his arms.

"Oh, John, love—you said—you said you'd never leave me—that way!" Her face lifted to his, refusing to see the eager longing of his eyes as he bent them to hers.

"You wouldn't give me back that promise, Sue?" he whispered, his lips against her soft hair.

There was a little fierce pressure of her body against his as she moaned, her head on his shoulder.

"Oh, I couldn't, John, love! The children are yours, but you, John—you're mine, an' it's more than I could bear."

(To be continued.)



Mothers' Day in Religious Art.

BY EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE.

MOTHERS' Day, that dedicated Sunday in May, blossomy under the spell of pink and white carnations, is a tribute to all mothers—to heroic Gold Star mothers, to mothers of the Great, to mothers immortalized in song and story and by the brush of artist sons, and to plain, average mothers whose love abides. The Old and New Testament and early annals of Church History yield illustrious names to the already crowded catalogue of mothers. Some of these women of the Bible and of the early Christian era have been mother-saints themselves, parents of saints and pivotal figures in critical events. Master artists have assembled them upon canvases, and so established an enduring record of their parts in the drama of religion.

Eve, mother of erring mankind, is usually depicted in a despairing attitude as in Gustave Doré's "Expulsion," in which she rests a weary head on Adam's shoulder, and in Masaccio's fresco in the Church of S. P. del Carmine, Florence, where remorse is most vividly exemplified in contortion of the features. But two pictures, one by Salles-Wagner and another by A. Gaber, lend her some of the glory of motherhood. In the former she sits caressing little Cain and Abel who play about her. Despite her guilty act, mother-love brightens her countenance, softening the hard lines

of reproach. Gaber introduces an Eve of the hearth, at her distaff; but while she spins, what a burden weights her glance!

Agar and Rebecca—one a victim of another's jealousy, the other victim of her own deceit. Agar was the slave girl whom Abraham took to wife after Sara, his first wife, suggested that Agar might bear him a son. After Ismael, son of Agar and Abraham, grew into the affections of both, Sara, rejoicing at the prospect of giving birth, counselled Abraham to discard Agar and Ismael. So into the desert the outcast mother and son fared, to die upon its rocks. Abraham renouncing Agar is masterfully interpreted by Guercino in a study in the Brera, Milan. Ismael whimpers, but Agar, with pouch on shoulder, is ready to depart. Sara, in dark profile, listens to the cruel dismissal. "Hagar and Ishmael" by Cazin, shows mother and son abandoned in the desert, and E. K. Liska's famous scene, in which Agar covers the dying Ismael with a cloth, is a dramatization of Agar's words, "Let me not see the death of the child!" Because Rebecca, mother of Esau and Jacob, deceived blind Isaac when she persuaded her favorite son, Jacob, to impersonate Esau and so receive the paternal blessing, she lost Jacob who escaped the wrath of Esau by leaving for a foreign country and never returning. "Rebeccah," by Spinetti, is a simple conception of Rebecca standing with a waterpot on her shoulder. Giordano's canvas in the Dresden Gallery, depicts her as a woman of great beauty requiring steady wooing; the artist selects an episode in the courtship of Isaac and Rebecca when Abraham offers jewels to his prospective daughter-in-law.

Rachel, wife of Jacob, is the self-sacrificing mother of the Bible, for she died at the birth of Benjamin. That she was a handsome maiden is shown in Henry O. Tanner's "Rachel," one of a series of his "Mothers of the Bible." Murillo, the Spanish master, in

a lovely "Jacob and Rachel" in the collection of Eugene Boross, groups her with Jacob and shepherd boys against a hazy landscape.

"And when she could hide him no longer, she took a basket made of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime. . . and put the little babe therein, and laid him . . . by the river's brink." Thus does Exodus record the act of Jochabed, mother of Moses, after Pharaoh's order to strangle every male Israelite baby had terrorized the land. The King's daughter found Moses in his little yacht, and Miriam, her maid, suggesting a nurse, brought Jochabed. Artists have been more concerned with the discovery of Moses than with the heartbreak of Jochabed launching him upon the Nile. Franklin Simmons has done a noble sculpture of Jochabed seated with Moses on her lap, meditating upon her resolve, and an unknown engraver has described the scene of Jochabed kneeling at the water's edge with face upturned in prayer.

Noemi was mother of Elimelech's sons, Mahalon and Chelion; but it is for her rôle of unusual mother-in-law to Ruth that she deserves due treatment in art. Noemi meant so much to Ruth, love and tenderness were so met in her, that when Noemi, bereft of sons and husband in desolate Moab, yearned to return to Juda, Ruth, although a Moabite, left her own land to accompany her; and after Ruth married Booz, Noemi lived in peace and contentment with them. A Luxembourg picture by Alexandre Bida, portraying the exodus of Noemi and her family from famine-bare Juda, gives statuesque bearing to Noemi in veil and flowing robes. P. H. Calderon builds his work upon Ruth's words to Noemi: "Whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go." His Noemi is tall, robed like an apostle, with arm circling the waist of Ruth.

Anna should be patron of pious mothers who dedicate children to relig-

ion, for fulfilling a promise that if she bore a son she would offer him to God, she brought the little Samuel to Heli, the High Priest in the Temple, while Samuel was yet a tot. F. W. Topham has done the supreme work in his "Hannah Delivers Samuel to Eli." Timidly the boy regards the priest dressed in rich canonicals as Anna directs his tiny hand to the hand of Heli.

St. Anne introduces an interesting group of New Testament mothers, although her youth is drawn from the closing pages of the Old Testament. Murillo in his "St. Anne Teaching the Virgin," in the Prado Museum, Madrid, develops this early life of Anne, divinely entrusted with the gentle task of rearing Israel's fairest daughter. She draws the little Mary to her side and with tapering fingers holds a book before her. The Virgin's small face has the chiselled beauty of a cameo. In Da Vinci's "St. Ann," in the Louvre, Anne adopts the dual rôle of mother and grandmother, smiling upon her Grandson as He frolics with a lamb, and establishing His mother on her lap. Only the violet of her mantle suggests her age.

There are many famous "Holy Families" showing Elizabeth and John ovalled with Mary and the Infant. Luini's composition in the Museum of Fine Arts, Budapest, gives a garden touch to the family scene by putting a columbine in Jesus' hand and an iridescent butterfly on the sombre bark of a tree. Raphael's work in the Munich Gallery presents a feeble Elizabeth; and the large "Holy Family" in the Louvre attributed to G. Romano and G. Penni enlarges the private group with angels garlanding Mary's head. Elizabeth, mother of St. John Baptist, receives most graceful tribute from C. Dolci, in his "St. John Baptist as a Child, Sleeping," treasure of the Pitti Gallery, Florence. Dimpled John lies in slumber,

while his mother raises her eyes in sweet petition to God to preserve the tender body.

Who can adequately describe the theme of motherhood resplendent in the face of the Mother of God? Raphael has come closest to the maternal beauty of Mary. The "Madonna della Sedia" in the Pitti Palace is as lovely for its color as for its modeling. Mary sits in a chair with the Child nestled to her bosom. A green shawl swathes her breast and shoulder and trailing behind mixes with the gold of fringe on the chair. Her robe is amethyst purple and her swirling mantle a soft blue. In another "Pitti Madonna," by Murillo, the blossom pink cheek of the Child presses lovingly against the pale face of the Mother. Sassoferrato embellishes the Dresden Gallery with a dozing Madonna of sharp features. The Child sleeps, too, head inclined upon her breast. Andrea del Sarto, in a picture in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, paints a pensive Madonna but a merrily smiling Child. Guido Reni's "Mother" is a Mater Dolorosa with no wee form to caress. The portrait in the Kaiser Frederick Museum, Berlin, is a precious study of eyes heavy with tears, of head enveloped in mourning drapery, raised to the tragic vision of Calvary.

Christ's public life was filled with mothers who brought sick children to His healing hands, or begged blessing on their little ones; but the mother signally favored by the Master was the Widow of Naim, whose son, Christ raised from the dead. Feldman chooses the sorrowing few minutes before the miracle for his theme when Christ, halting the funeral procession, comforts the grieving mother. She is the dramatic figure in Alexandre Bida's interpretation, stretching out an hysterical hand to the boy sitting in stupor. A Zuccherro painting shows her in rapture before her awakened son; that by Agos-

tino Carracci is interesting for the youth's dazed expression.

St. Felicitas is the Christian martyr matron; during the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus she beheld her seven sons tortured and put to death, and was herself beheaded. The Vatican preserves a fresco from the catacombs, showing Felicitas surrounded by her children. Another representation by Neri de' Bicci in the Church of Santa Felicita, Florence, enthrones her and her sons in glory. Garbieri, in his picture in the Church of St. Maurice, Mantua, adds to the story by depicting her presenting her sons to the Madonna.

Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, was destined to find the True Cross; it is this incident which has interested most artists. "The Vision of St. Helena," by Paul Veronese in the National Gallery, London, is a delicate rendering of Helena's dream that prefigured her mission, in filmy vision of the Saviour's Cross. Veronese selects a young woman of Verona for his saint. "The Finding of the Cross," by B. Beham, in the Munich Gallery, is a large canvas of many figures. The aged Helena, lying on her couch, embraces the True Cross. Palma Vecchio and V. Catena are among many artists who include this mother in company with other saints in a composition. The former has done an animated group of Helena, Constantine, Roch and Sebastian; and the latter a trio of the Madonna, Peter and Helena.

To those weary mothers of wayward sons, St. Monica makes special appeal; she spent her early life converting her husband, Patricius, from dissolute ways, and her old days reclaiming her son, Augustine, and raising him to sanctity. The sublimest pages of Augustine's "Confessions" exalt her graces. In the panel by Botticini in the Florence Accademi di Belle Arti, Monica's pained countenance betrays her anguished life;

in a matching panel picture of Augustine, remarkable resemblance exists between mother and son. "St. Monica Praying for Augustine," by Cozzarelli, shows her in nun's habit, entreating her son to mend his ways. Benozzo Gazzoli has immortalized the peaceful scene of Monica's death in a canvas in the Church of S. Agostino. Her son, returned to virtue, eases her last moments by his holy presence.

Like St. Monica, St. Brigit, Patroness of Sweden, a Twelfth Century character, was also mother of an illustrious child, St. Catherine of Sweden, one of eight children. Despite domestic cares this enterprising mother founded the Religious Order of Brigittines in 1346. She adorns the wing of an altarpiece in the Nuremberg Museum by the brush of the artist, H. L. Schaufelin. She stands before a crucifix, her hands held out in supplication. The picture by Zeitblom, in the Munich Gallery, represents her in the garb of abbess with white head drapery lending her austerity. Picart's engraving includes a border of her attributes, the crozier and wallet.

Art paying tribute to motherhood—what rich development for both!

Two in a Garden.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

"SO all dreams end—the loveliest first of all,"
He said, watching the pale rose-petals fall.
"Here in your flower-garden one can see
Life and its meaning in epitome—
A moment in the sun, and then the close—
These fading petals of what was a rose!"

The other smiled. "For fifty years I've seen
This garden plot, where winter winds were keen,
Arise in beauty that the Aprils bring,
And wear the glory of resurgent spring:
You read in fading rose futility—
I see the springtime's immortality!"

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XIX.

WHEN Davey took over active control of the Kilbeg unit, Conway had every reason to be satisfied with the appointment. In four raids his men secured considerable equipment. More important, they proved very annoying to British officers by upsetting their plans. One of these raids took place in Askeaton at noon. It proved very successful in spite of two mishaps: Dan Madigan was struck by a bullet in the shoulder as he made his escape through a small side door; and one of the Donovan boys suffered a severe cut in his left hand while climbing over the south wall topped with broken glass.

Then for the first time, what Nano ambitiously called "the base hospital" was pressed into service. She planned for, secured and equipped the "hospital;" and had it ready for service just a day before it was needed. In her choice of a site she was true to her theory of outguessing.

Wiltmore Manor is a mile, almost to a foot, east of Kilbeg chapel. The high wall which runs along Kilbeg road for a quarter mile east turns north at Dore's cross and follows the north road; then west across fields, south across more fields to join with itself again. The whole Wiltmore demesne, then, is surrounded by this wall, which may be seen as the symbol and substance of feudal protection for the Manor House, outlying stables, two hundred odd acres of land.

Major Wiltmore lived in this Manor when he was home. And he was home seldom. A son, then in France, was not yet released from army service; a daughter, married to an officer of the Connaught Rangers, lived in London and visited the Wiltmore place every year for four days shortly before Christ-

mas. One other son—the youngest of the three children—was shrouded in mystery. He stayed at the Manor with Major and Mrs. Wiltmore those brief periods when they lived there, and travelled with them in their extensive tours. By some it was said this son was partially insane. He was also mentioned as a periodical drinker. No one seemed to know which conjecture was correct.

A small house stands—or used to stand—immediately inside the high wall which runs east-west along Kilbeg road. It nestled in a hollow so immediately inside the wall that this feudal symbol itself served as the south wall of the little house. A circular window, say the size of a giant's eye, admitted a giant's eyeful of sunlight from where you passed on the road outside. A door of domestic measurements was set in this wall a short distance from the small window, and admitted you, not into the little house itself, but just west of it; and then you saw the entrance proper. Great, forbidding, aristocratic trees stand turgid and meditative in quiet weather all over wide, level acres of lawn; and glimpses of the "Great House" come to you through the trees. There were very few stirs of life about in those days: a workman raked leaves in later Autumn; a stable boy crossed from the kitchen to the stables; an old—very old—woman sometimes gathered faggots below the trees for Winter fuel.

Jerry Higgins, fifty-eight and a childless widower, lived in the small house which had the giant's eye for a window; the small house which had the domestic door framed in the demesne wall. Jerry was called "the porter," although he never kept watch upon gates or doors. He might be called a caretaker more correctly, whose chief business was to keep the unwelcome outside the prohibitive fence; not a difficult assignment, for people seldom dared penetrate the Mediæval seclusion of the estate.

Two months before anybody thought

of any such thing as a "base hospital," Nano said to Alice,

"I have a site for a hospital."

"A hospital! What hospital? Is it liquor you've taken?"

"Listen! A month from now there'll be fighting. Where will we put the wounded?"

Alice had not thought of that. After all there was a difference between Nano talking hospital and a woman in her cups.

"Well, some time ago I took a fancy to Jerry Higgins' place; you know—giant's eye and door-in-the-wall. It is a silent, out-of-the-way place which the bobbies and the soldiers won't suspect because it belongs to a landlord; in the heart of the enemy, so to speak. Now, I've been cultivating Jerry for two whole months;—not such a bad piece. I've wooed him with boiled chicken which he's fond of; and apple cakes of my own baking which he's mad about. And I've given him small rations of whiskey at different times which he says he uses with discretion. I did not ask him the quantity of his discretion. Then, in an inspired moment, I appeared in person and looked Jerry's house over. Six rooms, if you please; a kitchen; a little corner where a person could eat with or without knives and forks; and a place where dogs are kept which might serve as a parlor. I gave it a close going over and looked through the giant's eye. Then I brought some more rationing—very good Jameson—and offered Jerry two,—no, three helpings. It proved a wonderful sedative, that Jameson—worked perfectly. Jerry offered me the house after the third helping, and promised to evict the dogs. Already he has fitted up the rooms with cots which he begged, borrowed and stole. Indeed, I'm ready to declare he's one of us."

"Why didn't you ever tell me?"

"I'm telling you now."

"But why all the secrecy?"

"Listen, girl! In this work there's no

use letting two in when one will do. When I need help, I'll wave to you. We're all working for the one big thing. You understand?"

"I do. What's next?"

"Well, so much for the hospital. Now we must equip it. I want you, Mary O'Sullivan and Kit Donovan to get bedding for the cots. I'll see to the kitchen, Nan O'Neill'll furnish the little dining room. We'll see Dr. Hayes about first-aid equipment, and what not. His wife'll help."

So Nano's "base hospital" was fitted out just in time. The two men wounded in the Askeaton raid were brought there and attended by Dr. Hayes of Rathdrum. Nano always kept great memories of Dr. Hayes and Dr. Dolan of Rathdrum, and Dr. Mick Fitzgibbon of Askeaton; their services were always at the beck of the Cause.

Under the careful nursing of three girls, the wounded men were dismissed after four days. In the two years to follow, many of those brought there would not walk out so quickly; some would not walk out at all. They would be taken out, spirited away to their homes for private Christian burial.

Jerry Higgins proved a sure and a safe watch; and without his double dealing it is doubtful if the "unit" could have maintained its hiddenness. He knew when the Wiltmores left, where for; and to the day when they would return; and very wisely he admitted every servant into the secret of the hospital. They were native stock and proved loyal.

Every energy of Nano was given to furnish food, bedding, bandages, medicine and what not for the "base." She had twenty girls in active service who discarded entirely the *Cumann na mBan* uniforms, the better to escape detection. Conway sometimes set aside his own duties and dropped in; and his help was invaluable in demonstrating first aid. Davey ran in there the day following the

raid to see his two wounded comrades. And, bless his stars, Alice was in!

"Alice, I'm in luck!"

"Yes, Soldier. But first see the sick." She led him into a small room, rather to the rear of the house, where he saw his comrades. They were doing nicely indeed. He chatted with them and praised their bravery as an officer is expected to do; then back to the little parlor.

"Will you care for me that well, Alice, when I'm hurt?"

"You mustn't talk of being hurt! You must talk of being well! When we talk of things as about to be, often they come."

"But you'll take care of me, won't you?"

"Of course, silly man! Only I don't want you to get wounded so I can take care of you. Understand?" He nodded.

"I want you to keep well, so we can send the Black and Tans back to Lloyd George with a kiss."

"And a kick."

Alice drew from Davey his experiences since he set out on the run. He slept several nights in Kilbeg school-house, and dropped in there now and then to confer with Conway. Twice he slept at home. And Nano prepared such a meal he felt the good of it since! Two narrow escapes: once as he hid behind a fence when the Black and Tans went roaring past; another, as he stood below Kilcool bridge and three peelers looking down the river over the parapet. The longest sleep he had was in a hayloft—eleven hours. The woman of the house woke him up and made him spend one hour at his dinner.

"We're ready to care for the wounded, Davey. We've everything—almost."

"The girls are wonderful!"

And then he had to go. He told Alice, Jerry Higgins warned him never again to come in by the door-in-the-wall. That was dangerous, Jerry said.

"He's going to show me the safe way when I go out."

"Jerry's the index finger of our right hand."

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do you use your index finger for, Soldier?"

"To pull a trigger."

"Do you? Or is it your thumb?"

"No. I use my thumb, after I lick it, to turn a page of the *Leader*."

"And that's very bad manners."

"I learned it from my father."

Alice struck an attitude and declared in mock melodrama, "Do not mention that name to me!" They laughed. Davey stood up and took her hand.

"Good-bye!"

He was about to kiss her, but she held off his face with the free hand.

"Keep it till after the war, Soldier," she said.

"You never can tell what will happen before that."

He spoke quietly.

"All right, Davey. And if Father Healy were here I'd ask him to bless us, just as I kiss you. Good-bye!"

Jerry Higgins showed him the safe way out.

"Are ye winning, do you think?" Jerry asked as he showed him an entrance more remote from the "hospital."

"We are. They'll be smashed in a few months."

"Young fellow, you don't know what's ahead! The whole British army's ahead. Ye'll have to beat the whole British army before ye get what ye want."

"Well, Jerry, we're going to beat the whole British army, then. Because we're going to get what we want."

"Maybe ye will—and I don't want to frighten you. But I tell you there'll be broken men and dead men before there's an end of it—whichever way it ends. I don't want to discourage you, but 'tis what I think."

"Jerry, we're out to win this time. Only you should talk that way to my father—he'd like you for it."

"I won't then! He's against ye; but I'm for ye—without high talk or noise. Only I'm saying there will be plenty of ye killed before 'tis over."

"I suppose there will, Jerry—but we'll win. Don't forget that—we'll win this time."

Davey stole away to hiding, and Jerry watched him until he was lost in the trees.

"They're all the same way," he reflected going back to the hospital. "They're as set as the devil! And as mad as the devil! They'll win—or there'll be no Ireland left."

(To be continued.)

A Noble Englishwoman.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

THAT many a Catholic woman who was magnetic, very gifted and very holy is not widely known among us may be proof that there are so many such that they attract comparatively little attention; nevertheless, it is a pity, for nothing so stirs our sluggish pulses and so shames our lazy tepidity as the example of noble lives, which were quietly and steadfastly spent in the service of God and, for His sake, of the poor, the sick, and the sinful.

Somehow, France has always seemed to be particularly rich in treasure of this sort; but no country is so poor as to have none. Our own far-flung land can boast of foundresses such as Mother Seton and Mother Connelly; of the heroic Nuns who nursed our soldiers during the Civil War; of an unbroken succession of religious and lay-women who braved the hard conditions of pioneer days, builded wisely and well in the swift years that followed, and now obey our Holy Father's ringing call for Catholic Action. Nor has England ever lagged behind. Among many valiant daughters of recent times she can boast of Lady Georgiana Fullerton,

Mother Augusta Theodosia Drane, two superiors-general of the Society of the Sacred Heart, and, the less widely known but equally admirable, Mother Mary Magdalen Taylor.

Mother M. Magdalen was a convert, led to the door of the Church, not by the well-trodden route of the Oxford Movement or its aftermath, but by force of her personal experience of Catholicity as she saw it exemplified in the lives of priests, Sisters and wounded soldiers when she served as a nurse, under Florence Nightingale, during the horrors of the Crimean War. The trite saying that example speaks more loudly than words proved its wisdom in her case as it has done in many another. The daughter of an Anglican clergyman, with the traditions and prejudices of the Established Church bred in the bone, controversy would probably have found her stone deaf; but she could not close her eyes to proof so palpable as she saw in the midst of haunting suffering in the hospitals and on the battlefields of the Crimea.

Frances Margaret Taylor was born in Lincolnshire, England, on January 20, 1832. Her father was vicar of a Lincolnshire parish, and she grew up in and near London, from childhood devoting much of her time to the relief of the needy. When only sixteen years of age she joined a Congregation of Anglican nuns, who worked among the very poor; but after a year she returned home. Not so early nor so easily was she to find her vocation.

During the five succeeding years, still an Anglican and content to remain one, Miss Taylor conducted a school for the pitiable waifs of the slums of London. She dropped this work to take part in another which seemed even better worth the doing. At the age of twenty-two, already wise in experience, she heard Florence Nightingale's clarion call for nurses to go to the seat of war in the East, and instantly responded to

it. She left England with the brave band who were to endure untold fatigue and hardship, and to witness such suffering as it would be horrible even to describe. Through Florence Nightingale, all the world soon knew, and even yet has not quite forgotten, the horror of the hospitals which disgraced English efficiency in the early days of her war with Russia. Hundreds of lives were sacrificed through lack of medicines, proper food, and ordinary hospital supplies. There were not enough beds; never enough sheets or bandages. The wards were over-crowded, unventilated.

Miss Taylor, with two assistants, was given charge of two wards and corridors which housed fifteen hundred men, all of them severely wounded or desperately ill. There, for more than a year, she worked; and during that time was thrown into hourly contact with heroic Catholic chaplains, with smiling, self-forgotten, efficient Sisters of Mercy,—she who, in all probability, had never before so much as spoken to a priest or to a Nun. She saw men, whose bodies were one hideous wound, suffer resignedly and die peacefully if a priest was at hand to minister to their souls. However strong her ingrained anti-Catholic prejudices may have been they were not invulnerable, and after her return to England she went to the famous Jesuit church at Farm Street, London, and asked to be instructed in the Faith. Her reception followed not long afterward.

At once Miss Taylor returned to her first love: the poor of London; and for years she devoted herself to their care. She became acquainted with the saintly Lady Fullerton, and there grew up between the two one of those deep and true friendships whose root is similarity of taste, not in books or in amusements, but in loving work for the Master of the Vineyard. Together, under the direction of Cardinal Manning, they opened refuges and schools, and made

the way smooth for more than one struggling religious community.

Not content with all this, Miss Taylor did good work with an able and industrious pen. Her writing was distinctively Catholic even in her stories. For a time she edited *The Lamp*; and, in 1864, founded and during some months edited the now famous *Month*. An oft-told tale in connection with her editorship is the following: One day, in desperate need of copy for *The Month*, she approached the ever-kind Father Newman for help. He, too busy to write something for her on a few hours' notice, took from his waste-paper basket a manuscript which he had thrown away, telling her to use it if she could get nothing better. That manuscript was "The Dream of Gerontius," which, with "Lead, Kindly Light," is the best known of Cardinal Newman's poems, and inspired Sir Edward Elgar's greatest oratorio. "The Dream of Gerontius" was published in *The Month* in two parts, in May and June, 1865.

Soon Miss Taylor gave up her work with *The Month*, but she continued to write for magazines, and produced a number of books. At rather long intervals she published, "The Inner Life of Lady Fullerton," a very beautiful study; "Tyborne and Who Went Thither;" "Life of Father Curtis, S. J.;" "Irish Homes and Irish Hearts;" "Memoirs of Father Dignam;" "Conferences of Father Dignam." From Father Dignam, it might be said in passing, she had imbibed deep devotion to the Sacred Heart, which resulted in loving activity in spreading the Apostleship of Prayer in England and in Ireland.

But neither the charitable works done in collaboration with Lady Fullerton nor her writing proved to be Miss Taylor's true vocation. In the London of her day there was crying need for Nuns who would work in slums which were a disgrace to England. One Community was struggling to cope with an

apostolate which could easily have kept ten busy; and both she and Lady Fullerton were greatly troubled about the conditions which prevailed. Together they went to the Continent, and visited religious houses in Belgium, France, Germany and Poland in search of Sisters who would not only be willing to attempt a foundation in London, but whose Rule permitted them to do exactly the kind of work which was needed. Miss Taylor was already deep in labor of the sort, and for a time the affiliation of her enterprises with the little Sisters of Mary, from the Archduchy of Posen, was seriously considered. But the plan proved to be impracticable; and no Community was found exactly suited to their demand.

The result was that on their return to England a new congregation was founded. Its members are called, "Poor Servants of the Mother of God," and Mother Mary Magdalen Taylor became their first superior-general. From the beginning Cardinal Manning gave his hearty encouragement, and the Jesuits of Farm Street trained the first recruits in the religious life. This was in 1870, when Mother M. Magdalen was thirty-eight years of age.

The Congregation grew steadily, and a mother house was opened in Rome, to which are attached two schools and a church, dedicated, in true English spirit, to St. George and the English Martyrs. It was in this church that, in 1887, the "Three Hours," now so popular a Good-Friday devotion in this country, was first preached in English. Other homes of the Congregation are in Florence and Paris; in several locations in Ireland; and scattered throughout England.

The scope of the work done by the Poor Servants of the Mother of God is as wide as the big-hearted foundress desired. They visit the poor, nurse, teach parochial schools, and conduct refuges for women. Their habit and veil are black, and the scapular blue.

For fifteen years after the approval of her Congregation by Pope Leo XIII., Mother M. Magdalen was spared to guide it; but as early as 1892 her health broke, and the remaining eight years of her life were filled to the brim with intense suffering, very patiently borne. She died on the ninth of June, 1900, in a home for penitents which she had established in Soho Square, London.

A great woman, surely: energetic, clever, blessed with a singularly retentive memory and a genius for organization. Better still, she had a deeply tender and sympathetic heart. From early childhood to old age her love for the poor and the sick and the wayward never wavered, nor did her hands weary of serving them. Budding in the shadow of Anglicanism, her charity found its full flower in the sunshine of the Church.



The Longing Heart.

BY NELLIE R. IVANCOVICH.

A GOOD many years ago a well-known convert of the time* wrote the story of his conversion, as many converts have done. He was not only sincere and intelligent, but he was the author of many works of great charm and distinction; so his book was very fine. He called it "A Troubled Heart," and it was so tender and appealing that there was a personal sense of relief and gratitude, as one went on to read, in the latter part of the book, how the troubled heart was "Comforted at Last."

All converts, no doubt, pass through this period of perplexity and anxiety. It is part of the call they have received from God. A person who felt quite secure and satisfied where he was would never go forth in search of something better. In his eyes, of course, there would be nothing better.

I had just passed through such an

* Charles Warren Stoddard.

experience when I read the book and, like the author, now that I had come into the One True Church, I found my heart comforted far beyond my hopes or expectations. Comforted—yes; enlightened, strengthened. But, like every other human heart, not quite satisfied. "And not we, only, but the whole world travaileth and groaneth until now." That is the history of the race.

The case of those who have no religion is tragic, for "The eye is not filled with seeing nor is the ear satisfied with hearing." We see people all around us hurrying and rushing to get somewhere, then bewailing the fact that they do not know what to do with their time; demanding the most thrilling entertainment and then not pleased with what they have seen; buying what they cannot afford, then tiring of it and casting it away before it is half worn out. Discontented, restless, dissatisfied! It has always been so. I was reading, not long ago, a very old book, written when life was far less complex than now, yet even then the author was urging a return to more simple pleasures and to a more peaceful, domestic life. And further back there was ancient Greece and Rome, where, carried away by the hunger and longing of his heart, man plunged into wild extravagance and fierce excesses in his efforts to find satisfaction. Further back still, from the creation of the race, after the fall of Adam, mankind has ever been seeking, longing for what it could not find.

All down the ages men, in their search, have made to themselves gods. They have worshipped the sun, the winds, the sea. With their own hands they have made graven images and set them up, endowing them with qualities they themselves did not possess, and, having fallen down and worshipped them, have lifted up their hearts and their voices to the spirits of the air, to demons and angels and to the "unknown God." Thus have they endeavored to

appease the hunger that possessed them.

In the fulness of time God revealed Himself to the children of Israel, but it was as a God of justice. He gave them His Law, which must be obeyed. They were a stubborn, wilful people and must be taught.

It remained for Our Lord to win our hearts' tenderest love and loyalty, not because it was our duty to serve Him, but because He was Himself, infinitely lovable, because He fulfilled our utmost ideal of all that was beautiful and noble and holy, because He had laid aside His majesty and power, and stooped to our lowliness, carrying us as lambs upon His shoulders even when we had strayed away from the Fold. This, then, was the last and strongest tie that bound us to God; the final, powerful motive for all our love and longing.

But even when the heart has been comforted by God it is still unsatisfied, for the more one knows about God, and the more the heart is filled with the love of God, the greater is its longing for the sight and full possession of God, the Father of us all—"For whom all pater-nity in Heaven and earth is named."

So far from being a curse or even a disadvantage this hunger of the heart is our greatest blessing. Without it we would make no progress in the spiritual life. The world would engross us utterly. Our Lord Himself has said: "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after justice: for they shall have their fill. But not here. The hunger of our hearts will never be fully satisfied on this earth. We will always be "as little children crying in the night."

Our Lord will come to us in Holy Communion and bless us, we will draw near to Him in prayer and thanksgiving; but it will only be when we have gone home to our True Country, and have come to Our Father's House of Many Mansions that our longing and weary hearts will be truly comforted at last.

Contrasts.

BY P. J. C.

YOU notice, as you watch the march of things, certain marked expressions of contrast. Summer is warm, spread wide, out of doors; the season of light and little clothing; of open doors, open windows, porch sleeping, picnicking, fishing; the season when people go to lakes sides for shade, to seashores for ozone. Winter is cold, shut in, secure. It is the season of fur coats, frost-bitten ears, felt boots. Winter insists on hot stoves and hot coffee. "Keep your feet warm" is a winter slogan. "Look out for a sunstroke" is good advice for summer.

And there are those contrasts we discover in people. Differences of disposition we call them. The humorous man will often be sobered by his grave, fact-seeking, literal-minded opposite. The woman who is a society seeker, a bridge expert, a frequent presence in the theatre, the ballroom, will meet her antithesis in the wife and mother who makes her home the temple of her ministrations; her kitchen the workshop wherein she serves and is content; the living room, surrounded by her family, her theatre and ballroom where children are her actors, their laughter the rhythm of waltzes. Men in the professions may more often be contrasted by opposites than set in harmony by points of agreement. The abrupt, surly, unsympathetic physician may be set over against his kindly, willing-to-listen, trying-to-help brother. The nurse, who has her eye out for a "good time" more than for her patient's temperature and pulse count, will meet a professional antithesis who is anxious and cautious, hovers about the bed to watch symptoms and changes as a sea captain studies omens in the sky. And college professors—you have them in contrasts as sharp as a funeral and a wedding, or giants and Tom Thumbs

in a circus. The choleric, the easy-going; the deep, the shallow; the man who guards himself against wandering off into foreign fields by staying within the walls of his subject-matter, the man who delivers himself of inconsequential speech wherever his mind happens to alight.

And there are unmistakable contrasts arising at different times as a result of changed conditions in a single subject. Witness a poor man become rich. Will you not find the man become rich very different from the man who was poor? And not in external circumstances and additions merely; in the character and often in the moral expressions of his life as well. If the poor man become suddenly rich we note the contrast between his poverty and riches, between his early humility and his present-moment crass pride; between a once simple, lowly, lovely life; and a now overbearing assertiveness suggestive of a ram's head.

Power is responsible for strange soul transformations. The workman made president of the corporation has not only put away his overalls. That were a small thing. He has laid aside simplicity, humility, sturdiness, candor. He has put on the grand manner, arrogance, proud exclusiveness. There are some men who achieve power and remain themselves human, approachable, simple. To carry into power and to keep secure there those qualities of heart which belong to the lowly is a much more remarkable achievement than the acquisition of honors and high station.

And if you are anxious to pursue, contrast life and death. The man who talked so much while living, in death is silent. He to whom every hour rushed in with a duty, is strangely indifferent to hours or duties now. Call, he will not answer; beckon, he will not go to you.

Seasons, days, nights, men, women, man differently circumstanced, life, death—all present themselves in sudden, sharp, unmistakable opposites.

Notes and Remarks.

In Jerusalem, the Moslems attempted to charge an entrance fee to each pilgrim for entering the Holy Cenacle on Holy Thursday of this year. Father Jacopozzi, O. F. M., Custodian of the Holy Land, protested vigorously over the money changing. Result: English police on duty at the Cenacle "induced" the Moslems to abandon their taxation without representation, and so all pilgrims entered the Cenacle, tariff-exempt, as usual. The phrase "English police induced the Moslems," etc., is perhaps a euphemism. But whether it is or not, tabulate the procedure of Rev. Father Jacopozzi, O. F. M., under the heading Catholic Action.

Will you be interested in hearing that Miss Marie Josephine Nguyen thi Hang is the daughter of the Tonkinese Governor of the Province of Hai-Duong, French Indo-China? No? Well, we add this, and perhaps you will "react," as they say to the students of education when dazed or dozing. Miss Marie Josephine Nguyen thi Hang recently received the habit of the Carmelite nuns residing at Hanoi; the Carmelite nuns who have five well-established monasteries in Indo-China; in Indo-China which ranks first in all Asia for cloistered religious. Now, perhaps, you "react" more vigorously in favor of—don't forget her name—Miss Marie Josephine Nguyen thi Hang.

That Spain is still essentially Catholic, and that the Republican Government, however evil it may be in mind and heart, is fearful to some extent of the rank and file of the people, may be evidenced from the fact that no celebration took place this year on April 14. This is the day that the Republic came into existence, and it is much the same for Spain as the Fourth of July is for

our country or the Fourteenth of July for France. This year, however, Good Friday happened to fall on the fourteenth of April, and there was some doubt as to whether the religious feast would be subordinated to the political anniversary. It is gratifying to note that political celebrations were either transferred or cancelled while the observance of Good Friday took place as in the days of the monarchy. "Even in foreign cities," says the London *Tablet*, "the Spanish Ambassadors have bowed to the traditions of most Catholic Spain. In Paris, for example, the Ambassador's banquet, commemorating the Proclamation of the Republic, was pushed forward several days so as not to take place in Holy Week." This, perchance, is a good omen. It shows, at any rate, that the anti-Christian forces in the government were either not able to force their will upon the others, or feared to do so because they realized that a revolt might take place among the people.

One of the simplest statements of what the inflation of the dollar will do was given recently by Professor Kemmerer of Princeton, who has sometimes been called the "doctor of sick public finance." He has practised in several countries with success, says the New York *Times*, helping to balance budgets and stabilize currency; and it begins to look as if he might be called in to the bedside of ailing American finance. Speaking some time ago, as if by anticipation, of one of the delusions afflicting the inflationists in Washington, regarding the relief of debtors, the Professor said: Who constitute the greatest debtor class in the United States? They are the stockholders who own the big corporations whose debts, expressed in bonds issued, are seven times the amount of farm mortgages and all other agricultural loans combined. Now what would happen if the

Government came to the aid of these debtors by devaluing the dollar so as to make it worth fifty cents or thereabouts? They would profit by many millions, since they would be enabled to pay off their debts at half their contracted price. And who would be the body of creditors? They would be thousands and thousands of middle-class investors who had put their meager savings into corporation bonds; they would be the holders of insurance policies; they would be the owners of small savings-bank accounts; they would be colleges and hospitals and libraries and societies for mutual benefit and pensions, with their funds invested in the confidence that when the bonds they bought said a dollar in gold, they would get that kind of dollar. Meanwhile, the speculators—the sort of people whom President Roosevelt in his inaugural address described as “unscrupulous money changers”—would be having a perfectly glorious time.

The last twelve months have taught us that we can learn something from Canada besides liquor control. A great many of our American bankers, for example, look to be not only dumb but dishonest in comparison with their Canadian brethren. And now comes a Canadian Senator who talks right out in a public assembly on the need of good old-fashioned religion in the world to-day. Honorable J. J. Hughes is the gentleman, and the occasion of his remarks was a speech on the depression before the members of the Canadian Senate. Senator Hughes made no attempt to dilute his language. He declared in unmistakable terms that the underlying causes of the depression were not political or commercial but moral. And he painted a picture of the still more destructive abuses which we might expect if the colleges of America continue to turn out young men and women trained to live by the law of the

jungle rather than by the commandments of God. A little more of that type of speaking and a little less listening to suave lobbyists, would lift the United States Senate in the estimation of the public and give the membership thereof something like a set of ideals to work by.

Dr. Boliva J. Lloyd, medical director of the United States Public Health Service, has a proposal which should stir up a lot of discussion among those interested in prison reform. He advocates giving condemned murderers the choice between capital punishment and possible escape from death by offering themselves in Yellow Fever tests. Certainly the plan has some things in its favor. Besides assisting the medical profession in its fight against disease, it would offer the condemned man the possibility of living, and at the same time furnish him with the opportunity of doing something for the good of his fellow-men in part reparation, at least, for his crime of taking another's life. There may be angles which to the criminologist would make this plan inadvisable, but to our inexperienced eyes it seems to be something more than a mere proposal and worthy of earnest consideration.

George Bernard Shaw has been with us. The secular press indicates he is “slipping,” as they say in conversation. Mr. Shaw has always been “slipping.” He has talked too much on a number of subjects, and has frequently shown us, not a daring but a doddering intellect. He may have thought himself an irascible philosopher, whereas he was too often an irresponsible talker who discovered that nonsense has a news value if you can make it nonsensical enough. Mr. Shaw could. He has not added anything to the thought of the world which will be remembered five years after he is dead. He has posed as critic, cen-

sor of social habits, cynic, humorist and king's jester. He thrived on a publicity which he used unsparingly. He has secured all the attention he could in life, and has taken full advantage of it. After death he will not be referred to as the Bard of Avon or the Philosopher of London.



Two or three priests claim to have trisected the famous "angle"; and have forwarded lines, figures and angles to prove the claim. Perhaps it is as difficult to follow the process of mathematical reasoning by which an angle is trisected as to trisect the angle itself. And now from Los Angeles comes word of a book written by the Rev. Julius J. Gliebe, O. F. M., former pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Los Angeles, on "Trisecting an Angle." There is a diagram, we are informed, showing the process step by step. Also Father Gliebe furnishes "an absolute method for trisecting, not only an obtuse angle, but any given angle whether obtuse, acute, straight, or reflex." No more worlds to conquer for our mathematical Alexanders.



Recently the Board of Aldermen, New York City, passed resolutions on the subject of racial and religious persecutions, from the many paragraphs of which we quote:

Whereas, such persecution of Catholics and Jews and other religious groups is rampant under sanction of the Governments of Russia, Germany, Spain and Mexico; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the accredited representatives of our respective constituencies, comprising the membership of the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York in a regular meeting assembled this 11th day of April, 1933, do hereby protest against these cruel practices of bigotry and darkness.

We are not sure about the persecutions of Jews in Germany. Jews living there have been writing that they are not persecuted. People here and in Eng-

land say that the Jews who so write are compelled to do so—which is begging the question. There is no doubt about Mexican and Russian persecutions. And not much doubt about persecutions in Spain. These things happen in the Twentieth Century following the Great War, which we were told was fought to make the world safe for Democracy. Either the world is not yet safe for Democracy; or Democracy not safe for the world.



The language of diplomacy, as the world knows, is frequently the language of deception. Perhaps that explains the speech made recently by His Excellency Josephus Daniels, the newly appointed United States Ambassador to Mexico, before President Rodriguez of that country. After commenting upon the fact that the United States of America and the United Mexican States are facing certain internal changes, Mr. Daniels contributes this gem: "Both are animated by faith that the social order now in the making in both countries will guarantee to all men equality, justice, liberty, and full enjoyment of the fruits of their labor." His Excellency should know better than that. The present Mexican Government is dyed red with the blood of the innocent priests and people whom it has murdered. Its coffers are filled with the wealth which it has stolen by the crudest of hold-up methods. Right now it is denying its Catholics the rights of worship in a way that has no equal save in savage Russia itself. If Mr. Daniels can see in the record of such a government anything like even a promise of equality, justice or liberty, then he certainly possesses a type of eyesight such as has been denied to the rest of us. It was an unfortunate speech since it indirectly insulted every Mexican and American Catholic. Our new Ambassador could have been friendly and even compli-

mentary without saying things which, by implication at least, reflect upon the decent citizenship of both countries. Perhaps the only reasonable explanation of Mr. Daniels' strange words, in view of his past reputation for fairness, should be a charitable one. Perhaps he got himself all tangled up in the language of diplomacy; perhaps some under-Secretary prepared the remarks to save the Ambassador's time. Such things have happened before in American political life and may conceivably happen again. Nevertheless, Mr. Daniels did not make a very auspicious beginning when he stated that the social order now in the making in Mexico "will guarantee to all men equality, justice, liberty, and full enjoyment of the fruits of their labor." Furthermore, the citizenship of this country have some rights in the matter. Mr. Daniels speaks as our representative, and we should be the last people on earth to commend, even indirectly, the sort of tyranny which is being exercised by the present Mexican Government.

Mr. H. Ramsbotham, member of Parliament, Great Britain, and Secretary to the Board of Education, said this at Preston Catholic College, London, in an address some time ago:

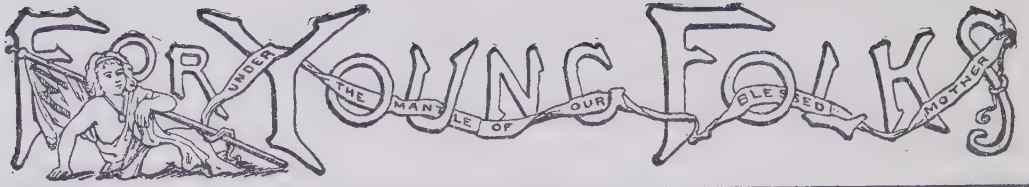
Your Church has laid it down with unmistakable clearness that in any educational system the parent comes before the State, and that in the natural order a child belongs primarily to the family and secondarily to the State. I have seen it observed that the English attitude and policy is precisely the opposite. If that is correct I am sorry to hear it. But I do not think that it is correct, at any rate, as regards the English theory of education. When Gladstone, at the end of his life declared, "I am for the family and the stable family as against the State," I do not believe that there were many educationists who in their heart of hearts disagreed with him, and I do not believe that there are many to-day. The parents are, and must remain, primarily responsible for the training and education

of the children that they bring into the world. Nothing can, or should, divest them of that responsibility.

We need just such plain language in this country. There are too many parents quite ready to give up ancient rights to fussy, nosey men and women—political, social-service, educational interlopers. Too generally, fathers and mothers transfer supervision to escape the troubles of nurture and care.

Assemblyman Charles W. Dempster, a Mason, has introduced a bill into the State Legislature of California to exempt from taxation free, private, non-profit schools. California, the land of legend and tropical vegetation, is the only State in the Union that taxes privately supported schools. It seems a wild phenomenon that the State of plentiful sunshine, oranges, grapefruit and Pacific winds should be so irrational as to tax schools which cost the State nothing, and which save the State the considerable expense of educating those many thousands of children now in private schools. We trust Assemblyman Dempster's resolution will prevail. Or perhaps Glorious California will insist on being different—right or wrong.

Cyril Horspool, popular speaker of the Leicester Catholic Evidence Guild, England, used to be "heckled" and cross-questioned by the "heckling" fraternity at his religious meetings. Some years ago he went to Rome, studied for the priesthood at St. Beda's College, and was ordained recently in the Basilica of St. John Lateran. Shortly before his ordination, he received a card of greeting signed by the hecklers who used to try to make the path of his discourses thorny with their objections. That the hecklers were such "good sports" as to felicitate Father Horspool is a confirmatory indication that Father Horspool was a "good sport" too.



Asleep.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

OH, Mary, lay Him softly down
And put the precious toys away!
Fold tenderly the little gown;
Put by the wee shoes, worn with play.
Smooth back the moist curls from His brow.
The laughing lips are quiet now;
So gently moves His small, soft breath!
And stars smile over Nazareth.
Oh, Mary, lay the pale head down
And put the crown of thorns away!
Fold over Him the blood-stained gown.
(Your tears may ease the anguished day.)
Smooth back the damp hair from His brow.
Those sacred lips are silent now.
And down the dark and cringing sky,
Stars, pale and trembling, shudder by.

Shadows on Cedarcrest.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

XV.—SUNSHINE ON CEDARCREST.

“WE’VE been waiting a heck of a long time,” grumbled George. “What do you suppose is going on, in there?”

And then Phyllis came. Her cheeks were smeared with tears, and her eyes were still wet, but they shone like twin stars. Looking at her face, they knew something wonderful must have happened to light it like that. She stood in the doorway and looked at them, but seemed to see through and beyond them. And what she said was so wholly irrelevant to their non-comprehending minds that they stared, and stared.

“I know now where it was,” she said; “I was just a little girl, barely able to read; and I stood on a high chair, and

reached up to a box on the shelf in Daddy’s study and took it from the shelf. And when I opened it, it was filled with white envelopes, and in each envelope there was a white card: square, old-fashioned Christmas cards they were, with a sprig of holly brightening the upper right-hand corner, and the same inscription engraved upon them all: ‘Christmas Greetings.’ ‘Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, do I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid.’—John xiv, 27. That’s where it was—out on the ranch when I was little—”

“If it’s a sermon,” said George, coldly, “women aren’t supposed to preach. St. Paul said something about it—I guess it was St. Paul. And if it isn’t a sermon, I hope you won’t mind telling us what it is. Did we ask for a bedtime story? And must you tell us what you did when you were a little girl?”

And then, Phyllis really *saw* them. “Oh!” she said, “I forgot you were here. You may go in and see Grandmother, now.”

“Grandmother?”

“Yes. Daddy is Jamie Stuart, and Mrs. Carstairs is our grandmother; and you’re to go in and see her, quietly.”

They sat down on the stone bridge by the lily pool and watched the green and silver fish darting among the great green pads. All three were very tired. George had quite forgotten his fears of Cedarcrest in his eagerness to see every cranny of the place which was henceforth to be his home. It had been a day of sight-seeing, with Phyllis as guide. And now the three young Stuarts had stopped to rest and talk.

“You struck us dumb,” said George

critically, "and then you told us to be quiet. We couldn't be anything else. Gee whiz! but things have been happening fast. That Mrs. Richards kissed me—doggone it!"

"Oh, George! she's so happy about it all. You shouldn't care."

"Aw—it might have been worse." George grinned and rubbed his offended cheek, reflectively—"she's a good sort. No wonder she acted queerly at breakfast. She knew what we didn't. And she almost let the gravy spill by saying I look like Dad. She showed me a picture of him in her room, taken when he was fourteen—and she says I'm the 'spittin' image' of him—whatever that means. And I do look like that picture, only he had his hair fixed funny; she said it was a roach. I always thought a roach was a bug—"

"Be quiet, George. You run on like one of those radio monologists."

"Huh? What's that?"

"Never mind. Some day you'll be a big boy and learn to use a dictionary, too."

"It was because George looks so much like Daddy, and you look so much like Grandmother, Thelma, that Daddy said one time (I remember wondering what he meant) when we were talking of my coming here to work—'If it were George, or Thelma, it would never do. But Phyllis looks like her mother.' Queer, how those things come back, now. Like the Christmas cards."

"What about the Christmas cards, for mercy sake?" demanded Thelma. "You were talking about them before, and we thought you were crazy, too."

Phyllis explained. "It sounds like a fairy story," said Thelma. "Wasn't that sweet of Daddy? 'Let not your heart be troubled—'"

"He was taking a long chance," said George. "Suppose Dalton had traced one of them, and Dad would have been brought back here and hung—where'd we be?"

"Why worry about us?" asked Thelma.

"Oh, George!" said Phyllis, "don't say—don't think such dreadful things. We mustn't talk about it after to-day. I'm going to tell you everything. I know it all, and Daddy said I should tell you."

"It hardly seems fair that you should know it first." Thelma was slightly discontented.

"Sour grapes, Thel!" snorted George. "What's the matter with you? Of course she should know it first. Wasn't Phyl just about the leading lady in the play? Next to Grandmother, of course, and Aunt Deborah—"

"And some half dozen others," laughed Phyllis. "You can't make a heroine of me, George, no matter how you try. I had a very minor part. But Daddy—he was practically the *whole show*, not to mention Tom and Ellen and the Doctor—"

"Begin at the beginning," begged Thelma. "Don't go too fast. Begin with the night Mr. Carstairs was murdered. Where was Daddy when it happened? And why didn't he come back? And—and all the rest of it?"

"When Daddy quarrelled with Mr. Carstairs," said Phyllis, solemnly, "and told him he would leave home, he meant to do it. But first he did what 'most any of us would have done, I guess. Sore-hearted, he went down into the big yard, and threw himself under a tree to cry. And there Tom found him."

"Tom?"

"Yes, dear, kind-hearted Tom, who loved Daddy as though he were his own. Tom took him down to his cottage, and Ellen, Tom's sister, mothered Daddy, and talked to him, and told him that he mustn't run away, for his mother's sake—and they let him cry it out. Tom persuaded him that the wise course would be for him to go up to the house in the morning, when Mr. Carstairs had gone into the city, as he was in the habit of doing, and have a talk with

grandmother, alone. Perhaps he could arrange to go away to school, or some place where he wouldn't be in constant conflict with his stepfather. Daddy agreed to follow their advice, and, at last, worn out, he lay down on the couch, in their sitting-room, and fell asleep. And there he was, still asleep, when the body of Mr. Carstairs was found, and all the hue and cry broke out at the big house. Hetty, nearly out of her mind with the grewsome discovery, sent down for Ellen to help her, Ellen being older and more level-headed than the maids, who were panic-stricken. Ellen was there, when the doctor, hurriedly summoned from Hopewell, came and pronounced the old man dead, and Dalton came out boldly, and said 'Jamie' did it—that he heard Jamie make the threat, 'I'll kill you!' that evening.

"Hetty, and one of the maids, had heard Jamie and his stepfather quarrelling, too, and had to admit it. The police were sent for, and—well, you can imagine how Ellen felt, knowing all the time that the accused boy was down at her home, sleeping on her couch. As soon as she could, she slipped away to tell Tom.

"He never did it,' said Tom, stoutly, and 'Of course he didn't!' she agreed. 'But the others heard them quarrelling, and Dalton accuses him outright. Tom, it will kill his mother, if they arrest the boy. They might find him guilty, and hang him.'

"We'll hide him, then,' said Tom, quickly,—'hide him, until they find the real murderer, and it's safe for the boy to come home. Miss Mattie will thank us for it when she knows. She couldn't bear to see the boy put away in a cell, and go through all that misery and torture, and neither could we.'

"But what can we do with him?" asked Ellen, in despair. 'Our house is the first place they will look. They know we love the boy. All the servants will be suspected of helping him.'

"Leave it to me,' Tom told her. And when Doctor Rieboldt drove back down the driveway, Tom was waiting at the gate for him."

"Doctor Rieboldt?" asked George, in amazement.

"Yes. Have you forgotten that Hopewell was the original home of the Rieboldt family? It was there that Doctor Rieboldt's grandfather, and father practised medicine, and it was there that Doctor Rieboldt, as he says, 'cut his medical teeth.' He was there some half-dozen years after the tragedy at Cedarcrest, until his father died, and he, himself, had acquired such a reputation in the field of medicine that he felt he had a much wider field in the city."

"Well, go on," said George, eagerly. "What did Tom tell the doctor?"

"He told him the truth," said Phyllis, simply; "and he asked the doctor if he thought the boy guilty. And Doctor Rieboldt, who had known Daddy since he was a baby, and his father before him, said 'no, of course not.'"

"And then?" prompted Thelma, as she paused for breath.

"And then Tom said (Can't you just hear him?) 'Then, if you believe him innocent, for his mother's sake put him there in the back of your car before the police come snooping around, and take him away with you, and put him in a safe place. And don't tell me where he is, at all, so when they question me, as they will, I can look them in the eye, and say, with truth, I don't know where he is. They won't suspect you, for he was gone before you came to the house to-night. Will you take him away, Doctor?'"

"And he did!" shouted George, triumphantly. "Boy! Is the doctor a good old scout! And was Tom a prince! Gee! they outwitted those policemen and Dalton Carstairs pretty easily, didn't they?"

"It wasn't so simple as you think," continued Phyllis, soberly, "it turned out to be a very complicated affair. For, whereas they expected that the real

murderer would be speedily apprehended, and Daddy's name cleared, as you now know, weeks and months, and years dragged by, and it is only now that the truth about the murder is known.

"Doctor Rieboldt had taken Daddy home with him, and pledged his aged father and mother to secrecy concerning the boy's presence there. But there was a great commotion over the Carstairs murder, and the hunt for Daddy was carried on all over the country. The old people became greatly worried, and Daddy wished to give himself up to the police, and stand trial, when he saw how much trouble he was causing them, but they wouldn't permit it. Of course no one pays much attention to the coming and going of a physician, and one night the doctor concealed Jamie—Daddy—in his car again, and drove two hundred miles with him, to the home of an aunt in a distant city. He stayed there several months, and still things were no better. It looked black for him, should he return—for, of course, his running away in the first place would seem a certain indication of his guilt. Neither the Doctor nor Tom had thought of that, that worried night when they spirited him away. All that had struck them, then, was the necessity of hasty action. It seemed too late to turn back.

"Eventually, when the excitement had somewhat subsided, Doctor Rieboldt and his aunt arranged for the boy's passage to Australia, where this aunt had a son. They had changed his name to Eaton—one of their family names—and claimed him as a relative. In Australia he was safe. The years passed by, and eventually, he married Mother, and became a Catholic. You know all the rest—how we returned to this country, partly for Mother's sake, and partly because Daddy couldn't bear to be so far from Grandmother, even though he could not see her. Then came the de-

pression, and Daddy's broken leg; and, as an odd coincidence, or, perhaps, as an answer to our prayers, Dalton inserted that advertisement in the paper, just at the time I was looking for work, and Doctor Rieboldt saw it, and called Daddy's attention to it."

"And didn't Tom know what became of Daddy? Nor that you were his girl?"

"No. For the doctor obeyed Tom's request, to tell him nothing about Daddy's whereabouts, to the letter. It seems, when Ellen was sick, before she died, she was delirious, and Tom had to keep people from her room, lest she tell about the doctor taking Daddy. And he was afraid he might get sick like that some day, and talk, too—telling what wild horses couldn't drag from him were he in his right mind. He didn't know that Daddy was Jamie, even when we all came out here, until after we went to bed, and then the doctor told him and Hetty and Uncle Alex. Of course Daddy never did know Uncle Alex, who came to work here after he was gone."

"Well, it's all turned out all right, after all," said George.

"It's turned out beautifully, I think," said Thelma, "except for Dalton—"

"Poor man!" said Phyllis, softly, "he's quite mad. He was never, perhaps, responsible for what he did. He will have a speedy hearing by alienists, to establish the fact that he is insane, and then he will be taken to the asylum at R—. For Aunt Deborah's sake, Daddy will see that he has every care."

"I think Aunt Deborah is sweet," said Thelma. "She asked to see me, and Uncle Alex took me in."

"She is going to be happy, at last," said Phyllis. "She won't take a cent of Grandmother's money; but Uncle Alex is going to work for Daddy—be superintendent, or overseer, or something like that, and they will live in that dear little gray shingle cottage on the Hopewell Road."

"Phyl! How perfectly splendid!"

"Isn't it? We can see Emma every day."

"Here's Dad," said George, looking fondly at the tall figure striding toward them through the trees.

"Doesn't he look happy?" asked Thelma. "I know now why Daddy always had shadows lurking in his eyes—and why Mother used to cry, sometimes, when I didn't know what about."

"Ho! there, my truant family!" Mr. Stuart hailed them. "I've looked upstairs, downstairs, and in the lady's chamber. I just had the most alarming inspiration. What about Bill?"

"Weary Willie!" exclaimed Phyllis in dismay. "Oh! he'll be starved."

George groaned, and Thelma looked stricken. Mr. Stuart laughed at their lugubrious expressions. "Never mind," he consoled them, "I made use of the telephone, and Mrs. Cunningham had sent Mr. Cunningham out to round up Bill. I don't imagine he'll have to hunt far. If I know the family puss, he'll be sitting on the back step, yowling, 'Thel-ma!' at the top of his most woeful voice. The Cunninghams will take care of him, until we get home. We'll all stay out here until Monday, and then we'll have to go back to town, and do some packing. You and George, Thelma, will move over to Doctor Rieboldt's and spend the remainder of the school term there—coming out here week-ends, of course," he reassured them hastily, as their faces fell, and they brightened, immediately. "It's so near the end of the term, that it is not advisable to transfer you to another school."

"How I'll settle myself to common, everyday, dull old studying *now*, is more than I know," declared George, meditatively. "Gee whiz; I'll have to do a lot of tall explaining, because my name isn't Eaton any more—"

"Not at all," said his father. "To avoid comment, you may retain the 'Eaton' until the end of the school year.

Then you will come home, and Mother will come home, and we'll all be—"

"Stuarts forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!" Thelma jumped up and swung him around in a giddy dance. "Oh, Daddy, it's wonderful—*wonderful!*"

"But hard on neckties and aging necks." Her father rearranged his tie, and rubbed his neck with a grimace.

"Dinner is served, Mr. Stuart," said Alice, whose approach across the grass, had been so quiet, that they had not heard her coming.

"We'll be in directly," said Mr. Stuart.

"Gee! don't you feel like an actor in a show?" asked George, watching the maid's trim figure flit back toward the house. "'Dinner is served, Mr. Stuart.' Wasn't that swell? And it'll be a dinner *as is* a dinner! No more of Thel's burned potatoes and rock pile biscuits! Gee! 'Dinner is served, Mr. Stuart.' Why, say—it won't be long, now, until the servants will be calling me 'Mr. Stuart,' too."

"Oh, be your age, Mr. Stuart," counselled Thelma, caustically, "you're only a baby. 'I'd just as leave sleep in a chair in your room, if you and Thel don't mind,'" she mimicked. "Oh, Daddy, you should have heard—"

George, mumbling something desperate, made a dash at her, and she fled away across the lawn, with the irate boy in pursuit, while Phyllis and her father laughed heartily.

They followed more slowly. The sun, dropping down into the western horizon, bathed their pathway through the cedars with rose and amber light, and the stately old mansion to which they were coming seemed set in a beautiful golden frame.

"Look, Daddy," said Phyllis, softly, "isn't that beautiful? There's not a shadow on Cedarcrest, now."

"No," said James Stuart, "neither without, nor within—thank God!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Curious readers will be attracted to a new book of etiquette by Alice Leone-Moats, entitled "No Nice Girl Swears." The volume which is intended primarily for débutantes was published recently by Knopf.

—The second American issue of *Story*, a magazine edited by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley, was on sale at the news stands last week. The editors announce that six thousand manuscripts have been submitted to them since their transfer to this country some two months ago.

—The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has just entered the publishing field, its first volume being "The Evolving House: A History of the Home." The authors are Albert Farwell Bemis, who heads several companies in the housing industry, and John Burchard, the director of a housing research plan.

—Houghton Mifflin have just published "All about Chicago," a volume intended to be of service to visitors attending the Century of Progress Exposition. This book contains, besides chapters on the Loop and down-town Chicago, a directory of restaurants, theaters and the various transportation systems. The authors are John and Ruth Ashenhurst.

—The John Day Company is keeping up to the minute by publishing Earl Sparling's "The Primer of Inflation." Since the debate on this subject started in Congress, many people are anxious to know just what inflation means and what effect it would have upon trade. The author has endeavored to answer those questions in a simple way that can be understood by the man of the street.

—"The Great Commandment of the Gospel," by His Excellency, Most Reverend Hamlet John Cicognani, D.D., the new Apostolic Delegate to the United States, is a practical treatise on the virtue of Charity which explains the teaching of the Gospels and the Epistles regarding this virtue and its practical application in the early centuries of the Church. The author points out how fundamental was the law of Charity in the life of the Church, and how

insistently it was preached by the early Fathers and the Supreme Pontiffs. So frequently does Archbishop Cicognani quote the early Christian writers that his treatise may be said to contain an anthology of the best that has been written on Christian charity by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. Published by John J. McVey, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.75.

—In these days of small pocketbooks and large leisure, Mr. Michael Williams has done a good work in editing a bulky volume, "The Book of Christian Classics" (Liverright, Inc. \$2.), that brings together some of the finest things in Christian literature. In keeping with the title, the book contains sizable excerpts from the best works in prose and poetry of a distinctly spiritual character. To mention a few of the best: "The Confessions of St. Augustine"; "The Little Flowers of St. Francis"; "The Autobiography of St. Teresa of Avila"; Scupoli's "Spiritual Combat"; St. Francis de Sales, "On the Love of God"; and in poetry, Dante's "Paradiso" and Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." The book is beautifully and strongly bound, the type is clear and large, and all in all, the reader has a small library of excellent spiritual reading—almost 500 pages—for an exceptionally low price. It is a book that one may dip into almost anywhere and come upon the cream of Christian spiritual literature.

—The modern "thinker," if he condescends to discuss the authenticity of Holy Scripture at all, is at pains to show that there is really nothing to it more than to any Eastern poem or book of legend; and he is most at pains to destroy the historic character of the first eleven chapters of Genesis, or at least the first three. This has been the book of contention of the rationalists for many years; and although they have disagreed with one another on many points, they are ready to agree that the book is not historic and is not the work of Moses. Reverend J. O. Morgan, D. D., L. S. S., a distinguished Scripturist, in "Moses and Myth" (B. Herder. \$1.25 net), reviews the

arguments of these scholars and gives the Catholic answer. The work is the calm reasoning of the scholar and the scientist, facing the problems that are presented, with fairness, but holding them strictly within reason, and clipping the wings of fancy when the rationalists begin to "deduce" after their own free manner. It is an excellent volume for the seminarian in preparing himself against the big talk of the modern who may approach him at a later day, and for the layman to help him check up the fluent parlor philosopher.

—One of the most interesting volumes we have read for many a day is "The Long Road Home," the story of Mr. John Moody's wanderings through the intricacies of modern philosophies to the peace and security of Catholic faith. He took his philosophies seriously, and let them destroy the faith that he knew as a boy; but having run the whole gamut of modern systems he reviews them now with the eyes of faith regained, and there is a twinkle in his eye and a good-humored chuckle between his sentences as he describes his own pompous self-confidence and the pitying condescension with which he looked down upon the simple believers in a personal God. He is a very human Mr. Moody, an adventurer with plenty of courage. He saw his business adventures crash about his ears more than once; but he was ready to begin again, and each time he learned much from his mistakes. A chance reading of Mr. Chesterton made him a bit skeptical of the soundness of his philosophical idols, and a fortunate opportunity of leisure to read in his summer home brought him in contact with some Catholic writings. But it was in Vienna, at the foot of Our Lady's altar, that he first felt the peace of heart that he longed for. He became a Catholic, but not without a stout fight against what the tradition in which he was steeped told him was an impossible step. The book reads like a romance. We recommend it cordially to all Catholics and especially to young men who sometimes think it is the big thing to get out from under the restraints of Catholic discipline and be in line with the great modern movements of philosophy. Published by Macmillan. Price, \$2.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

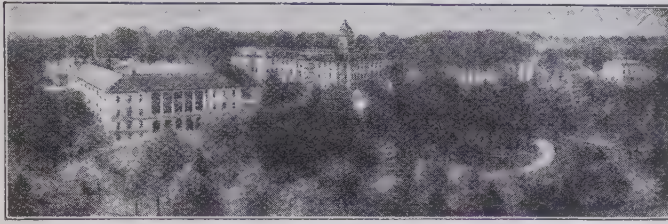
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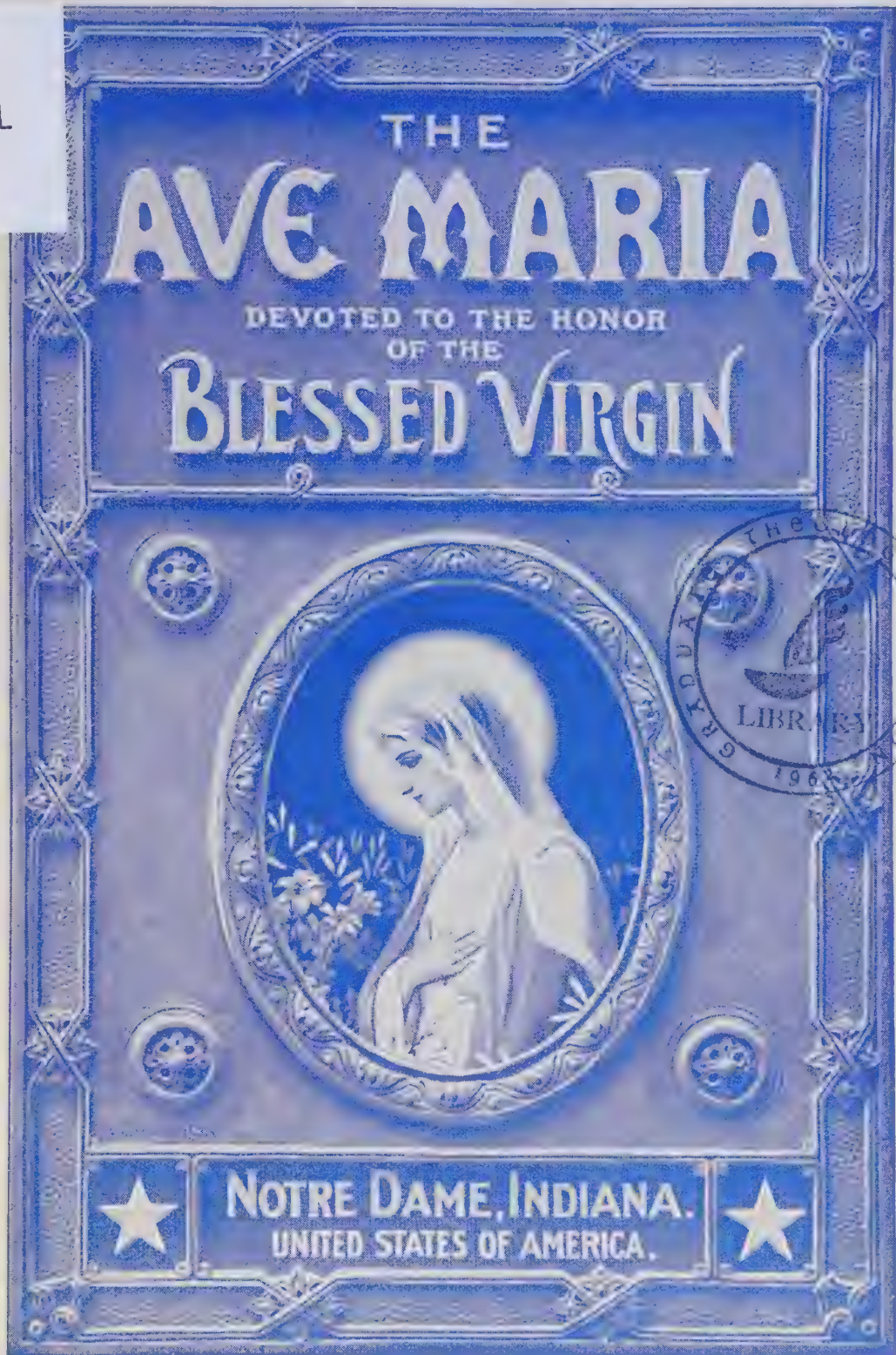
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

MAY.

SATURDAY, 20.—St. Bernardine of Siena, C.
 SUNDAY, 21.—Fifth after Easter. St. Felix of Cantalice, C.
 MONDAY, 22.—Rogation Day. St. Rita, Virgin.
 TUESDAY, 23.—St. Julia, Virgin and Martyr.
 WEDNESDAY, 24.—Our Lady Help of Christians.
 THURSDAY, 25.—Ascension of Our Lord.
 FRIDAY, 26.—St. Philip Neri, Confessor.
 SATURDAY, 27.—St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, V.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.



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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 20, 1933.

No. 20.

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Sonnets in Memory of My Mother.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

I.

THE day I learned that she would walk no more,
Though sunlight streamed, my heart-sky changed to gray.
With too-clear sight I saw my whole life's way
Stretch back to childhood's half-enshrouded shore.
The cosmas that she planted near the door
Saw me, but, bending houseward, seemed to say:
"Look! we are blossoming for her to-day,
Why doesn't she smile on us as of yore?"
Yes, ended were the trips down-street to friends—
To Mass on Sundays, holydays, and all
The fêtes and meetings where her Church might call—
In short, all work toward which a body tends.
What weight of woe, how sudden was its fall!
Yet such are men's beginnings, and their ends.

II.

AT night, after light food, her foot being dressed,
Together we would say the Lord's own prayer,
And she would add: "Hail, Holy Queen, I dare
To thank Thee for the joy within my breast,
And for my love for Him—the First and Best."
And as the sunset scoured night's thoroughfare,
With her face close to mine in silence there,
She'd slowly sink into a fitful rest.
Then I would conjure up those vanished days
Of chill and want and grief and loss, when she
Ringed me with sheltering arms unselfishly—
My sleepless guide through life's embattled maze.
Small wonder, when at times she summoned me,
I walked like a poor, blind man—in a haze.

The Challenge to Evangelicalism.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

THIS book has been written," we read in the introductory chapter of Dr. Orchard's autobiography, "From Faith to Faith," "with the open purpose of persuading all Evangelicals that the Catholic issue must be faced if Evangelicalism is to endure, and that those who have had an evangelical experience are bound to face this issue for themselves, with all its consequences, if they are to be fully faithful to the experience they have been already granted." That is a distinct challenge, and the position of the writer, the sacrifices he has made in pursuance of his conviction that Catholicism is the logical outcome of the Evangelicalism he has professed, and the weighty arguments he puts forward on behalf of his thesis demand that the challenge be taken up.

On the face of it, there does not seem much likelihood of any dispassionate review of the Church's claims from the particular section of the Protestant world indicated. There has been in Episcopalianism a distinct trend towards the adoption of Catholic practices and, up to a point, of a Catholic theology. Since the days of the Oxford Movement, which this year celebrates its centenary, the English Church has been deeply colored by the desire to undo the destructive work of the Reformation. But no such tendency is discernible among the more Puritanical sects. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists and Methodists, though the rancor of past days has been much modified, maintain the traditional attitude of hostility to anything approaching "Romanism." Their pulpits still ring with denunciations which echo the battle-cries of the Reformation. The ancient quarrel is not yet forgotten.

But if this seem discouraging there is

another aspect of what may be termed modern Evangelicalism which offers more hope, and may entitle the Catholic Church to some consideration. This is none other than the fact that the specific witness which these bodies deemed themselves called to make has grown dubious. The fires which John Wesley lit have died down. The itinerant preacher of past days carrying the torch of "the Gospel" from town to town and sometimes by his untutored eloquence setting a whole countryside ablaze, finds the task of stirring up religious enthusiasm and making "converts" ever more difficult.

The professional evangelist, indeed, has been discredited. The very bodies which welcomed Moody and Sankey, and profited spiritually and numerically so much by their ministrations, have lost the emotional fervor of those days, and seek to make up by increased respectability and culture what they lack of evangelical zeal. The typical experience associated with Christianity of this kind grows more and more rare. What makes the situation, for those who view it from within these bodies, so desperate is that the loss thus described strikes at a vital part. It is the very spirit which constituted the essence of Evangelicalism that has declined. Lacking this, there seems no particular reason to justify a separate existence. The organizations remain and call for some power and program that can use them, but these, despite various expedients meant to supply the need and numerous attempts to galvanize the old "Gospel" into new life, are not forthcoming.

It is not, however, merely that organizations have been called into existence which are failing to fulfil their proper functions. The ebb of spiritual vitality affects the individual personally. The religious experiences which occurred under the preachers of a former generation were very real. No one, for instance, reading Dr. Orchard's book could doubt

that it was his "conversion" at a mission conducted by one of these traveling evangelists which determined his future career, and has been the basis of his character ever since.

Psychology has closely examined the religious experiences recorded as due to such agencies, and completely disposed of the superficial theory that they were merely manifestations of hysteria. A tree is to be judged by its fruits, and there can be no doubt that, in many cases, these emotional episodes did produce a moral revolution in the characters of the men and women who experienced them. The serious-minded, philanthropic Protestant of to-day owes no small part of his stability and earnestness to his evangelical heritage. But the drying up of the original sources of inspiration, just as it is leaving the organizations which it created high and dry, so it is leaving the moral habits formed under its stimulus without the impetus necessary to maintain them. The result is in every way tragic. It means that many thousands of men and women are living on a gradually dwindling tradition which they have no means (within their present religious affiliations) of renewing.

It is here that emerges the challenge of Catholicism to which Dr. Orchard gives utterance. Continuing the quotation from his book previously cited, we read: "For in what follows, there will be an endeavor to show that any genuine evangelical experience is ultimately derived from the Catholic Church, and is rationally explicable only on the basis of the doctrines that it so jealously guards and rigidly demands as necessary to be believed if full salvation is to be attained; while it will be argued that the acceptance of the claim that the Roman Church represents the one historically continuous Church founded by Christ, is the only sure means of guaranteeing that the evangelical experience will continue to be

made accessible to all mankind." That is the challenge. It demands that Evangelicalism drop its traditional attitude of hostility to the Church, and that it inquire whether the sources of that religious experience which has been its supreme possession, do not lie in Catholicism. In its present condition, suffering as it is from disillusionment and perplexity, there is some hope that the challenge will be heeded.

But what is this "evangelical experience"? Perhaps the best way of answering that question is to refer to the passage in "From Faith to Faith" in which Dr. Orchard describes his own "conversion."

He had gone, he tells us, to a service conducted, in the Presbyterian church attended by his family, by a professional evangelist, an ex-soldier whose theological training must have been of the scantiest. The address was a simple appeal to "decide for Christ." He was conscious, he says, "of being confronted with some one who had a right to demand my decision, and who was infinitely condescending in thus offering Himself to my free choice; thus revealing at once His hitherto unrecognized desirability, and my previously unsuspected need of such a Saviour."

The effect of this service seems to have been overpowering. "I was sure," writes Dr. Orchard, recalling the experience, "that something had completely changed my attitude towards religion, and demanded a corresponding change in my character and conduct. I had openly confessed my need of Christ and had definitely accepted what I believed to be His personal offer to me. This was an act, whatever its outward form which meant that a momentous transaction had taken place between my soul and its Creator, and I had been brought into personal contact with Christ, the Saviour of the world. I can still remember how all that night I was content to remain awake, my mind searching out

the significance of what had happened, while my very frame seemed to be tingling as if some electric current was passing through it, and my heart was warmed as if by some interior fire."

Students of religious psychology will recognize in that description a quite common phenomenon. Its main features repeat experiences that have been recorded again and again. Certainly it cannot be denied that they have occurred frequently in Protestant Christianity. Indeed, so prominently have they figured in the history of non-Catholic bodies that it has been supposed by many unacquainted with Catholic life and literature that they are peculiar to Protestantism. The Church is represented as the enemy of spiritual religion. Its discipline is supposed to check spontaneity. Its rites and ceremonies, it is imagined, prohibit an active interior life. Over against the free expression of the individual's religious aspirations characteristic of non-Catholic devotion it imposes, we are led to believe, a mechanical uniformity.

Those who speak in this way have never acquainted themselves, it is obvious, with the lives of the saints, nor can they have much knowledge of even ordinary Catholics. Yet it should be obvious that a Church which produced a St. Augustine of Hippo, which in the Middle Ages sent out the great missionaries whose labors resulted in the Christianizing of Europe, which, later, commissioned St. Dominic and St. Francis with their friars to preach the Gospel in the highways and byways of the world, and which numbered among its servants such mighty spiritual forces as St. Ignatius Loyola and Saint Francis Xavier—that this Church could not be entirely what they have thought her. Least of all is there excuse for denying the evangelical and missionary spirit to the Church to-day. As Dr. Orchard says, such mission conversions as his must be getting very

infrequent in those bodies which once could boast of them. "For," he continues, "save on a smaller scale and among more obscure Christian bodies, it is now only in High Anglican and Roman Catholic circles, though there with more careful psychological methods and on a much sounder doctrinal basis, that missions are still believed in and carried on."

But we can go further and declare that such truth as the Protestant Evangelist declares and such knowledge of souls and their needs as he may have are derived from the Church which laid the foundations of Christendom. She through long centuries was the guardian of that Book which is to-day the armory of the preacher, and it was she who exemplified and still exemplifies on an heroic scale the enterprise of the missionary spirit and the "passion for souls" which sends men to the ends of the earth. How colossal must be the ignorance of Christian history which supposes that such things are peculiar to the last four centuries or are to be found only among the heirs of the Reformation!

But the conclusion of our argument is not yet reached. It must be shown that, so far from Catholicism being inimical to spiritual experiences of the kind under discussion, those experiences, when divorced from their Catholic context, tend, as events are showing, to disappear. Dogmatic authority, ecclesiastical organization and Sacraments are absolutely necessary in order to direct aright those who undertake evangelistic labors and to conserve their gains. There is no need to deny the value of the emotional reaction often given, as in Dr. Orchard's case, to the "preaching of Christ" by illiterate and unauthorized missionaries. What it is necessary to assert is that emotion without a dogmatic basis and sacramental nourishing cannot survive. It needs, moreover, to find expression in the corporate life of the Church. As it has manifested itself in Protestant

Evangelicalism it is too subjective and individual a thing to withstand the wear and tear of life. Emotion is a necessary ingredient of the Christian life, but emotion without organization and authority, without the aids which the Sacraments supply, either runs to extravagant and dangerous or immoral excesses, as we see in the history of numerous mystical sects, or else it gives place to a complacent respectability which has made friends with this world.

We may perhaps draw a parallel between the "convert" who owes his religious awakening to an irregular ministry, and the man and woman whose union is unblessed by the Church and unrecognized as sacramental. Much has been made of the likeness between the experience in which the soul recognizes its need of self-fulfilment in God and gives herself to Him and nuptial union, but the analogy should be carried further than it is customary to carry it. The records of our time bear sad witness to the impermanence of those "marriages" which depend on emotion and which are held to be dissolvable when the initial emotion wanes.

Marriage in the true sense needs more than this. It has to face times when the wedded pair have nothing to hold them together save their bond; times when the spring and summer of their amatory life passes into the bleakness of some psychological winter; times when it may be necessary to fight grimly with poverty or disease; times, even, when one or other partner may be rendered wholly incapable of fulfilling his or her part of the bargain. To tide marriage over these seasons it is necessary that it be founded on vows of life-long fidelity, and that it receive the sanction of the community to which the couple belong so that its social as well as its individual significance be recognized.

But all this is true of the marriage between God and the soul. It must be

based on an unquestionable authority. In periods of spiritual dearth it must be able to fall back on the common life, the visible worship, the ordered devotions, the reasoned doctrines, the ecclesiastical authority of God's Holy Church. The routine of a domestic life lived by two married people may not be the picturesque and exciting thing which courtship proved, but, if that courtship is to be continued and to be deepened and enriched, the routine must be accepted and the discipline it involves endured in patience and charity. So is it with the Christian life. So, far from Catholic "externalism" being the enemy of that initial experience in which the soul is awakened, without such externalism the gains of "conversion" will be, sooner or later, lost.

Evangelical Christians are not asked to forswear their evangelical experience. On the contrary, they are bidden conserve it in the only way in which it can be conserved, namely, by submitting to the Church which was its Source and which is its divinely appointed Guardian and Director.



The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XX.

NINETEEN Hundred and Twenty was the Black Year. Martial Law crouched over the country with a shut fist. Bills by dozens were shot out from the British House of Commons for "the better government of Ireland," but nobody took notice. Ireland was in her guerilla warfare, determined to get something this time or become a waste.

That spring, The Bog found it so difficult to get his crops planted. Most of the help were on the run, and the men he was able to hire, too old for hard work. By devices she could never hit upon in times of peace, Nano was able to outwit her father in getting her

quota of provisions to the fighters. When and where they ate, depended as much upon the prevision of the fighters as upon British vigilance. Sometimes the Cumann na mBan made Gallop's house a distribution center; then, when the scent became too hot, they raced to the parish hall.

The Bog hardened as the troubles increased. An untamed bog yielding only green rushes and turf was irritating enough; but delayed crops, cattle not properly fed was not short of a crime. He thought in bitterness of that young fool running all over Ireland, and police and soldiers watching to get a shot at him, when he might be following a peaceful plow; and a mad-cap girl helping every mother's son of them to bring ruin upon the country. He stood at the lane fence a mid-April morning, 1920, and looked across the brown land. An old man tugged at a plow in an attempt to turn it at the end of the garden. He did not know how to turn the plow, and the horses seemed amused at his awkwardness. The Bog hurried to him.

"Give me that!"

He changed the plow with an easy lift and set it in the crooked furrow. He despised crooked furrows.

"Get up!"

The horses recognized a master's voice and conceded it was no time for further fooling. He went three full rounds, then handed back the plow to the old man.

"That's how it should be done!"

He went to the house brooding and terrible. Nano and her mother were at the yard gate—the yard gate through which John Conway and his men went the night after the rehearsal; the gate through which Davey went with his gun to protect Alice and her friends on their way home after he had defied his father. Nano, dressed fetchingly, held two packages. One contained the clothes she had mended for Tom Walsh. She would leave that pack-

age at the sacristy with Gallop. The other held shirts she had washed and ironed for Mick Madigan. She would leave the shirts at the school.

The Bog stopped inside the gate. He closed it with finality and looked ominously at Nano, who was telling her mother that a person to iron economically must use two irons.

"Take those things back and put them where they belong!"

Fortunately for Nano, her father crossed her at the right time. Had he crossed her the day before, he would have found her with three of his shirts and a top coat he rarely used.

"Why, Dad, that's just what I'm doing—putting them where they belong."

She stepped toward the gate; he put an impressive hand upon her shoulder. Watching them you would think of a lion and a fox; a strong, hard lion that could hurt; a shifty fox, trained to maneuver.

"You're not going to rob this house any longer! If you're so fond of your rowdies get them food and clothing somewhere else! You're not going to steal any more from me!"

"But, Dad, this clothing belongs to the men—I'm taking it to them."

"You'll not take it! You'll do no more thieving from my house!"

The woman who appeared a sapling beside an oak came out of her silence. The Bog dropped his hand from Nano's shoulder, and Nano glided behind them.

"Listen, Hugh, and be sensible! What's the use working yourself up into a new rage every minute, just because things you don't like are happening! The clothes she's taking don't belong here at all."

"I don't care! I want her to stay home and keep out of it! One fool in this house is enough."

"Hugh, dear, you and I are going to be alive—I hope to God—when all this is over. And we want to keep our good name. Do you wish to be the one black

man in all the country when the troubles are over? Do you want them to be pointing at you and whispering to one another, you were the man refused a bite of food and a bit of clothing to hungry, half-naked boys? Isn't it a nice legacy you'll be leaving your children, to have people say they're the children of the man who made them, stay at home with their comforts when the country was fighting, and wouldn't let them take a crust of bread to starving men?"

Tenderness was stealing in, but he shut his heart tight. He thought of his neglected land, and that of an old man out there trying to govern a fine team of horses! And Davey—the jackass!—who should be in his place, raging over the country!

"No, I'm through fooling—you stay here!" He turned to set a strong hand upon Nano again. She was gone.

He was so surprised he forgot to let loose a new anger at once.

"How did she get away?"

"She's a sly piece I tell you! She'd escape through a keyhole," the mother answered tolerantly.

"She's a hussy, and you're in league with the two of them! You're spotting and spying, and helping them to feed half the vagabonds of the country out of my house!"

"Our house, Hugh—don't be putting *my* before everything."

"I don't care—'tis my house; and I'm going to be master here; and I won't have ye feeding and clothing blackguards that are bringing ruin upon the country."

"You'll be thankful to the blackguards bye and bye, maybe! And some day you'll be down on your knees for the hardness you're showing."

"Don't trouble yourself about that! And remember there's to be no more stealing from this house to feed and clothe rowdies!"

"All right, have your way!"

The Bog went to the haggard to give

directions to an old man who was setting potatoes. Mrs. Byrne went back to the house, knowing very well her husband would not have his way, no matter what she told him.

Nano hurried down the road to the schoolhouse. Across from her, the old man to whom The Bog gave the lesson in plowing, followed a reluctant team. He was a bent man—from work and rheumatism. His presence there made her think of Davey—her Davey—who, when he plowed, walked erect and kept the horses moving; they recognized a master. Not a hard master—but a master all the same. Davey would take no fooling from any horse!

It was eleven when she stood in the school cloak room where Mickeen the Hump stood the day he came with his hint to Conway. Fortune was with her. Paddy Hartney came from outside, looked timidly at her—and smiled.

"Paddy! I'm in luck! How are you?"

"Fine! How's Davey?"

Davey was Paddy's hero of the hurling pitch.

"Davey's fine too—I think."

Paddy told Conway of his visitor and Conway came out.

"Well!"

"Yes, Mr. Teacher, I'm here with a 'bundle on my shoulder' for Mick Madigan. Here 'tis." She set the parcel down.

"Shall I get you a chair?"

"No thanks! I must hurry to Gallop with this other parcel."

"Couldn't a boy take it?"

"Not this time. I'll sit some other day."

"Well, I'm glad you called even for a minute. This is my last day."

"Last day?"

He nodded. The Commission got word of his activities and asked him to resign. Father Healy interceded—it was no use.

"Fortunately, the man to replace me is more Rebel than myself."

"Lucky! What're your plans?"

"What else but give full time."

She held out her hand.

"Good-bye, dear! You're not on the run yet anyhow."

"No, but will be soon, please God!"

He accompanied her to the flight of stone steps which led to the road, and she went on alone.

Gallop, coming out the chapel yard on his way to the hall, led Nano into the sacristy where she placed her package for Tom Walsh. And then she had a suggestion.

"Gallop, I'm going to look in at the base hospital—will you come along?"

"I've sweeping to do."

"I know—but you wouldn't let a lone girl go from here to the Manor?"

"Well, why didn't you bring your car—eh?"

"I thought I'd rather go with you."

The two men in whom Nano found greatest delight were Gallop and Mick-
een the Hump. They were opposites, yet each in his way brought the comfort of a laugh. Gallop was sullen, retreating; his kindness was in the rough. Mickeen was talkative, provocative, full of guile.

"I never like to go with girls," Gallop declared as he set out.

"You should, Gallop. Girls make people happy."

"They don't; you can't depend upon them. I never trust girls any more."

"You don't trust girls any more! Why?"

"Oh! I've my reasons."

"You were in love, maybe?"

"I wouldn't care to say."

"And the girl gave you up—is that it?"

"I wouldn't care to say."

"Tell me, Gallop! I'm mad to hear stories of wrecked love."

"Yes, so you'll be telling it all over the parish!"

"Gospel truth, Gallop, I won't! Your secret and mine."

He surrendered.

"Tisn't such a long story then."

The parish clerk faced her and pointed

a finger at a scar on the right side of his forehead.

"Do you see that?"

She had seen it many times.

"Well, that was the cause of my trouble. I fell in love with a girl and she fell in love with me—that is, we loved each other. And were to be married in a couple of years, after I made a bit of money. But a shod jennet kicked me upon the forehead one morning and disfigured me. I was a month recovering. When the girl saw my forehead, she gave me the good-bye!"

"Gallop, I can't believe that of any girl!"

"'Tis the truth—as true as the prayer-book! And what's worse, she married a fellow from the mountains: a big, stout, fat, thick-necked fellow with black, hairy arms."

"Gallop, I never heard such a thing!"

"'Tis the truth—as true as the prayer-book. A big, stout, fat, thick-necked fellow with black, hairy arms."

"I won't forget the arms. Are they happy, do you think?"

"I don't care a damn whether they are or not! I saw the fellow at the fair of Rathdrum last November with cows; a big clown of a fellow with a thick neck and—"

"Black, hairy arms," she finished.

Then around the road bend shortly west of the Wiltmore estate a lorry filled with British soldiers swung into sight. That put all thoughts of Gallop's broken romance out of Nano's head. British soldiers on the roads of County Limerick were not infrequent just then, but it was the first time Nano was to get such a close-up view.

"O Gallop, I'm glad you came!" she whispered as the lorry asserted itself on the road.

"And 'tis much good I'll be, if they aren't going to behave!"

Ten soldiers held their guns at a ready angle. Gallop and Nano gave the lorry more than a lion's share of the

road. The lion, however, veered a little from its straight course and sped on, as the soldiers observed curiously the strangely mated pair.

"They're not so bad after all," Nano said in a relieving breath.

"You can't tell a thing about them," Gallop answered dourly.

Two elements which she never guessed saved her uncensored remarks from the soldiers. The men had Captain Colton in command. This Oxford man who had adventured in the Argonne and stood through the horrors of March, 1918, did not leave his soul in France. He took County Limerick as an assignment and brought his soul with him. He did more to make the British people better liked in West Limerick than all the conventions called by Mr. Lloyd George, or the conscription oratory of Mr. John Redmond. He was a brave man, and human. He was to do a few things around Kilbeg, before he set out finally for his Kent country, that kept his name in kindly speech for a good while.

At the "base" Nano and Gallop found three wounded men. A night fight with the Black and Tans brought them down—but not fatally.

Alice Farley sat in the little parlor darning socks; Mary O'Sullivan and Kathleen Donovan were doing some washing in the kitchen, with Jerry Higgins to keep heat in the water. And at last they had secured an elderly lady from Askeaton to act as "matron," "superintendent," or what not, of the "unit."

By one of those coincidences which should not occur in fiction but do in life, Davey dropped in shortly after Nano and Gallop. There was commotion, and everybody had everything to say at the same moment to the man on the run. Davey said wearily,

"I haven't slept for five nights—I'm tired."

Ten minutes later he was eating the food which he needed, for he was hun-

gry too. After the meal Nano showed him into one of the sleeping rooms.

"Davey, take a good sleep. And then steal home to-night. I want to mend you. Will you?"

Davey nodded—he was tired.

"Why haven't you stolen in oftener, Soldier?"

"O Nan, there's so much to be done everywhere—I don't have time."

"But you will to-night?"

He nodded again—he found it so hard to talk. She went out and closed the door. It was a new wonder for Davey to lie between clean sheets; to feel the warmth they returned—the warmth they received from his own warm body. The light came in through those narrow window spaces missed by the curtains. It was so soft and comforting, and he so snug, secure! A little clock ticked from the small table beside him. It was pleasant to hear its rhythm; only his eyes were too weary to look at it. From outside came the hum of voices—they were speaking softly! They were doing that for him. He was very tired, very soiled; and his clothes unkept. He had never gone to Nano all the months but two or three times. There was so much to be done. How pleasant the voices! They seemed so far away, so low, so gentle. He was happy; he could sleep now and get a good rest. Girls are kind always, he thought. Nano was kind—Nano was a wonder! And Alice was just Alice—like nobody else in the world. Alice was—He knew no more. He fell away into his long sleep.

Then he felt a light pressure on his head. He came—up—up—up from a great depth. He felt the pressure more distinctly. There was light, as when one comes to air after sea darkness. Where was he? Where had he been? He must think.

"Davey, 'tis nine o'clock! You've been sleeping nine hours. Get up! Get up, Soldier! 'Tis time to call on Nano."

He sat up in bed, yawned, rubbed his

eyes. The light he first saw came from a lamp set on the small table.

"Hurry, Soldier!"

He looked to where the voice came from. Alice standing beside the table; the same Alice he thought of before he went—down—down—down into the farthest depths of sleep.

"O Alice, 'tis you!"

"Yes, Soldier! Awake! Come out of your sleeping! Get up!"

He yawned and stretched his arms.

"I will. Nine o'clock at night, is it?"

"Yes, Soldier. Nine o'clock, and no moon."

"All right."

She retired, closing the door softly. Half an hour later Davey ate supper and Alice watched him. The "matron" prepared the food in the kitchen, because Alice did not think the matron had the personality for a waitress.

"Well, how are you now?"

"All right—but tired."

"Tired! Man, you've slept nine hours! How tired were you?"

"Alice, I was so tired I could have slept in a hive of bees."

"Oh! And then I suppose you'd sing, 'Sting me to sleep.'"

"That's good."

"Where have you been these months?"

"Alice, I've been everywhere—Askeaton, Bridgetown, the Craggs, the Mountains. I've been in such strange fixes and slept in such strange beds—and no beds—I'll write a book."

"And dedicate it to me?"

"No—you'll be the title. The title will be 'Life of Mrs. Byrne's Husband.'"

"Don't be absurd, Davey, and eat your supper! You have to see Nan yet."

"And you'll come along?"

"Yes—and Jerry."

"Why do we want Jerry?"

"An officer needs an orderly, doesn't he?"

"Well, then, the orderly'll walk one mile ahead."

(To be continued.)

Final Vows.

BY S. C. N.

BEING yet young in love, I like a child
Prattled incessantly, told every word
That I from my indulgent Lover heard,
But He (All-Comprehending) only smiled.
Now, though with waves of rapture sweetly wild,
The very deepness of my soul is stirred,
I keep His secret, wondrously conferred,
And wear a manner calm, and meek and mild.
For, having grown to love's assurity
(Or so it seems, although His whisper tells:
"Ah, wait beloved! Mere foreshadow *this*,
Of love refulgent in maturity!)

No sound betrays the joy that in me dwells,
For silence only doth suffice for bliss!

The Interior Life.

BY JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

WHAT is the innermost secret, the soul, of Catholicism? What explanation is offered for the perennial vigor, the unity, the consistency and the solidarity of the Apostolic Church? What is the essential nature of the animating interior spirit that whispers and thunders and reverberates through all the illumined pages of Christendom's history; that inspired the Crusades and the merchant guilds and all the culture to which we are heir; that triumphantly survived the blasphemous pride of the pretended Reformation, the tepidity of Jansenism, the perpetual sneer of Voltaire, and the modern worship of self and plutocracy?

Experience has taught the Catholic Evidence Guild speaker that the questions asked and the objections proposed to-day by the man in the street were fully and completely answered nineteen hundred years ago. The same indifference prevails, the same incredulity, the same stupidity, the same hatred, as when Christ instructed the multitude from Peter's boat.

"If we find in the history of the Catholic Church," wrote Robert Hugh Benson, "the same psychological situations as those recorded in the Gospels continually reproduced under similar circumstances; if we find, that is, Peters and Judases and Pilates swarming round the Church's progress through the ages; if we find that the same comments are made, the same paradoxes generated, the same accusations levelled, the same criticisms, the same bursts of flame and thunder; if we find the lepers healed, the dead raised, the devils cast out, and the same explanations offered of these phenomena by the incredulous; if we find the same amazing claims uttered to the world, and the same repudiations, demurrings, and acceptances of those claims;—if, in short, we find that in the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church only, the endless intricacies and phenomena recorded in the Gospels reproduced on the stage of human history, the conclusion will be practically inevitable that the same Personality that produced those phenomena then is reproducing them now; and that the Catholic claim to possess Jesus Christ in a unique manner in herself is not unwarranted. If the circumstances are the same and the phenomena are the same, the force must be the same."

Catholic writers through the ages, from St. Paul to our own day, have always insisted that Christ is on the earth; alive on a thousand altars—living, suffering, dying, and eternally rising again on the third day—that the Church is not merely an organization or society, nor an isolated collection of individuals who are disciples and followers of Christ. The Church is not merely the ambassador nor the vicegerent nor the representative of Christ.

It is Christ.

It is His voice that calls us. It is His mystical body that embraces us. It is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. It

refreshes the weary and gives sight to the blind man and raises Lazarus from the tomb; and it will continue to ennoble and sanctify and redeem all men until the consummation of the world, until the darkness that now envelops us vanishes—and we shall see Him as He is.

We are of that very Body which is the Mystical Body of Christ. We are adopted members of the household of God. We are brothers of Christ. We are one life with Him. We bear the marks of Christ upon our body. He abides in us and we abide in Him.

In his recent book, "The Inner Life of the Catholic," Archbishop Goodier, S. J., writes: "The Sacraments are the veins of Christ's mystical body, dispensing the blood of Jesus Christ, and life with it, to all the members. Under the form of bread and wine He feeds us with His Body, His Blood, His Soul, His Divinity,—His whole Self. By so doing His life flows into us, and that is incorporation. He gives us the right to make His very heart our own, so that, as St. Paul and the saints are fond of repeating, there is between us but one heart and one soul. It is indeed a close union, closer can scarcely be imagined while we still remain ourselves; and it is union that is lasting." "I beseech you, therefore, brethren," cried St. Paul, "by the mercy of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing to God, your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be reformed in the newness of your mind, that you may prove what is the good and the acceptable and the perfect will of God" (Rom. xii, 1, 2).

"When, then, I ask myself what my Church means to me," continues the Archbishop, "I am immediately swallowed up in a greater whole, as a stone in a building, as a branch in a tree, as a limb in a body. My Church is much more to me than I am to myself; she lives more than I do; I live only as a

part of her. So absorbing does this become that her thoughts are my thoughts, her ideals are mine, the goal she has before her is my goal; in a real, and to me quite a natural sense, I live, now not I, but she lives in me.

"As my hand pays no regard to itself, but regards only me to whom it belongs, as it has no life of its own, but only what comes to it from the living person; so can I, as a Catholic, regard not myself but the body to which I belong, and live, not of myself, but in so far as I imbibe the life of her who lives independently of me, and whose life's blood flows through me. In her I live, and move, and have my being; so natural has this become to me that I cannot think of myself as myself, except as an isolated creature, a dead and dismembered limb, in which true life is not. My life is her life, my being is her being; she has my love and my service, as I myself have the entire devotion and service of my hand. She is the living organism," he concludes, "I am but an organ; she is the body, I am but a member; she is the living thing, I am but a portion; she is the Bride of Christ, I am but a feature."

The Catholic, worthy of the name, always strives to live the life of Christ. Upon the authority of St. Thomas he knows that the gift most acceptable to God is the spiritual sacrifice of the human soul, the surrender of our will to His supreme purpose, the free offering of all that we are and all that we hope to be in order that He might, as He promised, dwell in us; that we might experience the sweet charity of God the Father, Who created us, of God the Son, Who redeemed us, of God the Holy Ghost, Who pours out His Holy Spirit upon all flesh; that we might hear the unspoken word, and lose ourselves in the luminous darkness that is God.

"Brethren," said St. Bernard, in one of his sermons, "I was revelling with-

out in the courtyard while in the secret of the King's chamber the sentence of death was being passed upon me. The King's only Son heard what was being said: He laid aside His crown, He clothed Himself in sackcloth, He sprinkled ashes upon His head, He laid bare His feet, He came forth weeping and lamenting that this poor little slave had been condemned to death.

"The Son of God is all compassionate and weeps: shall man witness the Passion and laugh?"

A direct, experiential knowledge of the Incarnate Word can only come, in this life, to those who are pure of heart, to those who utterly despise themselves, to those who have the faith and the love and the simplicity of little children. "If a man loveth Me," said Christ; "I will manifest Myself to him" (John xiv, 21). If we would be perfect, we must love much.

In Christian perfection, the saints are agreed, there are three stages, or steps, of ascent towards God. "The first stage of the Christian life," said St. Philip Neri, "is that of those who run after the sensible devotion which God for the most part gives to beginners, in order that they may be drawn on to the spiritual life by this sweetness, just as an animal is drawn by some object of sense.

"The second is that of those who, though they feel no sensible devotion, yet in the strength of virtue fight against their passions, a thing which is proper to man.

"And the third is as it were an angelic life, and is reached by those alone who having been long practised in the taming of their passions, receive from God, even in this world, a life all peaceful and serene, unruffled and angelic. It is enough for us to persevere in the second of these stages, waiting till God, in His own good time and of His own good pleasure, raise us to the third."

We are advised that God often hides

His presence from us. A season of spiritual dryness sets in. We no longer hear His voice. The sweetness of our first mystical experience has vanished. We find ourselves in the disconsolate condition, so minutely described by St. Theresa, who also teaches us how we must persevere and not fall by the wayside.

"Alone as I was," she tells us, "without a single friend to give me a word of council, I could neither pray nor read, but as I remained for hours and hours together, uneasy in mind and afflicted in spirit, on account of the weight of my trouble, I began to fear that, perhaps after all I was being tricked by the devil, and wondered what on earth I could do for my relief. Not a gleam of hope seemed to shine upon me, from earth or from heaven; except just this, and this only, that in the midst of my fears and dangers I never forgot how Jesus Christ my Lord must certainly see the burthen of all I endured.

"Oh, my Lord Jesus Christ! What a true friend you are, and how powerful! For when you wish to be with us you can be, and you always do wish it so long as we will give you welcome. May everything created, O Lord of all the world, praise you and bless you! If only I could tramp the whole world over, proclaiming everywhere with all the strength that is in me, what a faithful friend you are to anyone who will be a friend with you! My dear Lord, all else fails and passes away; you, the Lord of them all, never fail, you never pass away.

"What you allow those who love you to endure for you is all too little. O my Lord, how kindly, how nobly, how tenderly, how sweetly you succeed in handling and making sure of your own! If only one could secure that one would love nothing just you alone! You seem, my own dear Lord, to put one who loves you to the test with rods

and agonies, only that, just when you have brought her to her last extreme, she may understand all the boundless limits of your love."

For all those of the Faith and for those countless millions who have not found Him, let us join with St. Paul in his prayer for his beloved Ephesians (Eph. iii, 14-20):

"I bow my knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom all pater-nity on earth and in heaven is named, that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened by His Spirit with might unto the inward man; that Christ may dwell by faith in your hearts; that being rooted and founded in charity, you may be able to comprehend, with all the saints, what is the breadth, and length, and height, and depth: to know also the charity of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge: that you may be filled unto all the fulness of God."



Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

XX.

THAT talk between Carfax and his wife in his office had not been referred to again between them, nor enlarged on. He had said, let things be, but he had been very tender and understanding with her; and though there was the fear of the scandal if such a thing did happen to the children and the doubt of heaven accepting them in the end, there was a wonderful happiness in feeling that John was nearer to her, more hers than ever. He hadn't been "off" in those dreams and absent-minded silences so much lately. He had talked to her, and for her, in those radiant spring and early summer evenings when he had had time to sit in the porch; and Peggy, seeing them forgetful of her, seeing her mother's absorbed attention when her father talked, her

hand often in his,—would smile to herself and sometimes tip-toe away.

One day she had turned out a drawer at her mother's bidding, to tidy it, and coming across an old print of the earlier Carfax House she had said,

"Just to think that one of us gambled that away—what wasters we've been, we Carfaxes!"

"I won't have you say that, child!"

Susan's voice unusually sharp, and a little flush on her cheek.

"You're open to any weakness or sin if you throw your religion overboard—just sailing with no rudder."

Then she hurried out of the room, fearful of having said too much, and Peggy had finished her work in wondering silence.

Young John had sent them picture postcards from the places they were visiting. He was having the time of his life, he said, and the Patriarch was having the time of his too, getting a maximum of work out of the two of them, and then seeming to knead the rest of the day into a thrilling mixture of sight-seeing, adventure and folklore—chiefly that last, the way religion "took" the Bretons. By Jove! What a history of magnificent piety the Bretons and the Vendéans had. He couldn't see Luke Weller or William Bent or any other of the local villagers at home, so part and parcel of the faith of their fathers—or uncles, say,—as these people. And anyway wasn't the cider tip-top, but potent! A little went a long way these hot days. They might get as far as Nantes, or they might fetch up at Arramanches beyond Bayonne, and stay there for a time. And so on.

In this St. Martin's Summer of her wedded happiness, Susan was content that the boy was enjoying himself; he'd be back for the harvest, and he'd be busy with his books. Her husband had said the boy must "read," with a man, either in Tesford or Milford; and when Susan, remembering that the red-haired

Robert Preston had "read" with Mr. Adams, suggested the Rector, John had said No. Either the Rev. Mr. Sully—she didn't know the name—in Milford, or a man Judge Mefford had recommended in Tesford.

It was his father-in-law John met on the bank steps a few days after. He stood at the top of the three or four, putting away a bulging pocket book, and scowling as he saw Carfax slowly mounting, his heavy driving gloves under his arm and a newspaper in his hand. Drat the fellow! if he weren't his son-in-law he'd have touched his hat to him; and his eye ran up and down the tall, gaunt figure in its shabby tweeds that were baggy at the knee and worn at the shoulder as Grey well knew, having seen them for the last five years he was sure. And yet—

"Mornin'," he said shortly, buttoning his light overcoat over his large girth, and getting a little redder in the process.

"Good morning. Susan's about somewhere. I dropped her at the stores," said Carfax, coming to a halt by the old man.

"'M sorry to hear it, then—" he snapped back, and Carfax stared. "All the market gossipin'—" He stopped suddenly, for something in John's face reminded him that his son-in-law was no easy-going lad to be hauled over the coals.

"What about, this time?"

If Carfax had not smiled, Farmer Grey might have said good-day and gone on. But the smile on such a subject as that gossip was not to be borne.

"Taken to paying reg'lar visits to Roman Catholic priests—at night, when y'thought no one could see you? Silly thing to do, that's all I can say; an' all Maydon's cackling about it. Young Lane was drivin' a car back late an' saw ye, so y' can't deny it."

So that impolite chauffeur was young Lane! He moved for some one to pass

him, and turned again to Grey who was waiting to see his discomfort.

"Ah! Lane of the village Bethel should teach his son to use less lurid language. He nearly ran me down, though I certainly was on the wrong side. Do you suggest I should submit my visiting list to—to Maydon?" A good-humored smile puckered his eyes, as he added genially, "I must hurry—I dare say you'll find Susan before I do."

As Grey said that night to Kate, who sat munching with annoyance at the same gossip which had come to the farm, it was bad enough to know the wretched history of his drunken father and gambling grandfather, without having this added scandal,—if there was any truth in the report, and Tom Lane had said 'twasn't the first time he'd seen him come from that house, late at night.

"Who does Lane work for?" Kate had asked, but Grey had shaken his head. He worked in a garage at Milford, and folks hired smart cars and he drove different people. Said he was bringing his gentleman back from Milford to Tesford.

"Well, I don't see it's anyone's business even if 'ee went to call on the Pope o' Rome. An' by the way, that red-lipped young lady came to see you to-day an' she wanted to bring that young gentleman to fish when 'ee comes down later."

"What red-lipped—oh, aye! Her you miscalled Jezebel." He chuckled a little. Why wasn't young John here to fish in the stream, and do the polite to a nice jolly-spoken young woman like the Mefford girl?

Susan had apparently heard nothing, but she was always glad to get away from Tesford market. She had been regarded a little askance since she had married Carfax. Either this man would drink, or gamble too. The Carfax bad luck would break out in him somehow, and everyone was prepared to give "that poor little woman" full sympathy and support. But a dull surprise had followed the ignorant curiosity that had

watched for Carfax's "fall," and the sympathy had become a little jaundiced as Carfax showed no signs of vice.

By the time it was known that the "gentry" had wanted him for Conservative candidate but that he had refused—by the time it was known that he was decidedly a different Carfax from any *they* had ever heard of,—they had begun to regard Susan a little cautiously.

A few men were sitting on the benches outside the Royal George, pipes in hand, mugs of beer before them. One or two called out,

"G'd evenin'!" as the Thurston dog-cart drove by, and Carfax raised his whip in salute. Then he suddenly reined up, bending forward to see who the men were. Luke Weller came across the road to speak, touching his hat to Susan, and Carfax leaned down,

"Who is young Lane working for, Weller?" he asked point-blank; and mugs on their way to thirsty throats were held in mid-air at the audacity of giving himself away like that.

"He's been working at a garage in Milford till a while ago. He's chauffeur to Mr. Preston, the Member now."

"Ah! well that ought to be a good job and well paid. I didn't recognize the lad the other night, but his language didn't do much credit to his Bethel bringing up." He raised his whip, smiling, and shook the reins, as a little gale of chuckles wafted across from the bench.

Susan sat very still, holding her net bag which was stuffed to repletion, very tightly on her knee. Not one word had she said of what she had heard. No, she hadn't met Father, was her reply to John's question when he had helped her up into the trap again, and she had nodded and smiled to those who nodded and smiled to her, and chatted about the people she had met, and had he seen Miss Burnham to-day?

No, not to speak to. He'd seen her and Mrs. Mefford in the Four Orchards' car, and he'd seen their daughter—

wasn't that their daughter, same colors as their motor, black and red?

"John!" came Susan's little shocked laugh, remembering the girl's black hair and eyes—and the hideous red lips—"Got up like a harlot," as Aunt Kate had said. So when John had spoken naturally about that dreadful gossip, to Weller, she waited for what he would say to her.

He turned his head presently and looked down at her with a sort of twinkle in his eyes,

"A fine market to-day, Susan! It's a long time since they've had such a Carfax scandal. There'll be a packed church on Sunday to see if I'm there."

"And shall you be?" gasped Susan, a little frightened at his taking for granted that she knew.

"Why not? Are you going to let me off?"

The twinkle had disappeared, but his words sounded a little jocular and he did not wait for an answer. "Father Sully—" So "Father" Sully must be the gentleman he'd thought of to read with young John! My goodness! "Father Sully was an Oxford man. He's a convert parson—oh, long ago—and he has many friends there. I found out from him who John's friends were."

So that was it! How sensible of her John after all! But as they turned the corner into Thurston, she relaxed from the tension of the last few minutes.

"I don't see what it'd got to do with Tom Lane nor with Mr. Preston," she said. "But if I was you, John, next time you have to go, I'd pay the visit in daylight."

He looked at her quickly, turning his head away again at once, and gently flicked the mare with his whip.

"I'll do what you say. But it's no time for visits anywhere just yet."

That thought comforted her. Perhaps she'd been foolish in saying as much, but he'd given her his word, and she knew the world might rock about

her ears before her John would go back on her.

It was just before young John was expected home early in September, that Miss Burnham drove over to Thurston with a carload of young people. A telephone message that morning had thrown Susan into a fever of agitation. She hated the instrument which had only been installed recently, and which she regarded as her natural enemy. Its calls might bring in business and save John's time and the mare's oats, but it had been the cause of sour milk, rancid butter and burned bread, according to Prudence, and Susan never heard its strident summons without putting her hand to her heart and holding her breath.

"Yes—oh, yes, ma'am, it's me. Yes, Mrs. Carfax. Yes, ma'am, to be sure. Four of you—Oh, no, Miss Burnham, not at all too many; very pleased I'm sure."

And she had longed for the old days when she had wandered down to the fields, her work done, to take John a can of tea and big slices of bread and butter—when she had sat in her cheap cotton gown, sewing in the porch, with no one coming and going, hearing perhaps Prudence moving about in the distance, but as far removed herself from receiving visitors in smart motors as it was possible to be. She sighed as she turned to find Peggy. Of course, the mother of John's children must expect things to move a bit,—you couldn't always live in a shell—or else what use John's striving all his life; what use his battling—and succeeding—but there! So Susan stood in the porch welcoming the little crowd who descended on her, and Peggy, who had comforted her, stood beside her.

"You can't belong to my Daddy and hide his light, or your own, under a bushel," she had laughed. "And the fame of our Thurston milk and honey has gone through the land."

"It is the day for plum cake, isn't it,

Mrs. Carfax?" Sandy Mefford had said in an earnest voice as he shook hands, and Susan had suddenly dimpled into a soft laugh as she replied in her motherly voice,

"There now, fancy you remembering that, Mr. Mefford!"

It was the first time Isabel Mefford had been to Thurston, and after Miss Burnham had presented her to Susan, and she had renewed her acquaintance with Peggy, she had examined the house with surprised interest, though she kept her surprise to herself. Simply fascinating that old wainscotting! And the great beams of the ceiling, and the great carved chimney place. Curious motto, "Losynge I gayne," but the old coat of arms intrigued her.

Imagine Farmer Grey's daughter belonging to it all! H-m-m! That young god she'd met, back from his fishing; and a little slow smile hovered on the girl's face. She rather thought he'd make love well! From all she'd heard, the Carfaxes didn't do things by halves. Apostasy; gambled the home away; drank to death; retrieved by sheer will and muscle! Tra-la-la! Some blood in the young man—and only a year younger than she was! But she didn't feel equal to Aunt Kate and the old man, though a pleasant perspective of monopolizing the young god's attention stretched out alluringly before her.

Where was he? Shy? Getting into his Sunday "breeks"? No time to be lost. There was a clear fortnight before Ralph Maddox came down, and she was to give him her answer, yes or no.

There was a babble. Petrea was quarrelling with Sandy, who had insulted Ireland in the manner he had said,

"Will I cut the cake, Mrs. Carfax? Your topsy-turvy wills and shalls! I will drown—no one shall save me!"

And Mrs. Carfax was saying that her husband was sorry he would not be in till late, as he was a bit short-handed on the farm just now. Her son? He was

in—Where was it, Peggy? Well, yes, in France it was, but coming home soon. He was with a tutor gentleman and—here she turned to Petrea and smiled—with a young Irish gentleman.

"You can't get away from them!" said Sandy and grimaced at Petrea.

Isabel pushed the honey away—it was too fattening, though it tempted her badly. A whole fortnight and no adoring swain to her hand! Too boring—and glanced at Peggy. This was the girl that nice man Anthony was keen on. And suddenly Peggy's eyes met hers, and for an instant each knew the other was thinking of him.

"When he marries and settles down, it will be with her," thought Peggy, and flushed suddenly as she thought of Anthony kissing those red, shining lips. How *could* she think of such a thing! But how disgusting they looked, though she liked the girl's face. Imagine cuddling your baby with such lips—and then she flushed still more and asked Miss Burnham hurriedly if she would have another cup of tea, though she had only just replenished her cup.

Isabel noted the flush, but rather attributed it to shyness and gaucherie. Nice girl all the same, and if she ever did arrive at Four Orchards as its châtelaine, there was going to be no idiotic reason why they shouldn't be good friends—with Tony her "pal," as they'd promised each other, and the girl's handsome brother in tow as well!

Miss Burnham was not attending in the least to the young people, with the exception of a glance now and then at Peggy, who looked like the embodiment of Spring, in a cool green linen which suited her hair, and the faded coloring of the old room.

Aunt Mary was beginning to think she had been a great fool to have missed this pleasant family all these years. It had been borne in on her lately that a good deal of responsibility for Carfax's hard life was due, if not to her espe-

cially, certainly to her and her family. And what she liked about them all was, that they were a host in themselves, not dependent on neighbors and visitors, taking her and her guests as naturally as if they were in the habit of filling that big round table every day. Some one, it was Sandy, mentioned Father Sully's name, and for an instant there was a pause. Miss Burnham was just going to speak when Susan said in her soft drawl,

"That's your minister at Milford, isn't it? He gave my husband a lot of information about Oxford the other night when he was there."

Bravo, little woman! thought Miss Burnham, who had heard that there had been unpleasant gossip. Judge Mefford had told her that Guy Preston had asked him, with much grave concern, if it were true that poor Carfax was—well, taking after his father? And the Judge had said emphatically no, it is not, and never will be true of him,—whereupon Preston had shaken his head and said,

"I ask, because we literally had to dodge to get past him the other night."

Dodge him, the old man had fumed! He'd be the man for that work! A born dodger!

It was curious that no one mentioned Anthony's name Peggy thought. They had asked about young John. Sandy had said he was lucky to have been exempt from Smalls, but that they'd make up for it in giving him a stiff time next March with his Honor Mods, and Miss Burnham had asked when he would be home. Before harvest was in, Susan had said; and the joy of the thought filled her mind so completely that she quite forgot to ask about the absent nephew.

They came out at last into the dark, cool hall, Isabel, stepping into the porch with Peggy, to release her small terrier she had tied up. For a moment she bent down to pat the little Sealyham, as she took him off the leash.

"Nice little beast, isn't he? Anthony Burnham gave him to me," she said, and Peggy standing by, laughing at the dog's exuberance, replied naturally,

"Yes, he's a beauty."

Of course he'd give her presents. They were probably already engaged. It had been in the air ever since he had come to Four Orchards, that probable marriage between their two families. And suddenly she seemed to see the "brown man" looking down at her with his smile that had lit something in her heart, holding her hand in his for a moment so that the bigness and—and friendliness of the clasp had seemed to envelop her in its warmth.

There was a strange little dignity about her as she smiled at Isabel.

"I think Miss Burnham is calling you," she said.

"Aunt Mary's always calling some one. She misses Tony. He wants a wife to protect him," laughed Isabel; "but it's not going to be me—I'm too worldly." Might as well be decent about it; she thought, and kept her back to Peggy as she turned to the door again.

"Isabel!" came Aunt Mary's voice a little raised. "Mrs. Carfax tells me her father is going to give a real Harvest Home with fiddle and dance in Mr. Carfax's big barn this year; and she says you may all come if you'd like."

"And can I bring my young man?" she laughed, as Mrs. Carfax looked up into the girl's smiling face and tried not to see the painted lips.

"Which of 'em will it be this time?" asked Sandy and Petrea said quickly,

"Don't be silly, Sandy, you know Ralph Maddox is coming."

As Peggy turned from the gate, where she had watched the big car disappearing down the road, there was a look of almost puzzled joy in her eyes. There wasn't anything, then, between those two? But—oh, of course she was mad! There would be dozens of girls he liked, probably the loveliest ones out

there in India, where they rode with him, danced with him, met him every day. And of course, they must all love him because he was so splendid and so kind—and so good! And they would all break their hearts because he was selling Barakpore and leaving India, and probably at the last moment his heart would melt at some lovely 'girl's tears and then— But her imagination came to an abrupt halt. In the distance, close to the Thurston woods, she could see her father.

"Yes," said Susan, "get your hat and go and meet him. He's not very pleased. Grandy wants to have Harvest Home in our barn, but it'll be the first it's ever had, and John'll be home—almost going off again. Don't you run, love, it's too hot."

But Carfax was not on his way home yet. He was marking some trees to be cut down, and as he saw Peggy crossing the field, he waited near the stile for her, watching her slim, athletic young figure as she came rapidly down the little footpath, waving her hand to him. He gave a sign with his to let her know he had seen her and would wait.

"Oh, lovely!" she said when he had told her he had work to do in the woods. "I'll help you, only look out for rabbit snares. I saw Bent crossing the road an hour ago."

Carfax frowned.

"I'll put a stop to these snares. They may shoot, but they mayn't trap," he said, and knew they would continue to do as they had done in the past.

There was a lot of undergrowth in the woods, which ran three-quarters of a mile down the river side, but he had in the last few days marked down much for destruction. The sun was low on the horizon as they came out into a little clearing, where a few old trunks were lying about amongst a golden growth of St. John's Wort. Peggy pointed to it all.

"This is what I call Paradise Re-

gained. You come out of the woods on a stifling hot day and there is always air to be breathed here."

They had both halted, Carfax with a little smile on his face.

"Paradise Regained—that supposes one lost," he said and started marking down an old elm that stood, alone of its kind, on the edge of the clearing. As he did so, he turned his head once or twice to look round.

"What is it, Daddy?"

"It's always a wonder to me how this chap got here. Not the sort of tree for here—and rotten too."

He tapped the big trunk as he spoke, and Peggy looked up into its leafy shade.

"It seems to know you're passing sentence on it. Listen to it," she said, and her father smiled at her nonsense; but the gentle swish, swish of the leaves in the soft evening air came to his ears as he splashed a line of lime on its trunk.

"There was a Frenchwoman who wrote of singing leaves," murmured Peggy as if to herself, "but you'd say these leaves were weeping. You're a good forester, Daddy of mine! Shall you plant an oak or a Scotch fir, or what, in its place?"

Carfax was standing back a little, looking round.

"When it's down—after harvest's in—you shall plant an oak in its place, my little sapling."

He gave a sudden smile at her, but something in the grave look of his eyes, made her lay her head for an instant against his shoulder.

"My Daddy, I wish I could tell you how I love you," she said suddenly, and then, standing away, she added, "I'd love that—to plant an oak in my little Paradise Regained. Oh, Daddy, look!" she cried, catching sight of a splash of white paint on his coat: "You've been marking down yourself!"

(To be continued.)

Digging up the Past.

BY P. J. C.

THERE is a school of historians and biographers who profess to present what comes out of a man's or a nation's past in its nakedness; all of that past, be it good or vicious. There is little attempt to explain, extenuate, interpret errors, sins, crimes of men or races, on the principle that the evil men do lives after them.

In view of so much obviously doctored, modified, suppressed history, and especially biography, the contemporary method of fact-finding and fact-revealing is a welcome innovation. You, perhaps, have experienced nausea reading certain lives of the saints, written by people who had no understanding either of saintship or biography. You were treated to page after page of prophetic nothings, indicating in the childhood of our "little saint" a future of radiant holiness. Every baby cry was oracular, every finger movement a gesture toward heaven.

Hence the biographer, who had not the mental training to function as such, achieved a result the opposite of what he intended. He—and just as often she—presents us with an infant prodigy that spoke out prophecies before it could speak at all. Chapters about a saccharine adolescence, an innocuous manhood or maidenhood, a vision-seeing senility desolate us to weariness. And then a radiant death. We are so happy to close the book finally; wish we had never opened it. Why?

Many of those who assay to tell the stories of God's great men and women misunderstand their heroes; fail to interpret their lives; have not the faintest perception of motives, achievements; show no sense of proportion—make much of nothing and omit or obscure what is high. They have not mastered the art of being interesting; have not

achieved that reality, so hard to define, so easy to recognize, which we call style in writing. The consequence of this has been a dread of saints by the Catholic mind. Not saints in glory, but saints in books. Not in all books, but in some; and in most of the earlier biographies.

We do not blame the saints, of course. They can not prevent people without understanding or free will from taking upon themselves the responsibilities of biographers. Such biographers rob their heroes of wholesomeness; of their splendid humanity; of their high, brave striving. They take them out of earth; they cannot take them out of heaven, being confirmed in glory. At the present time one is happy to note a heartening reaction. Saints are shown as men and women; men and women struggling to achieve, and achieving. In the narratives are shown shortages and retreats sometimes, but heroic accomplishment finally.

Among certain secular historians and biographers there is noted, on the contrary, an unsparing attempt to transform all the gold into clay. Those we have accepted in our traditions as of heroic dimensions are hammered down. In the process of fact-finding there is an ill-concealed aim at belittlement. Lapses in conduct are multiplied and made to assume an importance which they manifestly do not deserve. The circumstance that a great figure was indiscreet in an expression of his conduct during one short period of his life does not justify the biographer in recalling this indiscretion in every second chapter of his book.

One notices a studied effort by these biographers to level those whom tradition has placed on pedestals. People's heroes will have faults. And the fact-finder will discover these faults. It is not ministering to truth to set these faults on the show-cases of history; obscuring at the same time realities of bravery, constancy, right living that belong in the substance of greatness.

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most sincerely Apostolic lay workers in the Catholic Church to-day is James F. Donnelly, seventy-one-year-old editor of *The Catholic Deaf-Mute*, the only national newspaper of its type in the country. Mr. Donnelly has acted in that capacity since the very foundation of the publication in 1900. A deaf-mute himself, he has come to know through long experience the particular temptations which Catholics, suffering from the same affliction as himself, have to go through. Consequently his paper is more than a newspaper. It is a teacher and preacher, and, in some cases, almost a pastor to this little flock which is so scattered and so handicapped by one of the saddest of human afflictions. In fact, it is through Mr. Donnelly's efforts, almost alone and unaided, that open proselytism among Catholics in the State schools for the deaf has been diminished. We recommend his work to the prayers and also to the pocketbooks of our subscribers where those pocketbooks can still stand a little pressure. A little such help will enable him to continue sending out three hundred free copies, as he has been accustomed to do to Catholic deaf-mutes too poor to pay for a subscription. The price of *The Catholic Deaf-Mute* is one dollar a year, and Mr. Donnelly's address is 9111-116th Street, Richmond Hill, Borough of Queens, New York City.

It is a good thing for most of us perhaps that we know so many people around us who are good and generous and above board. Otherwise we might grow pessimistic under some of the news which comes to us daily through the public press. In a recent issue, for example, the *Pathfinder* gives us some figures upon perhaps the lowest type of human selfishness. "More than 1700

persons with bank accounts," it says, "some running as high as \$15,000 and one \$22,000, are found to have been sponging on San Francisco charity funds during the past winter." Naturally it would take a lot of Christian living to wipe away the bad impression of that sort of selfishness, but an honest survey of a few city blocks would undoubtedly unearth enough generosity and self-sacrifice to dwindle it into nothingness by comparison. The difficulty is that the public press does not usually print the record of virtue. We should not be too much impressed, therefore, by the scandal reports of our newspapers. Only the unusual makes the newspaper, and virtue is still common enough to have little or no headline value.

April 30 of this year, Frederick Ozanam established the Society of St. Vincent de Paul just a hundred years ago. The purpose of the organization was to meet conditions which are duplicated to-day. When Ozanam was a student at the Sorbonne he witnessed a pagan philosophy which opposed and hated all religious teaching. Humanitarians, who denied the supernatural in all uplift work, held that the Gospel teaching gave no remedy for the temporal ills of mankind. "Show us your works!" they called defiantly to the Sorbonne student. And then eight young men met with Père Bailly, who suggested that they give themselves to helping the poor, each in his special line. Ozanam, who sat next to the priest, asked where they were to find the poor. Sister Rosalie could tell them—she worked with and for the poor, the priest informed him. They called on this nun who gave them a list of families to visit and explained the methods to follow. The young students placed themselves under the protection of St. Vincent de Paul, visited their assigned families and met every week to discuss and settle

their problems. The meetings began with prayer, and a collection was taken up to buy tickets for food, heat, clothing. The growth of the Society has not been short of phenomenal; so that today, a hundred years from its foundation, conferences are established all over the world. The membership is spiritually-minded—gives and works for Christ the more surely to reach Him. There is no overhead in the accounting. One hundred per cent goes to the poor. The members are selfless, unpretentious workers; in high or lowly positions; educated or without learning. They are as different as men can be in social, mental, financial measurements. They are all equals—brothers in Christ's service for Christ's poor—as members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The English papers which have been laughing at us for the last thirteen years because we were attempting to legislate our citizens moral in spite of themselves, have now begun to laugh with us. Catholics, editors especially, have always understood that if the laws of God are not able to keep individuals from drinking to excess, the civil laws can never hope to do so. The return of beer, then, seems to them no more than a return to sanity, and they have been more or less amused at some of the incidents that occurred on the morning of April 8. The London *Catholic Times* has the following good-natured paragraph which is full of sound sense:

To those steeped in Catholic traditions of liberty, the spectacle of "police motor cycles with screaming sirens" escorting two decorated trucks of beer to the first gentleman in the vast land of the U. S. A. must have proved an epoch-making piece of fun. Thus did the ruler of one hundred and twenty-five million people—the largest truly organized national unit in the world—permit himself the liberty of joining with those of his fellow-citizens who were so minded to celebrate the return of freedom to drink or not to drink like human beings with individual souls and wills. It makes a pathetic, as well as a funny,

picture, and will so be noted in history, although joy will triumph because common sense, at least, has returned. It is a picture almost like that of a Hindu fakir who, having held his hand over his head for thirteen years, decides to take it down—with much trepidation, naturally—as he no longer worries whether or not that hand will choke him, if he is so minded. Puritanism has led to some strange situations, like the abolition of Christmas joys and the cropping of men's hair as a sign of grace, but to none more rancid than the attempted abolition of alcoholic liquor in the hope of thereby improving the morals of the bereft people.



There is grave anxiety in quarters over the dictatorial powers conferred on President Roosevelt. It seems a needless anxiety. The assumption that dictatorship and despotism are synonyms is not sustained by experience. Nor is so-called representation an assurance of freedom for all forever. President Wilson, who was as much a dictator for a period as is President Roosevelt, refused, if we remember rightly, to sign the bill on Prohibition. The Senate and the House passed it over his veto. It is substantially agreed that the Prohibition Amendment did not express the will of the majority; was forced through by a powerfully financed, provocative, clamorous minority. Where President Wilson refused to comply with the shouting minority, our representatives in Congress acquiesced. In our war with Spain over Cuba, President McKinley was against hostilities, but surrendered before noisy, belligerent groups. The sinking of the "Maine" was supposed to be the *casus belli*, but when the "Maine" was examined later on to discover if it were blown up from outside by enemies, or by accident from within, the investigators' report was placed away in the archives of forgotten things. Had we a dictator then he might first have found out how the "Maine" was sunk and later decide the question of war. The record of our Senate and House bodies does not triumphantly indicate

the superiority of representative government as against a conferred dictatorship. Representation has been highly expensive, difficult to manage, slow to perform, and so numerous and many-sided as to be able to keep itself practically free from minute, specialized scrutiny. In both Houses there have been remarkably great men. There have been also indescribably mediocre politicians. The mediocre have always outnumbered the great; and we have suffered in consequence; sometimes suffered gravely. All said, the people of the United States need not fear a dictatorship which they themselves bestow. It is much easier to check up on one man than on many; and his additions can be quickly taken from him. A limited Senate, a very much limited House—or no House—may create a dictator when he is needed and take away his powers when the exigency has ceased. A dictator could rule the country; a small Senate could watch the dictator; the people could elect the Senate.

In the review of the Catholic Charities for 1932, according to the *New York Times*, "family care" has been given special attention. No aspect of family life was more prominent than endurance. "Courage to keep going in the face of difficulties, and ingenuity in making adjustments within the family group, commonplace as the daily routine acts become, are glorious but often pathetic marks of human heroism." Here is a description of what has happened to so many families:

What a load is placed on the shoulders of the mother in a family where the father has only casual work! The whole process of living is disturbed. The usual visit to the corner grocer is replaced by a longer walk and a weary journey back with food delivered on a food order. Freedom to choose what the family will eat, the usual burdensome prerogative of the mother, has been replaced by a package of food to be accepted, or there will be no meals in that family. Clothing needs are not met by conscious planning, by trimming

and scrimping and making over, but by acceptance of what is offered. The ability to choose, to make one's own decision, has been so seriously abridged for thousands of families that family ties must be strong indeed to keep them from disintegration.

"When relief comes in the form of work it is better, even if more costly; but in many instances there is no member who can qualify as breadwinner, and private charity is called upon to assist in meeting the family needs. It is here that the Catholic Charities are most helpful, for their ideal as well as daily practice is to keep families together. Children are entitled to a normal home life. It is the sanctuary of childhood. With such a philosophy at heart the major work of the Catholic Charities has been in behalf of families and children."

Jeremia Cekan, Archpriest of Chisinau in Bessarabia, the *London Tablet* informs us, has recently sent an Open Letter to the Orthodox Bishop of Oradea in Transylvania, in which he appeals for a rally of all Christians to the Holy See. Reviewing the Orthodox churches of Yugoslavia, Rumania and Greece, as well as the almost extinct Church of Russia, the Archpriest declares that they all lack the necessary soul or animating spirit, however they may appear externally to those outside their jurisdiction. Atheism is making such headway in Rumania, he affirms, as almost to suggest that it enjoys the protection and the assistance of the Orthodox Church. "Our Church," he says, "no longer wields any influence upon society, upon the institutions of the State or upon the life of the nation. It neither enlightens nor warms the souls of the faithful. For my part, I believe that if the Catholic Church, with the Pope and his authority, had not existed, the flame of Christianity would have been quenched long ago." He then goes on to quote with strong approval the words of a Protestant Bishop in Sweden, "Stop

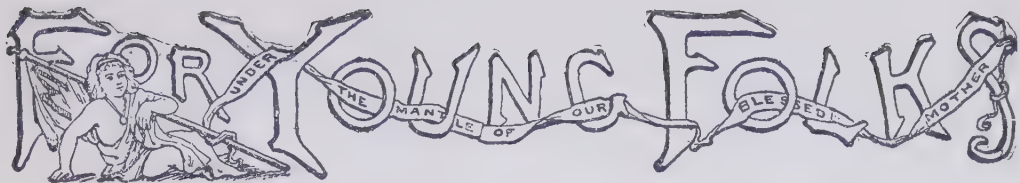
protesting against the Church of Rome. If the Catholic Church had been destroyed, Christianity itself would have been destroyed along with it." He adjures his Bishop, therefore, to do all in his power to bring about a reunion with the Holy See. Not that he wants Orthodoxy to be renounced and abandoned, but because he believes that Orthodoxy needs Catholicism much more than Catholicism needs Orthodoxy. He does not believe that even the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception or the Infallibility of the Pope should be permitted to stand in the way. This is plain talk, and if there be many like-minded people in the Orthodox Church it may go far in bringing them into communion with Rome.

Not much is written about the former king of Spain these days. During his reign it was quite common for certain secular papers to insert sly comments on the ruler's movements, bits of gossip about his private life, unkind reflections on members of his family. He is left alone at the moment, an ex-king, deprived of a kingdom. Recently this ex-king assisted at a special Mass requested by him at the Tomb of St. Thomas, the Apostle, in the Cathedral of San Thoma, Mylapore, India. Present at the Mass with him were Infante Juan, the Crown Prince, and the Duke of Miranda. Alfonso was in India at the time for the purpose of visiting his son, now serving as a cadet in the British navy off the coast of Ceylon. The former Spanish ruler is also reported as having assisted at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in Loyola College Chapel, Madras. These items may seem unimportant. They indicate, however, that as in his kingly days, Alfonso is still a practising Catholic. Certain elements in his own country and beyond it were his enemies for just that. Prominent men here at home have been opposed to him for much the same reason. All said, Alfonso

of Spain has been dignified, uncomplaining, disciplined in Christian fortitude, since his overthrow. He lost a kingdom and a crown. He seems never to have lost contact with the Faith of Catholic Spain.

The Catholic Literature Committee of the Albany District, National Catholic Council of Women in co-operation with the Knights of Columbus, is about to make Catholic magazines available on public newstands and in circulating libraries. This is a beginning. If it becomes countrywide—at least where Catholics are present in numbers—it will mean Catholic news, Catholic points of view, and so on, to Catholic people here, there, everywhere. There will be, of course, Catholics who will shy at asking the newstand or library clerk for a Catholic paper or periodical. The request may be an identification check. Others, however, will walk up casually and put in their order. They will not experience any shame of spirit as if they were asking for a naughty book. There are twenty centuries of history in their tradition. They do not mind if people know it.

In a recent more or less amicable interchange in the Irish *Dail* between President De Valera and former President Cosgrave, Mr. De Valera said, relative to his party's Catholicity, "The majority of us are Catholics here." "Not better than we are," Mr. Cosgrave retorted. And then Mr. De Valera had his last word: "The question is whether you are better than we are. That was what the Deputy tried to assume, and the sooner he gives up that pose the better." Far be it from us to decide so personal and delicate a question. Only may we be permitted to say without even the suspicion of political leaning, that the better the Catholicity of both parties the better for the government of the people of Ireland.



My Garden.

BY L. M. CAREW.

I'VE a lovely patch of garden

That belongs to me alone;

Father gave it me one summer

For my very, very own.

Do you ask me what is in it?

I'll begin this very minute.

There's a rosebush in the middle,

But it does not seem to grow,

Though I've grafted it and trimmed it

Many, many times, I know;

And my Spring bulbs do no better,

Yet no bulbs have been kept wetter!

There's a hyacinth—a pink one—

That is what the label said

When I got it from the florist.

No, I do not think it's dead,

For yesterday I looked at it

And helped it up a little bit.

I have bought such lots of packets,

Sown so carefully the seeds,

But the very ugliest scarecrow

Mr. Sparrow never heeds;

It's not really very funny—

Seeds take all your pocket-money.

Yes, the pansies, pinks and daisies,

They behave about the same—

If I didn't know their leaf look

I could scarcely tell their name;

But, though no one's planted any,

Groundsel blossoms there are many!



THE custom of offering flowers to the Blessed Virgin exists in all Catholic countries as expressive of her children's loving gratitude. May, the month of flowers, has in modern times been especially dedicated to her; flowers decorate her altars, and little girls crown her statue with flowers.

Ben's Partner.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

WHEN the other patients were disposed of, Doctor Carver came over to where the boy with the dog sat.

"Are you next, or is it the collie?" he asked playfully.

The boy looked up with a laugh. "We're together."

"Come in, then. What's this fellow's name?"

"Stumah."

"And yours?"

"My name is Ben Andrews."

"That's the name I see on the Gazette cartoons. Is that your father?"

"No, Sir."

"You don't mean to say you draw those pictures?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And is this the dog I see in them?"

"That's the dog."

"Well, Stumah, shake hands. I thought I had seen you before." And Stumah "shook," quite sociably, laughing a little to himself at the free and easy way of the young oculist.

"I live with my sister, Blanche, down in Cottage Grove Avenue," said Ben. "But this morning when I got up I looked out towards the lake and couldn't see anything but haze. Then things around the room got foggy. So I came to find out what's the matter. My eyes have always been so good."

Doctor Carver hung an odd-looking harness over his head and sat Ben, so he could examine his eyes. He asked, too, a lot of questions and made ever so many notes in a big book.

"You'll have to quit making pictures for a while, Ben."

"I couldn't do that," laughed Ben.

"Why not?"

"My salary would stop."

"What then?"

Ben laughed again; he had a way of beginning everything he said with a laugh; an odd little laugh. "My meals would stop!"

"That would be awkward. But it wouldn't do to lose your eyesight, either."

Ben started. "Is there any danger of that?"

"There is danger, Ben, unless you are careful."

"I thought I just needed spectacles."

Doctor Carver, smiling strangely, shook his head. "I wish that were all; but it's 'way beyond that." And he talked long and seriously to Ben, and, giving him a lot of medicine, told him to come back next day.

For six months Ben's eyes were quite useless. And instead of being a help to his sister, Blanche, who was a stenographer, he felt that he was now only a burden—she worked so hard for so little pay. And Ben reflected how easy it had been for him to take a picture down to the *Gazette* office every day and get his check every Saturday.

Stumah, too, missed his master's little laugh. He missed the romp every day and the five cents' worth of bones, and the bath once a month, which cost 50 cents; master couldn't afford it any more. The big dog had to make his meal off scraps from the table; light house-keeping, Stumah called it, and it was hard to be gay over crusts of toast and cobs of corn and tomatoes dressed with vinegar. He managed to acquire a taste for cold coffee, but tea gave him the nightmare, and he had to abstain from it, even though he felt very empty. The dog grew thin and lost his aristocratic bearing; but never his devotion to his unfortunate master.

Every other day, Stumah went with Ben to the doctor's office. And when they started home after the treatment,

Ben's eyes stinging with pain, his head swimming, and the glare of the pavement blinding him, Stumah, keeping close, guided him through the crowds and over the crossings—trembling for his own safety whenever a policeman eyed him—until the two reached their flat. And after Ben lay down on the couch, Stumah, would put up his nose and root gently at his arm until his master patted his head or spoke a word.

After six months—wearisome months—Ben's eyes were indeed better; but far from well.

"We've only made a good beginning, Ben," said the doctor. "It will take six months more. What? A year? You'll be only eighteen then. Why, I am twenty-eight. If my eyes were ever as bad as yours were that first morning Stumah and you came to see me, I should be glad if I ever saw again."

"I wonder if I'll ever earn money enough to pay him," Ben sighed to Blanche that night; for whenever he tried to give the doctor five of Blanche's hard-earned dollars—it took so long to save five—Doctor Carver would say:

"No, not now. Wait until you are earning something yourself. Plenty of time."

So the first morning Ben took up his crayons again was an eventful one down in Cottage Grove Avenue. On his way to the *Gazette* office he stopped to show his first cartoon to the Doctor. Doctor Carver examined the big drawing curiously and asked all about how they reproduced it, to print from it.

"Wonderful, Ben; on my word. But see here; where is Stumah?"

"I thought people might be tired of him," said Ben.

"Not a bit of it. You put him in next time sure. Does it take you long to make one of these things, Ben?"

"Not after I get the subject. What takes the time is to think up the subject."

"Pshaw, Ben; that ought to be the

easiest part of it. If I could only draw I could think out no end of pictures."

"Suppose you give me a subject for to-morrow," suggested Ben skeptically.

"All right. Let's see. Take all these would-be mayoralty candidates. Make a baseball picture. Put in Miss Chicago as pitcher; label the ball, City Hall. Line up all the aspirants ready to go to bat. What's the matter with that?"

"That's all right," exclaimed Ben, with the certainty of an artist's instinct. "That's good. I'll try that."

The picture was a success. It had to be, the Doctor said, because Stumah sat on the players' bench as a mascot. After that the Doctor suggested other cartoons. His ideas were always good. When Ben's salary was raised he gave the Doctor the principal credit for it.

"And what do you think his bill is, Blanche?" exclaimed Ben, the day he had asked Doctor Carver for it. "Nothing at all; only a hundred dollars. I almost cried when he told me. Then he said, 'Is that too much, Ben?' and I said, 'A thousand wouldn't be enough.' But he just laughed me down. For a whole year's work—think of it!"

For a time Ben was very busy. The mayoralty nominations were made, and Ben had to make fun of the candidate the *Gazette* opposed. Good-natured fun, for Ben never put his name to a cruel caricature. So he nightly scratched his head for ideas.

"I'm stuck, Doctor," he confessed one morning. "I can't hit off their fellow at all."

"That's easy," said the Doctor. "He's nominated by two parties, isn't he? Just touch him up as a dime museum juggler trying to swallow both their platforms at once."

So Ben evolved a grievously debilitated man in tights, who looked as if he had swallowed live coals and powdered glass and rusty swords and everything of that sort up to date. Then in a very few but telling lines he portrayed the

agonizing effort of the perplexed man to swallow both platforms. In the background Miss Chicago had gathered her skirts to flee, and Stumah far down in the corner viewed the attempt with evident alarm.

The cartoon struck the fancy of the editor and he ordered it up in a full-page cut for Sunday.

How Ben and the Doctor laughed the next time they met. And to Ben's astonishment the exchange editor, after a day or two began sending up to Ben newspapers from all over the country containing reproductions of his cartoon; for it happened to be one of those municipal campaigns which are of national interest. Some of the copies were big and some little; some good and some very bad; but all carrying Ben's name from end to end of the country and making it famous among newspapers.

More than that followed; within a week Ben got a letter from the publishers of a New York illustrated paper asking him to name a price for his exclusive services for their periodicals.

Ben flew over to the Doctor who became as excited as Ben himself, but he advised him what to reply and what to say to the *Gazette* editor, who hated to lose Ben and frankly said so.

"But we couldn't hope to keep you after that juggler cartoon, Ben," he went on. "Those pictures are coming in yet from everywhere."

A telegram came promptly from New York, directing him to draw for his first week's salary, to express a cartoon at once, and to start when he could.

So the drawing was hurried off and Ben made all preparations to move. When he said good-bye at the *Gazette* office, the editor presented him with a check for one hundred dollars with the compliments of the *Gazette*.

"And after I thanked him," said Ben to his sister that night, "I ran right over to Doctor Carver and handed it to him for my bill. He wouldn't take it

till he saw I was determined he should. But I made him, and then—what do you think? He took me up to Mattson's and bought me this watch, to remember him by, he said."

Ben pulled the watch from its pretty chamois case, and went on:

"'I don't want your money, Ben,' he said to me. 'Sometimes I charge people ten times that much for a single operation.' Then, Blanche, he told me how he was raised on a farm, all full of stumps, and how he used to carry the stones into piles, and how poor his folks were. And about a brother that was just my age, and he went blind when he was twelve years old—he's dead now—that's why Doctor Carver studied to be an eye doctor. He had an awful time getting his education; and when he first began to practise he nearly starved. And now, Blanche, just think of it; they come to consult him from all over the country.

"When he told me he wanted me to keep this watch to remember him by, I laughed right in his face. 'Do you think I need anything to remember you by, Doctor?' I asked. 'Doesn't everything I see make me remember you? When I write my name on a picture, or when Stumah laughs or I look out at the stars at night? I couldn't forget you any sooner than I could forget my mother.'"

For several months Ben wrote regularly to Doctor Carver, or Doctor Leslie; for Ben always called him by his first name. But you know how correspondence drops away, and Ben, without forgetting about his best friend, lost track of him for a while. Then recollecting he hadn't heard from Doctor Leslie for a long time he wrote. Imagine his distress when the letter was returned undelivered. Writing to another friend, Ben learned the Doctor had left for Germany months before.

"He must have passed right through New York," said Ben greatly shocked. "Why do you suppose he didn't let me

know, Blanche? Could he have been hurt because I hadn't written for so long?"

Walking slowly down Broadway next morning Ben was still thinking about it. Stumah, with his usual dignity, walked beside his master, but all at once, near Fifth Avenue, the big collie flapped his ears and stopped short. Then, with a furious bark, he darted through the crowds, under the trucks, and past the cable cars, across the street, and leaping at a mild-mannered gentleman, walking arm in arm with a friend, nearly knocking him over.

Stumah was so big and powerful that when he threw his paws over the gentleman's shoulders everybody halted in astonishment to see what was coming next: Ben thought his faithful friend had gone mad. Thoroughly frightened he ran after him, crying, "Stumah! You rascal! Down, sir!"

"Let him alone, Ben," cried the strange gentleman, "don't you see he knows me?"

Ben trying to manage Stumah, who acted quite frantically, looked up in amazement—had everybody gone crazy? Then he gave a great cry.

"Doctor Leslie? Doctor? Don't you know me?" he asked in a frightened tone; for the Doctor did not seem to see him. There was something strange about the expression of his eyes. What was it?

"Know you?" laughed Doctor Carver, putting out his hands, "of course I know you, Ben. Come here." The friend who was with him glancing quickly at Ben touched his own eye significantly, and with his lips formed one word.

Blind! Doctor Leslie blind! Oh, the pain, the shock that choked utterance! Almost stunned, looking full into his friend's eyes, Ben refused to believe the awful truth. And while his head was reeling under the sickening realization, Doctor Leslie's voice was ringing in his ears.

"Well, what's the matter, Ben, have you lost your voice? Stumah's seems to

be all right," laughed the Doctor. Stumah, indeed kept barking furiously. "You must feed him better than you used to," added the Doctor. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, putting his hands on Ben's shoulders, "you've grown a foot taller. I have to see with my fingers now, Ben; the way you used to, you know."

And while Ben with blinded and stinging eyes tried to talk cheerfully on, Stumah tore up and down the pavement. He capered and raced between their legs and grinned like a very idiot.

The crowd not exactly understanding the disturbance, thought it was a fight and made a ring around the three men and the dog. A policeman hurried down street, and a cabbie, hoping to pick a fare out of the fracas, pulled up and shouted at the boys who swarmed along the gutter to see the mad dog killed.

"By the way, Ben; my friend, Doctor Stevens," exclaimed Doctor Carver, "he was on the boat with me. We are just back from Berlin, Mr. Andrews and I are old Chicago friends, Doctor."

"You must both come up home with me," declared Ben at once. But Doctor Stevens had some engagements and promised to come up after dinner; taking the address.

"Hi, there, taxi," cried Ben, "pull up here! This way, Doctor. Come, Stumah. In! What's that?" to the taxi driver. "The dog can't ride? Well, I guess yes," exclaimed Ben confidently, slipping a coin into the protesting driver's hand. "I thought so; that dog is worth a dozen old cars like this. Drive to the hotel Nyanic and drive hard."

Then in the evening Blanche and Doctor Stevens talked books and music; but Ben and Doctor Leslie adjourned to the cozy balcony overlooking Central Park. Stumah, of course sneaked out after them—as old dogs will—and listened.

"It came on me like a thunderclap, Ben. I hadn't a minute's warning. It

was dreadfully hot, and when things began to fade I thought I was sun-struck."

"But why didn't you let me know?" cried Ben.

"I was too stunned to do anything but to hurry to Vienna. I have good friends there; they knew I was coming, but they told me only what I knew—my vision was gone."

"They might be wrong," persisted Ben.

"No. I shall never see again."

"But you shall," cried the boy stoutly, throwing an arm around his friend as he rose to his feet. "You shall see through my eyes. They belong to you, for you saved them. While my eyes last you shall see. And after all, who knows? God is merciful—maybe some day He will give you back your sight as He gave me back mine."

They sat down again, but more like brothers; and after Doctor Stevens had gone back to his hotel, after Blanche, too, had retired, still they sat—the three—all that summer night talking together of their future. And Stumah dozing—as old gentlemen will—dreamed of terrific encounters with dog catchers, and desperate tackles with big gray wolves, like those Ben made pictures of; and of prowling fellows who lure respectable dogs from comfortable homes into horrid alleys and lock them up in barns overrun with impertinent rats. Next day Doctor Leslie talked about going back to Chicago, but Ben objected flatly.

"Your own folks are all dead, you told me, Doctor. Surely I come before uncles and cousins. Besides Stumah and I want a partner. In spite of your trouble there's one feature of life you can see better than I can, right now."

"What is that?"

"The funny side of things. Do you know," continued Ben, "I've dropped out of comic work entirely? I haven't made a decent cartoon in six months. Humor isn't developed in me the way

it is in you. I've made a hit in magazine and book work, but I've never drawn as good a thing as that juggler cartoon since I came to New York. Now I'll tell you, Doctor Leslie. You think out the funny business and I'll draw it; then we'll divide. See?"

Doctor Leslie was skeptical; he didn't think it would work, but it did—splendidly. He makes the text and Ben makes the picture, and their cartoons are always signed Carver-Andrews; and many wonder why there are two names on those odd conceits which make their work famous among cartoonists.

But Ben doesn't confine himself to crayons; he works in oils and sells his pictures for what he considers absurdly high prices. One of his canvases was hung in a recent exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute. Doctor Leslie's share in that picture was to supply the title; and this is the way it was indexed:

Andrews, Benjamin. New York.

103. Portrait of a Gentleman
(Lent by the artist)

Who do you suppose the gentleman was? Stumah!



A Grand Opera Tragedy.

One of the most dramatic incidents in all operatic history was that in which the famous singer, Mainvielle Fodor, lost her power of singing. The range of this extraordinary singer's voice included two octaves and a half, while its quality was still more rare. Over a period of ten years Madame Mainvielle Fodor was the delight of all Europe. During one season at Venice she played the Elizabetta of Caraffa thirty-eight times, while at Vienna she played Semiramide fully sixty times, her acclamation rising to ever greater heights as her success continued. Finally in 1825, after the bidding of rival cities for her next appearance grew hot and furious, she finally accepted the opportunity of appearing at Paris.

When the evening arrived on which she was to make her appearance as Semiramide, the entire musical circle of Paris was present including many celebrities from elsewhere in Europe, such as Rossini, Cherubini, Choron, etc. During the first scene of the opera she sang with her usual brilliancy, drawing down the tumultuous applause of those present. After a slight intermission she reappeared again and proceeded as usual with her part. Hardly had she started, however, when suddenly her beautiful voice ceased for a moment, her lips quivered, and cold drops of perspiration appeared on her brow. Then, after an apparent revival, her voice faded away into nothing and remained so. To hide her embarrassment, the curtain was dropped and the manager appeared on the stage to state that Madame's sudden indisposition being only temporary, the program would be continued after a short intermission. Thus reassured, the audience gave no more thought to the incident and prepared to sit patiently back until the opera should be resumed.

In the meanwhile, back of the stage all was confusion. The singer herself was in despair. Rossini fairly wept and Choron actually got down on his knees. Fifteen minutes passed and still the great singer was as helpless as when stricken. At that moment, however, the manager came in to announce that he was going to call off the performance. At once the performer became a new woman. She leaped to her feet, her eyes blazed, and the color came back to her cheeks. "Draw up the curtain!" she exclaimed, "I will sing my part!" And sing it she did to the very end of the opera and as she had never sung it before—until the last note was rendered, when she fell to the floor in a faint. In a few minutes she recovered, but never a note did Madame Mainvielle ever sing in public again. Her voice was gone. It was never recovered.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"My Baby: Joys of Home," is the title of an interesting little booklet of verses by Anthony F. Klinker, poet-laureate of Iowa and State editor of *The Catholic Daily Tribune*. The booklet is published by M. J. Knippel Co., Dubuque, Iowa, and sells at 10c each or \$1 per dozen postpaid. It makes an admirable little gift for the young Catholic mother.

—The other day a copy of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson," which the author had presented to John Wilkes—a first edition with the supplement "Principal Corrections and Additions"—was bought by Alwin J. Scheuer from the library of Lieutenant Col. Ralph H. Isham for \$2250. Throughout the text are a score of manuscript notes and corrections in the hand of Wilkes, and, so far as is known, this is the only presentation copy of the "Corrections" in existence.

—As many parents and teachers already know, Scott, Foresman and Company have in process of preparation The Curriculum Foundation Series of supplementary readers designed to give the child a background in numbers, health, nature, art and science, through the medium of interesting and attractive stories in those particular fields. Anyone doubting the possibility of introducing a specialized reading course to the child-mind need only examine "Art Stories, Book One," of the series. There, in verse and story, and in a collection of truly artistic pictures, will be found a study of color in nature and life which is certain to charm the juvenile reader into an appreciation of art. Price, 68c.

—With ballyhoo book reviewers and the tendency of readers to patronize the side shows of literature, the really worth-while book travels under a handicap. The three leading American non-fiction sellers of the last twelve years, according to Irving Harlow Hart of the Iowa State Teachers' College, are as follows: "Diet and Health," by Mrs. Lillian Hunt Peters; "Outline of History," by H. G. Wells; and "The Story of Philosophy," by

Will Durant. We have nothing to say about the first book, but it certainly isn't complimentary to the American mind that it should continue to be fooled by the surface brilliancy of two such false and contradictory presentations as the "Outline of History" and "The Story of Philosophy."

—Robert M. McBride & Co. has just published a new book by Cosmo Hamilton, entitled "People Worth Talking About," in which interesting sidelights are thrown on Chesterton, P. G. Wodehouse, Sinclair Lewis, Gilbert and Sullivan, Conrad, Gertrude Atherton and others. The author toured America with Mr. Chesterton, he tells us, and held public debates with him in several cities. One night in Washington, Mr. Chesterton selected as the subject of debate "Psychology," and just before he was to appear on the stage Mr. Hamilton found him walking about humming "Drink, Puppy, Drink," and looking very pleased. When asked for an explanation of all his merriment he replied: "I don't know a blessed thing about psychology, and I'm sure you don't." The author goes on to say that the debate was a great success.

—In "Managing One's Self," James G. Kilkey's latest book, published by The Macmillan Co., the author informs us that most people who complain that they are all run down, are, as a matter of fact, all wound up, and that if they were able to relax inwardly their trouble would be at an end. "Never permit yourself," he says, "to carry two sets of burdens at the same time. Some people attempt to drag about with them not only the disappointment of a thousand yesterdays, but they make the equally serious blunder of carrying the innumerable responsibilities of a long future." Let the past go, he warns, and don't think about the future. In the present you will never have to face more than one problem at a time. All of which seems to us like telling a crazy man to have sense. Nobody worries about the past or the future because he wants to, but because he

can't help it. If the crazy man could have sense he would not be crazy, and if nervous people could let the past go their trouble would be over.

—Mr. Ellis Roberts talking over the radio in London, recently, made the following comments on Father Joyce's latest book, entitled "Christian Marriage," which has just been published by Sheed & Ward: "This is not intended to be a popular book, but I would recommend it to those who must be sometimes puzzled by newspaper references to nullity suits, or by newspaper attacks on the Church of Rome for interfering in this problem of marriage. Here they will find the reason for such interference plainly stated. The book should also be of service to those who are perplexed about divorce. The Catholic point of view is not so much that divorce is wrong, as that divorce is not possible. By marriage a man and woman enter into far more than a contract; they make a new thing, and that new thing cannot cease to be so long as the partners to it are alive. A great deal of ill-feeling and misrepresentation would be avoided if that were more clearly understood."

—A devotion that is not nearly so popular and widespread in Catholic life as it should be is that to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Realizing the effective influence of the Holy Spirit in the life of the Church and in the supernatural life of the individual soul, every Catholic should feel the obligation of a special devotion to the Holy Ghost. In an interesting and decidedly helpful volume for promoting this devotion, "The Month of the Holy Ghost," by Sister M. Emmanuel, O. S. B. (Herder. \$2.25), the author has brought together the Church's teachings about the Holy Spirit and a number of practical novenas and prayerful acts to stimulate love for the Holy Spirit. Each chapter deals with some aspect of this teaching, and concludes with an aspiration, a suggestion of devout practice, a saying of one of the saints, and an example showing the influence of the Holy Spirit in the spiritual life of men. It is a volume that should be cherished by all religious and Catholic laymen, and should have a place in every seminary and religious library.

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- "A Survey of Sociology." E. J. Ross. \$3.50.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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May they rest in peace!

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

MAY.

SATURDAY, 27.—St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, V.
 SUNDAY, 28.—St. Germanus, Bishop and Confessor.
 MONDAY, 29.—St. Boniface, Pope and Martyr.
 TUESDAY, 30.—St. Joan of Arc, Virgin.
 WEDNESDAY, 31.—St. Angela Merici, Virgin.

JUNE.

THURSDAY, 1.—St. Juventius, Martyr.
 FRIDAY, 2.—St. Marcellinus and Comp's, MM.
 SATURDAY, 3.—St. Clotilda, Queen of France.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.



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Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 27, 1933.

No. 21.

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The Graduation.

BY BERT COOKSLEY.

THE robin's in her cabin painting lyrics on
the walls,
The willow's etching shadows down the glade,
The sun is stippling figurines along the forest
halls
In bits of sunlight gold and purple shade.
The stream is moulding lily plaques in every
misty pool,
The clouds are sketching rural scenes in chalk,
The lilac tree's developed a most intricate and
cool
Design in color for the garden walk.
The road is using umber for a meadow com-
pliment,
The wind is working in a silver-grey;
And Summer, with a little sigh of pleasure
and content,
Has passed each student's labor with an A!

"On to the City of God."

BY J. R. C.

I.

THE Reverend Basil Longden, clad in a black cassock, a biretta on his head, strolled in the morning sunshine on the smooth lawn in the rectory garden and glanced at his morning letters. He had just returned from Matins in the beautiful Fourteenth Century church of which he was Rector. The church was only a hundred yards away from his house, and a path from his garden led

to its porch. It was a pleasure to walk on the lawn: the turf was smooth, green, springy, because it had been cut and rolled for hundreds of years. The trees in the first fresh green of spring at the end of the garden screened it from passers-by. The birds—thrushes, blackbirds, tits, and finches,—were discussing their matrimonial arrangements in excited chirps, or singing their matins to the Maker of a beautiful world. In a few minutes the Rector would step through a glass door into his dining-room where his young wife and a good breakfast awaited him. His three children were having a happy and noisy meal in their nursery above him. The Rector himself was a handsome man of forty. And yet, in spite of all his blessings, he seemed not so happy as one would have expected. It was not poverty which troubled him; the living was a rich one. Nor was it hard work; for, although his parish was a scattered one with two churches to serve in outlying hamlets besides the parish church, the population was a small one, and he had a curate to help him. His wife, Mabel, whom he married for love, adored him. He had a lot to be thankful for.

Basil was the fourth son of Colonel Longden, an army officer. He had received a good education; as a boy he had spent six years at Winchester College, one of the oldest and best of England's public schools, and after that, three years at Merton College, Oxford. A careless, handsome lad, devoted to

Rugby football in winter and to cricket in summer, he had led a lazy life at Oxford, paying little attention to the things of the soul and spirit. But in his second year he was aroused from spiritual slumber by the ringing voice of Father Falcon who had come from a Brotherhood in the East End of London to preach a Mission at Oxford. He told the young men of the Colleges that it was not enough to live like heathens a life of selfish enjoyment and luxury; God made them for Himself; God redeemed them at infinite cost in order that they might know, love, and serve Him in this world and be happy with Him forever in the next. He set the Cross before them, and spoke to their hearts of the wondrous love of the Redeemer for each individual soul and for the whole world. That agony was not endured, that Blood was not so generously poured out, that they might ignore Him, and spend their lives and all their powers in playing games. Basil was deeply touched; for the first time he realized that he had a soul which might be lost or saved. Finally, Father Falcon had spoken of the heathen state of England, especially in the large towns where thousands grew up unbaptized and entirely ignorant and regardless of God; he called on them to throw themselves into the battle on the Lord's side.

Basil determined that he would put his own soul right and then live and work for the souls of others. When he had taken his degree, he spent one year at Cuddesdon Theological College. Then he accepted a curacy in the North of London, and in due time was ordained deacon and priest by the Bishop of Hoxton. It was a large parish, not quite in the slums, just rows and rows of long, dull, depressing streets. The church of St. Peter was served by four clergy; it was worked on Ritualistic lines—the altar had many candles, vestments were worn, and the ceremonial

was more elaborate than that in general use in a Catholic church. The chief service each Sunday was called High Mass; the clergy trained all their young folk to attend this service every Sunday. Every day there were services in church, every night meetings or classes in the parish hall. Daily the Vicar and his curates visited in the parish not only the sick, but all who lived in the parish, going methodically from house to house and from street to street.

In this parish Basil spent ten years of hard work. Then his father died. When his estate was divided amongst his sons Basil's share was an annuity of £200 a year. Shortly after the death of his father, the Marquess of Lambourne, who had been his college friend at Oxford, presented him to the living of Lewsome in Northshire, with a population of a thousand people and an income of one thousand pounds a year. In addition, there was a comfortable rectory with garden and orchard. Then Basil thought he was justified in marrying Mabel Marston of the golden locks and installing her as mistress of his rectory. That was seven years before the beginning of our story, and Basil was now forty years of age.

He worked hard in his own parish, and as an eloquent preacher, was much sought after in many parishes of the diocese. Rumor had it that on the first opportunity, the Bishop, who thought highly of Basil, would offer him to a Canon's stall in the Minster. He had a future before him, many people said: first Rector, then Canon, then—who knows? Bishop, perhaps, with a palace to live in and a seat in the House of Lords.

And yet, as we see him there in his garden with all the good things of life around him and with all his rosy prospects, he did not seem altogether happy.

As he and his wife were having breakfast she said to him, "Basil, dear! You were so funny last night; you were talking in your sleep!"

"Well, well," he replied, "I hope I did not give myself away and mention how I committed that murder in Hoxton.

"Silly billy! What you said was: 'Yes, I am a priest . . . as much a priest as any Roman priest,' and then again, wistfully, 'I am a Catholic priest surely?'"

"I must have been dreaming: no more pork pie for supper!"

"You didn't have any pork pie—only some cold chicken. I wonder what made you speak like that? Of course, you are a priest! Weren't you ordained priest by the Bishop of Hoxton?"

"True, my dear."

"And isn't your name engraved on the brass tablet in the porch which gives the Rectors of Lewsome Church from the year 1300 A. D.? I am so proud of it."

"I must see to it that I am not the worst of the lot; one of them was a saint; he lived in the days before the Reformation, or Deformation, as I call it, when we used to have saints in the Church of England."

"Don't be so hard on the Reformation, Basil," she replied archly. "If it hadn't been for it, why! I shouldn't be here now, nor the kiddies either!"

But he didn't explain his dream-utterances to his Mabel as he might have done.

A few months before this conversation he had been on retreat in an Anglican monastery. The monastery was situated on an island. There he heard three addresses a day from the monk who was giving the retreat, and spent the week in prayer and devotion with thirty other parsons. As he was crossing to the mainland on the steamer when the retreat was over, an elderly priest approached him and said abruptly, "Are you a priest, Sir? I don't happen to know your face, and I think I know all the Catholic priests in these parts."

"Yes," replied Basil, "I am a priest,

a priest of the Church of England."

"Well," said the old man, "sorry am I to hurt your feelings, but you are not a priest at all." With that he turned on his heel and walked away.

Basil was shocked. "Rude old man!" he said to himself. "Just like the Roman Church—always arrogant and cocksure. I know the Pope pronounced Anglican Orders null and void, but that was because he thought that if he acknowledged their validity there would be no more secessions to Rome. They told us at Cuddesdon that Anglican Orders were as valid as any in Christendom, and that the best Roman scholars knew that they were valid." And there the incident ended for the time. . . . But the words of the old priest lingered in his mind: "You are not a priest at all!"

When he settled down in his comfortable study with its rows of shelves laden with well-bound books, he determined to go into the question of Anglican Orders for himself and thus lay the ghost of the old priest. "Why do the Romans say we are not priests?" he asked himself. "I don't know. I suppose I must get hold of some of their literature and find out. Or I might ask that starved-looking fellow with the big eyes, in Habstone village—Father Welby."

A few days later Basil had to visit a sick parishioner in Habstone. As he was returning he met Father Welby. "How do you do, Father Welby," he said, "I was just thinking of calling on you; you are a parishioner of mine."

"How nice of you," replied Father Welby. "Come into my rooms."

Father Welby lived in two little rooms near his tiny tin church; as Basil glanced at the mean, rickety furniture and the photographs of the landlady's ugly husband, and rustic relatives which hung on the walls, he contrasted this home with his own, and felt sorry for the priest. He briefly told him of the incident on the steamer.

"What I want to ask is this—Are all

you people of the same opinion as that old Irishman—that Anglican clergy are not priests? And how can you possibly think so?"

"Yes," replied Father Welby, "we believe that they are not Catholic priests and not capable of saying Mass nor indeed of administering any of the Sacraments except Baptism."

"I should like to hear your reasons," said Basil. "The English Church holds the three creeds which contain the Catholic Faith. It has also the Apostolical Succession from the old Catholic Church in England. It has always been careful to have three Bishops at least at every consecration of a Bishop; they all say to the candidate, 'Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of God, etc.' The Bishop says to the man he is ordaining priest, 'Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands, etc.' Isn't that Catholic enough for you? What more could a French or Italian Bishop do?"

"If you want to know the real meaning of the Anglican Ordinal," replied Father Welby, "and why the Pope condemned it, I advise you to study the writings of Cranmer and his friends. They denied the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Mass. Cranmer wrote, 'No more truly is He corporally or really present in the ministration of the Lord's Supper than He is in the due ministration of Baptism.' They also denied that the Mass was a true Sacrifice, and they denied that those who offered the Mass were sacrificial priests. . . . These were the men who made the Anglican Ordinal; they carefully omitted anything which might savor of sacrifice or sacrificial priesthood. The old Catholic Ordinal was full of these terms because to Catholics *a priest is one who offers sacrifice*."

"When Elizabeth found four Bishops

to start a new church apart from Rome, they used Cranmer's Ordinal. In the form for consecrating Parker, the consecrator said, 'Take the Holy Ghost and remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is in thee by imposition of hands, etc., no mention was made of the word 'Bishop.' And that Ordinal was used for one hundred years. Now Anglican Bishops say the words quoted by you, 'Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of God, etc.,' but these words were added in 1662; the change was made too late—all episcopal succession had died out before 1662. In the same way in Cranmer's form for the ordination of priests the words were, 'Receive the Holy Ghost. Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God and of His Holy Sacraments. In the Name, etc.' There is no mention in it of the word priest or priesthood, nor of the power of offering sacrifice. (In 1662 they amended this form to, 'Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, etc.,' as it is in the Anglican Prayer Book to-day).

"The Pope says that Cranmer's Ordinal is not a valid rite. He also says that not only a valid rite is necessary for the valid administration of a Sacrament, but that a proper intention on the part of the minister is also required. This proper intention is 'an intention to do what the Church does.' We can't judge a man's inner belief or motives, but if he makes use of the due form and the matter required for effecting or conferring the Sacrament he is considered by the very fact to do what the Church does. The English Bishops intended to do what their Church intended to be done—to make Protestant pastors, not Catholic priests. The Anglican rite was made by them in opposition to the Catholic rite, with the

express object of rejecting the Catholic priesthood and making a new sort of minister."

"But," replied Basil, "we refuse to be tied to Cranmer and his opinions. You say that he and his friends were heretics and that they denied the Real Presence and the Sacrifice of the Mass. But we hold both these beliefs."

"It is clear that your Church denies both. Of the Thirty-nine Articles, No. 31 says 'the Sacrifices of Masses . . . were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.' And to this you and all benefited clergy have assented. Whose opinion will you accept? Your two Archbishops in reply to the Pope's Bull say that the Eucharistic Sacrifice consists in the offering of praise and thanksgiving and of the persons of the worshippers and their gifts to God's service. But no Catholic Bishop would accept that as a definition of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Anglican Bishops are always denying that the English Church holds it or that they ordain sacrificing priests. One diocesan Bishop said recently that Catholic priests were simply would-be magicians, like the witch-doctors in Africa; he also stated in print that he does not believe in sacramental grace at all!"

"These men are very distressing," said Basil. "But what is one to do?"

"What indeed can you do unless you leave a church in which avowed heretics are Bishops—and you are in communion with them—and join the Catholic Church which teaches the true Faith and will not suffer heretics to be her ministers."

"Leave the Church of England?" said Basil.

"Yes. Study the claims of the Catholic Church as stated by her theologians, and you will be obliged to do so. You will lose money, rank, profession, but you will gain—Heaven on earth, no less, for you will be a Catholic."

"But I don't believe half the doctrines

of the Roman Church," said Basil—"doctrines such as Papal Infallibility and The Immaculate Conception."

Father Welby smiled. "You don't believe them because you don't understand them. In this book, written by one who was an Anglican clergyman, they are stated clearly; he became a priest ten years ago. And I will pray for you. I think you are capable of making the great surrender. Now I must go and give Benediction to my flock. Farewell, and God be with you."

After Basil departed, Father Welby wrote a letter to a friend who was the Reverend Mother of a Carmelite Convent. It ran thus:

"DEAR REVEREND MOTHER. — Please pray for an Anglican rector who seems to be called to give up all for the sake of Christ and His Church. He has so much to give up that it will be a great effort for him: so he needs many prayers from you and your Sisters, or he may hesitate and be lost.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. WELBY."

(Conclusion next week.)

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

XXI.

BURNHAM'S rare letters from India had given Carfax a keen pleasure. There was something of his old boyish affection for Bernard in the quiet, sober satisfaction he took in his old friend's nephew; something of Bernard that seemed to live again in the "brown man" as Peggy absurdly called him; something of the dead man's virility of mind and the robustness of his faith. Carfax had liked that, though little had ever been said between them of either man's religion. And there had been affectionate respect in Burnham's attitude to the older man, whose history had touched his own family's so closely.

"India, Daddy—the brown man's writing." Peggy had handed him the letter one day, and sat down on the arm of a chair at a little distance, with an expectant look on her face.

"It must wait; I have to telephone," he had said shortly, and gathering up the post, had gone to his office.

The girl had sat there quite a long time dreaming, and when she had met her father later, she had refrained from asking him for any news. He had said to her mother, in Peggy's hearing,

"Young Burnham's not getting back this year. He's afraid it will be not till early next. Sends you all greetings, and so on."

Last time he had written, the letter with its close handwriting had been handed to Susan, and she had given it to Peggy to read. Daddy had forgotten to ask for it back, and she had been careful not to remind him. But this time—not a sign of the letter, and even Mother didn't seem to miss it. Only when Peggy kissed her father good night, he held her away from him for a moment and seemed to study her face.

"Well, Daddy, are you afraid you mayn't know me if you meet me in the road?" she asked, laughing softly.

"It wouldn't do for me to cut you, say in Tesford High Street, would it?" he had replied, and in spite of his words, there had been something a little grave and melancholy in his eyes. A man writing to him, John Carfax, to tell him he wanted his little Peggy! A man writing to him, John Carfax, to beg him to say if there would be any chance for him when he came back after such a long absence! Any chance of his little daughter, Peggy, caring for someone who was counting the days to finding her again, finding her, he hoped—but feared to hope—as free as when he had left her?

His little Margaret—and a Burnham? He had sat a long time in his office, the door locked, the letter on the table, his chin resting on his clasped hands.

From a worldly point of view, an excellent marriage for the girl, but it did not occur to Carfax to think of it from that point of view. He sat frowning. Of course if she married him, if there was no hint of opposition, it would be an ordinary, natural, everyday sort of "conversion," if, with her convent training, she became a Catholic. Ah—no! He pushed the letter away, pushed his chair back and stood up. He wished Burnham hadn't written—wished he had never come to Thurston. This prosperous marriage in view disturbed his dream of that miracle to be wrought on his "two small loaves."

Peggy was a child—but he knew her as he knew his own soul. She was waiting—biding her time, he was sure, waiting for the Spirit to breathe upon her. Something seemed to tell him that it would not be long before she used those white wings. It was no time for letters of this sort!

He opened the panel door, and lifting the old, heavy, painted wooden statue of Our Lady of Good Counsel, he placed the letter underneath it. Its pedestal completely covered it. Then for a moment he bent his forehead to the figure, standing so whilst a man might whisper a "Memorare," and coming out, clicked the panel into its place again.

Young John had turned up like a whirlwind one evening, a whole week before he had been expected, brown as a berry, said Peggy, and had flushed because she remembered another "brown man." He had grown too, they declared, and he had certainly filled out; and though he was exuberant in his joy to be with them all, it seemed to Carfax that he had gone away a boy and come back a man.

For a moment something had stabbed him with the fear that the boy had occasionally what seemed like his own old early moods of gloom and melancholy; but whereas, looking back on his own youth, his gloom had been despair,

young John's appeared to be more as if some dark curtain had been partly drawn over richly stained windows, through which a warm sun shot vivid glows of gold and crimson.

"You'd be sorry to leave those two good friends?" Carfax had broken in on what seemed a heavy silence on young John's part. They were coming back from the fields, hot and a little tired. The harvest was nearly all in; there were still two outlying fields, but already Aunt Kate was beginning to fuss about clearing out the big barn for the Harvest Supper. It was to be on the eighth of October. The moon would be full, and there was time for the weather, just row very threatening, to improve.

"Yes; I liked 'em. Specially—well, each of 'em in his own way."

Carfax smiled.

"And Goliath?" he said.

Young John stared for a moment at his father, then turned to swish at a branch with his stick.

"How do you mean?" he said, slowly.

"That little freckled friend of Peggy's knew him. He was in danger of lapsing, wasn't he?"

He stopped to light his pipe, seemingly not really very interested in the question, and young John walked on a bit.

"Lapsing!" he said, with a short laugh as Carfax caught him up in a few strides, "what do you mean, father, by lapsed? We all 'lapsed,' didn't we, when we took a saner view of things at the Reformation?"

From my point of view, my lad, I think there was precious little sanity as you call it at the Reformation. Rather like the new rich, who buy their ancestors from a curiosity shop, and get themselves to really believe, in time, that they are their own forbears. I should like to hear that that young man the girl told Peggy about had returned to his duties."

"He did." Young John threw it out

a little abruptly, and Carfax nodded.

"Good."

Once or twice he pointed out some tree that was coming down after the Harvest, and young John had noticed the elm marked for execution.

"Dangerous things in a storm,—elms," he had said, and then, finding that his father didn't again refer to the young man he had spoken of, he said, as if in spite of himself,

"We went to that place Lourdes. Do you remember Peggy finding it in Froissart? We saw a man—a priest from Arras—cured.* He was nearly dead when he arrived—been vomiting blood half the journey—he'd simply no lungs to live by. God, father, and only thirty years old!"

"Ah," Carfax spoke calmly, almost coldly, and all the time his heart was registering acts of thanksgiving.

"What happened?"

"He—he was bathed. Sounds ridiculous, I know. But when he came out he said he felt as if some one had breathed into him and filled his lungs. He got radiographed at Pau and at Tarbes, and the doctors there congratulated him on his fine new pair of lungs—*new!* He said Mass at the Grotto next day—he who hadn't said it for ages—and a chilly day too it was."

Again silence, the length of the path between the two stiles.

"Goliath succumbed. He went to Confession that evening. We didn't know, though I think the Patriarch guessed. And then he came and thumped me on the back and said— Oh, well, never mind that!"

Young John broke off with a little laugh, and Carfax, who had not missed a word, fumbled for his matches.

"Well, there'd be joy in heaven that day," he said as he drew the box from his pocket.

"Queer, that golden girl knew him," said young John.

* Lourdes. June, 1932. A fact.

"What golden girl?" asked his father.

Young John picked up a pebble and flung it after a scudding rabbit to hide his discomfort.

"Oh—the freckled girl—her face is like the sun on a field of buttercups and daisies," he said, laughing shyly.

"Well, so it is, now I come to think of it, a very good description. They were neighbors once in Ireland,—mother lax, and gave him a Protestant education in England."

"Ah, well! She didn't succeed in circumventing *le bon Dieu*."

And Carfax, afraid to look at John lest he should see in his father's eyes the joy that was glowing in him, just managed to say a little gruffly,

"You mustn't talk French to me, my lad. I'm an ignorant old man, you know."

For answer, John turned with his old boyish smile lighting up his face, and for an instant his shoulders rubbed against his father's in the same old affectionate gesture of his boyhood.

"Dad—you take my word for it—you're the wisest and most utterly splendid governor that ever was."

"Tut, you young goose!" laughed Carfax unevenly, and watched young John vault the stile and send another small stone into the blue distance. Were the hosts of God gathering on some heavenly hillside; by some celestial lake of Galilee, to wait for a voice that said, "There is a young lad here—"

For a moment he stood, bareheaded beside the stile, turning his eyes to the woods they had left; the trees pricked out against the flaming red of the sunset—to the last rich field that was waiting to be gathered in this week—to the small orchards that he had planted with his own hands so long ago. And then they rested on young John who had turned to wait for him.

"What is it, Dad?" he asked.

"I was thinking of my harvest," said Carfax simply.

Susan was beginning to get quite used to seeing young Mefford drive the two girls over from Four Orchards where they were staying. One day Sandy had insisted on divesting himself of coat, or whatever decorative form of attire he was wearing in its place, and joining the workers in the hayfields, where John was helping his father. But the next time, Mrs. Carfax had sent them off to gather blackberries near the woods, and Isabel had made herself charmingly helpless at stiles and terribly afraid of her high-heeled shoes sticking in the lurking damp corners of the river bank. John's hand was in much requisition, though he got away at last, and said he must beat down some of the brambles.

Quite handsome the girl looked, in her short, thin, white serge, with a scarlet belt, and a little red flannel coat over her shoulders. A big, poppy-trimmed hat shaded her dark eyes from the autumn sun, and she had stuck a bunch of the same flaming flowers in her belt.

"I didn't know the woods ran so far down the river side—and oh, what a ripping place for a picnic!"

They had come to the clearing, and John was stooping to cut away a bramble that had caught her, when Petrea's voice called to them from the woods,

"Stand still a minute—or no—go and stand by that big tree the other side. I'll take a snapshot."

"Come along," laughed Isabel, and took John's hand.

"Wait till I tell you, Petrea."

He managed to get his hands safely into his pockets by the time they had crossed the clearing, and as Isabel posed herself prettily under the great elm, he glanced round at the white mark on it.

"Hope it doesn't fall down on us. Thoroughly rotten," he said.

Peggy, standing behind Petrea, had laughed when Sandy had rushed to the two, and struck a dramatic pose on the other side of Isabel, who frowned.

"You'll spoil the beauty of us two," she said, and they had laughed.

"Isabel, you are a flaming spot of red with your poppies!" Petrea muttered as she fixed them. And for a moment Peggy got the impression of a splash of blood as the poppies from Isabel's belt fell suddenly one after the other on to the ground. Young John stooped to pick them up, but presently straightened himself, leaving them on the ground.

"They're dead," he said shortly, and just as Petrea clicked her camera he moved away.

Everyone shouted at him, but he excused himself laughingly—he'd just seen a crowd of fine blackberries, and they all trailed after him.

Sandy was trying to book Peggy and Petrea for all the moonlit dances to be danced to old Jake's fiddle at the Harvest Supper next Thursday. Peggy said she didn't know any new steps, and Isabel formed them in line to teach them, though John liked best to watch Petrea, with an armful of golden bracken, dance lightly here and there, with the sun flickering on her laughing face.

"Aunt Kate has made miles of pink paper roses, but I'm going to stack the corners with bracken," said Peggy.

"Aunt Mary has crowds of Chinese lanterns. I'll bring them over to-morrow," and Isabel smiled her forgiveness in John's direction as much as to say, you shall see me again to-morrow!

"The weather's going to change," young John had said, and lifted his head to sniff the evening air. There seemed almost a scent of rain in it, and a sudden breeze had sent the brown, falling leavings scudding like belated birds down the side of the clearing.

"Better come back to the house," Peggy had given a little shiver. It seemed cold she said—and was laughed at. A goose was evidently walking over her grave, said Sandy, and helped himself to the berries in her basket. It was

certainly unfortunate that the glorious weather they had had for so long, had come to an end. The day before the Harvest Home broke grey and lowering.

"Lucky everything's in, John," Susan had said as she stood at the porch watching him lean over the garden gate for a moment that evening. There was an ominous stillness in the air; and the blackness of the clouds that seemed gathering to chase away the last lurid glow of the stormy sunset, added to the unnatural melancholy of the evening.

Already there was a far-away, dim, monotonous sighing amongst the trees by the house, though there seemed not enough wind yet to move their branches.

Carfax looked up at them, and almost smiled. What was it Peggy had said about weeping leaves?

"Yes," he said, turning at last, and following Susan into the house, "it's lucky harvest's in, but I don't think there'll be any dancing to-morrow night."

He leaned back in his big chair at supper,—no, he wasn't very hungry to-night—he'd had enough. And smiled suddenly, well content to sit there listening to the children talk. They all seemed quiet to-night he thought. Susan sat erect and pensive, her hands clasped on the table before her, her eyes wandering every now and then from the boy's and girl's to her John's tired, smiling face. Presently she got up quietly, and moved across to a low chair beside him. She had never done such a thing before, but when he smiled at her and took her hand in his, she said a little shyly,

"Harvest's in, John, we can waste a bit of time," and dimpled into a shame-faced smile as her John broke into a quiet laugh. And then into the midst of their quiet talk, had come the rattle of the telephone bell.

"Whoever can that be!" Susan's free hand went to her heart, and Carfax patted the other.

"Go and see, young John."

They talked in low voices whilst he was away, occasionally stopping as the sound of his strong, clear tones came to them across the hall. He came back at last.

"Not for us—at least there was a mistake somewhere. Father Sully rang up."

"Father Sully?" said Carfax, surprised, and Susan echoed his words.

"Wanted to know if it was us. Some one rang him up to say there was an accident—to come at once—a man dying. They rang him off and he couldn't trace it."

Young John spoke gravely as he sat down again, and a silence fell on them all.

"Who could it be!" whispered Susan, "and what made him think 'twas us? There's no Roman Catholics here. We've the Rector close at hand."

No one answered her for a moment. The wind had risen and was howling round the house, and suddenly a peal of thunder broke in the distance.

"Pray God Father Sully finds the poor soul," said Carfax, and presently rose. For a moment he stood erect, his back to the cheerful fire, looking across at them all—Susan still on the low chair near the table, Peggy with her elbows on it, her chin in her hands, her eyes fixed on her father. They smiled suddenly at each other, but he saw that her lips were moving. What was she whispering to herself?

Young John was getting out some books to carry to his room—he had to work.

"Good night, everybody," the boy said, and something made Carfax hold a hand out. Hoisting his books under one arm, young John flung the other round his father's neck, unabashed. "Good night. I say why should French fellows kiss their fathers, and a Dad like ours not get hugged?"

For a moment the two heads bent to each other, then Carfax gave his son a little push—laughing.

"Get along—or your mother will be putting you into petticoats again."

Susan and Peggy went early to their rooms that night, and Carfax took the lamp to his office; he still had work to do, but told Susan he should not be late—he was tired. It was Prudence who tapped at his door an hour later.

"I don't know what it is, Master," she said, her grey head poked into the little room, "but some o' the beasts be loose. I can hear cries most like human comin' fra the five-acre field."

He followed her to the kitchen door, but it let in such a blast of wind and rain when he opened it, that he almost staggered.

"Go to bed, Prudence—I'll take a look round," he said, and presently she saw him, in his big black oilskin, and carrying the storm lantern, battling his way across the farmyard.

It would have taken some strong bleating to have made itself heard above that storm; yet he seemed to be following some cry that came from the direction of the woods.

There was something in the wildness of the night that dissipated the tiredness, the heaviness he had felt all evening. He lifted his face to the stinging rain, and a great zigzag flash of lightning lit up the black woods, followed by a crashing peal of thunder. He would keep clear of the trees, but he would follow the river path as far as the clearing in case any of the beasts had taken shelter there.

In the distance he could see a light gleaming in young John's window. Good lad—he didn't spare his midnight oil, and for an instant Carfax wished the lad were going to farm Thurston after him. He had made Thurston. Every fruitful field, every step of progress he owed, under God, to his own inexhaustible labor. And he loved every inch of the place. Mother Earth had responded; he had wept upon her breast in his boyhood, and she had accepted his

tears and let them moisten and irrigate.

The little swollen river gave a sullen glimmer as the lightning flashed, and just before another crash of thunder broke, Carfax thought he heard a cry—more like a dog's yelp of pain. He tried to remember if he had seen the yard dog in his kennel. Yes, he had put his nose out as John had passed, and the two terriers he had heard barking in the stable. By the time he had got to the clearing, he could distinguish the frantic yapping of one of the laborer's dogs he supposed, evidently caught in one of those wretched traps. He stumbled across the clearing, shouting to the dog, as much to give it confidence as to keep it yelping so that he could find his way to it.

A small tree crashed near him and he jumped to avoid it. It seemed as if all the trees of the woods were swaying and bending towards that little clearing, as if to warn him to come no nearer. And then a yelp close at hand, and a sudden flash of lightning showed him the dog, a poor, flea-ridden mongrel much loved of his master, the young carter whose child had been ill. He strode over to the poor animal, whose paw was badly mangled.

"There, there, old man—stick it out whilst I free you," he said, and putting down his lantern, he knelt to the task.

It was young John who found him, an hour later, lying on his face amongst the sodden bracken, his hand on the dead dog's broken paw. The elm had broken in half as it crashed, flinging him away from its crushing weight, but its blow had done its work.

The lad would have carried him back, but as he lifted one of the arms outstretched, believing him to be killed, John Carfax opened his eyes.

"I can wait," he whispered; "fetch the men, and a door to carry me on. And John"—he breathed badly—"you go first to Mother."

How young John ever got to the three small cottages he never knew, nor how, with his two fierce hands he wrenched the door off a small outhouse beside one of them, he could not say. Having seen the men ready to come, he stumbled back with them, certain that they would find his father dead.

It was when John had lifted his father's head to put his own cap under it on the door-stretcher, that Carfax looked up at him in the light of the men's lanterns, and without a word, John had bent down to him to hear what he said.

"Now! Tell Mother. Home, not hospital!"

Susan had listened in paralyzed silence to young John. No—not dead—even speaking—but hurt. Yes, Peggy, ring up Dr. Mason. Keep on ringing till you get him. And he had flung out into the dark again.

Dr. Mason had brought his young partner with him, hearing what the accident was—a man with London experience, who was going to take on his practice. And when they had come downstairs, Susan met them in the hall, John coming first, Peggy had crept into the bedroom again.

It was a dry-eyed Susan who listened to what they had to say. She repeated dully, as if she were learning a lesson.

"His back broken—perhaps twenty-four hours."

She looked at young John, seeming to wonder at his white, drawn face, and at his arm round her—fancy that, and with two gentlemen there!

"Twenty-four hours, John? Does he mean he's only 'twenty-four hours to live?"

She hardly waited for the men to speak. Pushing gently by the doctors, she went swiftly up the staircase, leaving John to follow.

Peggy was kneeling near the bed—holding one of her father's hands, and as Susan came in he opened his eyes.

"John, love." She stooped over him. He didn't seem to be in pain, but his eyes seemed dim. He opened the palm of his hand near her and she put hers into it—and then young John came in.

"Susan—they've told you?" he whispered, and suddenly Susan sank to her knees. She was frightened.

"It's not true, John," she cried softly, and laid her cheek on his hand.

"Susan—could you let me off—that promise—now I'm dying?"

Let him off that promise now, when he was dying—her last moments with him!

"Oh, John," she wailed, "if you're dying, love, what does it matter now? Don't, oh, don't do what'll separate us forever."

He closed his eyes again, and there was no sound till Prudence put her head in and beckoned to John. They whispered together for a moment, and then he came back to the bed.

"My lad—Peggy—" He was looking at them as they stood there—looking at them with something questioning in his eyes.

"Daddy beloved—" began Peggy, but her voice broke, and it was young John who said, very clearly and distinctly,

"Father—if this hadn't happened I should have waited to tell you—but I—I'm going to be a Catholic."

"Me, too, beloved Daddy"—added Peggy, and Susan seemed to take no notice of these awful declarations. Her John wasn't dying when he could say in a strong voice and with that smile that tore her heart.

"You've built up Carfax!"

But Susan knelt there, not conscious that her tears were falling on John's hand.

"There, Susan, love—don't cry, lass—" he sighed. Oh, if he could have made his peace with God!—but perhaps, since He had deigned to perform that miracle on the children,—and the three saw a smile of some blessed content rest on

the tired face—since He had blessed his "two small loaves," perhaps He had no need of "the lad" who had been "there." And then from the dim distance—a trembling voice—

"John—love—my love—I give you back your promise—" and the soft sound of tears.

Yes—surely, Mother Veronica had been right, and "the lad" shared in the miracle and became His disciple. For John had brought to his bedside Father Sully. That was another miracle. He said he'd been rung up to come—no one knew how.

And whilst John Carfax was making his peace with God, and Father Sully was preparing him for the wedding garment, that was to admit him to the Presence, Susan sat in the hall with the children on either side, holding a hand.

She shivered from time to time, but she shook her head when they tried to comfort her. Then Father Sully came downstairs and she faced him steadily.

"Have you made a Catholic of him, Sir?" she asked softly, and when he told her, "Then I'll ask you to make me one as soon as you can, if you please. I can't be separated from my John," she said.

(Conclusion next week.)

"A Great Mystic of the Eighteenth Century."*

BY ELLA BAKER.

FATHER FAVRE'S beautiful book is truly a revelation to us. The Eighteenth Century, of which Talleyrand said: "He who has not lived before the Revolution has not known the joy of living," is not, generally speaking, a century of piety. Its flowers of sanctity are rare. It has, however, produced St. Alphonsus de Liguori, and we are soon to learn that it has also possessed one

* "The Venerable Marie Celeste Crosta-Rosa," by the R. F. Favre, C. SS. R.

of the greatest mystics of Christian history. It is the Venerable Marie Celeste Crosta-Rosa whom we thus place in the first rank of those privileged souls whose greatness is so well explained in Henri Bergson's recent book (although we cannot accept every thesis expressed or implied in it).

No doubt Marie Celeste will one day take her place beside St. Catherine of Siena, her model, or St. Teresa of Avila. She was chosen by Providence to raise up the double Institute of those who venerate as their Father and Founder—St. Alphonsus de Liguori—the Order of Redemptoristines and the Congregation of Redemptorists. A reformer, a foundress and a legislator of monasteries, she offers to religious souls a model of rare beauty and lessons of great value. At the order of her spiritual directors she has described in pages worthy of our attention her intimate communications with God, and the extraordinary states of prayer with which she was favored. Yet her life had not yet been written, and her works have not yet been published.

We owe a debt of gratitude to Father Favre for having brought to our notice this beautiful soul, hitherto hidden in the obscurity of the archives. His work is remarkable for several reasons: First of all because there is nothing pretentious about it, it is written with the greatest simplicity, and, at the same time, delicacy of style. It would be difficult to relate matter of such depth, scenes so dramatic and moving, in a more straightforward way, unemotional and yet deeply impressive. The whole work is read with growing interest; the reader follows with passionate eagerness the events in such an agitated and deeply tried life.

The Venerable Sister had the strange fate to be considered as one inspired, as a saint, as an intermediary with God, in a Convent which adopted both the rule and the habit which she had

declared to be revealed from on high, and from where, later on, she was expelled ignominiously and even all memory of her was forgotten, while at the same time her work and her institutions were kept! This gentle and pious nun, after unheard-of humiliations and her final expulsion, was taken into another convent where from the beginning she was looked on as Heaven-sent, and charged with reforming the house. Later on, when called on to make a foundation, following the rule which had been revealed to her, she founded a third monastery at Foggia, where she died in 1755.

At Foggia she was known as "the holy Prioress." It was she who inspired St. Alphonsus de Liguori and St. Gerard Majella, and who was their confidante. Her whole life bears the mark of greatness. She was a most valiant soul who disdained difficulties and carried out heroic acts. Her portrait shows the magnanimity of her soul. It reveals a noble heart and energetic character; it bears the impress of dignity, majesty and grace. On reading Father Favre's book we are surprised at the depth of intuition shown in her writings. Completely unlettered, she has yet written by obedience, works in which high thoughts and beautiful metaphors abound.

From this point of view, the two chapters consecrated by the author to Marie Celeste's spiritual doctrine (pp. 360-406) and to the spiritual gifts of the foundress (pp. 407-424) are of incomparable value. In these pages are truths which are not to be found even in the greatest mystics. It is surprising, for instance, that this humble religious, contemplating the Divine Majesty, can be penetrated, as would the most profound metaphysician, with the idea that God alone exists. "This day," she says to God, "Thou dost surround me with the immensity of Thy Divine Being. In the little world of my soul my spiritual

ear hears a trumpet sounding with an overwhelming force. It announces that Being is found solely in Thee, and that all creatures must humble themselves to the depths of their nothingness. The most perfect men are but as phantoms before Thee and as though they did not exist. I see Thy superior Majesty containing and governing all things. Thou dost show me that I do not exist except in Thee. My poor and miserable spirit bows down in humble respect, and in deep adoration I am plunged in the abyss of my nothingness. I am without thought, without movement, and my solitude is so intense that I could not explain where my senses are."

It is in such striking terms as these that she knows how to speak of the Divine Majesty. All her spirituality, therefore, has its root in a theological and metaphysical idea—the same idea whose greatness and powerful originality Etienne Gilson showed us in his recent work on the spirit of Mediæval philosophy, and which he proves is the centre of Christian philosophy—God alone exists. All else lives in Him and by Him. As our Marie Celeste says: "All is in God and lives by Him. In every reasonable soul this Divine Spirit is the principle and the source of life. He is its support and its Providence at every moment. It is He who puts into each soul a continuous aspiration towards immortality, towards a centre which is Himself. As such He is the great torment of the lost souls in Hell, for they also have their being in God, which makes their suffering so terrible that it is impossible for us to understand it."

From this fundamental idea flows all the mystical doctrine of the Venerable Sister. She describes Purity as the perfect understanding of Divine Light, by a complete death to all created Light. In other words, what St. John of the Cross calls the Night of the Soul,

Marie Celeste names differently, and, to our mind, more clearly,—Purity. The degrees of humility by which we detach ourselves gradually from ourselves, from our self-love, from our passions, from all our human views, are therefore so many degrees of Purity, just as a tourist climbing the summits mounts towards Purity, towards a healthier atmosphere, towards purer and more vivifying air.

It would take too long to detail here all the wealth of expression of the Venerable foundress. Let us quote this one charming thought: "Oh! my King and Sovereign Good," she says to Jesus, "let me tell Thee for my own consolation something of what Thou art. I look upon Thee as the Eternal Sun, dressed by Thy Father, the supreme and infinitely wise artist, who, wishing to lighten the world in its darkness, made of Thy Divinity a Robe crystal clear and transparent which was Thy holy Humanity, in which Thy Divine splendor appeared, also all the riches and infinite treasure which is enclosed in Thee who art His Word. The Father placed this Sun, thus robed, in the world, so that He might become the Light of all men. . . . As for me, Thou art my Jesus, deign to be so in very truth!" Can love speak a more beautiful language?

We may also say that in hearing Marie Celeste speak, we understand how it is that the Saints are so deeply conscious of their misery. God lives in their hearts, they feel Him to be present, they warm themselves at His flame, they would like to burn constantly before His face like a burning lamp, but nature sometimes withdraws them from Him; and when they leave Him, were it only for an instant, they have such an impression of having committed an infidelity, that it makes them weep over their nothingness. It is this that explains so clearly these words of

Marie Celeste: "Sometimes I left Thee, my Love, Thou didst then recall me interiorly to recollection, pointing out to me my failings and my negligence. To my great confusion Thou didst this with such great love, so much kindness and infinite mercy. Thou didst bear with so many infidelities and didst never become angry with me. I deserved, oh, my Saviour! to be abandoned, and Thou didst never leave me, so as to prevent my falling into the precipice of my own miseries. Be Thou blessed and praised forever!"

It is before passages such as these that we can only repeat the words of St. Augustine: "Give me some one who loves and he will understand!"

We heartily wish to Father Favre a great number of readers, and to Mother Marie Celeste many imitators. The Church needs saints, and Jesus vouchsafes to need our love!

Spring.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

THE thrushes sing in bending willow trees,
I wonder were there birds for Christ to hear?
And violets perfume every passing breeze—

Were there, for Christ, a wealth of blossoms
near?

And did He, walking down a Bethlehem street,
Find Spring melodious and fair and sweet?

The brooklets dance along their seaward way—

I wonder did the Christ miss their soft strain?
Bright sunbeams make the darkest vistas gay;

I hope the Christ ne'er looked for sun in vain,
Or fields of green, or skies of tender blue;
I like to think all lovely things He knew.

When lawns are gay with children, and their joy

Sounds forth in song, I picture Christ in them;
When mothers watch each fair, adventurous boy,

So Mother Mary watched in Bethlehem.
And not a shadow that the cross could fling
Shut out from them the beauty of the Spring.

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XXI.

MARY O'SULLIVAN, Alice and Davey went to see Nano. On the road they met Jim Halpin returning from a visit to cousins living west of Cahermoyle. Jim should have set out earlier and the times so troubled; but the "wait-a-while—'tis early yet" appeal held him before the warmth of the kitchen fire.

"Evening, Jim," Davey called, as Jim slouched past.

"Evening, Davey."

"Davey, that's a blunder," Alice said.

"What's a blunder?"

"You shouldn't have spoken. The less people know the less they tell."

"I suppose you're right."

As soon as he reached home, Davey's mother sat with him at the grate fire. It was quiet in the house. The black and white cat purred out content from his warm corner as he watched meditatively small sputtering tongues of flame.

"You look unkempt; your clothes crumpled; and, see, the pocket of your coat is torn! Dear, O dear, and three coat buttons out!"

"Clothes get crumpled when you sleep in hay."

"You sleep in hay?"

Davey nodded—he did not care to talk about that. The men were not encouraged to parade their troubles. He would talk of something else.

"How's everything?"

"Everything's good enough—we make out nicely," she answered.

"And how's Dad?" he whispered; then smiled.

"O Dad's Dad, Davey."

"He'll be all right bye and bye, Mother."

"Of course, dear."

Nano tiptoed out from Davey's room

where she, Alice and Mary O'Sullivan were getting him some things.

"Davey, where's the little bag I gave you?"

He laughed. His mother watched him. It was a nervous laugh; and his face was so thin—not at all like Davey's face. Nor was it so clean as it used to be, she noticed.

"The little bag," Davey whispered, "is in a bog hole in the Craggs' country. I threw it in when the Tans were chasing us, after the ambush near Penders' woods."

"O never mind—I'll give you a cloth one. That will be handier; when 'tis empty, you can slip it into your pocket."

She tiptoed back to the room.

"You must be hungry—I'll hang the kettle," his mother suggested.

He was not hungry at all; but a kettle hanging over the fire is a sign of cheer. They talked on—the two of them—in little murmurs; like the priest and his penitent in confession. The kettle began to sing.

"Mother, I always like the cheer of a singing kettle."

"Yes, it means home, Davey; and quiet in the house; and peace among people."

They heard for the first time The Bog's heavy breathing. The mother nodded to Davey.

"He's resting."

"He is so—I'm glad he sleeps well, Mother."

"You must try and get sleep too, Davey."

"Oh, I sleep fine. I had a great sleep at Nan's hospital all day."

"Poor Davey!"

She drew back and looked at his face. It was such a thin, drawn face!

"Come, Davey, and get a real bath," Nano whispered after she had tiptoed in again. The Bog was breathing more heavily. Nano looked at her mother.

"He's resting to-night."

"Yes—thank God!"

"Come on, Soldier!"

The mother relinquished her tall son, and the girls came out, except Nano. She had to show Davey his cotton bag containing this, that, the other thing: socks, shirts, underwear, handkerchiefs, tobacco, pipes. And then Nano thought of something else.

"O Davey, have you the medal I gave you?"

"I have—here 'tis."

He did not need to unbutton his shirt—three front buttons were gone. The medal, not so bright any more, hung from its chain.

"I'll keep it whatever happens."

Nano, with the instinct which girls have for cleanliness, noticed that Davey's neck had not been washed for some time, and that his chest was soiled with stains of sweat and the hay-loft. She pulled up his shirt sleeves. From one cuff the buttons were gone, the cuff itself torn; and Davey's arms were black with the grime of fields and bogs.

"Davey, your arms are as black as Gallop's villain!"

He knew nothing about Gallop's villain.

"Here, Soldier, the water!" She pointed to a filled tub. "Here, the soap; here, the towels. Leap into the pool and come out cured!"

They had tea following the bath.

"How fine he sleeps!" Mary O'Sullivan exclaimed, hearing The Bog's loud, measured breathing.

"He does—thank God!" The mother smiled and looked across at Davey, whose face was clean now, but a bit drawn; and white, she thought.

"Thank God!" Nano echoed.

"Thank God indeed!" Alice said.

It was near twelve when Davey left with Alice and Mary O'Sullivan.

"Good-bye, Mother!"

"Good-bye, Nano!"

"Get a good sleep wherever you can, Davey." Mrs. Byrne would remember the word of advice even when tears were blinding her.

"Come back soon again, Davey. The tub will be waiting," Nano warned.

He left his bag of belongings in the trap as the girls drove on out, and decided to walk across the garden, just as he had done the night he followed Alice and her two friends to their homes. The garden was plowed this time, too, and Davey caught the odor of upturned earth. He was going to pick up a fistful of the earth to inhale it, but remembered his bath. One must not undo the work of a bath so quickly. Near Kilbeg school where the hill begins, he heard a lorry grinding on the highway. It was passing by the chapel, perhaps. He ran to the road, leaped across the ditch and took possession of the trap which the pony pulled leisurely up hill. A few slashes, and the animal galloped to Listons' roadside gate, just below the school. Davey jumped off, tore open the gate and drove the pony alongside that high wall which conceals Listons' yard from the public eye. Already the lorry was at the school, and presently sped by them loaded with shouting, singing men.

He saw the two girls home without further incident; then hurried off to meet a group of comrades. It was long after twelve; and he had promised to meet them at midnight. He found them within the circle of bushes growing about that very old mound, half a mile northeast of his home. He used to go there on Sundays sometimes, and from its security observed the dwelling house, those barns, those stables of his father. He often speculated just to what or to whom the mound with its circle of bushes gave concealment. Perhaps that great-great-grandfather of his built it in the Fenian days? Or was he a great-great-great-grandfather?

The boys stood around—some twenty of them—and listened to the instructions Davey had brought. They were look-outs, news-carriers, spies; without uniforms, and armed with revolvers. They

were dispersing when shots came from the direction of Davey's home; several shots in frequent repetition; rifle shots unmistakably.

"There's where the lorry went!"

Davey took no time to explain. He took two men with him.

"Watch for the lorry coming out and follow it!" he called to the men as he rushed with his comrades across the fields to his home. The hay-stack back of the stables was visible as a mass of flames before he had covered three-fourths of the distance; and that Black and Tan lorry was heard on its return journey out the lane to the road.

Davey by now had become noted or notorious—according as sympathy appraised him. He did not recognize this himself; very likely at the end of twenty years he would not recognize it. He could never visualize himself as a hero. And yet, after Mike Enright, there was no man more sought by the military.

Earlier that evening, while Davey was renewed and refitted at his home, a lorry waited outside a public house at Bridgetown. Bridgetown is no place to speak of. It has a bridge under which the Deel river escapes, a mill and a public house. As the road goes, rather than as the crow flies, Bridgetown is seven miles from Kilbeg. The lorry arrived about eleven o'clock at the public house; and its contingent of twelve Black and Tans ordered the keeper to get up or they'd blow his place to bits. He let them in and they drank plentifully, overstaying their time. Of the twelve, five were drunk when they left finally; five others half-drunk. The driver and one rather mild-looking fellow were sober. The Tans fired shots at bottles and broke them to show the owner of the place how such things are done. They fired two shots through an upper room window, just missing the bed where three children slept; and the "bloody bloke of a pub-keeper" should be glad they didn't "blow his bloomin'

head off." They fired three shots into an old photo engraving of Robert Emmet to prove to the keeper they did not miss when they aimed; and that Emmet was "a bloody bloke" too.

They were out to get that bloke Byrne! He had crossed them a few times; was known to have been in three ambushes in which three men—soldiers from the blitherin' fields of Flanders—were shot! They'd get Byrne—the bloke!—or blow up his bloody place!

Jim Halpin, who stayed too late at his cousins, sidled by the public house as the soldiers were returning to the lorry from their drinking and target practice.

"You bloody, blitherin' bloke, stand where you are! A man who mowed down twenty-five Boches halts you, you bloomin'!"—this and that! One of the five drunks was speaking. Jim Halpin stopped, and five rifle barrels were aimed at his chest. A soldier, somewhat less drunk than the five who held the rifles, asked,

"Do you know Byrne—Davey Byrne?"

"And if you say 'No,' I'll blow your bloomin' chest away," one of the drunks shouted.

"Yes, Sir."

"You know where he lives?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Tell the whole, bloody, bloomin' truth and nothing but," one of the more unruly five said.

"Do you know where he's now?"

"The truth—or I'll blow you!"

"Sir, I met him driving to his father's house a while ago."

Jim Halpin was taken along in the lorry to show them where Davey's father lived; and was told to hop off "bloody quick" at The Bog's gate.

One does not absolve or retain Jim Halpin. But one does say, it is not everyone who chooses the brave way when five drunken men aim loaded rifles at his heart. Nano, about to retire, heard the lorry engine chugging in the lane and called to her mother,

"The Tans!"

By some mentality peculiar to some women at certain times, Nano was not afraid. Davey was gone, thank God!

The Black and Tans left their lorry at the yard gate. Two struck the front door with rifle butts—struck it hard, four times. Mrs. Byrne opened the door. Nano had called her father, and he was coming from his room at the moment. The commanding officer less noticeably drunk, said without ceremony,

"There's a fellow here called Byrne—we want him."

"My name's Byrne." The Bog stepped out, adjusting his coat which he had just put on.

"You're not the one—young Byrne, the Rebel."

"The Rebel's my son. I'm sorry he's not here, Sir."

The five unruly soldiers noticed Nano as a new wonder.

"Beauty and the Beast!" one drunk, who had read his fiction, shouted, pointing at Nano and her father. The men edged in and crowded her. Her father saw her plight. Rebel, wench, hussy—whatever he might call her—she was his. The Bog had basic instincts; would fight for his wife or his daughter. He was given no chance to assert himself, however. Three soldiers pinioned his arms, pushed him out to the stable into which they forced him, and locked the door from outside, throwing the key away.

The sight of wholesome physical life quickened the animal instincts of these drunken men. Nano retreated. The soldiers—three of them—kept closing in. Her mother stepped between her and the Tans.

"You want the boy—search for him! You didn't come for this one."

She missed fire.

"We did; we want her too—and first," one of the men shouted, brushing aside the mother. Nano saw she was surrounded. One of the soldiers gripped

one hand; one took the other. Two soldiers pushed the mother back into a bedroom and locked the door.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God!" Nano prayed as the soldiers forced her against the table. They were hard, elemental men. The whiskey odor in their breaths was unmistakable. The face of a soldier came in contact with hers; his arms went around her waist.

"So that's your British chivalry!" she cried swinging herself from him.

A revolver shot made the most drunken of them pivot; the man who held her drew back. That quiet appearing soldier, sober at the public house, held his revolver up; the smoke from it was visible in the lamp-light. He pushed through the men, stood in front of Nano, aiming his revolver at them.

"I'll blow hell into the bloke that touches her!"

He would. And they would blow hell into him too. Only the commanding officer came to his senses. There might be questions asked tomorrow, for the Military, even in Ireland, could be severe against outrage.

"Search the house! And thoroughly, mind!"

The hint was not lost, and what followed was destruction. To-day Nano keeps some of the fragments as a memory of the horrors. While the drunken men upset, broke, tore furniture, bedding, articles of clothing into bits, the man who stood guard over Nano opened the door for Mrs. Byrne and motioned Nano and herself to leave the house. They escaped quietly into the fields.

When the Tans returned to the yard later they fired several shots into the night; those irregular shots which Davey heard.

"This is how I tore into the bloody Boches." Bang! Bang! Bang!

"In the Somme I blew a hundred bloomin' Boches' chests away!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

And they returned to the lorry. The

officer in charge sat well to the front; Nano's defender at the rear. Out the gate to the lane; out the lane to the road. No, not immediately to the road. That straw heap back of the stables—straw left over from winter—would make a "bloomin', blitherin', bloody good blaze!" Two hilarious men hopped off and set matches to it. They fired two more shots each into the night; and the lorry raced out to the gate. Before it reached the road—smoke, sparks, flames, from the straw-heap.

Davey and his comrades saw the blaze as they raced across the fields. The Bog saw it through the barred window of the stable. Sparks poured in through the window which The Bog stamped out. He might as well not. Already the thatched roof had taken fire.

The horses did not express their terror in a wild stampede. They made no attempt whatever to leap over those high barriers Davey and two hired carpenters had erected for their safe keeping five years before. Rigid and motionless as if they were done in brass, they seemed stunned. The flames might scorch, burn and melt their flesh—they would not escape. They were frozen by panic. The Bog looked at them, not understanding why they were not leaping over their partitions in a fury to get away. He who knew so much about root-crops and prices knew little about the hypnotic power of flames on horses.

The roof is well aflame now. The Bog rushes to the window. Iron bars confront him. He rushes to the door—it does not yield. He pulls and tugs and strains—it withstands him. He gropes for the key in the keyhole—the key is outside. The door is locked, the key outside! He hammers on the door and shouts. The smoke is suffocating. The cowshed has caught fire now; the cattle bellow pitifully. Once again The Bog hammers mightily; shouts with all his strength as a man may before he is silenced finally.

Nano heard the hammering and the shouts. She and her mother rushed through the gate from their hiding place and reached the stable door to find it locked. Nano put out her hand to turn the key. The key was gone!

"O Mother, he's locked in—and no key!"

Nano remembers to-day their frenzied attempts to push in that door. It resists them as if it were a rock growing out of a quarry. Smoke, sparks, tongues of fire surge through the barred, unglazed windows. Push! Push! As well try to knock in the wall of a stone prison!

And then mother and daughter find themselves elbowed aside without ceremony. Strong arms swing back that tree trunk which for so long has served as a base for sharpening stakes. A great heave of timber against the door. One! Two! The lock is smashed; the door swings in. Men rush through and carry out the limp, unconscious figure of Hugh Byrne to a place of safety and leave him to the ministrations of Nano and her mother.

It is not easy to lead out the horses, petrified by fright. Those empty gunny sacks at the rear of the stable mean salvation and freedom for the hypnotized animals. Davey and his rebel brothers blindfold them with the empty sacks. One of the rebels, who helped in the work of saving horses at a fire in Askeaton a year before, remembers that blindfolded horses can be led from burning stables.

"Tom! Come on I tell you!"

Fortunately Tom does not see the flames now; and he recalls a master's voice. His long schooling in obedience saves him.

"Peg!" Davey calls.

Peg, a gentle lady, follows gingerly—but follows.

Bill, blindfolded too, is coaxed and prodded to freedom and security. So the fourth horse. And finally Nano's colt.

They manage the cows splendidly. The animals secured in their stalls are powerless. They bellow and stamp and try to free themselves. One after another their heads are freed; one after another they race in cow fury to the open field with the horses. They are all freed at last. None too soon—the cow-house is in flames.

Davey, his comrades and some neighbors saved the home. It was some distance from the flaming buildings, and pouring water upon the slate roof prevented sparks from catching on the timbers.

Later, when Davey and his comrades were gone, Nano stole in for another look at her father. It would be some days before he could take hold again.

(To be continued.)



The Magic of a Kindly Deed.

A newsboy took the Sixth Avenue elevated at Park Place on a certain afternoon, and sliding into one of the cross seats fell asleep. At Grand Street two young ladies got on and took the seats opposite the lad. His feet were bare and his cap had fallen off. Presently the younger girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat smiled at this act, and, without saying anything, held out a quarter with a nod toward the boy. The girl hesitated a moment and then reached for it. The next man just as silently offered a dime; a woman across the aisle held out some pennies; and before she knew it the young girl, with flaming cheeks, had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly dropped the amount into the sleeping lad's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without rousing him, and got off at Twenty-third Street, including all the passengers in a pretty inclination of the head that seemed full of thanks and a common secret.

The Growth of Arrogance.

BY P. J. C.

ARROGANCE is given in dictionaries as a synonym for pride. It is hardly that. It is less extensive, less deep, more explosive. It is an expression of pride. Proud people are not always arrogant. They may be diplomatic; look to effects. They know that arrogance repulses; pride lies deep and is often invisible. Sometimes it takes a Papal condemnation, a repudiation by a political party, a displacement in the army to bring pride out of its depths.

Arrogance is stage play—posturing, strutting, shouting language at people. In its composition are vanity, exaggeration, unrestraint, conceit, impatience, want of poise. Proud people who are not diplomatic, not shrewd in the pursuit of their purposes, reveal their pride as haughtiness. Proud people who are clever will not permit arrogance to show its head.

The arrogant are shallow people. A small man who receives certain columns of newspaper notice for something or nothing, thinks all at once he has grown from a wren to an eagle. And so he tries to soar. He talks in a grand manner; goes about with a Napoleonic strut; is as insufferable as Nero—and as crazy.

Actors, once they have climbed a few rungs of that ladder at the top rung of which is said to perch fame, often become self-centered. They assemble a thousand and one things to minister to luxurious living; drink down flattery to satiety. They cannot endure to be neglected or crossed. They are the centers of satellites, the pursued of a following. They must be first, or not present. They must be the observed of the observing—bride at wedding, corpse at funeral. And so you have the young man—once clerk in a wholesale grocery store—whose good fortune wheeled him into a conspicuous moviedom, now so

transformed you will not know him. He expresses himself in a hauteur which would be more than ample for Jupiter. He is the biggest of the big fish—prince of whales. Why the transformation from a simple, unassuming, duty-performing store clerk to an insufferable egotist? Well, he cannot stand attention as he stood obscurity. He wants something—good sense, perhaps, or intellectual poundage—to keep him now from going up as a balloon to explode later.

Arrogance goes with position, riches, achievement, fame. Pride goes with them too, since arrogance is an expression of pride. There are so many contributory streams flowing in to swell the accumulation of brooding, threatening waters we call pride! Focussing attention solely upon ourselves, upon our attainments, achievements, keeps our eyes and our thoughts distracted from our origin, our destiny, from the rest of the world.

What men are, what they achieve, is not due to themselves alone. Much has been contributed by agents, by conditions which, if absent, would materially modify the sum total of results. Sycophants are responsible for much of that curse of arrogance which transforms men strangely when they reach some distinction. Sycophants ply a trade—exchanging flattery for favors. They are subservient, assume a protecting pose toward some one in place. They guard him, hold him in sanctuary, study his moods. They show him to, keep him from people as if he were a jungle animal. They never speak truth to him, hide truth from him. Those mysterious people who glide in and out, oiling their patrons with flattery, creating by suggestion wants which never occurred to those they fawn upon, are ruining the tempers of men who might have been saved from themselves by honest speech. They might have been useful and loved, had not flatterers made them believe they were tribal gods.

Notes and Remarks.

The Third Order of St. Francis of San Francisco sent a telegram to Secretary of State Cordell Hull, lately, requesting that the State Department at Washington use its influence against the continuation of the persecution which is going on to the south of us. Of course that telegram will have little or no influence if it arrives in Washington accompanied by a grand silence from the rest of the country. There are thousands of Catholic groups, however, meeting every week over this broad land of ours, many of them looking for something of a practical Catholic nature to do. Well, here is that something, and it does not take much time or energy to do it. Simply let the club or society secretary use the San Francisco telegram with the necessary adaptations, or make up a new one, and send it to Cordell Hull of the State Department at once. Cold as that gentleman is reported to be on things Catholic, he will develop a veritable fever of anxiety once he finds such resolutions pouring in on him from every part of the country. In view of the recent interest shown by the State Department in the Jews of Germany, an appeal for similar consideration towards the Catholics of Mexico can hardly be ignored. Here is the appeal as it was sent from San Francisco:

Having noted with pleasure and gratification the action of the State Department relative to the reported ill-treatment of the Jews in Germany, we, the members of St. Francis Fraternity of the Third Order of St. Francis in San Francisco, representing 2000 men and women, affiliated with the National Council of Catholic Men and Women, moved by the sad plight of our Catholic co-religionists in Mexico, who by reason of most unjust and discriminatory laws have been deprived of their inalienable rights, denied freedom of worship, subjected to gross insults and persecution, imprisonment and torture, forced to stand help-

lessly by while their clergymen are deported and assassinated, and their churches desecrated and confiscated, respectfully request our Government to appeal to that of our neighboring nation for a termination of these abuses and a speedy restoration of the natural rights of the people.

Senator Reed, spokesman of what is called the Old Guard, has been opposed to President Roosevelt's plan for checking deflation by reflation of the currency. We do not know the merits or weaknesses of the President's scheme. And there are many like us; including, as likely as not, many opponents of the bill. We do know we have been passing through disastrous years; and for some reason Senator Reed and all those elements he speaks for have done nothing to help us. President Roosevelt is anyhow trying to help us. We are confident he is trying honestly. In his second national broadcast he said he hardly hopes to be so successful as to make no mistakes. We entertain no such hopes either. We are not, however, so previous as to say he has fallen down while he is yet standing; is leading us into the wilderness when we do not know that he is. He is doing something. Should he fail, he will fail while doing. The previous Administration did not do—and failed anyhow. Senator Reed should at least give the President a chance.

A grateful nun whose community has just weathered a trying financial crisis wishes to give public thanks to St. Joseph for his aid through these columns. It seems that her superiors had tried in every possible way to borrow a rather large sum of money which was necessary to meet a pressing obligation by the first of June. Refusals met them on every side, however, so they simply gave up their appeals for human assistance and devoted themselves to prayer. Every day they offered up an anxious petition to St. Joseph, culminating their

devotion with a special appeal on the feast of His Patronage. On that very day, without any request from the nuns, one of the parties who had previously refused his assistance sent word that he had reconsidered, and was ready to advance them all the money they needed. Of course, the scoffer will pass over a happening of that kind as a mere coincidence, but it doesn't look like much of a coincidence to the good nuns who had to worry through a half-dozen refusals before prayer turned one of them into a promise. And anyway, why should an event have to have a lot of theatrical surroundings before we concede its miraculous nature? God is God after all and not a stage magician. Some of the most stupendous evidences of His power are minute and silent. Why cannot He work His miracles in the same way if He so desires?



We have been led to believe for some time that the depression through which we are passing is solely an economic one, and that it is futile for the ordinary person who is not acquainted with economics to endeavor to understand the cause of the present condition of our country. Imposing lines of figures have been drawn up, overproduction and the machine have been mysteriously referred to, investments in the stock market have been covertly alluded to, to bewilder us. Words like "technocracy," that few can spell without using a dictionary, have been flashed before our tired eyes, to make us think that only a few of nature's favorite children will ever be able to fathom the depths of our deplorable condition. Of late, however, some few of the best minds have said in simple language what has caused our trouble, and their words are intelligible to the man of the street. The head of the German Reichsbank, Dr. H. Schacht, said the other day: "Many people are trying to convince you that the present economic crisis is based on

economic reasons. Don't you believe them. Our crisis is a moral one. Economic well-being will only return if a fair chance is given to everyone. Instead, all forces are used to keep down the defeated. He is asked to pay but not allowed to earn." These words are true not only in regard to international affairs but to domestic affairs as well, and they are not difficult to understand. John G. Hibben, former president of Princeton University, says in the *Forum*: "The financial cause of the depression has been often stated as frozen assets. A conspicuous frozen asset has been that of character. In much modern literature there is a scornful attitude toward the old-fashioned ideas of character, of conscience, responsibility, duty. What is needed to-day to face the depression is a reaffirmation of the fact that there is a fundamental distinction between right and wrong. When big business thrives at the expense of smaller enterprises, when wealth accumulates and poverty grows apace, there can be no question of common weal. As we look back over our history, it is evident that our progress has been due to the fact that there were men and women in every generation who believed in something higher than themselves." There is no mystery in these words. A simple man can understand them.



One thousand former American soldiers, survivors of the torpedoed transport "Tuscania," are scheduled to hold a reunion dinner in Chicago. According to reports, they have invited Captain Meyer, who was master of the very submarine which sank their ship, and Captain Meyer has accepted. It is probably safe to say that the enemy of a few years ago will be given something in the nature of an ovation. So much does time tend to correct our judgments by allaying the emotions that so frequently distort them. Those men in that banquet room in Chicago will see now what they

did not see some years back, that Captain Meyer was not striking at them personally when he torpedoed their transport. He was simply obeying his country's orders as they also were in their own way; and if there was any personal animus on his side, it was directed as was the personal animus on their side at an imaginary creature which had been built up by vicious and lying propaganda. Now that time has disillusioned the victims of both sides, the half-mad opponents of a few years ago will get together like the decent men that they are, and have an evening's honest companionship together.



In Germany the Ministry of the Interior has issued regulations for strict control over immoral publications, books, pictures, advertisements. Periodicals can be suppressed for three months for immorality; and for six, on a relapse following permission to reissue. Lending libraries which engage in disseminating indecent publications may be closed by police order. The Ministry recommends that police co-operate with the churches in fighting unclean literature of every brand. No sane, wholesome person will object to these regulations. All that tribe which thinks most of the time in terms of sex will get into a rage about life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They forget—assuming they think—that restriction is caused by infraction. We would have no press censorship if there were no vile books, magazines, papers. And we would have no vile books, magazines, papers if the over-sexed and sex-perverts did not compose a consuming public.



In spite of its most diabolic efforts, the Russian government is failing in its boast that it will remove all respect for God from the hearts of its citizens. This year in particular the Communists have cause for chagrin. Starting on April

first, they launched a Godless anti-Easter campaign which they confidently expected would at least discourage, if it did not actually prevent, all church-going. When Holy Saturday arrived, however, the worshippers were so numerous that by evening hundreds of pious peasants had to stand outside of such churches as still exist, and follow the services as best they could—and that, in spite of the fact that a heavy wet snow was falling. Of course the Communist government will destroy the faith of a great many who are weak and selfish in their outlook on life just as the spirit of the world is continually doing elsewhere, but there are thousands upon thousands whose fidelity will continue to shine in the memory of God long after the present boastful persecutors have been tumbled from their temporary thrones and their very names lost in the débris of their own failure.



Four thousand five hundred square miles are to be covered—will be, when this is in print—by 20,000 volunteer workers for Catholic Charities in the Archdiocese of New York. The massed movement began Sunday, April 30, the workers setting out on their charity quest with earnest words of appeal from the Cardinal Archbishop of New York and from New York's most popular citizen, Former Governor, Alfred E. Smith. "There is to be no mailing or telephoning," Mr. Smith reminded the 20,000 workers. "You and I have a lot of friends who have appealed to us year after year for other charities. I suppose I am on at least 200 lists—and that's putting it low. I will not hesitate to ask my friends to contribute to the Cardinal's Fund. There's no reason why you should hesitate either." Of this New York Archdiocese Charity organization, Cardinal Hayes said in his address, following that of Mr. Smith: "Year after year has brought forth new evidence of

God's blessing on the work, new proofs that Christ would have it succeed. I thank God that when these serious times came upon our people . . . we had at hand this instrument of God with which to do our share in meeting the needs of the people and comforting their troubled hearts." Catholic people, like many other people, do not like to be on charity lists. To be helped, rather than give help, is a set-back to that sense of independence which is in all of us. There are professional charity getters always, everywhere. These will not be backward about coming forward. Those of our Catholic people—and they are numerous these days—who are now poor through no fault of theirs, and feel embarrassed at being assisted, should be made to think they are receiving a loan to be paid back some day. It is the tactful way. In the bestowal of Catholic charity, statistical hardness and official questionnairing have been happily minimized. Mercy has given mercifully—as Christ gave. There has been warmth and tenderness in Catholic giving. The spirit has not been quenched by efficiency. We have not conspicuously expressed,

Organized charity, scrimped and iced,
Led by a cold, statistical Christ.

The Brooklyn *Tablet* has an item in which the writer tells of a typographical error in the New York *Times* which quotes him as condemning "fraternatism and dictatorship" in an address before the Columbus Council, Knights of Columbus. *Paternalism* was the word used. And *fraternatism*, mind you, was thrice repeated in the quoted condemnation. That does irritate. The writer adds some other gems of substitution which you will want for your notebook. A daily paper—not named—informed its readers that "St. Andrew's P. E. Choir will sin next Sunday night." That must have called forth high notes from the sopranos. Another paper defined matri-

mony, in unconscious irony perhaps, as "a place of remission for the punishment due to sin." THE AVE MARIA slips occasionally—through no fault of the make-up staff, let it be said. The editors have fits of abstraction sometimes, when things are not what they seem. And when what seems is printed for what is, you should see the mail bag!

The Grenadiers, an association of Catholic men in Los Angeles, succeeded in bringing all traffic to a halt in the downtown district of their city for one minute, at 3 p. m., Good Friday of this year. Taps were sounded by American Legion buglers, and many business houses suspended activities from noon to 3 in the afternoon. If there were Grenadiers, or the equivalent, in other cities, like results could be obtained by like efforts. Americans generally are reverent toward the Sacred Person of Our Redeemer. They would not take it as propaganda for the Catholic Faith if Catholics were to suggest a unified tribute to the Founder of Christianity on the day of His Sacrifice. Is it that the Catholics in our large cities are timid, retreating, afraid of identification? Or indifferent? Or waiting for some one to tell them? If this last, some one please speak up.

Here is the who's who of Mr. Gilbert K. Green for you. Studied in an Anglican preparatory seminary for some time; took a course in Theology for two years in the University of Pennsylvania; attended La Salle University, Chicago, for three years; later served as an engineer in the Department of Agriculture; recently, after a long, minute study of the Catholic Faith, was received into the Church in Denver, Colorado. Sometimes the convert follows a long and a devious path. And he is all the more happy when he reaches home.



Cheap.

BY A. P. C.

A REDBIRD swung blithè on a bough as it tossed;

"Praise God for the beautiful colors I keep! Neighbor sparrows, say, what did *your* dresses cost?"

"Cheap, cheap," snapped the sparrows, "cheap, cheap!"

"Oh, I have the loveliest nest on the earth, So carefully woven, so soft, and so deep!" Said the oriole. "Now what are *your* houses worth?"

"Cheap, cheap," owned the sparrows, "cheap, cheap!"

"I have sung," said the robin, "to children all day.

I have sung all the dear downy birdlings to sleep.

I feel grateful and glad! How do *you* feel, I pray?"

"Cheap, cheap," sighed the sparrows, "cheap, cheap!"

"And Forbid Them Not."

BY MAY EVELYN SKILES.

"THINKEST thou that youths, mere children, can hope to succeed where strong men and kings have failed?"

"Prithee, good uncle, what if Stephen be young, his followers also young? When hearts are brave and true and stout, God, who hath made us, counteth not the size," returned the boy earnestly. He hath permitted not the Nile to overflow, hence famine hath come unto the land of Egypt. Our beloved Palestine suffers also."

The man stroked his beard. "Think-

est thou that the All Powerful cannot take care of His own land without the aid of striplings?"

"Yea, of a sooth," continued the boy thoughtfully, "yet, God is surely not pleased that the Holy Land is still in the hands of the infidel. Methinks He hath shown His righteous displeasure, and it behooveth those who can to deliver the sufferers from the dread pestilence and famine that have come to the people. We, who do not suffer, are verily they who should come to the succor of the ones who suffer. In the far East, Stephen hath told us that mothers do weep and cry aloud and gnash their teeth," and the boy's gray eyes were soft with sympathy.

"What of thy mother? Wilt leave her, lad?"

"Ah! My mother," breathed the boy, his eyes shining. "When I told her that I wished to go with Stephen she did weep, yet when she learned of the anguish of the mothers, of babes in arms, that the Holy Sepulchre is in the power of Islam, she, my own mother weakened. Shall I say weakened? God gave her strength. She hath given leave that I join the regiments of Stephen. Every day we have drilled," and reverently the boy touched the cross stitched to his shirt, and he lifted up his staff valiantly.

"But we may not see you again, Philip," the man said, seeking still to dissuade the boy.

"The mothers and children starve because of the famine in the land. Stephen's regiments meet at Vendôme. See! Even now they come. Stephen's banners float in the breeze," and the young face lighted with holy zeal.

A woman came and stood beside him. Her sweet face resembled the boy's. On

both faces there were smiles, but the smile on the older face could not conceal the tears that coursed down it.

"My boy!" and she clasped him to her breast.

"Wouldst hold me back Mother?"

Gently she pushed him from her.

"Not so, Philip, my boy, my son, whom I give to God. Go ye, help thou in the restoration of the Cross. Son of my heart, when thou seest a mother or a boy, wilt thou ever be merciful? When thou sayest thy *Aves*, wilt remember also thy own mother?"

Philip nodded.

"*Veni Creator Spiritus*," came the chant, taken up by thousands of voices.

"There are the white mules which bear the chariot of Stephen!" cried the boy.

Sometimes a cross held high was suddenly lowered, and the watchers knew that small feet had stumbled, that the way was hard and rough in many places, and that feet were tender.

"Farewell, good uncle!" and Philip clasped the old man's hand.

"Farewell, my mother!" Philip reserved his last farewell for her. "Mother," his throat contracting, "farewell! They come—they come."

Far, far back stretched the band of young people; on the horizon, lines of moving crosses, held on high, save when momentarily lowered, borne in the hands of them who were but children.

And Philip went to meet the host, falling in behind the chariot of Stephen. The leader smiled on him, his vibrant young voice praying: "Let the Cross of Christ be restored."

There came the crunch, crunch of small feet on the earth, but the feet were bare or covered with sandals, the feet light, so that when Philip was passing his mother, he heard a gasp, a sob. His small body straightened and he gripped the banner which one of Stephen's aides had bestowed on him. He held it aloft in order that his

mother be given strength to bear the ordeal. He lifted up his voice, crying: "God Wills It," and the woman who looked with aching heart, smiled with her lips, but Philip saw that her eyes never left his face. The woman advanced and Philip pointed down the road toward Marseilles.

Philip spake unto Stephen. For answer, to Stephen's face there came a slow, sweet smile. Philip stepped from the ranks and gripped his mother's hand. She smiled, saying: "Go, my son, in the peace of God, and the God of our fathers shall comfort me."

"Mother," for the first time looking back over the throng, "we are thousands strong. There are no weaklings here."

The multitude began to move: "To the Holy Land!" in unison of young voices.

Whenever a town came within sight, the children would ask: "Is that our beloved city?" for little feet were blistered, and water had become scarce.

"We must reach Marseilles first," Philip explained to a small boy whenever his eyes asked the question. The boy had kept by Philip's side, and Philip remembered the promise to his mother that he be merciful.

And when they had reached Marseilles, the faith of many was sorely tried in that the sea did not open up for them and make a passage for them as Stephen had promised.

"Art thou Stephen?" a merchant asked of the leader.

"Yes, my good man, and we go to the Holy Land."

"And by what means? Seest thou not the water that lies between?"

"It will divide. The faith of God shall bear us ever onward."

The merchant scoffed and muttered something to another merchant, by some called Porcus.

"Only one way remaineth. Already

many of you have died by the wayside or turned back," said Porcus.

"Accept our kindness. We see thy plight. With no hope of payment we will lend unto thee and thy followers seven ships to convey you whithersoever thou choosest to go."

"See!" cried Stephen, exultantly. "God has answered our prayers."

The children set up a loud shout: "Praise be to God!" Gladly did the children scramble aboard the ships waiting to take them to the Holy Land.

"God hath indeed given to us dry passage," said Stephen. "He saw fit not to open up the sea as was done for the Israelites of old. He hath brought us two friends in our dire need. Hast thou seen the Holy Land?"

"Many times," replied the merchants.

The children gathered about Stephen, admiring him, vying in their eagerness to be near him, to see his glowing eyes. "Wilt help to cheer them—those who need comfort?" he asked, turning to Philip.

"Right gladly," and Philip helped many little children up the gang plank, and when the shadow of the ship fell on pale faces, he saw that there were no shadows within. With words of hope and good cheer, he diverted them from blistered feet and swollen faces, for oft the sun's scorching rays had dried up the wellsprings of courage, and left the small bodies, often frail, still more delicate. Eyes that were dark had become still darker, gazing out from hollow depths. And Philip looked about to see that none were left, save the little comrade who remained by his side.

A tall man stepped forward.

"Don't go," he whispered hoarsely.

"Not go? And wherefore not? Art thou an infidel, a blasphemer?"

"List, while yet ye have time. These merchants are slave traders. At home I have a lad."

"And what hast that to do with me—with us? Why hinderest thou me?"

"These men that you think are friends traffic in human souls."

Philip and his little friend were on the plank. The ship was about to put out.

"I have sold grain to these men, but, God, who is my judge, knoweth I was not aware of their fell purpose. I overheard them talking. This bag was emptied by my men on board their ship. Get you into it while their faces are turned."

"Dost really believe that Stephen and his followers will not see the Holy Land?" asked Philip.

"Never!"

"Then take this child with you on your ship. Let him see the Holy Land with you, and some day return unto his mother, who doth wait for him," and Philip pointed at his little comrade, who clung to him.

The man pushed the smaller boy into the bag; then, grabbing Philip's arm, he jumped with him to the shore. Looking back, they could see the huge fist of the merchant, Porcus, shaking towards them.

"My dromond is not so large as some, but it will go farther than Alexandria, where you would be sold into Saracenic slavery. Dost trust me?"

Confidingly, Philip looked up at the man's kind eyes; "God hath sent you to save us. We shall yet view the tomb of our Saviour."

The grain merchant's eyes fell on Philip's small haircloth shirt. "Why wearest thou this?" he asked.

"That the flesh shall be mortified," and the torn shirt disclosed flesh that was chafed and reddened. Two childish voices began to chant *Veni Creator Spiritus*, so oft sung by Stephen and his band.

"Thou shalt indeed see the Holy Land, if thou goest with me," said the man, whose eyes were moist.

"Thou art most kind," Philip responded gratefully. "And where dost thou leave us?"

"At Ascalon. There thou mayest join other pilgrims who journey toward the town of Bethlehem, which lieth but six miles from Jerusalem."

"That is where the Holy Babe was born," explained a patriarch, who stood and watched the children embark. 'Tis said that Stephen might never have thought to lead a band of children had he not recalled the text of the priest he heard.

"And what was this text?" asked Philip.

"God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong," responded the graybeard, leaning on his staff.

Then Philip looked toward the sea. The ship on which Stephen stood had begun to move slowly. Philip could see Stephen plainly, and above him floated his banner on which was embroidered a lamb.

Philip caught his breath sharply. "I must go with Stephen's band. Pope Innocent hath said 'These children are a reproach to us for slumbering, while they fly to the succor of the Holy Land.' I must begone." Then he looked down at his little comrade. "I am loath to leave thee."

The child looked up at Philip with large, eager eyes. "Where thou goest, Philip, I too must go."

Philip turned to the grain merchant. "I thank thee in that thou didst offer to aid me and my little comrade," and so saying he took the child by the hand and ran toward one of the gang planks which had not yet been raised.

"Wait!" he called. Philip and the child scrambled up the gang plank. When they were aboard, the child clung to Philip's hand, affrighted at the dusky faces that they saw around. Philip strove to comfort him: "Some day we shall see our Saviour's tomb, even at Jerusalem."

A great peace stole over the child's face: "See! In the distance there is the

ship that doth bear our leader, even Stephen."

At first the sea was calm, and smiles spread over the faces of seven hundred children. After a time the waters began to roughen, and the wind blew so that small bodies were chilled. Some of the ships were forced from their path. Children, huddled in groups, began to cry. After many, many days of hardship from cold, some of the smallest children whimpered, and Porcus threatened to beat them.

"Where do we anchor?" Philip ventured to ask.

"At Alexandria," Porcus replied, a smile lighting his evil face.

"And how soon may we hope to see the Holy Land?"

"Didst really think thou didst us a favor to accept of our hospitality?" Then Porcus laughed brutally. "Some of our ships have doubtless been dashed to pieces by the storm. Be thankful that this ship will reach Alexandria."

And when the shipload landed at Alexandria, the children set up a glad shout, thinking they were near Jerusalem.

Philip and his comrade clasped hands, and they sank to their knees and Philip said: "Soon we shall be at our Saviour's tomb, even at Jerusalem."

Tears fell down Philip's white face, now grown thin, but his eyes were eager and he felt no pain, for his eyes turned to the cross on his shoulder. "Lord, I thank thee that thou hast seen fit to bring us thus far. Permit all the children of the Crusade to see where thy dear Son was born, for some as Thou knowest were but babes when they set out."

Ere long all the children were hurried to the market place.

"And wherefore dost thou intend to take us?" Philip asked, as a dark-skinned man hurried him and his little comrade along.

"You are to be sold as slaves to the Saracens."

Philip bowed his head in his hands. Then, suddenly, as he stood in the market place, he raised his head. The radiance on Philip's face was reflected in that of his little comrade, and all sorrow and hardship and discomfiture were forgotten. The people round about murmured when they saw the great light on the countenances of the Children of the Crusade.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me," whispered a patriarch, fearful lest he be heard by the followers of Islam. "The Crusade has failed, but they who do not falter in a great purpose, never fail."

When the patriarch's eyes fell on the upturned faces of the children glowing with holy zeal, he murmured:

"They have not carried out what they set out to perform, yet they have striven for a high cause. They have devoted themselves to duty. The *Children* of the Crusade are victorious."



An Alpine Legend.

Upon a pass high up on the Alps, where no flower dares to bloom, and where the snow lies perpetually, there stands a ruined monastery. In what was its chapel may be seen over the altar a noble picture, which even in its decay shows that a gifted mind designed it, and that a skilful artist was its painter. It is a *Magdalen*, and concerning it the Alpine peasants, with softened voices, tell this story:

Many years ago, when the building was new, the dignitary in charge longed for an altar-piece which should equal in worth and beauty the finest pictures of the world. And so he sent for a renowned painter, bidding him take the commission, and permitting him to choose his own subject. The artist chose the Penitent *Magdalen*, and portrayed her woes and remorse so vividly that the hearts of all beholders were touched,

and many a sinner was led to forsake his evil ways.

But there was something painted upon the canvas which the visitors could not see. Hidden under the broad frame were the artist's name and these words: "Not to God's glory, but for my fame."

Soon after completing his work the man died; but his soul knew no peace, and wandered about the monastery, trying in vain to obliterate the defiant words his hand had written.

One day, returning from the Holy Land, whither she had gone on a pilgrimage of penance, a woman who had been a grievous sinner stopped at the monastery to see the famous picture. It happened that it had been temporarily taken down for some purpose or other, and she was enabled to gaze upon it to her heart's content. She had known the man who had painted it when both were young and neither was good; and when she read its touching lesson the tears streamed from her eyes and fell upon the words hidden beneath the frame, washing them out forever.

The monks found her next morning dead at the foot of the altar. And ever since the painter's soul has known eternal peace.



A Fable.

A young man once picked up a silver dollar, lying in the road. Ever afterward as he walked along he kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground in hopes of finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days, as he was looking for them, he saw not that heaven was bright above him and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he knew this fair earth of ours only as a muddy road to pick up money in.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Alfred Knopf published Willa Cather's latest book entitled "April Twilights" on May 5. It contains "Poor Marty," a hitherto unpublished poem of considerable length.

—"Greybeards at Play," a book of rhymes by G. K. Chesterton, is being published for the first time in the United States by Sheed & Ward. This is one of the first books Mr. Chesterton wrote.

—Duttons announce that they have up to date sold twenty-six million volumes of the Everyman's Library Series. In consideration of the large sale they are reducing the price of the cloth edition from 90 to 70 cents.

—The bookstore of Himebaugh and Browne on East Forty-sixth St., New York, is exhibiting four books which were Christmas presents from King George and Queen Mary of England to the late Czar Nicholas of Russia. These volumes had been specially bound and were presented on four successive Christmas Days.

—An interesting pamphlet from the Catholic Truth Society of London is "A Hero of the Air," by Rev. E. G. Delpierre, S. J., the life story of Jean Du Plessis, a French naval officer who lost his life in the destruction of the great airship *Dixmude*. It is the story of a layman who, in the discharge of the duties of a naval officer, reached extraordinary heights of sanctity. Price, 2d.

—"The Sacred Factory and other Pieces," by J. W. F. (Heath Cranton Limited, London, 2s 6d), is a neat volume of poetry that sings of the common worker who frequently catches the glint of a star through the smoke of a factory town; and finds joy in the fresh green of a tree, or the flash of a bird's wing. It is an unpretentious volume, full of natural feeling and the simplicity that usually marks the genuine singer.

—The Most Rev. John F. Noll in a new pamphlet, "Religion's A B C's for the Educated" (Our Sunday Visitor Press), puts some plain facts on the necessity of studying

religion to educated men who either will not bother to learn anything about religion or who are at pains to avoid such knowledge. Bishop Noll talks plainly and with unerring logic to these men of their duty. A fine booklet for the pamphlet rack.

—Sheed and Ward who have recently opened a house at 63 Fifth Avenue, New York, are publishing three new volumes of Christopher Dawson, "Modern Dilemma," "Age of the Gods" and "Enquiries into Religion and Culture," the latter to appear on June 5. A new volume by Ambassador Claudel will be issued by the same firm in the summer, "Ways and Crossways," a book of essays. Some of the titles are: "On Justice," "On Religion and Poetry," "The Physics of the Eucharist," "On Christian Art," and "Turning the Other Cheek."

—In "Lives of the Tractarians," a series published in connection with the centenary celebration of the Oxford Movement, the volume on Newman was prepared by the Librarian of the Pusey House, Oxford. He makes Newman out as a chronic complainer, and attributes his conversion to the fact that he sought some sort of retaliation against the Bishops of the Church of England who had thrown him over, and that Catholicism was the only way open to him. We have a feeling that few people will be led astray by this book after what has been written about Newman by scholarly men who really knew him.

—A volume that will be of exceptional interest to students of architecture is "Romanesque Architecture," by F. Eygun. Translated by Rev. B. V. Miller (B. Herder, \$1.35). This style, which of all styles is the most diversified, influenced by so many different elements, coming into being at a time of architectural decadence, culminated in the Gothic architecture of the Thirteenth Century. This volume traces the history of its development, discusses the details of its construction, and explains the various schools and

their contributions to its growth. There is, too, ten plates to illustrate the text. The volume forms one of the Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge series, other volumes of which we have noticed in these columns.

—In "Always a Grand Duke," a recent publication of Farrar & Rinehart, written by the late Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, we learn that the Prince of Wales likes the novels of Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner; that ex-King Alfonso of Spain considers the career of Alphonse Capone a subject for research and table talk; that the King of the Belgians likes to talk about railroads, and the King of Sweden about tennis. The Grand Duke, himself, used to rise every morning at six and read four newspapers: *The New York Times*, *The Manchester Guardian*, *Le Temps*, and *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

—Mr. Theodore Maynard's "Preface to Poetry" (The Century Company. \$2.75) is a book that teachers and students should welcome. It is a volume that should awaken an ambition in the high-school and college students to appreciate the finest things in English poetry. With the exception of the chapter on meter, there is a minimum of technical language in the book; but there is all through it an intimate chumminess in which the author sits down to point out to his reader the fundamental beauties of poetry, listening tolerantly and patiently to the objections of youth and turning them to profit. Every point that he discusses is illustrated with apt quotations which he has drawn from the whole field of English poetry, ancient and modern. Indeed, the collection of poetry in the volume is well worth the price of the book. All of this work is eminently practical and sensible, and should go far to inspire what is a sorry need among our students, a love and appreciation of real poetry. Divided into four parts, the book discusses (1) "The Nature of Poetry"; (2) "The Patterns of Poetry," dealing largely with the mechanics of verse; (3) "The Content of Poetry"—diction, imagination, atmosphere, etc.; (4) "The Kinds of Poetry." There is, too, a serviceable bibliography and a good index.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The silent influence of good books cannot be overestimated. By means of them we can invite into our own homes the great spiritual teachers of all times.

In the list below there may be just the book that you need for your own use or as a gift to a friend.

Send us the titles you select and the purchase price, plus 15c for postage, and we will have the books mailed to you at once.

- "At the Feet of the Divine Master." Rev. Anthony Huonder, S. J. \$2.25.
- "Sermons for Special Occasions." Rev. Thomas Phelan, M. A., Litt. D. \$2.65.
- "Talks for Girls." Rev. Aloysius Roche. 85c.
- "The Book of Christian Classics." Michael Williams. \$2.
- "The Church in the South American Republics." Rev. Edwin Ryan, D. D. \$1.50.
- "The Question and the Answer." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.25.
- "St. Albert the Great." Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P. \$3.
- "The Catholic Catechism." His Eminence, Peter Cardinal Gasparri. \$1.60.
- "Charles Carroll of Carrollton." Joseph Gurn. \$3.70.
- "The Mass." John Steven McGoarty. \$3.
- "The Catholic Church in Contemporary Europe"—Papers of the American Catholic Historical Society. Edited by Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Mother Mary Josephine, Sisters of the Presentation; Sister M. Vincent, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister Mary of St. Lawrence, Sisters of Charity.

Mrs. Redmund, Mrs. Eleanore Schneller, Mrs. B. F. Costello, Mr. Peter Wilson, Mrs. C. W. Wheeler, Mrs. P. F. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mary Hughson Walker, Mr. Thomas J. Byrne, Mrs. Mary Metzger, Mr. Thomas Muldoon, Mrs. Mary A. McMahon, Miss Marie E. Diskin, Mr. John J. Diskin, Mrs. T. W. Hurley, Mrs. Catherine Whitmarsh, Mr. R. H. Kerwin, Miss Catherine Delahanty, Mr. John Fitzgerald, Mr. Patrick D. Walsh, William M. Healy, Mrs. Theresia Weber, and Mrs. Ellen V. Meakim.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

Ave Maria Plays

LITTLE PLAYS THAT SCORE BIG

One of the several big problems that teaching nuns have to face every year is the selection of the school play. There are so many things to be considered. The play must be interesting and at the same time Catholic; it must be colorful and yet fitted to the facilities of the school stage; it must be worth paying admission to and yet be cheap enough to net a worthwhile profit.

We have tried to settle all these problems for you in the plays we sell. They have all been played many times over and successfully in parochial school halls. Furthermore we deal direct with our customers. There is none of the confusion so frequently experienced when ordering from regular Play Houses. And there are no royalties to be paid—simply the prices indicated below. After that slight expenditure all the profits are yours.

PLAYS NOT SENT FOR INSPECTION

Anima, a drama in three acts, for female characters\$.15	Malediction, The, a drama in 3 acts, for male characters. From the French\$.25
At the Sign of the Rose, a drama in two acts, for male characters. By Maurice F. Egan\$.25	Miser, The, a comedy in three acts, for male characters\$.25
Battle of the Books, The, a play in two scenes, for female characters.....\$.15	Pizzaro, a drama in five acts, for male characters. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan.\$.25
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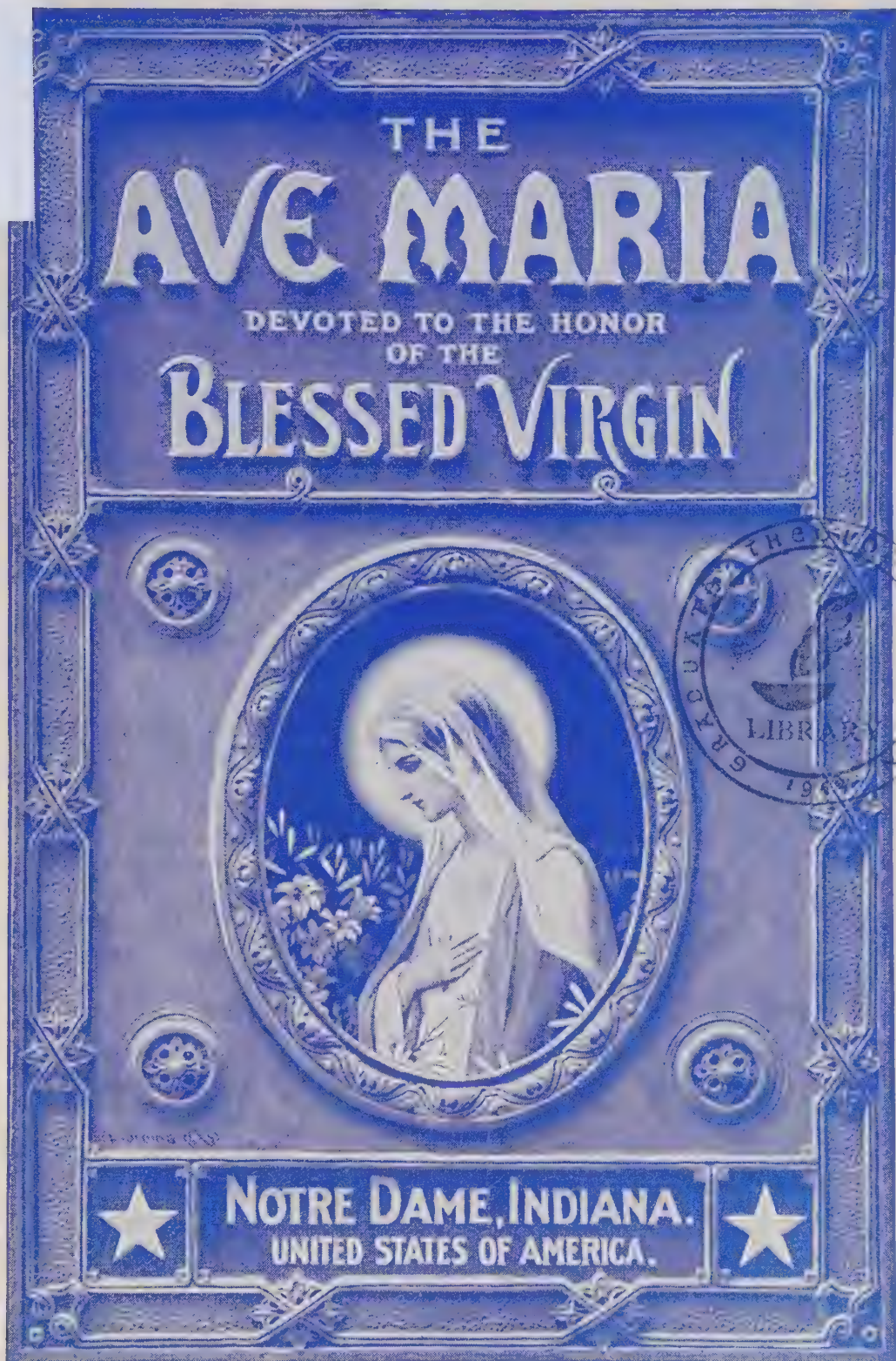
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THE YEAR
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

JUNE.

SATURDAY, 3.—St. Clotilda, Queen of France.
 SUNDAY, 4.—PENTECOST. St. Francis Caraccioli, C.
 MONDAY, 5.—St. Boniface, Apostle of Germany.
 TUESDAY, 6.—St. Norbert, Bishop and Confessor.
 WEDNESDAY, 7.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. Robert, Ab.
 THURSDAY, 8.—St. Medard, Bishop.
 FRIDAY, 9.—Ember Day. *Fast.* Sts. Primus and Felician, MM.
 SATURDAY, 10.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. Margaret, Queen.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

"PATCH"

The mischievous, lovable, quick-witted little Irish lad who had an uncontrollable appetite for fresh warm bread and jam of any description, who was always being roared at and "bhasted" by all the young men of the neighborhood, the same boy of whom Dick Sheehy said, "There is not, I think, any boy anywhere, in any town, land, parish or province who will make more criminal mistakes in a single year than this same boy that fell on his stomach this minute and broke the new lamp into 'smithers.'"

And—The Rest of Them

There was the mother who, as a ruler of a very small kingdom, assumed a form of command suitable to the age and disposition of her four children.

There was Mick, who was her eldest, and had a way of seeming to rush to do things at her bidding, and somehow permitting someone else to reach the task before him.

There was Nan who seemed to think that she had a divine commission to tone down the table manners of her brothers.

There was Fan who had a wretched faculty of ferreting out every detail of Patch's misbehavior, much to his confusion.

There Was Also

Paddy Owen who, though he was as tight as a drum and as crabbed as at cat in the cold, did at least one good turn in his life. There was Tomeen Madigan and Johnny Sheehy, who was a great "bhaster" in his language, and the maggie men, and the tinkers, and Burke the Schoolmaster.

**MEET THESE GOOD PEOPLE
LIVE WITH THEM
LAUGH WITH THEM**

In "PATCH" by Rev. P. J. Carroll....\$1.50
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"HAVE YOU ...

ever heard Irish

farmers bargain at an Irish cattle fair? Have you ever witnessed two rival Irish teams play football? Have you ever attended a Fenian's wake or a Fenian's funeral?

"WOULD YOU ...

learn how to

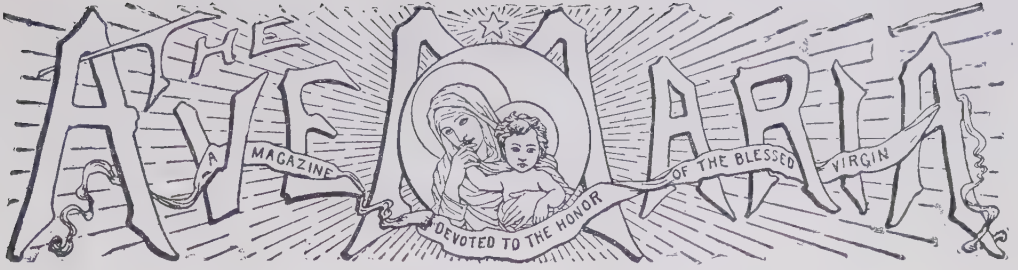
cut ten acres of wheat in a day, or find out why Tim Hartigan holds his fork upsidedown when he loads the vans with hay? Would you know why the Irish hate the English and despise prohibition? Would you know the seven things that cannot be done, or how to crack an egg by pushing it in from both ends with the palm of your hands? Would you like to listen to an Irish bachelor boast of his seven offers of marriage from seven Irish colleens, or hear a confirmed old maid declare 'she could have had men in plenty—had she cared?'

"THEN READ ...

Michaelleen

(The Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind., \$1.50)

Father P. J. Carroll's charming story whose every line tells of the spirit of the Irish countryside with its people full of faith and full of humor, viewing all things in the light of the supernatural and the eternal."—*Catholic World.*



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 3, 1933.

No. 22.

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Lessons.

BY SISTER M. HELEN, C. S. C.

I NEVER knew what joy was
Till grief had snatched it from me.
I never knew what laughter was
Till smiles were choked in tears.
I never loved fair childhood
Till time had claimed its beauty,
And wakened me from dreaming
To bind me with the years.

From Caesar to God.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

IN the Apocalypse imperial Rome is described as the mother of all the abominations of the earth. It is "the great harlot who sitteth upon many waters." Its downfall is prophesied, and a graphic picture is given of the fire that is to destroy it and of the horror this catastrophe will inspire. That was a view almost inevitable in a generation which had suffered from the persecution of the State as the first generation of Christians had suffered. They could see in this great pagan power, splashed with the blood of murdered saints, only a fitting object for the vengeance of God. It could not be expected of them that they should be able to perceive as clearly as subsequent ages have seen the part which Roman organization and Roman culture played as a preparation for the Gospel. Yet that these things did prepare men's minds

for the Church is now a commonplace.

The conception of a single Government controlling by its authority all races was already a familiar one when Catholicism commenced its career. The cosmopolitan crowd which gathered in the streets of the city on the Tiber was itself an object lesson. It is permissible to speak of pagan Rome as a parable, written on the page of history, whereby it is possible to grasp the idea of that other and greater Rome in which St. Peter reigns. The centralization of Government in the hands of a single individual made the likeness complete.

As a writer in *The Month* (November, 1931) has pointed out, the cult of Emperor-worship, which played such a part in intensifying the persecution of the non-conforming Christians, was, from another point of view, a step towards the recognition of the One, Supreme God, incarnate in Jesus Christ. The Man who became a god prepared the way for the God who became Man. Papini has gone further than this and has seen in some of Julius Cæsar's more outstanding characteristics prototypes, on the natural plane, of the features that were to mark the government of the King of kings. Be this as it may, there can be little doubt that the imperial organism did create a mentality which had only to be sublimated in order to perceive and appreciate the claims of the Universal Church founded by and upon the Incarnate Son of God.

And if the system under which they lived served to guide the thought of

Roman citizens in the direction of the City of God and its Divine Ruler, may we not say that the place accorded to the Cæsars in popular religion indicated a deep desire anticipating the Revelation made known in Christ? If we follow the course of Roman religion, say, in the lucid pages of Professor Bailey's "Phases of Religion in Ancient Rome," we shall see how the worship of the Emperor was the culmination of a long process of development.

Through many centuries there had been a struggle between various cults, native, Greek, Egyptian and Oriental, but the realistic Roman mind (not to be put off by poetic fancies or Mystery religions) fixed at last on a religion which could be identified with a visible institution touching the lives of men at all points. But in so doing it was expressing, however inadequately, its need of a Church which could be clearly defined and whose government could be felt as a tangible thing. In burning incense before the bust of the Emperor, Roman citizens gave proof that nothing less than an actual incarnation would satisfy them. By this act they gave evidence of a conscious need of that which only the Gospel could give.

The matter is of something more than academic interest. If what we have said is true, if men do come to the City of God through the cities which they themselves have built, then we are in possession of a valuable clue to the ways of Providence in political history. We may see how some of those agencies which have opposed the Church may be interpreted as having, despite their baneful activities, a place in the divine plan and as intended to provide a way for pilgrim feet to return to the Truth.

The best contemporary illustration of this is provided, strangely enough, by that same imperial city with which we have been dealing. Modern Rome seems destined to play the same part as did ancient Rome, and Fascism to have

something more than a political interest. To mention the religious associations of Fascism is to provoke, in the minds of Catholics, two different reactions. In the first place, memories will be aroused as to the conflict which quickly arose between the Vatican and Mussolini's Government, a conflict which threatens, every now and again, to break out afresh. It will be recalled that Pope Pius XI. found it necessary to protest against what he described as "an idolatrous worship of the State" directly opposed to the claims of the Church. On the other hand, the fact that many devout Catholics have found in Fascism the nearest approach in the modern world to an embodiment of Catholic social principles may carry weight. It is undoubtedly true, as has been asserted in a previous article, that Fascism is, to some extent, the creation of the Catholic spirit. It certainly represents with considerable fidelity the genius of that Italian people whose outlook has been colored by the Catholic tradition. But this is not the whole truth.

It is, I hold, perfectly true that Fascism is a political expression of the principles laid down in the papal Encyclicals, *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*. But this derivation is not necessarily conscious. It is not to be supposed that Mussolini consulted those documents in framing his new constitution. He is not himself in communion with the Church and many of his followers draw their main inspiration from the "Liberal" movement in the Nineteenth Century which achieved the unity of Italy.

This element could not be described as anti-Catholic, but it would be fair to say that it was strongly tinged with anti-clericalism. It respects the Church as an Institution bound up with the history of Italy, but it does not worship with the Church. The very fact that this section has inherited, together with other sections of the country, the tradi-

tions of Italy means that it has been greatly influenced by the Catholic philosophy and Catholic social principles. It is in virtue of these two latter that it is in sympathy with Fascism. That is to say, it has accepted the practical implications in public affairs of the Church's teaching, but without acknowledging the authority on which that teaching is based. Sociologically it is Catholic, but not theologically. It is living under institutions framed in the spirit of Catholicism, but does not, for that reason, feel compelled to go further and confess the Faith. But, if what has been said in the earlier part of this article holds good, we might expect to find these social and political institutions, impregnated as they are with Catholicism, affording a way of return to the Church. And this is precisely what we do find.

Fascism as a system *emanates from* the religion of the country in which it has arisen; Fascism as a living organism leads its adherents *back to* the Source from which it has itself sprung. This is so interesting and significant a feature of the situation that it deserves some elaboration. I do not apologize, therefore, for giving an extended quotation from one who may claim to speak on the subject with authority.

Major J. S. Barnes is an English Catholic who has written two volumes concerning Fascism, which he has studied at first hand. He has been General Secretary of the International Centre of Fascist Studies and is a Member of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. His intimacy with Mussolini and the general accuracy of his account of Fascism is indicated by the fact that the *Duce* himself wrote the Preface to his first book, "Universal Aspects of Fascism." It is not from this book, but from another, entitled simply, "Fascism," that I want to quote.

Modernism, the author tells us, is in France, England and America a movement of protest against the Church; it

is composed of people on their way out of the Church, escaping from the dogmatic intransigence of a full Catholicism. But in Italy, it is otherwise. In that country, Major Barnes tells us, "the equally rampant modernism was and is a movement of men who have become sick of their positivism and agnosticism, and are attempting to embrace the Church's dogmas in a form acceptable to a weak digestion. In other words, modernism is a meeting-place of two movements working in diametrically opposite directions, the one away from, the other towards, orthodoxy. For this reason, Fascism in Italy being an advance in movement upon its precursor nationalism, is also in process of becoming orthodox.

"The process, of course, is not complete. But it is extremely symptomatic, for it reveals Fascism as the fruit of a type of mentality which finds rest within the orbit of a teaching Church. It is not necessary to say more than that; but that much is positively evident. As far as our present argument is concerned, it should be observed that *a large number of Italians, brought up in the positivist atmosphere of the generation before the war, are moving through modernism into the Church of their fathers.*"

I have emphasized these last few words because they summarize and endorse the thesis I have been trying to present. Secular institutions, inspired by the Catholic spirit, offer a means of return to the Church, a road along which the modern pilgrim may find his way back to the Faith. And it will be found, I think, that this is a road which the modern pilgrim is particularly likely to take. Ours is a practical age with an intense interest in all social questions. Abstract theories, metaphysical discussions and definitely theological problems have little attraction for our generation. But it will listen if you talk about the reconstruction of Society. The consti-

tutional changes taking place in different parts of the world are an indication of the unrest in political thought.

The Communist Revolution in Russia has forced upon the Western nations the need of setting their house in order. The dominance of the questions it raises is obvious. It is along the lines indicated by those questions that our main interests lie. And since we are more liable to receive truth when interpreted for us by that which excites our sympathy, it is clear that, so far as the Twentieth Century is concerned, theological and ecclesiastical matters will find their best medium to the attention of the general public in the political and social institutions of the time.

It may be that the revival of Catholicism in countries now Protestant will come about through an acceptance (quickenened by an economic crisis which reveals the weakness of Society's present foundations) of the Church's counsels regarding the conduct of public affairs. It is not necessary that those counsels should be accepted directly from the Church. It is not necessary even that they should be recognized as characteristically Catholic. All that is necessary is that the practical working of the ideals preached by the two Popes named should make its due impression.

To the extent to which Society conforms to the type exemplified in Catholic nations an atmosphere will be created in which acceptance of the Faith will be immeasurably facilitated. For one of the difficulties to-day in English-speaking countries is that we not only live among non-Catholics, but also amid a civilization which owes its origin to non-Catholic influences. It is the materialistic philosophy embodied in our institutions which hinders most those who would otherwise admit the Church's claims. Let the law foster family life, encourage the distribution of property, establish associations between employers and employees, put an end to the class-

war by abolishing the abuses which accentuate it, and give the rural population a chance to thrive. Government on these lines would prove, as it were, sacramental, and would predispose the citizens to regard the Church as their Mother.

It may be, I say, that, in the English-speaking world, the triumph of Catholicism will be brought about only slowly by the rediscovery and adaptation to modern conditions of the principles on which rested the organic society of the Middle Ages. The pilgrimage, it may be suggested, will be through Catholic economics to Catholic Faith. But, in that case, how important becomes the education of the public in Christian social principles! If we cannot convert our neighbors to the Catholic Church, we may at least convert them to the Catholic State, and leave the impression made by that State to do the rest. That which Major Barnes declares to be the process followed in Italy may be found to work elsewhere. It is a reversal of ordinary ideas.

We have supposed that the Sacraments and dogmatic teaching must come first and on these be established a truly Christian Society. In one sense that order is inevitable, but there is another sense in which it should be transposed—first a Society organized with a view to the preservation of Christian institutions, and then, through the effect of those institutions, deliberate and definite acceptance of the Church's sacramental and teaching ministry. As men frequently become Socialists and Communists in the economic sense first and only subsequently and consequently accept the materialistic philosophy, so, we may anticipate that some at least, through learning our Christian economics, will come to hold our Christian Faith. At least it is a comfort to those of us whose work is rather in the temporal than the spiritual order to know that our labors may be not unrelated to the triumph of the Church Militant.

Building up Carfax.

BY BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON.

XXII.

THE neighborhood had been stirred to its depths by the tragic death of John Carfax, but when, little by little, the news filtered down to the immediate villages that there had been a "deathbed" conversion, and that it was to be followed by that of the whole family, they had found consolation in the wealth of gossip it provided for the coming winter.

The strangest part of all was the attitude of old Farmer Grey! His most casual acquaintance might have staked his fortune on swearing that the old man's fury would find vent in a change of will, at least—or blustering talk to whoever was free to listen to him—and all the local world was free to listen to what his opinions might be. But that first Sunday after the funeral he had sat in his blacks in the Bluebells' pew, Aunt Kate, refulgent in crape and bugles beside him, and he had sat with his arms tight folded, staring before him, carefully avoiding to turn his eyes towards the empty Carfax pew.

"Grandy's a good man, be very gentle with him," Susan had said to her children after her father's visit that morning her John had died.

She had found him sitting in the big living room, his cap on the table, his poor old red face swollen with the emotion he was trying to overcome, and she had set herself to comfort him, as if she had not just left John lying still and white on the bed where he had brought her, a bride, twenty-two years ago. And at last, Susan had calmed him and told him all she could, but she knew she had not finished, when he said:

"Well now, my poor lass, let me go up."

"Wait a minute, father; and if you never put your foot inside this door

again, so be it. But my John died a Catholic, and we vowed nothing should separate us—in life or death. So please, father, presently I shall be one with the children, and nothing you can say will alter it."

He sat breathing heavily, his watery blue eyes fixed unseeingly on Susan's pale face that had a curious look of serenity on it; and in his kindly, ignorant mind he tried to fathom the mind of the man who had been his son-in-law—the best Carfax *he'd* ever heard of,—a man who had battled and won; a man so modest that it was not till the other day that he had heard by chance of his suggested candidature. Religious? Had they got at him, the priests? And rejected the idea with honesty. And he had laid his large red hand on Susan's, and said,

"My lass, find the consolation as best consoles you, and don't you never be afraid of your daddy. And leave village talk to me. Your John'd got something in his blood—you'd think one of his forbears'd stood at the foot o' the Cross o' Calvary."

And having said that, Susan had taken his old head into her arms and said unevenly, smilingly, well pleased,

"Oh, father!"

But the village was seething with interest and curiosity. Young John to run the farm under Farmer Grey's direction till he could manage it himself? Not going back to Oxford? There'd been great pressure brought to bear on the lad to make him finish his course at Oxford, but young John had refused. He must carry on at Thurston, he said. Old Judge Mefford had been over to Thurston, so had Miss Burnham. The Rector had been most kind, though it had been a shock to him—all these doings; but he had followed, privately, the little procession to the Catholic corner of the village cemetery, and he had expressed himself, to the wife of his bosom, as not very surprised. Car-

fax had always had a bee in his bonnet, but he would never take advice. Well, well, there were "many mansions" in Our Father's home; and God rest his soul—though his wife had looked a little disturbed at such an ejaculation.

It was a silent but serene little trio who drove back on Christmas morning in the frosty night air from Tesford convent, where they had all made their First Communion. Miss Burnham had wanted to send her car for them, but Susan had said no; they'd rather come back in the trap, driven by young John.

Yes, she said, she was as happy as she could be, considering—a bit bewildered like, but chiefly conscious more and more of her John's perfect content and satisfaction at achieving his heart's desire—an' me so obstinate, she had added humbly; but I'll lose no time now in trying to keep close!

It seemed almost like the old early days to see young John, his old working clothes on, going here and there over the farm, out before dawn, working with the men, directing here, ordering there, in the same fashion his father had had—a way the men had been quick to respond to.

It was Susan who directed the opening of the panel door. They were all in the office, and young John who had been examining his father's method of book-keeping, suddenly looked up.

"Mother, did you ever see inside there?" he asked, nodding towards the panel. She shook her head.

"No, love. I don't think he wanted me to see."

She could understand, of course, that with a husband like her John, there would be things that she couldn't understand.

"I'm sure he meant you to see," and John drew back the panel and led his mother in, Peggy behind them.

As Susan said later, it'd take her all her time to live up to the memory of her

John; but what worried her was that she must have been such an obstacle in his "flights" as she called them.

It was as if all the lovely hidden meaning of his soul showed itself in young John and Peggy. Not that she could love them more than she always had done, but her John was expressing himself to her through them in a tender, more understanding way than the one she had never fathomed.

Father Sully had been very gentle, very simple, very patient with her when she had listened to his instructions. He had told her too, a little about John's youth that she had not known; and he had told her how her John had hoped and believed in the miracle that was to make his children a restitution to God.

"That's what it is," she said softly, so that Father Sully had caught her words.

"They're so full of John's high purpose for them—it's in their blood, like it was in his—only I kept him back," she added; and Father Sully had reassured her. If God Almighty had meant otherwise, He would not have let gentle little Susan Carfax stay His hand.

Miss Burnham had taken the little woman to her heart. There was remorse too in the warm-hearted affection she was not afraid of showing, and Susan's simple acceptance of it pleased her. Of course, said Susan to herself, they all honored and loved John, and for his sake they were kind to her.

"I didn't ever know that Catholics were so—so like one big family," she said one evening, as she sat sewing beside young John, who was frowning over some figures. He'd get Grandy to look at them to-morrow. He looked up, and rumpled his hair, stretching himself, and Peggy smiled suddenly.

"Well, why not? We've got God the Father and the Son, and we've got the Mother of God—outside that, one is motherless," she said, and Susan—the Susan who had been so fearful, murmured softly,

"Yes—but it's Our Father who art in heaven who makes the family and the Love, and it's only us mothers, even Her who was His mother, who does the nursin' for Him, and teachin' the alphabet like. Without the Father, 'twould be a widowed world, and the Mother would have no meaning. It's that makes me wish I'd known about the Blessed Mother before."

Peggy had given Mother Veronica her father's message.

"Tell her," he had said—"tell her she was right, like she always was. There was no going back with an empty basket—"

Peggy had wondered for a moment if her father were wandering, but he had gone on, at broken intervals.

"He was—accepted, too—she'll understand." It was to Susan he had said, "Say thank you for me to Margaret Burnham"—then he had smiled and corrected himself—"Mother Veronica."

And perhaps John Carfax had smiled again when Susan, looking like a little wraith in her black clothes, had said to the Reverend Mother,

"They must have given you the name of St. Veronica because you wipe the dust and sweat from poor wayfarers with their load o' sorrow."

Easter was late that year, which had given Susan, egged on by Prudence and Aunt Kate, the opportunity of having a grand spring cleaning. It had worried her John to have familiar places turned upside down, and she had been used to having them done, or to doing them herself, surreptitiously, which took half the pleasure away.

She half wondered if she were doing right and behaving quite honorably to his memory as she undertook the cleaning out of the office—that sanctum which she had only kept clean by furtive dabs—what Prudence called a lick and a promise. No one must help her there! Yes, Prudence could scrub the

floor as young John and Peggy were so firm about it, but it was she who would do the rest. The things belonging to the old Carfax Chapel, vestments and vessels, had been put back into the coffer—as young John had said,

"Who knows? We'll maybe have a chapel heré one day!"

Susan lifted the heavy crucifix from the shelf, placing it for the moment on John's writing table. Then she came back for the statue, and as she lifted it, she saw the letter that was hidden there. Then her John had put it there! Without touching it she could see that it was addressed to him, and she recognized by the stamp and Indian postmark that it was like those he had shown her from Mr. Burnham.

Supposing they had told her man how she had tried to work against him—and all he had done about it, was to place it with the Blessed Mother! Duster in hand, with a big white handkerchief tied over her soft hair, she had knelt an instant, recommending her John to the kind heart of Mary, so that he should not regard her past action as disloyalty. Then she put the statue back, after kissing the letter because he had touched it.

Young John was rather proud of his ploughing.

Grandy, watching him as he had finished the last straight line, had shouted:

"Couldn't be beat, lad!" and John, a little flushed and serious—it was the first day with the new motor plough Grandy had given to Thruston. John had jumped off his perch and was regarding the trim, ribbed field.

It was when they were crossing the little road to the house grounds, that Isabel and Petrea came along in a small car, Isabel driving. A swift appraising glance at the two men, but more particularly at the young one, and she waved her hand and drew up. He was striding along in his old working corduroy breeches that had strange gleams of gold and russet in the morning sun, and

his grey flannel shirt was open again like she had seen it before, showing his tanned neck. It was Isabel who noted all that—and his broad shoulders, his bare arms, his look of force and manhood. Petrea, flushing, had only noted the sudden smile for her,—so it seemed. She had thought him splendid to give up a fine career at Oxford and come back to the farm.

Isabel leaned out and gave her hand to old Grey, who beamed on them both, though he couldn't well get at the other girl's hand because she was beyond Isabel. It was John who went round to her side, to answer her inquiries about Mrs. Carfax. No, thanks all the same, but he'd got all his work cut out for him, and the only visits he paid were to the markets with his grandfather; and, well, yes, of course, the Convent or Tesford on Sundays—Milford was too far off for mother.

Something in Isabel's look as she turned to him, smiling, seeming to force him to see how she was admiring him, how much she liked him, made John suddenly conscious of himself, his working kit, his dishevelled appearance. He stood back suddenly.

"We are keeping you," he said, and flushed at his ill-manneredness in dismissing them as it were. But his eyes smiled at the golden girl as Isabel turned to say good-bye to old Grey.

"Does the young Squire with considerable skill!" Isabel frowned a little as she spoke. She was very fond of Petrea, but not to the extent of playing second fiddle to her, and young Carfax hadn't hidden his preferences at any time.

"He didn't behave any differently from how you'd expect to find Anthony or Sandy—or Ralph Maddox behaving," replied Petrea a little on the defensive.

Isabel shrugged her shoulders.

"No, perhaps not. But our young Varsity ploughman seems to be afraid we're all going to fall in love with him, and his virtuous, downcast eyes make

me badly want to plant a kiss on his bashful face—he'd never get over it!"

"Isabel! I do think you are a beast sometimes."

Isabel laughed, turning to look at Petrea, and found her face very pink.

"O-ho! my little Petrea—so that's how the land lies?"

"Then I wouldn't believe it if it lies. Stop being stupid, Isabel, and don't go round corners at that pace, or I'll report you to the police."

Anthony Burnham had heard from more than one source, the whole account of what had been happening at Thurston. Not only Aunt Mary, but Father Sully had written, and anything they may have overlooked had been described in picturesque phrasing by Isabel Melford, whose information was hearsay—and her father's impressions. He had been a constant visitor since John's death, quite "dotty" over the family, so Isabel wrote, but young Carfax was anxious to stand by himself as his father had done, and win his own spurs.

When was he coming back? Maddox and she contemplated holy matrimony towards the end of the season. Wasn't it funny to think of that nice little Mrs. Carfax, who had been terrified of Catholics all her life, demanding of Father Sully to please make her one instanter? No time for more this mail. Oh, by the way, the little Carfax girl was a perfect wonder since the accident. She had quite suddenly expanded into very beautiful and rather serious womanhood, and to see her with her little pale mother, was something so fine and "heartening," as old Grey would say, that she—Isabel—hoped he'd soon say good-bye to India.

It was Susan who heard the telephone bell. She had ceased to be frightened of it since that mysterious call had gone through which had brought Father Sully to her John's bedside. It had never been explained. There had been two calls—one when he had rung

up Thurston to ask if they had called him, and another late in the evening, and he could only just make out the name Carfax. So he had come.

This time it was Four Orchards, and a man's voice spoke. Dear me, it was Mr. Burnham back again!

Might he come over to see her? When? Why, any time, sir—Mr. Burnham, I'm always in. Just now the children are out, John working, and Peggy's with him, but you're very welcome, Sir.

And half an hour after, Anthony, browner and leaner, something rather graver about him, was holding her hand and telling her how much he had loved John Carfax, and how strongly his fineness of thought and character had impressed itself on him, so that his own small difficulties and battles had been fought with some of the force with which he had inspired the young man. And presently Anthony, hesitating, said:

"I've been hoping he left a message for me—about the question I asked in my last letter before—the accident."

Susan clasped and unclasped her hands on her lap, faintly disturbed.

"A question? He never mentioned it to me; but I daresay he forgot. He was busy with harvest—those days." Almighty God Himself had waited for harvest to be in, before He gathered in her John!

And then young John had come in, and there was a quiet, well-pleased greeting between the two. John wanted to show him the new plough, and the two went out.

And Susan, to retrieve what might have been forgetfulness on her John's part, went to the little panelled room. It seemed almost like sacrilege to take that letter from where he had put it with his own dear hands, but she couldn't let Mr. Burnham think he'd been careless. And it must have been something important or he wouldn't have given it such a place, under the protection of the Blessed Mother!

It was a long time before she could quite see to read the letter. Moving what he had placed there, taking out of its envelope what he had put in, unfolding the double sheet that he had last folded—with hands that trembled with the love that longed for him,—she was unconscious that her tears were falling.

She had forgotten the passage of time. She was sure there was a faint flavor of John's pipe about the letter—he always used to stuff his correspondence into the pocket of his old tweed coat that she had so often patched.

It was of secondary importance that the writer, the pleasant, brown-faced man whom her John had liked,—it was of minor importance that he asked for permission to "court," as Susan put it to herself—to court their Peggy. John must have approved, or would he have put it into the keeping of that statue of Her? That would be all right, thought Susan—if Peggy loved him, and it certainly seemed as if the young man loved her.

Love would come of course to John's two children—love had come to them in all their ways—from parents and home and friends, but remembering what Father Sully had told her, Love had specially come to them from Heaven, she said to herself, because a heart like her John's couldn't but attract the Heart of God.

And when he met her, as of course she knew he would, on the threshold of eternity, she could tell him that his two children were in the Way of Love. They too wouldn't only passively receive, with the multitude, the gifts of God, but they too would bring what could be singled out for His grace.

And then the door had opened, and Peggy and Anthony had come in smiling, holding each other's hands.

(The End)

"HE who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place."

Farewell and Hail!

BY ISABEL MCLENNAN MCMEEKIN.

WINTER has gone her secret way
 Her snowy pinions curled
 Into a chrysalis,
 And here has come this April day
 Whose sapphire banners are unfurled,
 Whose pennant is a strip of this
 Brocaded greenery
 Of vernal grass and virgin tree:
 Such is the pinnacle of ecstasy!

"On to the City of God."

BY J. R. C.

I.—CONTINUED.

SO Basil set to work to study the whole question for himself. The next six months were a terrible time for him; he was torn asunder by the opposing claims of the two religions. Often he lay awake all night trying to find some way by which he could conscientiously remain in the Anglican Church. He had not the slightest wish to leave it. His education fitted him for the post he occupied, and he was fit for no other. The money and position he enjoyed he gave little thought to, though he was not a young man who could easily start on a new career. But his wife and children were a terrible anxiety. He had no friends in the Catholic Church. All his relatives were Anglicans who would say he was mad to give up his profession and the prospects which lay before him. He loved his work and was quite happy in it. He had many dear friends among the Anglican clergy, men who were brought up with him at school and College; his secession would be a shock to them. Probably they would cut him out of their list of friends. And there were those whom he had rescued from a life of sin; they would consider themselves deserted by him. These thoughts nearly drove him crazy. When he spoke of his

difficulties to his wife, she told him he was either mad or led astray by Satan. To give up his profession and a thousand a year! Had he no thought for her and the children? How could they live and educate them on two hundred a year? She vowed that she would not change *her* religion.

During those sad months Basil sent out letters to his best friends, asking for help. One replied, "Hold on! Think how our church has improved since the days of the Oxford Movement. In the long run we will prove too strong for our Protestant brothers in the Church." Basil felt that there could be no such strife in the true Church over matters of truth or falsehood. He began to think that the Church of England was based on a compromise between truth and falsehood, and would falter and hesitate until it finally broke into fragments. Another friend told him that it was his duty to stick to the ship, even if it were sinking. Basil thought that in doing so he might lose his own soul.

Two incidents occurred at this time which helped him to make a decision: (1) Father Falcon became a Catholic and went to Rome to study for the priesthood; (2) The Bishop of Hoxton, who had ordained him made a speech at a gathering of clergy in which he appealed to them for tolerance of each other in spite of their differing views. He illustrated his remarks by reference to the Holy Communion. "The High Churchman," he said, "thinks that after consecration the bread and wine become the Body and Blood of Christ; the Low Church brother does not think so, but finds the presence of Christ in the whole service, not in the elements. So long as both are earnestly seeking Christ—what does it matter?" In other words, the one worships the consecrated elements and believes them to be God; the other thinks that after consecration the elements remain unchanged; to worship them would be idolatry.

"A logical pronouncement!" said Basil to himself. They can't both be right. Here is a flat contradiction. What does the Church of England teach? Alas! Nothing. There is the Black Rubric for the Protestant in the Communion service which denies the real Presence in set terms: "No adoration is intended, or ought to be done" [by the communicant's kneeling to receive] "either unto the sacramental bread or wine there bodily received, or unto any corporal presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood. For the Sacramental Bread and Wine remain still in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored (for that were idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians); and the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven and not here, etc." And in the same Prayer Book there is the answer in the Catechism: "in the Lord's Supper the Body and Blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful." A leading English Bishop says it does not matter which I hold or teach. How can I stay in a church which does not know what it believes and is incapable of judging in such a vital matter? The Church of England is indeed a museum of religions, "and all of them dead."

That was the end. He told his wife that he was going to be received into the Catholic Church. She stormed and wept alternately, and threatened to leave him if he did so. Basil resigned his living and asked Father Welby to instruct him and to receive him into the Church.

"Thank God!" said Father Welby. "The Carmelites have done it."

In a few weeks Basil was received into the Church, and, though his earthly difficulties and troubles had only begun, his soul was flooded with joy and peace, and he thanked God for His wonderful grace. He knew that he had found a haven of peace and refuge; he knew that he was a Catholic in communion

with the Pope and the saints of God; he realized for the first time that Mary was his Mother.

II.

One of the first things Basil did after his conversion was to make a big bonfire in the back garden and on it deposit all his written sermons, sermon-notes, and religious lectures. As he stood with his coat off, rake in hand, he smiled and said, "Good riddance to bad rubbish! I am like the Ephesians in the Acts, who used curious arts, and on their conversion burnt their books. I hope my little sacrifice may be accepted, too." As he lifted his eyes from the fire he perceived a stately form approaching him—it was his Bishop!

"They told me you were out here," said he, "and I come to hear you contradict the rumor that you have become a Papist."

"I wrote to you, my Lord, to that effect; but perhaps you haven't received my letter yet? If by the term Papist you mean a Catholic, the statement is correct. I was received into the Catholic Church a week ago."

The Bishop's face assumed a look of horror. "This is terrible!" he said—"terrible! What is the meaning of it? Do you mean to say that you will give up one of the best livings in the diocese, and all your prospects—which, I may tell you, are extremely rosy; and unfrock yourself, and profess faith in a lot of absurd and unhistorical dogmas? What will you gain by it? What of your wife and children—have you considered them? Are you mad? What are you going to live on? I come here as your Father in God to beseech you to pause; if you have taken a step towards Rome—withdraw it. I will give you leave of absence for six months, that you may have time to think it over."

"Thank you for your kindness, my Lord, but I must follow my conscience. I cannot act like the young man in the Gospel who went sorrowful away when

Our Lord asked him to give up all for His sake. The call has come to me clear and definite; I dare not refuse it except at the risk of my eternal salvation."

"You are mad!" exclaimed the bishop. "God doesn't ask a man nowadays, to leave a comfortable rectory and a parish where he is doing good work to join a church which he knows nothing about. As for Rome—our forefathers had enough of her superstitious mummeries, and broke with Rome forever, four hundred years ago."

"I know something about the Reformation, my Lord, and I think it was the worst step that England ever took; she put herself in the Devil's hands and did whatever he told her. The result you may see for yourself: England is rapidly becoming heathen; many thousands of the people live without God, die without God."

"And you think that you will remedy that by giving up your cure of souls and deserting your flock? And how is the state of England, which you greatly exaggerate, due to the English Church?"

"It is the fault of the Church of England, because at her 'Deformation' she broke off from the Catholic Church, Our Lord's Body, and therefore from Our Lord Himself. She has had the people of England in her charge for all these centuries, and has shamefully neglected them—look at the result. Her hands are empty; she has no medicine to give the dying people; she has no Sacraments to heal their diseases; no Gospel news for those who sit in darkness and sin! Now that my eyes are opened I cannot belong to such a worthless body."

"I think that you are an exceedingly foolish man. I suppose some Jesuit has got hold of you and filled your head with his fictions. Ah, well! A wilful man must have his own way and I can do no more with you." With this the Bishop strutted off highly offended that his condescension in coming to reason with Basil was not more appreciated by him.

Basil's next step was to get rid of his library. He had several hundreds of theological books, and for many of these he had paid thirty or forty shillings each. He thought that he would raise a considerable sum by selling them, as they were by the chief Anglican scholars and were well bound. He wrote to many booksellers and sent a list of his books, but most of them declined to make any offer; they said that there was no market for books on theology. But, as Basil had to leave the Rectory immediately, he was forced to accept the highest offer he received, namely, £15 for 500 volumes.

In the meantime he had been pondering deeply as to his best course in the future. It was his duty to provide for his wife and children, and £200 a year does not go far in England to-day. As the children grew up it would become still more difficult to feed, clothe, educate them and send them out into the world. But his faith was strong. "God, who has led me so far will not desert me," he said to himself. "God will provide."

He didn't get much help from his relatives. Many of them felt moved to write to him and tell him that they thought he was mad. His wife said that it was *his* concern; as he had landed them all in the ditch, he had better try to get them out; she supposed she must be prepared for the workhouse. Most of his former friends when they met him in the street did not see him.

Two or three of his old clerical friends were not so heartless. One of these, a man who had distinguished himself at Cambridge University as a classical scholar and a good oarsman, wrote to Basil and asked for his reasons for taking such a serious step. Basil gave them, and said that if Anglican clergy would only consider the Catholic claims instead of restricting their reading to reasons for not joining the Catholic Church, there would be some hope of their conversion. "Dear Basil," answered

his friend, "I am one of the men who *has* gone into the whole question, and I have come to the conclusion that the Roman claims are *not valid*. . . ." Within nine months he and his brother, also an Anglican parson, were received into the Catholic Church. One of them became a priest; the other could not do so because he was married.

In a few days Basil succeeded in renting a country cottage in the heart of Suffolk; four acres of ground went with it, and he took it on lease for five years. It was a rough little place compared to his former luxurious home, without gas or electricity; and many a moan did his wife utter over the "menial work," as she termed it, that she had to do. But the children thought it was perfectly lovely. They took with them their strong rectory pony, and soon added a cow, poultry, and pigs to their livestock.

In a short time Basil determined to try his hand at poultry-farming. He spent a good sum in building houses on the latest model, and in buying grain and other foods for poultry; he then bought some hundreds of fowls and ducks, some of pedigree stock. For the first three years he did fairly well, though the work was unending. It began at five in the morning and went on till he saw them all asleep at night. On Saturdays he yoked the pony to an ancient buggy he had bought and took his surplus eggs, flowers, and vegetables to the market at Needham. There he stood at a stall and sold them, and rarely did he bring any of his produce home unsold. And then a mysterious disease fell upon his birds, and in a short time more than half of them were dead. An expert told him that he would have to cover the ground with caustic lime and let it rest for a year. So he sold off all his healthy fowls except a couple of dozen which he kept for providing eggs for his family. Thus ended his dream of making a living by poultry-farming.

As his children grew older he felt that he must move into a town where he could get them a good Catholic education and let them mix with other children. In Meston he found such a town, and there he moved when the lease of his country home had expired. Meston had a large number of Catholics in it and three good Catholic churches served by zealous clergy. It was one of the places in England where a faithful remnant had clung desperately to the Old Faith in spite of the persecution which followed the Reformation. The Anglican parsons in the town were opposed to each other in doctrine and ceremonial, and denounced each other's teaching as soul-destroying, so that any influence they might have had was much diminished. The result was that converts to the Church were multiplied. There were first-rate day schools for Catholic boys and girls in Meston; the boys were taught by the Oratorians, the girls by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

Life was always a struggle to them. They had great difficulty in making ends meet, although they pinched and saved in every way in their power. At this time Basil was trying to make money by free lance journalism; that is, by offering stories and articles to various newspapers and journals. But his articles resembled boomerangs, for they had an awkward way of whizzing back on his head. He could have papered a room with the neat little notices he received from editors along with his rejected manuscripts: "The Editor regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed article, for the offer of which he is much obliged," etc. When he found that his annual income from Journalism was about £20 he thought it was time to try a new line.

Then it was suggested to him that he should take a few Catholic boys into his home and teach them. He had his Oxford degree, and was in every way fitted to do this. Some Catholic clergy in Lon-

don found him three boys from Poland. The experiment was a success; he gave them a happy home, and his manly and deeply religious character had a good effect on his guests.

In the course of time he was able to send Richard, his eldest boy, to Oxford. Richard was a clever lad, and by the scholarships he won was able to pay more than half his expenses at college. After taking a brilliant degree he settled down at Oxford as fellow and tutor of his college. One daughter, Ursula, became a nurse in a great London hospital, and earned the blessing of many a sufferer. His youngest daughter, Catherine, a sweet and lovely child, became a religious; God loved her so well that He took her to Himself after a short and beautiful life. Finally, his youngest boy became a priest. And that filled Basil's heart with joy; he could not be a priest himself, but he was the father of a priest who stood before God daily offering the Holy Sacrifice for the living and the dead.

I wish I could add that his wife became a Catholic. In time she lost all her old prejudices against the Church; before her death she may hear the call, her ignorance may flee away if the Light of the world shine on her; and she may be added to the flock of Christ's one true Church. For this Basil has prayed every day since his conversion.

His own attitude to life as he grew older and counted God's blessings was that of a fellow-convert from the Anglican Church:

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

(The End)

THE crowning fortune of a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness.—*Emerson*.

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XXII.

THE lorry chugged leisurely to Limerick City—twenty miles off. No hurry. The flames from the straw stacks extended to the stables—a splendid blaze! None better in the United Kingdom.

Uphill to Kilbeg school. Four soldiers fired a volley at Mike Condon's house below Listons. Only two bullets pierced windows and shattered glass. Listons' yard wall, behind which Davey had hurried pony and trap into hiding earlier, partly saved Listons' windows. The elevation on which the school stands concealed The Bog's burning buildings for the moment; but when the lorry reached the open again, there was seen a blaze which would do credit to any soldiers in the world! "The bloomin' Boches never topped it in Flanders!"

They aimed at the windows of the parish hall and made things crash. Farther on, just near the spot where Alice read Davey his lecture that Sunday after Mass, sheep lay resting in the field beside the road. It was unfortunate for the sheep that the moon came out so late—or so early. The Black and Tans fired a volley into the flock and killed six. The Boches could show no better marksmanship in Argonne Sector. "No bloomin', blitherin' Boche could touch it!" It was bad luck for Jack O'Brien that he neglected to take in his gray horse from roadside grass that night; an elderly horse and spare, but serviceable. Jack should have done so. Bang! Bang! Bang! "Absolutely no bloomin' Boche could send a horse to earth like that!" Mike Donnelly should not have built his house so near the road. It might have escaped that fusillade, four bullets from which crashed through the lighted window where Mike's young wife was near confinement. The panic

of fright would not have seized her, and the baby might be living yet. It was a splendid volley. Nothing better by any Boche in the march through Belgium!

Jim Halpin should have set out for home from those cousins of his earlier in the night, and not dawdled by the fire. Above all, he should have cut through the fields after he had been pitched from the lorry to land safely at The Bog's gate. Jim did not. He mooned along what used to be a peaceful road, dreaming his dreams. The lorry caught up with him one-half mile west of that high wall which surrounds the Wiltmore estate, and twenty yards to a foot from where the road sinks as a cut between two banks. Jim effaced himself as much as a man can below a late—or early—moon by moving very close to the road fence.

Bang! The Tan intended to see Jim jump, but sent the bullet through Jim's left thigh. One shot calls for another. Bang! That bullet entered Jim's right chest and he toppled over on roadside grass. "No bloke of a Boche hit truer in the Kaiser's own drive for Paris!"

Down into the cut the lorry churned between those high banks. The Tans laughed, sang, roared. "We'll show the beggars how the bulldog bites!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

From behind the embankment at either side of the road cut, revolver bullets came whizzing at the lorry; came so quickly that before the driver had time to speed up his engine three soldiers were hit. They recovered. Two others were hit a second later. One of them died on the road to Limerick; the other was dead within a week.

One shot calls for another.

The lorry sped like madness and revolver bullets followed it. By a not unusual irony, that soldier (a Bradford man it will be learned) who saved Nano Byrne, was pitched to the road when the engine leaped so suddenly into a new speed. He was thrown backward, land-

ing partly on his head and right shoulder. The lorry did not wait to pick him up.

"Let him stretch! The bloody bloke wanted to be a hero to the beauty."

The hiding men—Davey's look-outs, news-carriers, what not—came out from their position behind the embankments and carried Jim Halpin, who should have left his cousins earlier and the British soldier to Nano's make-shift hospital. Jerry Higgins heard the loud knocks on that door set in the road wall, and opened it gingerly. He surveyed the men—eight of them—and their limp burdens.

"You shouldn't have come this way," he said crossly.

"The other gate's too far," one of Davey's cohorts answered.

"I know; but orders 're orders, and caution is caution."

"Necessity has no—"

"Never mind the gab! Come in."

The elderly woman in charge, somewhat ambitiously called "the matron," lighted oil lamps. It was a special providence that Kathleen Donovan had been detailed to give attention to a wounded Rebel who had begun to run a temperature; it assured better service.

Within half an hour Father Healy, summoned by one of Davey's Rebels, hurried in to look at Jim Halpin. Jim needed his ministrations. The Bradford man, lying in one of the cots in the same small room, awoke from his stupor on hearing the murmur of voices. He watched the kneeling figures and heard vaguely the muttered answers to the priest's prayers. It was all new and strange!

Davey's eight Rebels went away shortly. It was not safe to remain, and British soldiers expected back any minute to seek their comrade. Father Healy left Jim to the care of Kathleen Donovan and went to the bedside of the Bradford man.

"Are you badly hurt?" he asked sym-

pathetically. Kathleen had just shot morphine into Jim Halpin to relieve the pain, and was free to answer professionally.

"I think not—just shocked."

The priest sat on the edge of the bed and looked at the young Englishman. He might be twenty-five—hardly more. That tanned face of his was regular—no weak chin, no high cheek bones, no shifting eyes. A good crop of brown hair went back as a curve from a well-arched forehead. A human, cultured man he seemed.

"How did it all happen?" the priest asked in his kindest way.

The young man ran his hand across his forehead one, two, three, four times. It was a white hand, the priest noted; had not come in contact with a workman's tools evidently. The young man smiled.

"Well, really I don't know—I can't seem to remember." And then disconnected bits seeped out of memory. "It was a wild night—a big blaze—something like that. Sheep—shooting—and—well, really, I think that's all."

"Never mind—just rest," the priest advised kindly and withdrew.

It was seven o'clock that morning when Dr. Hayes hurried in to see the patients. The Bradford man had suffered a shock—perhaps a fractured shoulder. Certainly not a skull fracture. In fact the young man himself was ready to leave. Not yet, the doctor said. Dr. Hayes gave Jim Halpin as careful an examination as he could under the circumstances; pulse and temperature as shown in Kathleen Donovan's chart were not encouraging. The doctor then checked on Kathleen's findings.

"You'd better get word to his people," he said softly.

Jerry Higgins must do that—the only available messenger.

"Do you know where they live?" the doctor asked Jerry in the kitchen.

"There's no *they*. Just *she*—his

wife," Jerry answered in his sour way.

"Come along and show me," the doctor requested.

They drove off together and brought back Jim Halpin's wife in thirty minutes. She was a spare, silent, retreating woman who talked to herself sometimes. Those whose pastime is taking mental measurements would not rate her high. Or, perhaps, they would.

Jim Halpin died shortly before noon, and the remains were removed for a quiet waking shortly after. Do not be censorious of Jim. He made known the hiding-place of a man on the run—a human brother of sun and fields. It takes little short of a compelling grace, however, to choose the heroic way as five drunken men aim rifles at you!

Alice Farley relieved Kathleen Donovan at nine o'clock that morning, and Nano went to relieve Alice at three in the afternoon. The Bog by then was more rested, but bewildered over the strange happenings of the night. Grim, blackened, roofless walls, charred rafter stubs were to greet him when he took hold again. His anger had ceased to be fluid.

"'Tis this ye've brought me to!" he said as Nano looked in before leaving.

"Sh! You musn't excite yourself." She pulled down a curtain.

"Yes, pull it down to shut out the hell ye've made!"

On her way to the hospital she heard of the wild shootings, dead and wounded men, of the injured Black and Tan at the unit.

"Come in and see the Britisher," Alice whispered as soon as Nano stepped into the waiting room.

The Britisher was sitting up to tea and toast; and Nano at once recognized her defender of the evening before.

"This is your new nurse—just come on duty." Alice did not know the man's name.

The soldier looked up, nodded and

barely smiled. If he recognized Nano, he gave no sign. And so Alice left, not knowing she had waited upon a hero.

"Jerry, I'm going out by door-in-the-wall; round-to-the-gate is too far," she said to Higgins in the kitchen.

"I won't give you the key." Jerry held the key and was a stubborn keeper.

"Jerry, that's a good man!"

"When I says no, I says no—that's all!"

She opened the medicine case and poured out an allowance.

"Here, Jerry, take this—you look under-nourished."

"I am—and that's the truth!"

Jerry the iron man softened and let Alice out by door-in-the-wall. It would have been better had Jerry not succumbed to the bribe.

For one thing, Captain Colton, rounding the road bend at the east side of the Wiltmore estate, would not have seen her come out like an apparition through the door and walk west. She went on, never noticing the lorry of soldiers; nor would it have served any useful purpose if she had.

Captain Colton, commissioned officer in the British regular army, was a cautious soldier. That is why he was sent to investigate the Black and Tans' shooting party, and to pick up that private who had fallen from the lorry somewhere along the road.

"Thank you for last night," Nano said to the Bradford man as soon as Alice was gone.

"I'm very sorry" (he paused an instant) "for the whole shameful thing."

"You saved us—that needs no apology!"

"I don't think so; diverted them—that's all. Your going out saved you."

"My heavens!" Jerry Higgins dropped the crutch he was taping.

Nano heard the raps too.

"A Britisher is coming in!" Jerry

called, after a look through the giant's eye.

"Sit down and hold your nerve—I'll go out," the Bradford man said to Nano.

He met Captain Colton in the kitchen, after Jerry let him in. Jerry was about to step outside, but the officer held him; men must not be let away easily. He eyed Higgins.

"Stay here—we may want you."

Colton left his men in the lorry, to make his investigation alone. He came out from Limerick to find that British soldier who had fallen from the lorry and was left on the road by his comrades, and to make a general check on their conduct. It was a black mark—leaving that private behind.

The Bradford soldier saluted his superior officer. Seeing his British uniform the Captain said,

"Perhaps it was you that fell from the lorry last night?"

"Yes, Sir." His shoulder hurt as he saluted.

That was a bit of good luck for Captain Colton—finding his man so easily.

"Tell what happened."

He did not remember all that happened just yet, but pieced together the fragments fairly well.

"You're all right?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Very good—get ready to come along."

The Captain was going to put a question to Jerry Higgins, when Nano came out from the sick room. That gave his thought a new turn. That girl—he had seen her before. When? Where? Yes, he remembered; she had passed him on the road some days ago, an elderly chap with her. He recalled her distinctly now: athletic build, straight shoulders, unhurried walk. He was right—she has a good face.

"Pardon me, I dropped in to look

around—and found what I'm after." Then he said to the Bradford man, "You get ready." He had nothing to get ready; but a man in the ranks must find something to get ready when an officer tells him to. Jerry went along, and the Captain made no objection this time.

"Pardon me, Miss—"

"Byrne."

"Pardon me, Miss Byrne, but may I ask what this is?"

"We use it as an hospital."

"An hospital? It doesn't look it. And you're a nurse, perhaps?"

"Yes—during the trouble."

"Trouble? You mean the trouble here in Ireland?"

Captain Colton never expected to run into this. Nano nodded.

"You mean you take care of the men who are wounded by British soldiers."

"We take care of all the wounded."

"A sort of base hospital?"

"Yes, a base hospital—more or less."

A pause during which Captain surveyed the room.

"Would you like to be shown through?"

Nano smiled while she asked. Captain Colton laughed. It was jolly funny, this little hospital, hiding behind its high wall; and its one eye watching the world go past. He saw what there was to be seen—rooms, beds, medicine case; and an operating table—of a sort.

"Step out to the lorry," he told the Bradford soldier who had made ready the nothing he possessed.

"Of course, you know, Miss Byrne, I'll have to report this."

"On the contrary, I know you will not."

"Will not? That's curious."

"Officer,"—Nano paused.

"Call me Captain Colton."

"Captain Colton, on no account are you to report. We take care of the wounded—friends and enemies. We're neutral. Hospitals are exempt."

"That's fair enough. Only, how neutral are you?"

"Should you ever get wounded, we'll show you."

"I might want to—not too badly, you know—just to have such a topping nurse."

"Thanks! Hope you won't, all the same. But if you should, come in. Only—mum's the word."

"All right—mum's the word."

At the door Captain Colton turned.

"Good-bye—and good luck to your hospital!"

"Yes; only not too much good luck of a kind, Captain."

"Quite so. And you wish me good luck too, don't you?"

"Surely. I wish you safe home—soon. But come back and help us sing, 'Ireland a Nation!'"

Captain Colton mounted his lorry, vowing he had met a topping Irish girl. The lorry went west; and the Bradford man pointed out the black walls of what once were The Bog's stables and cow-houses. He related a story of mad shootings, but could not recall the names of the guilty; and the Captain did not press him. A Tommy's loyalty is just that.

The military published this report of the whole bad mess:

"It is to be regretted that British soldiers forgot for the moment the gallantry for which British soldiers have always been renowned. In times of provocation, however, men will forget. On the whole, the men showed conspicuous restraint under trying provocations, and maintained the traditional gallantry of British arms." And so forth. And so forth.

(To be continued.)

Mother Most Humble

BY E. B. T.

§ET others call her Blessed One and Queen,
Into whose soul all graces have been poured,
In her own heart she is what she has been
From infancy: The handmaid of the Lord.

Exchange of Talents Clubs.

BY HELENE R. FIGURA.

WHEN enforced leisure came upon Lakeside, as it has come upon most localities during these years of suppressed employment, it left the young business and professional women baffled—for awhile. Thrown off the regular tracks of their existence, they flitted about from one point of interest to another, in vain seeking something which would divert their minds from this so-called depression, until one day they accidentally stumbled upon a salutary plan. Let me tell you how it came about.

In the midst of a bridge game one afternoon, Beatrice, who was known by her friends to possess a lively temperament and from sheer honesty never to hesitate in expressing her feelings, threw down her cards and rose from her chair.

"I don't know how you girls feel about it," she began vehemently, "but if I look at another playing cards I'll scream."

The others evinced no surprise at this sudden strange announcement. In fact, they even seemed to share Beatrice's feelings at the moment, for they followed her example and abandoned the bridge table.

"The game certainly was getting a bit boresome," put in Caroline sympathetically as they sank into deep chairs.

Beatrice took up her cue. "Boresome!" she repeated. "Why, I never was so bored in all my life. Here we've exhausted every source of free amusement known to man, till there's nothing left but to fall asleep like old Rip Van Winkle and let our bones age and our guns grow rusty. Perhaps if we wake up after twenty years or so this famous depression of ours will be over and we can begin to lead normal lives again.

"I agree with you perfectly, Beatrice," returned Caroline. "It is said that a truly educated person is never at a loss as to the manner of spending his leisure, but I think that in this case the saying does not apply. At present it seems that we, as well as many other people, are suffering leisure rather than enjoying it, for it is not of our own choosing, and it was thrust upon us, while other good things of life were at the same time taken away from us. Ever since the Private Academy closed its doors on account of insufficient enrollment, I feel like a stray lamb. Though I've always envied people who have time to read all the books they want, I must admit now that one can become satiated even with books. Reading was much sweeter when I managed to take a few peeps into a book between classes or during my supervision period or in the evening after having corrected the French papers. The loss of a loved occupation does leave a great void in one's life."

Up to this time the other two members of the party, Lydia and Anne, had been silent. Lydia, who had just finished Normal College and strove in vain to find a situation, had also experienced a loss, but in a slightly different way than did Caroline. Caroline had been deprived of the teaching which she enjoyed, Lydia, of the teaching which she had hoped to enjoy. Lydia was to have been an art instructor in the grade schools. Instead, she was thrown upon the doubtful resources of submitting posters and designs for book-plates to various publishers, who occasionally accepted them. She found but small return for the years spent in diligent study.

Anne, whose quick and level thinking had solved many a problem before this, perceived that her friends were drifting into melancholy. Looking from one discouraged face to the other, she determined to save them as well as herself, for she, too, was confronted by similar

difficulties. An idea occurred to her.

"I believe we can help each other out of this 'slough of despond,' girls," she told her friends, "that is, if you are willing. You see, I am not enjoying my former success as teacher of piano. When people are forced to curtail expenses, music lessons are usually classed as luxuries and are among the first to be sacrificed. So it happens that the number of my pupils has now dwindled down to three, which means that I work only three hours a week. I am sure it would help me to recover my balance if some of you girls would offer to become my pupils. In exchange for the music lessons I would give you, I should like to take something that you can give me. For instance, from Caroline I could take a course in French."

The suggestion was received with instantaneous interest and approval. All faces brightened at once, but, as always, the vivacious Beatrice was first with a verbal response.

"A capital idea!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "Let us organize a bureau for the exchange of talents and skills. I have a fine course in bookkeeping and stenography for exchange, ladies. Who is willing to take a business course?"

"I'll take the shorthand and typing," volunteered Caroline, smiling. "I am sure they will help me in keeping my voluminous notes."

"And I'll take the bookkeeping," Anne offered. "Even I may be called upon to keep accounts some day."

"Great! These are the times of unlimited opportunities, my friends." Beatrice's eyes twinkled with excitement. "And to think that we never knew it until now. Who ever thought that Beatrice, the breadwinner, would at this day and age rise to the elite society of music and French verbs. Why, the very thought of it acts like balm upon my spirits."

Even Lydia was caught in the whirl

of excitement and played up to the occasion most gallantly.

"Now, if art as I know it, is in demand, I too should like to take advantage of this opportunity to make an exchange. My desires lie in the way of music and French, and the art of writing business letters that will sell my art work."

"Out with your sketching pencils then, Lydia," ordered Beatrice. They were in Lydia's home. "Let us have our first lesson now."

So that is how the Exchange of Talents Club was started. It grew from day to day until now it encompasses the entire parish and contains within its borders all the young ladies in the vicinity who are suffering from enforced leisure. From its initials E. T. C., the club was nicknamed "Et Cetera" and its members the "Etceteras." The list of subjects taught by the young ladies to their friends has been extended to include Dressmaking, Public Speaking, Dramatics, and Latin. The Pastor helped the club along by permitting it to meet for classes in the parish hall.

Entertainments sprung from this novel use of enforced leisure. First of all, there was an exhibit of the frocks made for themselves by the Etceteras. They formed a most pleasing array of styles and colors, and served as an inducement for a dry goods merchant to donate several bolts of material for the purpose of making clothing for the reedy of the parish. The girls found helping others a real pleasure.

Intellectually, the Etceteras profit immensely from their organization. New talents are being discovered and encouraged, literary, oratorical, and dramatic. No doubt the club will continue to flourish long after the depression will have passed away, for it is a boon to profitable spending of leisure hours. Life would indeed be far more interesting if we had more Exchange of Talents Clubs.

Starting All Over.

BY P. J. C.

SOME weeks ago a Catholic mother, who might be forty, happened into a home where drawn shades, a stopped clock, a crucifix between burning candles were symbols which need not be translated from their associations.

She was a quiet, orderly woman who stirred laughter without effort. That afternoon she was grave, like the day which was sombre; like the house which was silent below little murmurs of speech. You had known her; had laughed at her sallies.

That day her regular, eager face seemed subdued. It was not that solemn fixture we cast about our features when in a house where unanswering Death preaches an unspoken sermon to Life. It seemed the troubled, wistful look of frustration. An anxious, questioning look—as if one were peering into an uncertain future. You perhaps did not so analyze it then.

Jim, her husband, comrade, lover had worked hard, and they saved a little from month to month. They increased that little until it grew into much—for them. "We thought," she said half whimsically half wistfully, as in the old days, "we'd put a little by to keep the kids on in school when they'd be grown. You know what I mean—give them chances we didn't have. And too, you grow old. It is a comfort feeling you have an umbrella put away in dry weather for the rainy day. We saved \$5000. Not so much, perhaps, to some people. It was a great deal to us. We had it in the National for safe-keeping."

She stopped. She, always so brave in cheer when the cold wind of trouble blew in upon her, now shook her head slowly four times. Tears were visible in the blue wells of her eyes. You saw the white half-circle of upper teeth grip the lower lip and hold it tightly. They

released it and she smiled up at you. "Well?" you asked. You wanted the full tragedy.

She threw up her hands in a "what's-the-use" gesture; wiped away those tears a bit defiantly. You would not see her whimpering! Not her! A brave smile—carefree it almost seemed.

"Well, man of God, the National, as you perhaps know, has gone into interior darkness, and left us to do the weeping and gnashing of teeth."

"That's terrible! What'll you do?"

"What'll we do? Not hang ourselves with halters or turn on the gas. We'll do what all you men of God have been telling us again and again in long sermons, when we trip into sin—start all over."

That seems an easy formula to recite—start all over. It is a brave formula when you face the task of rebuilding what has been thrown down through no fault of yours; of recapturing what has been swept away by wind currents which financial forecasters could have foreseen, as they were bound to foresee, had they watched the signs and portents of the sky. Start all over! That is the answer of this Catholic mother of seven children to the challenge of defeat by Frozen Assets and all their works and pomps.

Those miraculous Leaders of Industry and Commerce whose goings by we were advised to view holding our breaths—many of them have not faced the future in resolve to start all over. They are not like this mother. They have more worldly wisdom, more knowledge of finance, more closet information on the market's temperature. They have not her faith, her courage. In whatever else they outpoint her she outpoints them there. Hence, though she is stirred and staggers when tragedy strikes her, she regains her balance and withstands the shock. No gas from the kitchen stove for her.

"What'll we do? Start all over."

Notes and Remarks.

There is a beauty about simplicity and a persuasion about sincerity that no mere literary skill can even simulate. Occasionally we see those rare qualities reflected in the writings of one who has never even had the opportunity of studying the art of expression. Just a few days ago, for example, we had the privilege of seeing a letter received by a certain Vicar-General from an Irish girl who used to be a servant in his house. She is now a nun, thanks to his kind assistance, so she writes him a touching little message telling him how happy she is in her holy vocation. Here is just one short sentence or two from the letter which happens to be just as fresh and fragrant as the apple blossoms that the good nun so beautifully writes about: "As I was walking through the grounds of the Ursuline Convent the other day, my mind wandered back to a beautiful apple tree covered all over with millions of pink blossoms. . . . I know another spot almost as beautiful. That is where my poor mother, who is very much devoted to the Blessed Virgin, lives. This spot is almost covered with pure white May flowers at this time, with some daisies scattered in between. How beautiful this must be to our Blessed Mother, especially this month of May which is her month. After thinking about all those beautiful things, I then return to our peaceful little Chapel and I ask God and His Blessed Mother to bless you and my poor mother, because I rejoice in my holy vocation. The Sisters here are very good to me. I have had many a good laugh since I entered this holy place." Laughter and apple blossoms and Our Blessed Lady and a peaceful little chapel! Heaven isn't so far away we suspect, but what one little nun has got a glimpse of it even in her earthly surroundings.

For the convenience and help of Catholic visitors to Chicago's Centenary of Progress, Father George Casey of the Chicago Archdiocese has been appointed a member of the Visitors' Housing Commission. His chief objective will be to secure Catholic homes for Catholic visitors who like to meet Chicago Catholics, live under their roofs, eat their bread, drink their coffee, talk over with them such inevitable topics as depression, forestration, farm relief, Boulder (formerly Hoover) dam—and how Church collections have fallen off. No matter what you may say about the brotherhood of man, you like, if you are a Catholic, to stay with Catholic people. For one thing, your table of contents for dinner conversations will be much longer; in fact, almost without end.



Robert Quillen in *The Brooklyn Times Union* writes an article which is different. "There are two methods of controlling and directing civilization. Whatever the name of the method, or regardless of its confusing details, it is Christ's way, or the jungle way. The jungle way—the only one yet tried—is dog eat dog. Let the strong devour the weak." Diplomats representing the nations might well put that on the front of their hats when they meet to talk disarmament and tell lies to one another in the near future; when they discuss trade, debt cancellations and what not. If they had done so in 1914 there would be no acres of white crosses in France at this moment, nor some very bad poetry which the white crosses reminded people to write; neither would we be invited to witness pictures in which men are seen boring holes into other men in order to teach us the folly of international conflicts. Uncle Sam would not be Uncle Shylock; France, England, and so on, would not be sending over delegations to the new-deal man in the White House and his professorial advisors. The business captains would not be money

crazy—getting for the sake of possessing, beyond all the uses of man. There would be no bonuses to be fought over; no marches to Washington to view the White House and camp on the front lawn. And there would be no need of radio personalities to tell us to pack up our troubles in the kit bag. No sex stories, sex pictures, sex lectures; no divorces, no birth-control. Keep on adding to the litany of evils—you will not find it difficult. “Only one plan known to mankind remains untried. It is the way offered by the Saviour,” announces Mr. Quillen. Tell that to the leading thinkers, to the I. Q. Surveyors, to Editors, to Intellectually Smart Set Essayists. They will shrug contemptuous shoulders at something so long in the discard of forgotten things. Quite the hardest madness to understand about the secular leaders of this century is their perverse chase to find a solution to the world’s problems independent of the World’s Redeemer.

As this is written the secular press, in a cable from Madrid, reports Premier Manuel Azana as invoking the cloture known as the “guillotine” to end debate on the law proposed to govern religious bodies in Spain. The “guillotine” cut off one hundred odd amendments to the so-called religious bill. This means that men and women of religious Orders, who hitherto educated nearly half the children who attend school in Spain must close their primary schools January first next, and their secondary, October 31, 1934. It is inevitable for us to express sharp surprise at this seeming indifference of Spanish Catholics. One wonders of necessity how such things can be if the Catholic people of Spain are numerous, active, aggressive. If the party now in power has been able to reach power, it must have been due to the failure of the Catholic body to express a commanding opposition. Either the Catholics are in the minority in Spain; or

else they are indifferent, timid, without leaders to stir them into action. All along we have tabulated Spain as a Catholic country. It seems incredible that a group of buccaneering politicians can shut down by government statute the schools of the Catholic people of Spain; and more incredible yet that the Catholic people of Spain seem to acquiesce in, or anyhow seem not actively to oppose, such monstrous effrontery.

The Standard, one of Ireland’s Catholic papers, advises about assaults on Communism in this fashion: “Riotous assaults on the centers of communistic propaganda do no good. They give bad example, and are not in harmony with Christian character. Let our zealous men and youths set their faces against the corruptionist elements in bad books, newspapers, the cinemas and the theater that make ready the soil for the Bolshevik seed.” Good advice to the men and youths. The fact that all political parties are opposed to Communists, who have been unable to secure even one seat in the Dail, is a heartening sign. Yet the Communists persist in holding public meetings where they say provocative things which rouse the men and youths—to whom *The Standard* gives the wholesome lecture—to do things which an Irishman will do when he is more or less emotional.

Sir Francis Goodenough, a British industrialist, has just announced to his countrymen that the business tide has turned, that it may move slowly for a time, but that it will ultimately bring a degree of prosperity never before enjoyed by the human race. While this is not the time to be pessimistic, and while every ray of hope helps to encourage the downhearted, yet we feel in perfect agreement with a writer in the *New York Times* when he says: “For a little while to come we do not want prosperity such as there never was. We

do not want unprecedented prosperity. We do not want hitherto undreamt-of prosperity. These were the kinds of prosperity from which we descended so quickly into depression such as never was before, into unprecedented depression, into hitherto undreamt-of depression. For some time to come we want nothing unprecedented. We want, say, our 1926 prosperity, like the price-raisers at Washington. We do not want anything abnormal. We want no dazzling heights. We want no earthly paradises. We just want our wounds to be healed and our clothes to be mended, and our debts to be paid up in part, and a few years of decent comfort earned by hard work. For the after-effects of hoop-la prosperity are still aching in our bones." This, we believe, voices the feelings of most of our population. They look back to the year 1929 as to a nightmare that they would gladly forget, and for the future they seek nothing more than a decent livelihood and a large supply of peace.

The advocacy of birth-control in Porto Rico by Governor James R. Beverly is regarded as "Yankee meddling" by certain Porto Ricans. Dr. Pedro Abizu Compos, president of the Nationalist Party, is one such. In a statement now made public, Dr. Compos thanks Bishops Byrne and Willinger for their expressed opposition to the birth-control measure. What they asserted "embraces every aspect of the social problem which the Neo-Malthusians raise," and "the reflections which it contains are irrefutable." The Doctor views the so-called problem of over-population in Porto Rico as a scheme to check the expansion of the native Porto Ricans in order to make way for an invasion of immigrants from the United States and the Virgin Islands. "To the mother race of our culture our doors have been locked. The entrance of either Spaniards or Spanish Americans to strengthen the Spanish

structure of our nation is virtually impossible. It does not fit in with North American plans." We do not know, of course, whether our Government intends to colonize Porto Rico with people from the United States. And, perhaps, Governor Beverly had no such scheme in his head when he encouraged birth-control legislation. Anyhow, whatever scheme he had in his head, birth-control is wrong and should not be used as a means to advance any legitimate scheme.

The wife of Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania is credited with calling attention to the condition of the factory girls in Allentown and other Pennsylvania cities. The girls in some of these factories struck. The wage of from \$1.75 to \$3 a week will suggest why. It may be countered—likely has been so countered—that at the present time this is the best wage factory owners can pay. What about the great years in Egypt when factories made profits beyond computation? The factory girls were paid higher wages then of course, but not in any sense commensurate with factory income. If these are the lean years, why not apportion some of the leanness to factory owners. How can a girl live on \$1.75 a week? Distribute the leanness a little more equitably. Do not give it all to the factory girls.

"Coalition of Revolutionary Parties" is the covering name agreed upon by various groups opposed to the present Government ruling Mexico. At a session of the "Coalition" the question of "freedom of conscience" and "full liberty of worship" was on the table; and Señor Sanchez Azcona objected to the word "full." He declared for freedom of conscience, but would restrict external manifestations of rites and cults. Just how much freedom of conscience would you enjoy under the clause restricting what is vaguely called "external mani-

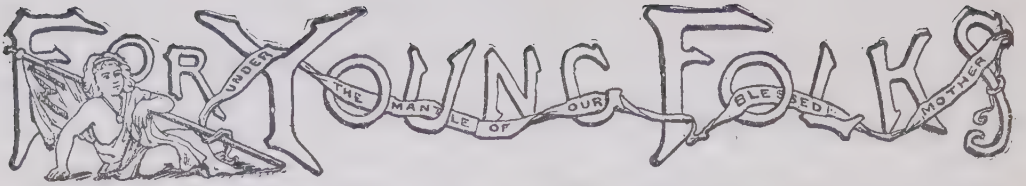
festations of rites and cults?" Might not celebrating or hearing Mass, conferring or receiving the Sacraments, be construed as an "external manifestation of rites and cults?" Very likely that was the thought lodged somewhere in the back of Sr. Azcona's head. In the debate which followed, Azcona's restricting clause did not carry. It was opposed by Sr. Quevado, Sr. Licenciado Soto y Gama, Sr. Licenciado Ruiz and others. And so at the moment—whatever of the future—"Coalition of Revolutionary Parties" is for freedom of conscience and religious worship; religious worship which is an expression of religion.

Wayne Gard, in a recent article in *The North American Review*, declares that Thomas Edison's prediction that the man of the future will be deaf if something is not done to stop the noise in our cities, is altogether correct. He points out, for instance, that the New York traffic noises have reached such an intensity on certain streets that the roar of a Bengal tiger could not be heard twenty feet away, and he believes that it is a fallacy to think that one can become so accustomed to noises that all their injurious effects will be eliminated. The physical injury and the nervous strain continue to affect us even though we become relatively unconscious of the noise itself, and the blood pressure and the nervous strain which result from such din will impair our whole physical make-up. He figures that the loss resulting from preventable noises if stated in dollars and cents would be enormous—greater probably than the loss caused by forest fires. Noise in factories reduces the output of the workers; noise in stores and restaurants drives away customers; noise in traffic, especially the horns and sirens of impatient drivers, is the cause, no doubt, of many accidents. Herbert Spencer once said that one might gauge

a man's intellectual capacity by the degree of his intolerance of unnecessary noises. Noise commissions are now at work in many of our cities, and the results of their work have been quite noticeable. They have, for example, taken 95 per cent of the noise out of auto horns, closed the cutouts on motorcycles, and even effected something toward the quieting of street-cars and elevated roads. With a little help from all concerned, this anti-noise movement might go far toward making our large cities habitable places.

Certain senators, and of course certain people who are not senators, see inconsistency in the Government's truculent threat of impounding citizens for hoarding their gold. "What about our hoardings in the banks which the banks lost for us?" they ask. Quite true and pertinent. Only at the moment it is the purpose of the President to set the country going. One evil does not remedy another. Moreover, the hoarder is not injuring the bankers, or the banks, so much as he is injuring the country by slowing the progress of its advance, holding it down when it should be rising. Hoarding now will not punish those who gambled with people's earlier savings. It will frustrate wholly or in part those who are trying to strengthen our somewhat shaken house.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the soul of Reverend William J. Donohue, formerly Chaplain of the Catholic Actors' Guild and until recently Assistant at the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle in New York City. Father Donohue was known far and wide in the theatrical profession, often travelling long distances and overcoming innumerable obstacles in his zeal for the spiritual welfare of Catholic actors and actresses. We believe that Father Donohue deserves a prayer from all who are interested in a clean theatre. *R. I. P.*



The Trip.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

WELL, yes, Ellen, I enjoyed the trip;
No one could call it slow;
They just stepped on the gas and let her rip,
And that car sure could go!
Once I saw a clover-field flash past;
And once a dash of blue
That looked like cornflowers, but we went so fast
I couldn't say I knew.
I thought I caught a breath of new-mown hay,
And once I got a gleam
Of where, along a shadowed, willowy way,
There might have been a stream;
And when a road into a timber led—
That was like a bite
I didn't get; we passed a cat-tail bed,
Just merely got a sight.
But, mind you, Ellen, how we used to ride,
Taking hours and hours?
We got acquainted with the countryside;
We knew its fruits and flowers.
The "Lone Elm" by the fence was like a friend,
It nodded as we passed:
We were not hurrying toward the journey's end;
We wanted it to last.

Jimmy's Cake-Lady.

BY S. M. V.

"MOTHER," said Bob Patterson as he entered the room where his mother was reading the evening paper, "wouldn't you like to have me tell you a bedtime story? I know a good one."

"It is rather reversing the rôle, is it not? In days gone by, Bob, I told the stories, but I'll be delighted to be a listener this time particularly since it will give me the pleasure of your com-

pany—a rather unusual thing these days."

"Now, Mother, don't rub it in. You know I can't gather news for the paper and stay with you, too. As the kiddies say, this is a 'really truly' story. I can vouch for it, because I saw most of it develop. You are sure to get some local color and that, according to the chief, is everything."

"For some time I have been waiting each evening for Jack Bennett at the corner of Tenth and the Avenue—you know we come home together—and often I noticed a little old lady, dressed in black of a fashion not this year's nor last's either, who came along about the same time each evening. There isn't anything particular about the little woman except a pair of piercing dark eyes and the most winsome smile I have ever seen."

"One day, a few months ago, I was sitting in Jack's car when along comes the little lady carrying a small package. When she reached the newsy on the corner, she said with her charming smile, 'Sonny, could you eat a piece of nice fresh cake?'—'Gee, lady, could I and could the kid at home help me? Thank you a million times,' he said, as she handed him the cake and turned away. 'Oh, wait a minute, lady,' and the boy, having found a safe place for his papers and the precious piece of cake in the doorway, said, 'I'll help you across the street.' I hadn't noticed before that the little lady was slightly lame. On the other side of the street she flashed him one of her delightful smiles, and, hat in hand, he bowed with the courtliness of a Walter Raleigh."

"I had watched with keen interest this little scene many times, before it occurred to me to find the story behind

it. But, when the inspiration came, I remembered that the little lady always came from the direction of the Capitol and at about the same hour each evening—these circumstances suggested ‘office.’ Gradually I visited all the offices on or near the hill, and finally drifted into one of which the doorkeeper was a burly, very black Negro whose name I learned later is Ned. As I stood talking to him and watching the workers as they arrived, I saw his face break into a broad grin and he hurried forward to help no less a person than my little lady. While I waited for his return, who should hail me but Nora Sullivan, a girl I went to high school with, and whom I hadn’t seen since graduation day. When the greetings were over, Nora said, ‘What’s *The Star’s* chief reporter looking for around our office? Anything doing?’

“Tell me something about the little lady your door man is taking to the elevator with so much ceremony,” I answered.

“Bob, you can’t make a story out of Miss Katie—not for publication, you know.”

“After assuring her that mine was a friendly interest with no hint of business in it, she told me the story.

“It seems that Miss Katie comes from a very good family and was educated at one of our noted convent schools, and for most of her life had plenty of this world’s goods. A number of deaths coming in quick succession left her almost the last of her family, and some severe financial reverses left her nearly penniless as old age was creeping on. Through the influence of a friend she secured a position in one of the Government departments, and on her fiftieth birthday she went to work for the first time. She made a very pathetic figure, Nora said, as she stood in the great hallway that first morning, completely at a loss how to proceed until big Ned spied her

and came to her aid. The smile she flashed him was so appealing that it won his heart on the instant, and he escorted her with all the importance of his race to the chief of the division. Ever since Ned has been Miss Katie’s knight, faithful as a big mastiff, and eager to serve in any and every way possible.

“At first Ned was the only one who paid court to Miss Katie, but soon the whole office adopted her, and he would be very brave who would dare to molest the little woman or interfere with her in any way. She is a gentlewoman of the old school, and she has the manners, the consideration, the respect for the rights of others that go with being a gentlewoman. She is little, but she has a dignity all her own, and though her dress is out of fashion, it is the perfection of neatness and always in good taste. Her work is perfect for she has two old-time accomplishments: she both reads and writes well, and where she works these are assets of much value.

“It soon became known that Miss Katie lived alone and provided for her own wants, and it gradually became a custom with those who had homes to bring her some little delicacy for lunch, generally a piece of fresh cake. They soon discovered that she did not eat the cake at the office, but, as she always took it with her, they fancied she ate it for dinner. Now it happens that Miss Katie does not eat cake, yet not for the world would she say so to the kind donors, and I have told you how she disposed of it. Having found a way to use it and to please a boy at the same time were a boon to the little woman, and she was very faithful to her self-appointed task.

“I thought that was all there was to the story until a strange boy appeared on our corner one evening, and I heard him call the little colored boy on the next corner and tell him to run up to Tenth and G and ask Pee Wee why he

hadn't reported about Miss Katie. In a very short time the boy was back and Pee Wee with him and the latter indignantly demanded, 'Howse I goin' to report about Miss Katie when I ain't put her across the street yet? She done went into St. Patrick's to say her prayers like she always do and when she come out she stand and talk to a friend and when she's ready to go the lights turn and we has to wait some mo. Jimmy ain't goin' to jump me. I seed to Miss Katie the bes' I knows how.'

"That's interesting thinks I, and the next day Jack and I followed to see what it was all about and this is what we found. After the first boy helped the lady across the street, he gave a sharp whistle or two for which the boy on the next corner above was evidently waiting, and he in turn saw the lady safe across the street and then he signalled the next one. They kept this process up till Miss Katie was safe in her apartment, and then a series of whistle signals made that fact known to Jimmy. Jack and I followed them up and down several days, and then Jack asked for an explanation. He was told that Miss Katie was Jimmy's cake-lady and he had given orders that they were to see that she got home safe, and that they had devised this system of signals to let each other know when she reached the different stages on her way. Evidently they stood in some awe of Jimmy, and no one was rash enough to disobey him.

"Another evening there was a new boy on our corner, and when Miss Katie came along, he told her Jimmy had been promoted, that Mr. Jack had taken him up to the news-stand. Miss Katie was starting off, when the boy from the corner above came running. Throwing his papers into the arms of the other lad, he caught up with the little lady and saw her safe across, but it was a very irate mortal who attacked his comrade when he got back, 'Don't youse

know better than to let Miss Katie cross the street alone? Wait till Jimmy hears what you done and you'll git it!'

"'Aw, go on, how'd I know anything about Miss Katie? Who is she, anyway? You're making such a fuss about her. I can't stop to 'scort every old lady that comes along across the street! Who'd sell all my papaws I'd like to know?'

"'You mean to say you don't know who Miss Katie is? Why, she's Jimmy's cake-lady, that's who she is, an' him an' that crippled brother o' his jist worships her, an' you'd better see that you do, too, if you're goin' to be aroun' here long.'

"Jack and I had been sitting in his car watching this performance and enjoying it. Wondering what the next step might be, we followed Miss Katie. When we got to the next corner she and the newsy were having a confab, so Jack drew up to the curb. As he did so the boy saw him and hailed him with, 'O Mr. Jack, if you're goin' to the stand, will you take Miss Katie with you? She wants to see Jimmy.'

"'Of course, I will,' said Jack, as he got out to help the lady into the car. 'You are very good to my boys, Miss Katie, and they appreciate your interest and so does their boss,' said Jack.

"'The boys are better to me than I am to them, I wish I could do something to help Jimmy. Taking care of that crippled brother makes it very hard for him. The law obliges him to go to school, and he sells papers before and after school, which gives him no time for play. The children have no parents, and the little lad is at home all day alone. It seems the family lived in the house before the mother died and the owner gives the boys the attic rent free, but Jimmy has to get the food for both, and it is too much for the child. The little fellow, Bennie, has something the matter with his leg and cannot walk. Jimmy can manage to get him down the

two or three flights of stairs, but he cannot carry him up, so the child seldom gets out of doors. I am sure he is pale and thin. I'd like to go to see him, but I cannot climb the stairs.'

"'I did not know Jimmy had a crippled brother,' answered Jack; 'but now that I do know it you need not worry, for I'll see to him and let you know the result.'

"'Jimmy stands high with your news-boy clan, Mr. Jack, in fact I think he is the leader,' observed Miss Katie.

"'Why, what has Jimmy been up to now?' inquired Jack.

"'When you came along just now Pee Wee was telling me that Jimmy is forming a club for the boys. They are to have a ball team or two, and the work is to be so arranged that the boys can play ball or see a game once or twice a week. This part appealed strongly to Pee Wee, but he is not so sure he can live up to the rest of the club regulations. It seems there is to be no skipping from school, and every boy must make a good record or he sees no ball games. Besides he must be straight—no lying or cheating or anything else that does not fit in with this high-class affair, and worst of all, the boys must go to church and say their prayers. Pee Wee is shying at this last requirement,' laughed Miss Katie, 'he says he don't know no prayers.'

"'By this time, we had reached the stand and Jimmy gave a war whoop and dance when he saw who was in the car. 'Oh, Miss Katie, I have been promoted. Mr. Jack is letting me help him with the stand and I owe it to you. Mr. Jack says you taught us how to be polite and considerate, and we ought to make good salesmen, and he is going to give us a chance to see what we can do. Ain't it fine? Gee, I thank you, Miss Katie!'

"'Mr. Jack gives me entirely too much credit, I fear,' replied Miss Katie, 'but I am glad of your good fortune.'

"Jack then told Jimmy that since there was not much business to close up the stand and come with us. We took Miss Katie home and thereupon went to see the crippled boy. I don't wonder that Jimmy did not often attempt to bring the child downstairs—it was all a grown man could do to get him back. The little fellow was overjoyed to see Jimmy so early in the day, and when Jack told him he was going for a ride I thought the child would burst a blood-vessel. He forgot the piece of cake Jimmy had given him, so overcome was he. The little chap is eight, maybe ten years old, but he is pale and thin, and shows the lack of care. Jack took him to his friend, Doctor Osborn, for an examination and he thinks it possible that something can be done for Bennie, but he must be built up first."

"Bob Patterson, where is that child?" interrupted his mother.

"Outside in the car with Jack and Jimmy."

"And you left him out there all the time you were telling me this story? Get him at once and bring him to me."

"All right, Mother, that's just why I told you the story. I knew you'd rise to the occasion as the orators say."

One evening some months later, Bob stood in the doorway watching the group on the porch. It consisted of his mother, Jack, Miss Katie, with Jimmy stretched on the floor at her feet, a small boy in a wheel-chair laughing heartily at some joke Jimmy told, and a big dog whose head was in Miss Katie's lap. Bob caught his mother's eye and they exchanged smiles.

"A very nice family you have, Mother," said Bob.

"Yes, thank God."

"For a dandy Mother and Jimmy's Cake-lady," added little Bennie.



COMMON-SENSE in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.

Black Bob.

He was a coal black horse, the property of Colonel Rollo Gillespie, commanding the Eighth King's Royal Irish Light Dragoons, a regiment with a long record of bravery, as well as a long name. Colonel Gillespie and Black Bob were inseparable friends; and when one sad day the Colonel was killed while fighting bravely, the horse seemed to feel a sorrow almost human.

The regiment was then stationed in India, and there was considerable strife and suspense among the colonial troops as to the future ownership of the gallant charger, who was duly put up at auction, as if he had been a cart-horse instead of Colonel Gillespie's own Black Bob. Fortunately, however, the horse did not realize that he was to undergo the humiliation of changing owners for a mere sum of money, and conducted himself in such a high-stepping way before his would-be purchasers that the bidding was fast and frantic. The price set upon him was three hundred guineas; but when the troopers of the Colonel's old regiment saw the saddle and housings still stained with the blood of the gallant commander whom they had almost idolized, they determined that Black Bob should stay with the "Royal Irish." The Twenty-Fifth Light Dragoons, however, made, through an officer, a bid of four hundred guineas, at which the Colonel's old veterans shook their heads in fear and perplexity.

"But we *must* have him, boys," said one; and, amid cheers long and loud, five hundred shining guineas were forthcoming from the scanty hoards of the Royal Irish, and Black Bob was still their own. He seemed to feel his honors as he stepped off, always at the head of the regiment, as proud as a king. He had a taste for music, too, and could tell the trumpets of the Eighth Dragoons from all others, no matter how many were playing. His favorite tune was

"Garry Owen," and on hearing that he would invariably toss his head and prick up his ears.

But at last there came an end to all this glory and prosperity; for the soldiers of the Royal Irish were ordered home to England, and there were good reasons why they could not take their four-footed friend along with them. With sad hearts they parted from him, and a citizen of Caupore became his master. Then, after the purchase-money was paid, they returned half of it, and extracted a solemn promise from the buyer that Bob should be kept in comfort as long as he lived.

Three days passed; and evidently Black Bob, although surprised at his new quarters, looked for his old friends to come to him again. At last, when he heard the familiar trumpets and found himself securely tied in a stable, he struggled so frantically that he was nearly strangled and quite worn out. But all in vain; for the Royal Irish were at that time marching to Calcutta, to take the ship which would carry them home—without Black Bob.

Then the poor old horse began to pine away, eating nothing, noticing nothing; and its owner, meaning to be kind, turned him into a field. But the fence was low and Bob had jumped it in a moment and was off like the wind to the English encampment. He went straight to the parade ground; and, on the very spot where he had so often proudly stood with Colonel Gillespie on his back, reviewing the regiment, he fell down and died. Poor Black Bob!

Names of Fabrics.

Damask cloth gets its name from the city of Damascus; muslin from Mosul; calico, from Calcutta; buckram from Bokhara; cambric from Cambrai; gauze, from Gaza; dimity, from Damietta; drugget, from the city of Drogheda; and satin, from Zaytown in China.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A few weeks ago the Yale University Press published some two hundred letters of Robert Browning which were written between 1838 and the year of his death, 1889. Thurman L. Hood has edited the volume.

—That book sales are improving is evident from the report of the Frederick A. Stokes Company. Their publication, "The American Gun Mystery," by Ellery Queen, went into a third edition six days after it was first published.

—The recent book of President Roosevelt, entitled "Looking Forward," has recently been published in England, and will shortly appear in Holland. The *New York Times* asserts that a report from Buenos Aires brings the information that the book is extremely popular in Argentina.

—One of the most popular and practical religious books ever published is "The Question Box," by the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P. Although two million copies and over have already been disposed of, it still continues to sell. Recently, in response to an ever-increasing demand, the Paulist Press of New York has decided to issue a German edition.

—However ironical it may seem at this time, Putnams have just published "The Book of Opportunities: A Dictionary of Jobs." It contains brief accounts of about 3500 American occupations, what the duties are, what kind of experience is necessary to fill these positions, and in many cases states the amount of salary that should be received. It will be news to most people to know that there is such a thing as a "job" in this country at the present time.

—"Altar Prayers," a new book of the most frequently used public prayers, is published by Benziger Brothers. This volume, in exceptionally large and clear type, contains the five litanies; the prayers for special devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, Church Unity; a number of prayers in times of special needs;

three methods of the Way of the Cross. We should like to see in the next edition the prayer for the novena of Pentecost which is becoming rather general in our parishes to-day.

—The Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S. J., in the second series of Minute Meditations, "Thoughts on the Heart of Jesus," gives us thirty brief meditations mostly on the titles of the litany. They are pages that will stir up devotion and stimulate courage to follow in the way of Christ. A brief preliminary chapter explains the method of meditation, and the Litany of the Sacred Heart and a few special prayers to the Sacred Heart conclude the volume. It should be a convenient book to carry to the morning Mass during the month of the Sacred Heart. The Bruce Publishing Co. Price, 50c.

—Those who have read Archbishop Goodier's "The Public Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ," will welcome the sequel to that volume, "The Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ." (P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$3.) It is a volume full of dogmatic, moral and ascetical teaching. A spiritual man who has meditated long on the story of the Gospels, analyzes the character of Our Lord, His Apostles, and His enemies. The story begins with the Tuesday of Holy Week and concludes with the burial of Christ. It is an ideal treatment of these solemn days, bringing out the meaning with all its implications of every event and every word of Christ during those solemn days. We recommend it heartily to the student of the Scriptures as a key to the understanding of some of their most important pages, and as a mine to the preacher. The Archbishop does not stop to discuss fine points over which scholars sometimes dispute, but he makes the great drama of the passion actual and living in such a way as to inspire devotion, and to awe the soul with the grandeur of the act of Redemption.

—Grand Duke Alexander, in his "Always a Grand Duke" (Farrar & Rinehart), makes this observation about his American friends: "When hearing the complaints of my Wall Street friends whose incomes have been re-

duced by the depression, I often wonder how they, their wives and their children, would rate if given just one change of clothing, and told to get out and run. Would they be able to find themselves a place in an alien country, to learn its language, to put up with sneers and humiliations, to begin a new life? The question is slightly impertinent, but in no other manner can the achievements of the Russian refugees be gauged. At that, a New York banker stripped of his money and thrown on the coast of Rhodesia would have a much better chance than his Russian counterpart who emigrated to America, for the African natives do possess a certain degree of inborn respect for any and all white men."

—Interest in Lourdes grows yearly with the story of the cures that are effected there on persons from all parts of the world. It is natural that there would be criticism and denial from skeptics; but with the strict scientific methods of examination that are used at the present-day at the grotto, these criticisms no longer have any appearance of validity. The story of the methods in use at Lourdes and the extraordinary cures that have been effected has been written by Dr. Boissarie, sometime head of the Medical Authentication Bureau at Lourdes. Under the title "Healing at Lourdes," (The John Murphy Co. \$2.25.) Dr. Boissarie gives a detailed study of the work in the Bureau and a review of the pathological cases that have come before it. He answers at length also the criticisms of the "enemies," giving a whole chapter to M. Zola and his novel. This is an authentic study of Lourdes that has real apologetic value and should be read by all who care to understand the living miracle of Our Lady's most famous shrine. A number of interesting illustrations adds to the value of the work.

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"St. John of the Cross." Fr. Bruno, O. D. C. \$5.50.

"The Catholic Church in Contemporary Europe"—Papers of the American Catholic Historical Society. Edited by Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.

"St. Francis de Sales." Rev. Louis Sempé, S. J. \$1.25.

"The Forgotten God." Most Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D. D. \$1.50.

"St. Vincent de Paul; a Guide to Priests." D'Angel—Leonard. \$2.15.

"The Church Surprising." Penrose Fry. \$1.25.

"St. Albert the Great." Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P. \$3.

"The Saints and Friendship." Marian Nesbitt. 25c.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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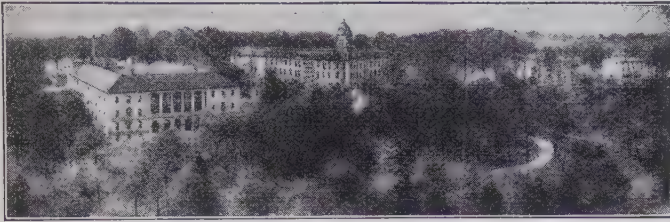
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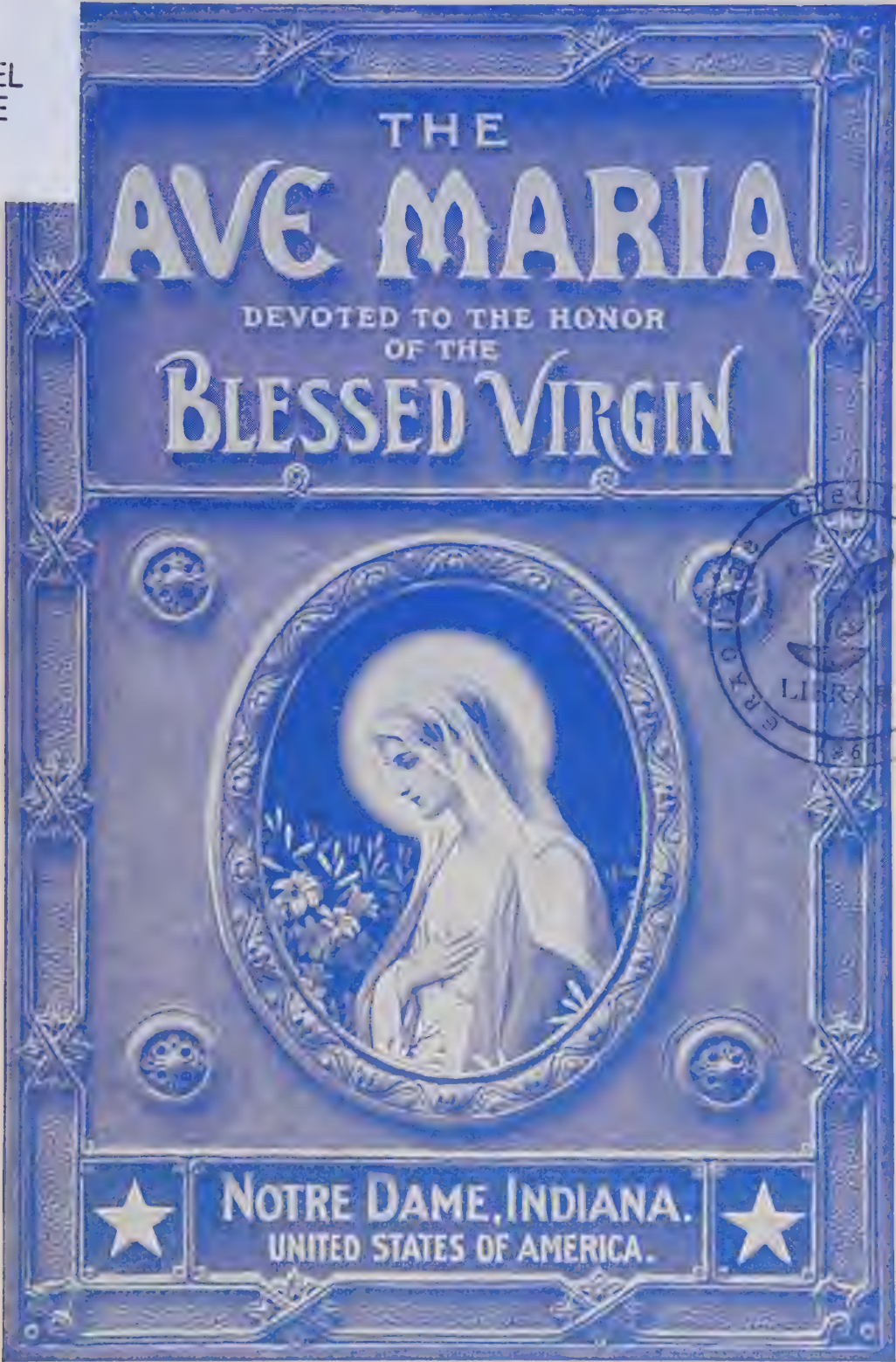
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

JUNE.

SATURDAY, 10.—Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i> St. Margaret, Queen.
SUNDAY, 11.—Trinity Sunday. St. Barnabas, Apostle.
MONDAY, 12.—St. John of Facundus, Confessor.
TUESDAY, 13.—St. Anthony of Padua, C.
WEDNESDAY, 14.—St. Basil the Great, Bishop and Doctor.
THURSDAY, 15.—Corpus Christi. Sts. Vitus and Comp's, MM.
FRIDAY, 16.—St. John Francis Regis, C.
SATURDAY, 17.—Sts. Marcian and Nicander, MM.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.



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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 10, 1933.

No. 23.

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"My Garden."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I WILL make a garden,
 Fragrant, fresh and fair;
 The Queen of all the flowers
 Shall be Mistress there.
 Miracles of Roses,
 Blooming everywhere.
 Somewhere in that garden,
 There shall be a shrine;
 Mary Mother bending
 O'er her Son Divine.
 Near them raptured, kneeling,
 A well-loved saint of mine.
 Sometime in the twilight,
 Holy, restful hour,
 Offering to her sweetness,
 Tribute to her power;
 I shall name my Garden
 For the Little Flower.
 Gentle Saint of Carmel,
 Hold it in thy care,
 Keep its fragrant flowers
 Always fresh and fair.
 With Roses, only Roses,
 Forever blooming there.



THE everyday cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of Time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer sways, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.—*Longfellow.*

Saint Alpais.*

BY M. R. HOSTE.

CUDOT is a charming French village situated in the Department of Yonne in central France. The delicate tints of the landscape are the delight of the poets and artists who visit the region, while archæologists are thrilled by the sight of the ancient stones and other memorials of bygone days in which it abounds. But the most enthusiastic of all the visitors to Cudot are the pilgrims to the tomb of St. Alpais.

Alpais was born at Cudot in the year 1150 or thereabouts. She was the eldest child of a poor laboring family, and her task was a twofold one: out-of-doors she had charge of a small flock, and in the house she occupied herself with domestic duties. She worked very hard; by nature she was inclined to toil, being of an ardent disposition, and serious beyond her years.

At the age of twelve, she was obliged to accompany her father to the fields, and aid him in the rough work he had to do there, then after his death, which happened unexpectedly, she took upon herself the lion's share of his labors. The task was beyond her strength, and it undermined her health; she suddenly developed a strange malady: sores broke out all over her body. The painful truth became evident, she was suf-

* Adapted from the French of Odette Gerard in *La Croix*.

fering from leprosy, that terrible disease which claimed so many victims in the Middle Ages, even in our Western World. Unmistakable traces are still to be found of the refugees destined to isolate the unhappy sufferers from this hateful disease.

Her acquaintances fled from her with horror, as is shown by the following story, which has been called "The Legend of the Spring." In the early days of her illness she was still capable of guarding her flock, and one hot summer afternoon, when she was alone in the middle of a field, she was tormented by a burning thirst. It was impossible for the leper-maiden to drink at the public fountain; so she called to some laborers who were at work not far off, and begged them to pour a little water into her wooden bowl. They pretended not to hear her, and promptly disappeared, leaving Alpais to her loneliness and distress. It was at this sorrowful moment that she planted her crook in the ground, and a miracle was the result—a spring forced its way through the soil where she had cleft it.

But in spite of so wonderful an event, her disease grew worse; her maiden body became a mass of sores. Her own family tried to avoid contagion by erecting a little hut for her, at some distance from the family dwelling. It was made of earth and the branches of trees. A little food was brought to her here every day. Soon she became so badly disfigured that her brothers, and even her mother, could not endure to look at her, and this cut her to the heart. Yet she remained calm, and bore her trials courageously, uniting a rare piety to unflinching patience. She offered all the torture she underwent, for her family, for sinners, and finally for her country, in whose destiny she was deeply interested. Weak and sick as she was, the only nourishment she would accept was the Blessed Sacrament, which was

brought to her each morning by a devoted priest.

She began, of course, to be discussed. A few curious individuals approached her, at a respectful distance. Who could this girl be, they asked, who lived without food, and whose face wore an expression of angelic serenity? It was an interesting, nay, a thrilling case. Then keen strife broke out at Cudot and in the neighborhood. Suggestions were made of fraud, hysteria, even demoniacal intervention. A few bold and inquisitive spirits, regardless of infection, subjected Alpais to an examination. It distressed the saint to find herself thus the theme of conversation in the neighborhood where her family had lived for generations. A fresh trial now came upon her; she seemed for a moment, to be forsaken by God, but no complaint passed her lips. The Saviour was touched by her sorrow and consoled her, and the Virgin Mary came and visited her in her little dwelling. Alpais was speechless in presence of the dazzling beauty she beheld, and dared not utter a word. The Blessed Virgin reassured her with words of heavenly affection: "Fear not, Alpais, I am the Queen of Mercy; you have been humble and patient, give me your hand and receive your cure through me."

"O Virgin Queen!" replied the saint, "how can I stretch out my hands towards you? Corruption has eaten away the muscles; they are almost severed from my arms; if only you might take them yourself."

The Blessed Virgin was touched, and took the maiden's hands in her own; she then enfolded her in the most delightful of embraces; and touched each of the wounds which disappeared as if by magic; even the scars were no longer visible. From that happy moment, the favors of heaven were no longer to be counted. As she disappeared, the Virgin Mary promised the little shepherdess,

thus physically re-created, that she should enjoy the Beatific Vision.

William of Champagne, the brother of the Queen, and Archbishop of Sens, was convinced of Alpais' truthfulness and holiness, and could only marvel at the miracle. He had, quite rightly, had her closely watched, in order to make sure that her extraordinary life was not led with the object of deceiving the multitude, and that there was nothing of auto-suggestion about the case. He was also astonished by the fact of her miraculous fast, for in spite of her sudden and miraculous cure, she remained unable to swallow any food, either in solid, or in liquid form, except the Blessed Sacrament. Nevertheless, her face appeared as beautiful and comely as if she were plentifully supplied with delicious dainties. The Archbishop built a church, which contained an opening into the room of the paralytic maiden; paralytic—for although she was free from leprosy, and the sores had disappeared, Alpais was now unable to move. He also changed her cell into a richly furnished apartment.

How the humble saint must have suffered when she found herself thus venerated! How she must have disliked being visited by so many people, from Adela, the wife of Louis VII., down to the humblest peasant! Nevertheless, she was so thoroughly kind and unselfish that she had a smile for all; she gave counsel to one and consolation to another; she preached the Gospel, the Cross, and the Eucharist, calling them "those three books open to Christians, that they may know their duty, keep their way, and realize their sublime hopes." Often she would work cures; in her presence a child of nine, that had been dumb from birth, gained the use of speech. A woman who had been given up as a hostage was groaning in chains, in a prison near Cudot; she asked of God to be freed from her bonds, by the

merits of the saint, and immediately her chains were broken. Favored by the night she hastened to offer them to her deliverer.

The monks from the abbey "Des Echarlis" often visited Alpais; and it is due to the conversations which they held with her, and which they recorded with scrupulous care, that these few details about her life can be given. She related her experiences quite simply, and her one desire in doing so was to glorify God. It was thus that she described to her visitors the ecstasies by which she was rapt, specially on the feasts of Our Lord or Our Lady.

Supported by the angel, vouchsafed her as a guide, at one time she would pass through the place of punishment, at another she would visit the abode of the blessed. When she came out of this marvellous condition, she seemed to herself—so we are told by Robert d'Auxerre, a contemporary chronicler—to be suddenly cast from a boundless and luminous region into darkness, and that a millstone, so to speak, was extended before her eyes. She said also that, during her raptures, she saw the whole world at once, and in a round shape like a ball, the sun being greater than the earth, the earth resembling an egg hanging in space, and surrounded completely by water. But she added that the reasons and the causes of things were so profound and so secret, that the more carefully one tried to discover them, the less one could understand them.

Certainly such revelations are surprising in the case of a poor and quite uneducated peasant woman living in the Twelfth Century. Alpais astonished all the learned men of her day—especially the astronomers—when she described to them the solar system almost in the very words used by Copernicus and Galileo four or five centuries later. Those who were round about her under-

stood that such learning could not be her own, but that "He that teacheth knowledge to man had made His dwelling in her." In fact, she lived a supernatural, immaterial, sublimated life, and it lasted as such until the day of her death.

On November 3, 1211, the saint quietly passed away, amid universal lamentation. She was buried in the place where she had lived, done good, and suffered. For a long time afterwards people came in crowds to the paralytic girl's tomb, where there were numbers of cures; then by a sad law of our human nature, she was forgotten. During the wars of religion, the Huguenots destroyed her rich sepulchre, and it seemed as if this wonderful page of history would be read no more. Years went by . . . until in the last century, Monsieur l'Abbé Boiselle, the curé of Cudot, who took a keen interest in the history of the Burgundian maiden, consulted the documents relating to her, which were to be found in the library of St. Geneviève in Paris. He resolved to bring to the light of day those dusty yellow records, full as they were of marvels, unique marvels because true. It would take too long to describe in detail all the proceedings and investigations of a long and careful inquiry. On February 7, 1874, Pius IX. signed the recognition of her cult, and the proclamation of the decree was made on August 26, 1874, near the spot where she was supposed to be buried. Monseigneur Bernadou, the Archbishop of Sens, presided.

Nevertheless, the object which Monsieur Boiselle had in view was as yet unattained. This Knight of St. Alpais, as he has been justly termed, organized a Commission, which was charged with the duty of making excavations and discovering the saint's coffin. The work required patience, but God doubtless guided the steps of those engaged in it. On March the 14, 1878, the holy body

was discovered, and the canonical elevation took place on the 17th of August in the same year.

Monseigneur Bernadou writes: "We perceived a complete and intact skeleton, every bone of which was in the place belonging to it in the human frame, and we ascertained that nothing in the coffin had ever been disturbed, and that it had never been opened since the death of St. Alpais." Beneath the head two coins were found which have been identified: one is an "obole" (farthing) of Chartres of the Twelfth Century, the other of Ravenna of the first years of the Thirteenth Century. These had been placed where they were found at the time of the burial.

The Archbishop and the Abbé Boiselle proceeded to restore the humble church of Cudot, and to enrich it with a magnificent reliquary, and a splendid shrine, containing the saint's remains. This work of art, of which Emile Peignot and Louis Favier were the authors, is one of the most beautiful of the treasures of the Department of Yonne. It was inaugurated on the 8th of June, 1891. The form is oblong like a tomb; at the four corners handsome pillars support the covering. The general style recalls the great period when Alpais lived, and is in harmony with the church which was built to serve as a chapel for the holy recluse by William of Champagne, better known by the name of William of the White Hands, Archbishop of Sens.

Pilgrims flock to this spot especially on November 3, and on the first Monday in June, when miracles are most frequent. Nothing is spared that can add to the honor and glory of the paralyzed shepherdess, who is regarded as the guardian angel of the hills of Yonne.



MAN never fastened one end of a chain around the neck of his brother, that God did not fasten the other end round the neck of the oppressor.—*Lamartine*.

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XXIII.

IN November, 1920, The Bog in desperation went to Father Healy.

Never before had he asked a priest to help him in his affairs. A man should settle his own troubles and not trot down to a priest, who'd have three fingers holding open the pages of his Office book.

He was desperate; no help to speak of, and his property burned as if he were fighting the Government like all the mad devils. He was gaining nothing by being loyal. He never believed in trotting down to priests, but maybe the priest could do something. He could talk to that hussy who was stark mad. She might be said by the priest, and the young ass would be said by her. Then he could promise the Military that his fool of a son would settle down; he'd see Sergeant Hackett himself and give promise for his good conduct. The Sergeant was a decent fellow anyhow, and would get protection for the place. Hackett would be glad to do that.

It was a soft morning. The dark gray clouds were so vaporous they seemed ready to melt as rain; and the southwest wind was freighted with warm mist as it trifled with those faded thistle stems which stood naked in clusters here and there over that pasture field west of the down-hill road to Kilbeg School. The land was moist and sticky. The road surface was puddly, and little pools of water stood in those unrepaired hollows made by car wheels. The roads were shamefully neglected these mad days, The Bog noted bitterly.

Going up hill by the school, he remembered that the fellow Conway—a smooth, calculating devil about whom that hussy of his had gone crazy—was on the run and another fellow in his place; and the other fellow just as smooth a devil as

he, very likely! Why the devil couldn't they all have sense, and the country never getting better prices! His stables, his cowhouses were in ruins above, his stock neglected; his gardens were only half cared for, and the bog below as untamed as a mad bull! If the bog had only been tamed a year ago! That made him think of Davey for the thousandth time. The ass!

"When I was young, boys and girls never thought of liking each other till they consulted their parents. And now this lout—"

That made him think of the Farley hussy, trying to make a fool out of a fellow who was a fool already! If he only met her now he'd give her a piece of his mind! She had made an impudent rowdy out of his son. The fellow always did what he was told till she palavered him, so he thought he was a hero. The ass! If he only met that hussy now! He turned in at the priest's gate.

Had he delayed two minutes looking up at that high wall surrounding the school, he would have met Alice; and then he could have lectured her. She and Mickeen the Hump were just about to turn the road curve when The Bog entered the priest's yard; that curve at which the Black and Tans shot into the flock of sheep the night they drove back to Limerick after burning The Bog's stables. Had he delayed those two minutes observing the school wall, he would have seen Alice and Mickeen the Hump at his side of the turn. He was already in the hallway of the parish house when they came into view.

Mickeen had gone down early by bicycle to Kilcool to find out for Sergeant Hackett if the bridge there which spanned the Deel was or was not blown up. Contradictory reports had come to the Sergeant. Mickeen was coming back now to tell him the bridge was safe. When passing Farleys' he dropped in.

"I thought I'd run in and find out if everybody is home."

"Everybody's not," Mrs. Farley said. "Himself is at Askeaton and the boys—well, the boys are—"

"Hunting larks, I suppose?"

"No, fighting dogs."

"'Tis a great diversion, fighting dogs—only dogs bite sometimes. Is Alice in?"

"Yes, prince—I come to you."

She came out dressed in a neat walking suit.

"Going out, Alice?" he asked.

"Yes; to the school with mended clothes. Will you come along, or stay to tea with the Lady of the Manor here?"

"I believe I'll go along. You're a nice girl and will shorten the road for me on account of your sweet language."

"Yes, Mickeen, and be a protection to her."

"I will, Mrs. Farley, I will. I'll put my arms around her so as to keep her safe from harm." Alice was already setting out.

"I don't think you need go so far as that, Mickeen." And Mrs. Farley laughed softly; she so seldom had a laugh these days.

"No danger—he'll walk ten yards ahead!" Alice called as she went by that box hedge behind which Davey listened to her rustling figure the night he found his soul.

"What's the news, Mickeen?" They journeyed side by side, Mickeen carrying Alice's bundle and pushing his bicycle.

"Devil a bit! What news yourself?"

"Great news, Mickeen! We're beating the British. John Conway slays his thousands, and David—my David!—slays his Tan thousands."

"Where did you get that? 'Tis fine!"

"In the Bible, where we get all great things."

"I'm no good at reading. Are you still in love with Davey?"

"More than ever. He's my hero—I sing to him!"

"'Tis funny, isn't it? I'm that way too—very affectionate. I'm full of love.

I could fall in love now, if I wanted to, with Nano, Mary Boylan or yourself. For example, I like yourself very much in some ways. Although you have a bend to your nose I don't like; and one crooked eye."

"Mickeen, march ten yards ahead! You insult me!"

"I beg your pardon! But what I meant to say is, I'm very affectionate and fall in love for no reason at all. I fall in love with nice girls for nothing!"

"That's enough—the day is soft, isn't it?"

"'Tis—like myself. I'm soft—I melt into love easily. I—"

"Talk about something else!"

"Fall in love every half-hour. I can—"

"O shut up!"

"Fall in love almost as easy as I can take a drink."

Below the school wall just before she climbed the stone steps Alice whispered in genuine warmth,

"Mickeen, God bless you! You're our salvation!"

He straightened up, holding his bicycle by the saddle.

"You're speaking to a servant of the Crown!"

An old man and his wife drove by in an ass car as Mickeen made his loud declaration.

"He looks like a Black and Tan in disguise," the woman said softly.

"He's ugly enough to be one of them," her husband answered.

Mickeen went on down hill and wheeled his bicycle into Listons' yard where Davey and the girls had hidden from the Tans. He would have a talk with Tom Liston so as not to get back too soon, for fear Sergeant Hackett might think he had not examined every span of the bridge.

The Bog, who barely missed Alice Farley, found Father Healy home. He had not several fingers in his Office book. He was sealing a letter to Father Matthew Walsh, a priest serving in Indiana,

the United States, who had called on him while visiting Ireland.

"Why, Hugh—good morning!"

Hearing Father Healy call The Bog 'Hugh,' you would want to cheer. Only two persons in Kilbeg dared 'Hugh' The Bog—his wife and his parish priest. Mrs. Byrne dared because she maintained the chumminess of a brief courtship through years of wedlock. Father Healy did not dare; to him Hugh Byrne was just a man of leggings and girth.

"Come, sit down, Hugh."

The Bog sat, and suspended that recaptured yellow cane from the back of an upright chair—the cane Davey hated.

"'Tis soft out," The Bog said.

"Very. And how's the health, Hugh?"

"Middling only; and 'tis this madness upon the country is causing it. I came in to see you about it—just."

"Yes, Hugh."

"'Tis why I came down, to see if you wouldn't do something."

He paused, and the priest said nothing.

"Your Reverence has heard, I suppose, that my place was burned some time ago."

"Yes, and I was very sorry to hear it, Hugh."

"It can't continue—this burning and burning; 'tis why I came down. That girl of mine is mad with the wild ideas, and the (he was going to say 'fool,' but checked himself) boy is said and led by her. If I could only promise the Military that the boy would behave, my place would be safe. And because you've such weight with the girl, I was wondering if you'd say a word to her, and she'd advise the boy. She has great power over him."

"You mean, I should help you to secure immunity from the Military by asking Nano to get Davey to stop fighting the Crown Forces?"

"Yes—get them both back to their senses."

"You mean Davey should give in and let all the other young fellows carry on?"

"They needn't carry on. They can give in too; and bring peace upon the country so as to maintain prices."

"Especially maintain prices," the priest said, eyeing The Bog.

"Certainly."

Father Healy did not stand up; just straightened a little in his chair.

"Hugh, did you come down thinking I'd do that for you?"

"I thought, being a priest, you'd help a man out."

"I'm sorry, Hugh. Not sorry that I'm not going to help you in this case; but that you came down thinking I would. Haven't you known where I stood on this question all the time?"

"I thought," he said, looking straight at his parish priest, "you were with the law of the land—or anyhow not against the lawful Government."

"The British Government?"

"Of course—what other Government?"

"Would you mind reading this? 'Twill save time explaining what I thought you knew."

Father Healy reached into one of the desk drawers and pulled out a newspaper. It was faded somewhat after four years since it was first printed. He handed the paper to The Bog—the same paper out of which he was accustomed to read figures on bacon, ham, beef, butter, cows, horses. He missed entirely, or had forgotten entirely, that strong letter by Dr. O'Dwyer, the Bishop of Limerick, to a complaint of Sir John Maxwell back in 1916. Sir John objected to the activities of Father Healy and another Limerick clergyman. The newspaper seemed like an old parchment as the big man held it up.

"Sir"—wrote the Bishop from Charleville, May 17, 1916,—“I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., which has been forwarded to me here. I have read carefully your allegations against Father Healy and

Father —— (We are not authorized to give the other priest's name), but do not see in them any justification for disciplinary action on my part. They are both excellent priests, who hold strong national views, but I do not know that they have violated any law, civil or ecclesiastical. In your letter of the 6th inst. you appeal to me to help you in the furtherance of your work as military dictator of Ireland. Even if action of that kind was not outside my province, the events of the past few weeks would make it impossible for me to have any part in proceedings which I regard as wantonly cruel and oppressive. You remember the Jameson Raid, when a number of buccaneers invaded a friendly State and fought the forces of the lawful government. If ever men deserved supreme punishment it was they. But officially and unofficially the influence of the British Government was used to save them, and it succeeded. You took care that no plea for mercy should interpose on behalf of the poor, young fellows who surrendered to you in Dublin. The first information which we got of their fate was the announcement that they had been shot in cold blood. Personally, I regard your action with horror, and I believe it has outraged the conscience of the country. Then the deporting by hundreds, and even thousands, of poor fellows without a trial of any kind seems to me an abuse of power, as fatuous as it is arbitrary, and altogether your régime has been one of the blackest chapters in the history of the misgovernment of this country."

The Bog was thinking of his burned stables and cowhouses. "The poor young fellows who surrendered to you in Dublin" were as remote from his mind as the heroes of Thermopylæ. He was getting up to go—it was a useless trip; but Father Healy did not want him to go yet.

"Just a minute, Hugh. You're broken up because of your burned barns and stables?"

"Of course—wouldn't you be?"

"Perhaps. But there are thousands of other Irish farmers who have burned barns and stables too. What about them?"

"They can stop fighting the Government."

"They can, of course. But suppose, Hugh, a man comes in and takes over your house, your barns and stables and makes you work the place for him, keeping the profits for himself—what would you do?"

"I have no more to say, your Reverence. When you have no help for me, I've no answer for you."

"Well, I've an answer. Hugh Byrne you'd drive him out; or anyhow fight till you were sure you couldn't. And then you'd wait for another chance. Ireland is your house, Hugh, though you won't see it. You think only in terms of your selfish self. Thank God there are thousands upon thousands of Irishmen and women whose thoughts are as long and as wide as Ireland! That's why we have a Rebellion. And that's why we'll win—this time. I won't tell Davey or Nano to stay out. I'd be ashamed of myself if I did. I'm ashamed of you for asking."

Hugh Byrne stood up now—a colossal man whose face seemed the side of a crag. He lifted his cane from the back of the straight chair, his hat from the floor.

"Good morning, Sir. I won't come to you again with my troubles."

"Good morning, Hugh. And be sure I'll go to you. I'll go whether you come to me or not. And I'll serve you whether you want me to or not."

And so home again. As The Bog passed Listons' gate, Mickeen came out Listons' yard, but paused behind the high wall when he saw the big man, until The

Bog was some distance on; sixty yards on—and Mickeen did not lessen the distance. Why should he? The Bog was a hulk of a man anyhow, who never had much to say. What comfort was it walking the road with a fellow who was as solemn as an elephant in a circus parade! And so up hill the two of them, Mickeen keeping his distance.

Nano coming out the lane in her car saw the towering figure nearing the gate.

"Just my luck!"

He saw Nano. That car was his Christmas gift to her—the hussy! And here she was driving out, and the car he gave her bursting with his property!

It was not. She had one dozen fresh eggs, one shirt and three pairs of socks which were his property. The rest—boots, coats, trousers, a top-coat, tobacco, packages of tea—were brought to her for distribution. And now she was on the way to divide up—at Gallop's, at the school, at the parish hall.

They met at the gate—just. Nano waited inside, but kept the engine going. She smiled at her father, and backed the car to afford space for the gate to open. As the car reversed, she seemed one of those small fish you see retreating from a large fish; a large fish whose mouth is ready to open, and then will close suddenly. Hugh Byrne pushed in the gate. He would surely hold it back to let Nano drive through and close it after her.

"Thanks, Dad!"

She thanked in hope rather than for performance.

The Bog let the gate go. Clang!—it went shut again! Inevitably—like the big fish's mouth. Only the little fish was not caught between the jaws. The Bog, towering, brooding, walked on. Mickeen, pushing his bicycle uphill, reached the gate, stopped and looked across at Nano. He rocked with laughter.

"Aren't you coming out, Nano?"

"Man, open this gate!" He held back the gate, she drove through.

"The big boss is mad, isn't he?" And he laughed again.

"You've intuitions, Mickeen."

"Intooshuns? What's that? A bad word?"

"Ask Hackett. He's the fourth Wise Man."

But Mickeen would not be drawn into discussing the Sergeant.

"You look fine, Nano. You look beautiful, in fact."

"Don't I know it! Where have you been?"

"Talking to Alice Farley. And I mentioned how I thought a great deal of you."

"You should—I'm a fine girl."

"You are! I'm fond of you—I don't mind saying it. Where are you going?"

"Taking things to feed and clothe the men who're beating the Britishers."

He could not listen officially to treason and changed the subject.

"That's a good car. Only Mary Boylan says you go as slow as a spavined ass."

"Mickeen, if Mary Boylan said that she's as intelligent as the present British Ministry."

"I don't believe it myself, Nano. In fact, I'd like you to give me a lift."

"Come on in so!"

"I can't, because I want to sit in front with yourself."

"And why don't you?"

"If I did, I'd have to put the bicycle where I'd sit; and I'd have to sit where you sit. And you'd have to sit on my lap."

"Mickeen, you're as bold as John Bull!" And she laughed.

"'Tis because of my affection—I'm very affectionate. I can fall in love any hour of the day."

"You just said the same thing to Alice Farley, didn't you?"

"Nano, I feel tenderer to you all the same."

"I like you too—in spite of your lies. You're our white light."

He would not admit that.

"Ye'd better be careful, Nano. We of the Crown have to be watchful of the Crown's prerogatives."

"Where did you get that word?"

"Sergeant Hackett gave it to me, said 'twas a nice word."

"Well, Mickeen, Hackett and the rest of them are going to lose their prerogatives this time."

"We of the Government have the Law."

"Some day soon we'll have our own Government and our own laws. We'll have an Irish Republic! Don't forget that. Up the Republic!"

Nano reached out her hand; Mickeen pushed over his bicycle and took it. A rough, hard hand, and hers white and slender.

"Mickeen, great stories will be told about these hard days. I hope you'll be remembered and written down."

The man of the roads would not surrender his standing of Servant of the Crown.

"We're on different sides, Nano—but I'm affectionate. And some day when I'm making up my mind to marry, I'll give you a chance with the best of them. You've a nice, warm, white, smooth, slender hand; and there's a bright light of love in your eye. I like you."

"Mickeen, I close my eyes—and I'm hearing a poet."

She drove on. Mickeen pushed his bicycle to the crest of the hill; then stopped to survey the country; a quiet, moist country that late morning. He mounted and pedalled past Conway's lodging. A short distance west toward Cahermoyle, a lorry stood by the roadside. British soldiers leaned on the ditch and looked across the fields; or walked back and forth on the highway. They were eating sandwiches or smoking.

Mickeen glanced and kept on.

They're after Davey Byrne and

Mike Enright. And if they catch Davey they'll hang him. Or send him to tame the bog. It would be great to put all of them taming the bog. That would be one way to make The Bog a patriot. If all the Rebels were sent down to tame the bog, The Bog would shout—"Up the Republic!"

(To be continued.)



Concerning a Bishop of New France.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

CATHOLIC Quebec has always honored Bishop Laval as a dauntless and heroic pioneer, and more deeply and more reverently as a Bishop after God's own heart. He has ever been the greatest glory of a city rich in the memory of illustrious sons and valiant daughters. However, his was a name vaguely familiar to most Americans—no more than that, until, of recent years, his story was emphasized in three books from the pens of popular writers. That their estimates of him are dissimilar is not surprising, two of them being non-Catholics, one a Catholic. The authors in question are Sir Gilbert Parker, Agnes Repplier and Willa Cather; the books, "Old Quebec," "Mère Marie of the Ursulines" and "Shadows on the Rock."

At last Bishop Laval is intimately, vividly known beyond his own province. That he was a peculiarly interesting figure none will deny. His sanctity some question; but those who do so might find excessive Pope Gregory's uncompromising zeal and narrow-minded, Pope Pius X's unqualified condemnation of Modernism and stern refusal to permit the foundation of the "associations cultuelles" in France.

The ungarnished facts of his long life are these: François-Xavier Laval de Montmorency was born in 1622, at Montigny-sur-Avre. He was a son of one of the most illustrious families of France,

an ancestor, prominent even in the day of Clovis, having been baptized with his king at Reims. A third son he was; but when his elder brothers died on the battlefield, Francis unhesitatingly and without regret renounced his inheritance in favor of a younger brother and clung to the priestly vocation which he had already chosen.

Educated by the Jesuits at La Flèche, he went next to Paris for the study of philosophy and theology; and there became one of a fervent band which was the germ of the world-famous Seminary of the Foreign Missions in Rue du Bac. Shortly after his ordination, at the age of twenty-five, he was appointed Vicar Apostolic for the Tonquin mission; but the nomination was cancelled because the King of Portugal strongly opposed the plan of which it was part, and for several years the Abbé Laval lived at Caen, quietly and austere, devoted to the poor and lowly and unwearied in their service. At the age of thirty-six he was named Vicar Apostolic of New France, with the title, Bishop of Petrea, was consecrated at Paris, and went at once to Quebec. There he was welcomed with the pealing of bells and the enthusiastic acclaim of the town's five hundred citizens. In the whole of his vast diocese there were not more than two thousand Europeans. At Quebec he lived almost without interruption for forty-nine years, when the place was an outpost of civilization, in which ordinary comforts were few and luxuries were unknown. It was isolated and uncouth, and beset with foes both English and Indian.

But if all, of necessity, lived simply there, the Bishop, by choice, lived in poverty. His food was seldom anything but broth and dry bread. He drank only hot water seasoned with a modicum of wine. Year after year, summer and winter, even after he had long passed his eightieth birthday, he rose at daybreak, opened the doors of the church, rang the

bell, and said the first Mass. Like the Curé d'Ars, he dressed shabbily except when he was at the altar. Then nothing was too fine, too beautiful for either of them. Bishop Laval's rule was as turbulent as it was long; and even after he resigned his See into the hands of a younger man, the enforced extended absence of the new Bishop left to him the cares and anxieties of the diocese for a number of years.

From the beginning of his work in Canada his authority was contested by the Archbishop of Rouen, to whose flock the greater number of the settlers had belonged. He considered them still to be his sheep, and a priest of his choosing had for some time administered the ecclesiastical affairs of New France. But Rome was behind Bishop Laval, so his victory was assured. However, the contest dragged on for fifteen years before the See of Quebec was erected and Laval was named to it.

But his longest and hardest struggle was waged against the liquor traffic with the Indians. In this matter victory was fickle. Bishop Laval won more than one battle, only in the end to be defeated. The savages craved strong liquor so inordinately that they would trade for it valuable furs which had cost them weeks of hunting, and all their most valued possessions. Temperance was unknown among them; they always drank to excess. Drunk, they committed every crime, and spread terror through the settlements.

Bishop Laval used all his influence with the secular authorities to have forbidden the sale of spirits to Indians. They argued that New France lived by the fur trade, that without scruple the English and Dutch were providing the Indians with liquor, and if the French refused it they could not compete with their business rivals, and would soon be impoverished. Finally, the Bishop forbade the sale under pain of excommunication; then, all the Canadians being

Catholics, the prohibition was made law. Gradually, however, it became a law more and more laxly enforced, and at length it was repealed. Love of wealth had won the hard-fought day.

In Bishop Laval's time the diocese of Quebec comprised all North America, exclusive of New England, the Atlantic seaboard and the Spanish settlements in the West: territory now divided into a hundred dioceses. With the aid of priests as zealous as himself—Jesuit, Recollet and secular—he reached all whom he could, he himself making long and perilous journeys by land and water to minister to his flock. He inaugurated or fostered the devotions to which Canadians still cling, inspiring deep love of the Holy Family, naming his cathedral in honor of the Immaculate Conception, and rebuilding, in 1673, St. Anne's shrine at Beaupré.

What Bishop Laval accomplished for education, under conditions so crude and difficult, was nothing less than marvelous. He organized a complete system of education, primary, technical and classical. He founded an industrial school; and for the education of candidates for the priesthood, a preparatory seminary and a seminary. His seminary, the pride and joy of his heart, burned to the ground; it was rebuilt only to burn a second time. And again, old and weary, Bishop Laval gathered funds, and builded for the third time.

Patriotic, Bishop Laval undoubtedly was. No one loved New France more devotedly, or served it more loyally; but, first and last, he refused to put her temporal interests above those of God. From early youth he was all kindness and generosity to the poor, serving them with his own hands, and supplying their needs at the expense of his own. Nor did anyone ever work more tirelessly, year after year to old age, and on, on, after he had become very feeble, very infirm.

In the spring of 1708 Bishop Laval

fell ill. It was soon evident that death was near, and the friends who watched beside his bed asked for a few parting words of advice, reminding him of the last precious words of many holy men. But Bishop Laval refused, saying, "They were saints; I am a sinner." After all, did he refuse, or did he unconsciously say much?

It is interesting to note the impression made upon Sir Gilbert Parker, Agnes Repplier and Willa Cather by a detailed study of this long and austere life. What the Church thinks of it may be gathered from the fact that, in 1890, Bishop Laval was declared Venerable.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the Canadian-born novelist who won fame as an interpreter of Canadian life, wrote one historical book: "Old Quebec," he called it. Protestant to the core, he could not thoroughly understand a vitally Catholic settlement, or a man as uncompromisingly loyal to the Church and her prerogatives as was Bishop Laval. In speaking of him—and, incidentally, of the Jesuits, as well,—he almost invariably interprets zeal as fanaticism, firmness as autocracy, austerity as foolishness.

More than once he mentions the "priestly autocracy" of the Bishop; refers to him as a "spiritual despot;" and speaks of the "annoying conditions created by the churchman's imperious temper." However, he says that Bishop Laval devoted the revenues of his wide acres to the support of his seminary, and lived, himself, in abject poverty. In one passage he goes so far as to call him "a great prelate."

Miss Repplier's portrait of the valiant old fighter-saint is not only more just and more laudatory than Sir Gilbert Parker's; but, owing to the inimitable charm of her style, is far better reading. However, to the minds of those who love him, even she too often interprets Bishop Laval's rock-like firmness as pride and love of domination. "A fighter

by nature and grace," she calls him; and says of a certain priest that he was "as autocratic as his opponent, Bishop Laval, which is saying a great deal."

Noting the fact that his appointment as Bishop of Quebec increased his dignity and authority, Agnes Repplier adds that "if it made him a trifle more unyielding (there was no room for much change in this regard) it gave a fresh impetus to what had become his life work, the building and maintaining of schools."

But Miss Repplier is more lavish of praise than of censure. She tells that toward his young priests, Bishop Laval was ever the kindest of fathers; how he gave to others all that he had, "even his time and strength," and in times of epidemic gladly and skilfully nursed the sick. She says that he was single-minded, mortified, intensely devout; and speaks of him at the last as one who "felt himself to be a sinner but who did work enough for half-a-dozen saints."

Singularly, it is the non-Catholic, Willa Cather, who even more than Agnes Repplier, loves and reveres Bishop Laval. In her "Shadows on the Rock" he, in his old age, is a prominent character, and a rarely beautiful one—kind, gentle, wise, holy, and with all this, vividly real and human.

Miss Cather weaves more than one incident about his kindness, especially to little children. History upholds her in asserting that they and the Indians loved him always. Of his voluntary poverty she says that he kept himself "miserably poor to make the altar and the sanctuary rich;" and again, "His private rooms were poor and small. All his silver plate and velvet and linen he had given away little by little, to needy parishes, to needy persons. He had given away the revenues of his abbeys in France, and had transferred his vast grants of Canadian land to the seminary. He lived in naked poverty." Once

only does she mar her praise; once only does she misunderstand so completely as to refer to him as "a stubborn, high-handed, tyrannical old man," but supplements this lashing by, "but no one could deny that he shepherded his sheep."

Unquestionably, throughout his long life, in small matters and in great, Bishop Laval gave to God the things that are God's and to Cæsar those and only those which belong to him. No one loved either France or Canada more deeply than did he, but he loved God and His interests immeasurably more. A just and dispassionate estimate of him, given by Lionel Lindsay, in the Catholic Encyclopedia, is this: "His sole ambition was to be a bishop after God's heart. His spirit and practice of mortification and penance, his deep humility, his lively faith, his boundless charity toward the poor rank him among the most holy personages."

What glory for Quebec, for Canada, and for all America, if some day the Church honors him with the title of Saint!

Two Lives.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

AS the sun went down, a mother's song
 Was heard in a chamber cool and dim,
 For the child had played and the day was long,
 And tired were the little feet of him.

In her arms lay the treasures of all the earth,
 In her heart was a deep and lasting joy,
 As she sat in her kingdom beside the hearth
 And crooned low words to her sleepy boy.

As the sun went down a whispered prayer
 Was heard in a convent's quiet room,
 And the nun's rapt face in the shadows there
 Was pure as a flower just in bloom.

Her spirit glowed with a holy love,
 The world she had left was to her no loss;
 Her soul was reaching to heights above,
 Her feet were treading the way of the cross.

Blue Chiffon.

BY CATHERINE JONES FRIER.

MARY ELLEN DODGE was thirteen. She had four brothers and an irrepressibly youthful father and uncle, all of whom, it seemed to her mother, were bent upon making a "tom-boy" out of the only girl in their household. It was quite all right, in fact, it was rather appealing, when she was a very little girl, to see Mary Ellen trailing along with her brothers, collecting marbles, climbing fences and turning hand springs with the rest of them. Even on her eighth Christmas morning when she had railed against Santa Claus for having brought her a doll instead of a baseball bat, her mother had connived with Uncle John to secure one for her before the morning was over.

Day school had little effect upon her inclinations, it was boys' games at which she was most adept; and with four brothers, two younger and two older, constantly at hand, it was naturally their mannerisms she assumed and their interests which engrossed her. So when she was thirteen her mother decided to take matters into her own hands.

"Charles," she said to her husband after dinner was over and the five youngsters had scurried outside for a noisy game of hide-and-seek, "something must be done about Mary Ellen."

"What's the matter with her?" asked Charles from behind his evening paper. "She's all right, mother. She's the best boy we've got."

"That's just it, Charley! You've all contrived to make a boy out of my only little girl, and I won't have it any longer. She's too big now to be so—so unladylike! Why, last Saturday she jumped up and down in a perfect fury because I insisted upon her wearing that darling little organdy and lace dress to Clara Whiting's birthday party.

She wanted to wear a middy-blouse!"

"Well, you made her wear the organdy, didn't you? You can't make a young lady out of a thirteen-year-old child all of a sudden, can you?"

"Not all of a sudden, but it's certainly time to begin! I could tell by the looks of the organdy dress when she did come home that she had played in the boys' rough games. The dress was practically ruined."

"Well, what shall we do about it, dear?" Charles smiled tolerantly. "How shall we bring about this metamorphosis of Mary Ellen?"

"There's only one way that I can see and that is to send her off to boarding school. I hadn't intended her to go to Villa Marie until she was sixteen, but I've decided it is best to place her with girls of her own age immediately."

Charles looked pensive. "I shall miss the little tike," he said.

"'Little tike'! You see, you don't even speak of her as if she were a girl!"

"Now, mother, don't be cross with me. I don't want our daughter to grow up to be a harum-scarum. I think, as you say, it's a splendid idea to get her with girls of her own age, only I'm afraid it's going to be rather hard on her at first. I'm afraid she'll feel pretty lost and homesick."

Mrs. Dodge's face softened. "Yes, bless her heart! I remember how homesick I was myself the first few weeks in the convent! But the nuns are kind and sympathetic. They'll help her to adjust herself."

So Mary Ellen was sent to boarding school that September. The nuns were kind and sympathetic, as they certainly needed to be in Mary Ellen's case.

"She's like a beautiful little wild bird suddenly locked in a canary cage," one nun remarked to Sister Gertrude.

"No," said Sister Gertrude, "I think we'll find she's the loveliest little one of all. She has flown too far, that's all!

When she settles into her proper confines, she'll sing as happily as the rest of them. You'll see."

It was difficult at first for even the wise and saintly Sister Gertrude to know Mary Ellen. She knew she was desperately lonely and homesick, but she could not get close enough to the mind and heart of the child to gain her confidence. Mary Ellen's code was the code of her brothers, she had been taught to take her punishment unflinchingly, never say "nough" and never, never to cry! But the heart of a girl is not the heart of a boy and the tension finally broke. It was Sister Gertrude herself who found Mary Ellen sobbing convulsively by the side of Our Lady's Grotto in the far corner of the grounds. She took the child in her arms and the barrier between them was down. Mary Ellen had at last become—a little girl, and she was crying for her mother; not for her brothers, or her Daddy, or Uncle John, because they would scold her for crying, it was her mother she wanted most, because mother would understand! Only Sister Gertrude seemed to understand, too, because she let her cry all over the nice white front of her habit, and she didn't scold or try to reason with her, she just said,

"There, dear! I know—you're homesick!"

"Yes, Sister," sobbed Mary Ellen. "I want to see my mother!"

"Of course you do, child, but it's not so very long till Thanksgiving—or perhaps we might ask mother to come to see you before then, only it would be rather a long trip for her to make, wouldn't it? And it is hard for her to leave with four boys in school."

"Couldn't—couldn't I go home?" said Mary Ellen, encouraged by the Sister's gentleness.

"Well, now, you might if you feel too terribly bad to stay a little while longer. Suppose we wait just a few days and see if things get better."

"And if they don't, then—then may I go?"

"Yes, if you'll come to me every evening in the meantime and tell me just how things are going, and if you'll try to be in the girls' games and try to study quite hard."

The fairness of the proposition appealed to Mary Ellen. She had expected the Sister to tell her bluntly that she had to stay.

"All right, Sister, I'll—I'll try."

"That's right! I know you're the sort of girl who will try her very best."

They rose together and presently found themselves standing beneath the Grotto. Mary Ellen had a queer, embarrassed feeling that Sister Gertrude was going to ask her to pray, but she didn't. Instead she looked for a moment at the statue and then said,

"How brightly the sun shines on Our Lady's blue dress to-day!" and then, pensively, "You know Mary Ellen I knew a little girl once, just your age, who lost her mother, God took her to Himself. That little girl was sent right here to school—this is a very old school you know—she was homesick, ever so much more homesick than you because, you see, she had no mother to go home to at all. She used to come down by the Grotto and cry for her mother, just as you did, many times, until one day she happened to notice how brightly the sun shone on Our Lady's blue dress, and suddenly it came to her that Our Lady wanted to be her mother, to take that other mother's place until they could be together again. Maybe you could discover that too, dear, because after that other little girl found it out she was happy again, and whenever she felt like crying she would come down here and Our Lady would comfort her. Even now she—she comes back sometimes."

Silently they walked back together to the ivy-covered convent. No further words passed between them that day, but somehow the girl knew that Sister

Gertrude had spoken of herself. It was no wonder she had understood! Out of their mutual understanding a friendship had been born, and because of it Mary Ellen succeeded in overcoming her homesickness and eventually fell wholeheartedly into the joyous routine of boarding-school life. But it bore even a greater fruit, for out of the good nun's moment of confidence there came to the girl a great and tender devotion to Our Lady herself!

The next year came and Mary Ellen's summer with her brothers had not robbed her of any newly awakened femininity. Her mother had been pleased and her father vaguely abashed by the change in their daughter. She was no longer a little rowdy, but gave promise of blossoming into a serenely gentle and happy girlhood. She returned to school gladly and gaily, and was pleased in her reunion with the other girls and the nuns and her especial favorite, Sister Gertrude. As time went on her devotion to the Blessed Mother was often noted, particularly by the nuns. Her piety was never in the least ostentatious, and she was as carefree and mischievous as any normal girl of fourteen, but she was seen frequently at the shrine of Our Lady in the chapel and at the Grotto at the far end of the grounds.

"I think I see in that child an incipient vocation," the Mother Superior remarked one day to Sister Gertrude.

"Perhaps, Mother, but I'm not sure," replied the Sister pensively.

Retreat time came, a time of grace and revelation in all lives, especially in adolescent years. It was a custom for the Reverend Mother to take each of the girls on a short "visit" at the end of the retreat. When Mary Ellen's turn came she smiled sweetly when asked if she had enjoyed and profited by the retreat.

"Yes, indeed, Reverend Mother," she said.

"And I hope you have meditated on your vocation and been given the grace

to know the vocation to which God has called you, although if you are not sure yet, it is not at all to be worried over, you are still very young."

"Oh, I'm quite sure of my vocation," Mary Ellen replied complacently, "I shall be married."

Reverend Mother was taken back. "Really! Why are you so sure, dear?"

"Because I like boys," was the frank reply, and be it said to the Reverend Mother's credit, she was not in the least shocked. She was merely pleased with the girl's honest simplicity.

A few days later Sister Gertrude had occasion to spend a few minutes with Mary Ellen. She approached the subject from a different angle.

"How did you like Father Boyle's talk on vocations?" she asked.

"It was nice," said the girl, without much enthusiasm. "But I know my vocation, so I wasn't much interested."

"Why, Mary Ellen! You should have listened attentively and found some inspiration in what the Father said!"

"Well, I did listen, Sister, and I made a promise about it, too."

"A promise?"

"Yes, I'll tell you, but I'll never tell anyone else," the girl said naively. "You see I know my vocation, I'm going to be married. But that isn't enough. I want to marry the right man and make him a good wife. So I promised Our Lady if she'd help me marry the right man and—and everything,—that I'd—"

"Yes?" encouraged Sister Gertrude without, in popular parlance, "batting an eyelid!"

"Well, I promised Our Lady that until I was safely and happily married I would always wear her colors, blue and white." The Sister was fairly startled.

"Why my dear child," she exclaimed, "that was rather a rash promise, wasn't it?"

"I don't see why," Mary Ellen was unperturbed. "They're the prettiest colors anyway, aren't they? Our Lady

loved beautiful things, maybe that's why she chose them. White is always nice in the summer time, and blue, well there are so many shades of it that one could wear some sort of blue any place, any time. Besides," she added practically, "I have blue eyes, and it's my most becoming color, don't you think so?"

"Oh, my own little girl, you are incorrigible!" laughed Sister Gertrude. "You never should have made such a promise!"

"It was a very solemn promise," proclaimed the blue-eyed Mary Ellen, "and I shall really, really keep it."

Boarding school days come to an end. If they seem to pass slowly at the time, who of us does not look back on them wistfully when the later years of life seemed to clang and beat like some un-oiled machine!

Which is irrelevant, really, because Mary Ellen's life at twenty-two did not clang or beat like an un-oiled machine. She was merely a beautiful young woman desperately and really in love! If her devotion to Our Lady had, in the busy social seasons following her *début*, slightly receded into the background of her consciousness, it was nevertheless still alive, for she had maintained one eccentricity through her popular social career. She wore only white and blue! Her mother and her friends occasionally noticed her fetish, but their curiosity was lost in the maze of amazing phenomena in an amazingly modern world! It had become a part of her personality and had ceased to be commented upon.

Then had come the famous market crash. The Dodges had suffered, with countless others, and the struggle of keeping two younger boys in college had caused the beloved daughter's allowance to be substantially curtailed. Fortunately, a wealthy Aunt saved the day by assuming the responsibility of the girl's wardrobe. She respected the girl's preference for blue and white, except on

one occasion when Mary Ellen had written enthusiastically of a Christmas dance at the Country Club. Some underlying current of excitement in the letter led the Aunt to believe that some unusual condition existed.

"I do believe, Harry," she said to her husband, "that our sweet little niece is in love."

"That's natural," he commented. "What can we do about it?"

"Well, for one thing she hasn't had a new evening dress since last winter, and I'm going shopping to-morrow and send her the prettiest one I can find. This dance sounds as if it is an important event in her life!"

"A good idea," he agreed.

It certainly was a good idea. Mary Ellen was indeed in love with the only man in the world she would ever, ever want to marry! She said so to the little statue of Our Lady in her room and Our Lady seemed to agree.

"Well, then," said Mary Ellen, "why doesn't he 'speak up'?"

Our Lady only smiled back kindly.

"I know," exclaimed Mary Ellen, "it will be at the Christmas dance, if I look my prettiest and act my sweetest! You know, Blessed Mother, I think he's scared. We've just got to stir him up a bit. I think what I need is a nice new dress. That old blue chiffon is perfectly antique. Let's 'put a bug' in Aunt Betsy's ear and maybe she'll send me a new one, only let her be sure to remember that it must be blue!"

That was exactly what Aunt Betsy forgot. The dress came and it was a dream! It fitted Mary Ellen's lovely pink shoulders as if some heavenly artist had draped it there! It breathed of Paris and the Rue de la Paix. It was perfect—but it was not blue. It was an exquisitely provocative shade of flame. Mary Ellen put it carefully back in its box. She could wear only blue, blue or white. If only Aunt Betsy had remembered, and yet why should she? Only

Mary Ellen and the Blessed Mother and Sister Gertrude knew of her promise.

The night of the dance came. Paul had not yet declared himself. With the fatalism of youth the girl felt that to-night would spell for her the age-old edict of "now or never." Almost hopelessly she took from her shelf the blue chiffon. It looked faded and forlorn. How many times had Paul seen her in it? A dozen, two dozen! She must look always, always the same! How tiresome, how utterly tiresome! She began to dress, and each time she went to her closet, the box of the flame-colored dress tormented her. Well, it was early, it could do no harm to try it on.

Robed in the splendor of flame-colored satin, she surveyed herself in the mirror. She was not overly vain, but the reflection of herself was a self-revelation of beauty. What lines, what accentuation of form and coloring! She would wear it, she would, she would. Our Lady herself would understand!

A half hour passed. She heard the sound of the door bell and her mother's voice graciously admitting Paul. There was not even a maid in their household now. Mary Ellen sighed and switched off the light above her dressing table. It was all so hard! Even her mother and father preferred Paul to all her suitors, and it seemed so utterly hopeless. Mary Ellen descended the stairs in her old blue chiffon. After all a promise is a promise, especially when it has been made to Our Lady herself!

The dance was over. A girl in a blue chiffon dress stood fumbling with a key at her front door. A young man suddenly burst forth in a symphony of fear and love.

"Mary Ellen," he said, "I love you! Could you—would you—marry me?"

A few minutes later she was sobbing happily in his arms.

"You took so long, Paul! I—I was afraid you didn't care!"

"I know," he murmured caressingly, "I was afraid, dear! I couldn't believe you loved me! You are so—so awfully fine and good. I don't think I'd ever have had the courage, but—it was the blue dress I think. I loved you from the moment I saw you in it, and just now the—the moonlight shone on it and on you so brightly that I—I forgot to be afraid!"

"Paul," she said happily, "would you mind very much if I always, always wore blue?"

"I'd love it, dear," he replied.



Catholic Memories in Modern London.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

IT is difficult, until one begins to search old records, to realize how many streets and buildings have traditions and associations, now long forgotten, with the old Faith and the old practice of our Catholic forefathers. Many of these are connected with devotion to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. I wonder how many people now remember that Lad Lane was originally Lady Lane, i. e., Our Lady's Lane, or that Maiden Lane was so called from an image of the Blessed Virgin which in Catholic times had stood there as Bayford writes to Hearne; and he adds that the frequent sign of the Maiden's Head was derived from Our Lady's Head. So also, some authorities believe that the "Maidenhead" spoons were called so for the same reason. Rood Lane, it is scarcely necessary to say, was named from a famous Rood, or image of Christ upon the Cross, which was there held in the greatest reverence.

Bridewell owes its name to a well dedicated to that beloved Saint of Erin, St. Bride, or St. Bridget. Within the walls opposite to Bridewell used to stand the great house of the Black Friars, or Dominicans, founded by the

interest and exhortations of Robert Kilwardby, Archbishop of Canterbury about 1276, when Gregory Rocksley and the Barons of London presented him with the ground.

Edward I. and his Queen, Eleanor, became generous benefactors; and with their assistance, the Archbishop built the Priory and a large church "richly ornamented." Its precincts were most extensive, having four gates, and how beautiful such gates could be, we see from the two by which we enter the Close at Norwich, an old Benedictine foundation. Within the four gates were a number of shops, the inhabitants of which were subject only to the King, the Superior of the House and their own justices. This illustrious Priory also became a sanctuary for debtors and even malefactors; a privilege it retained long after the suppression of the other Religious Houses under Henry VIII. To make way for this foundation, two lanes were pulled down, as well as part of the city wall, though the latter was rebuilt immediately, by a charter granted by Edward I. for that purpose.

The materials of the ruined Castle of Mountfichet, erected by Gilbert de Montfichet, a follower of William the Conqueror, were, by the gift of the King, used for the building of the church which, like that of the Grey Friars, became a place of interment for persons of rank. Amongst other noted people buried there, was Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and his wife Margaret, sister to Alexander II., King of Scotland; the heart of Queen Eleanor; Lord Fanhope; John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, beheaded in 1470; James Touchet, Earl of Audley, beheaded in 1497; Sir Thomas Brandon, Knight of the Garter; William Courtney, Earl of Devonshire; and "much other great and noble dust."

In the same church were also held several parliaments. The remarkable one of 1250, in the reign of Henry VI.,

was adjourned from Westminster to the Black Friars. Here, in 1524, Henry VIII. held another, in order to raise eight hundred thousand pounds for carrying on his wars. The Commons resisted this unjust demand, and gave him only a moderate tax. This was called the Black Parliament, because it began amongst the Benedictines, or Black Monks of Westminster, and ended amongst the Dominicans, or Black Friars.

Here, Cardinal Campeggio and Cardinal Wolsey sat in 1529, as judges in the question of the divorce between Henry and his cruelly wronged Queen, Katharine of Aragon,—she and the King at that time residing in the Palace of Bridewell close at hand. When the dissolution of the monasteries took place, the revenues of this house were only one hundred pounds, fifteen shillings, and five pence, and the Prior's lodgings and the great wall were sold to Sir Francis Bryan later on.

Everyone knows that Christ Church, or Christ's Hospital, was, to use the words of an old writer, "a foundation for orphans and poor children;" but it may not be equally well known that it was originally the home of the Grey Friars, or Friars Minor of the Seraphic St. Francis of Assisi, whose Order spread with such astonishing rapidity throughout Europe and even to far countries, whither he sent his Brethren, two by two to spread Faith amongst the pagans.

The famous House of the London Grey Friars was founded by John Ewin, Mercer, about the year 1225; and its church was rightly held to be one of the most beautiful of those belonging to any Religious body in the city. Devout persons of both sexes, whose high rank was equalled by their piety or their penance, considered it a privilege to raise and beautify it by their contributions. Margaret, daughter of Philip the Hardy, and second wife to Edward I., began the

choir in 1306. Isabella, Queen to Edward II., "gave three score and ten pounds"; and Edward the Third's good Queen Philippa contributed "three score and two pounds." John de Bretagne, Duke of Richmond, built the body of the church at immense expense; and Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, "gave twenty great beams out of his forest at Tunbridge."

"No order of monks," says an old Protestant writer, seems to have the powers of persuasion equal to these poor Friars. And few of their admirers failed, when they came to die, to console themselves with the thought of lying within those expiating walls.

Multitudes, therefore, of all ranks were crowded in this holy ground. It boasts of having received four queens: the Margaret and Isabella above mentioned; Joan, daughter of Edward II. and wife to Edward Bruce, King of Scotland; and lastly, Isabella, titular Queen of the Isle of Man and wife to William Warren. Here, also rest Beatrix, daughter of Henry III., and wife of Ingelram de Courcy, created Earl of Bedford. John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, slain in Woodstock Park at a Christmas festivity, in 1389. He was then very young, and being desirous of instruction in feats of arms and the jousts and contests of chivalry, "ran against a stout Knight, of the name of John St. John"; but it remains uncertain whether his death was the result of accident or design.

John Duc de Bourbon, one of the noble prisoners taken at the Battle of Agincourt, after eighteen years' imprisonment in this country, found his last resting-place in the venerated church of the Grey Friars.

There, too, Walter Blunt, Lord Mountjoy, Lord Treasurer of England in the time of Edward IV., and many other illustrious personages were interred. There, again, in 1423, were buried the mangled remains of Sir John Mortimer,

Knight, a victim to the jealousy between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. There, also, lay Thomas Burdet. The story goes that he had a white buck of which he was particularly fond, which the King, Edward IV., happened to kill. Burdet, in anger, wished "the horns of the animal in the body of the person who advised the King to it." For this, Burdet was tried as having desired evil to his sovereign, "and for this only he lost his head." "With sorrow," continues the old writer, "I record that all these ancient monuments and grave-stones were sold in 1545 by Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor, for about fifty pounds!"

Turning once more from buildings to streets, we find that Piccadilly was so named from a Hall called Piccadilla Hall—a place where Piccadillies, or turnovers, were sold. These turnovers were a part of the fashionable dress which appeared about this period, 1614.

It is not without interest to note that it had preserved its name uncorrupted, for Barnabe Rice, in his "Honestie of the Age," speaks of the "body makers that do swarm through all parts of London and about London"; and he quaintly adds, "he that some fortie years sitherns should have asked after a Pickadilly, I wonder who would have understood him; or could have told what a Pickadilla had been, either fish or flesh."

Such names as Paternoster Row, where the beads were made, and which in the Ages of Faith often went by the name of *Paternosters*, Ave Maria Lane, Amen Corner, Crutched Friars, Austin Friars, etc., etc., bear lasting testimony to the "old" and true Religion once the priceless possession of all in the land. The list might be almost indefinitely prolonged, but even those mentioned above will suffice to show how interesting, and indeed edifying, a more minute study of the history of our old streets and buildings would undoubtedly prove.

Obedience and Blindness.

BY P. J. C.

“OBEEDIENCE to law and order” is a frequent phrase nowadays in the vocabulary of statesmen. No rational man or woman who believes in lawful government will question the necessity of order to organization, or will preach disobedience to those who represent government. The distance between order and anarchy is kept consistently undiminished because of that vast army in civil life that elects to hear and carry out the mandates of organized rule. The union of many wills in submission to a single or corporate will makes possible the unhindered pursuit of human living. Without obedience no body—political, business, social, religious—can stand and function. All this is recognized as elementary.

Only—there are things to be said to the governing who urge obedience upon the governed. If it makes for good order that all obey, it makes for good obedience that all who command do so wisely; with foresight, discretion, long-range thinking. The statement is frequent—“It is hard to obey.” And for that reason there should be restraint in the manner of command and wisdom in the matter of what is commanded. “And I say to this man, go and he goeth; and to another, come and he cometh; and to my servant, do this and he doeth it.” That Centurion who said this to Our Saviour did not speak to glorify himself. He did not tell those servants to do whatever came into his head, first impulse, merely to see them prance about as a circus horse prances at the whip of the ring master.

Retreat masters and ascetic compilers make much ado of what they call “blind obedience.” That is to say—obedience given with our eyes shut. It should be said in all fairness that the National and State Governments of our

nation have exacted more blind obedience from us for the past fifteen years than has been exacted within the walls of cloisters for the last hundred. And not only did we obey blindly; we kept our eyes shut to save our sanity. You have only to recall the blind pigs, blind reports of blind commissions which have resulted from governmental incapacity these past fourteen years. We gave our money to banks not seeing what was done with it; paid our flood tide taxes not knowing where they went to; followed the Prohibition rainbow, and ran into an era when youth reached mature drinking at seventeen.

A man may obey blindly in that he does not know the purposes of the man who commands him. This does not mean that the man who commands him should be without a purpose—blind too.

There is much made of the anchorite who bade his subject monk plant cabbage—heads down. The monk obeyed and the cabbage grew. It was his reward for winning his trial by Faith, we are gravely told. It is said that the anchorite superior was testing his subject in “blind obedience.” Very likely the subject’s obedience was not blind at all. The shrewd monk knew his spiritual coach was giving him a setting-up exercise in self-discipline.

In the hurrying world of to-day it seems best to obey knowing what we are doing. And this for the reason that we are men and women, not camels. We will do it better so. In State, in Church, in social, or religious groups, it is important we obey quickly without scowling or mumbling. It is equally important that those who command us say humbly, “Lord give me light in this darkness which more or less always surrounds me. I do not presume to aim this subject of mine out of the mouth of the cannon of obedience hoping he—or she—will land somehow—I know not where; will accomplish something—I know not what.”

Notes and Remarks.

Six aged Mexican women were arrested in Vera Cruz, when police found them kneeling before an image of Christ, according to a dispatch in the secular press. Later, through the intervention of military authorities, they were released. From all reports available, persecution is on the increase in the neighboring republic. Priests are jailed in a routine of arrests for administering to people, while public officials sweep over the country delivering inflammatory speeches to arouse hatred against Christianity. Narcisso Bassols, Secretary of Public Education, previously named in these pages, said in one of these tirades at Mascupana, Tabasco: "The revolutionary conquest realized in Tabasco is so complete as to have saved multitudes from the mournful vice of alcoholism, as well as having freed their consciences from the yoke of religious dogma." No one who knows anything about conditions will accept Bassols' bombast about freeing Tabasco from the "mournful vice of alcoholism." He was bidding for the sympathy of United States drys. The second boast the United States drys will overlook in view of the fantastic results asserted in the first. Perhaps our new Ambassador to Mexico who said such soothing words to the neighbor in the South would say something else and something quite different if other interests were beaten down by the atheists who rule Mexican Catholics. Mr. Daniels may not feel himself obliged to protest the Mexican Government's treatment of Mexican Catholics. At the same time he need not say "well done good and faithful servant," in approval of what the Mexican Government is doing.

Mother's Day is renamed Mary's Day by Catholics in certain cities in the East. THE AVE MARIA with a major mission, the glorification of the Blessed

Virgin, approves with reservations. Mother's Day is a distinct foundation for a very definite objective. It emphasizes a basic expression of life in America which needs its annual reminder in speech and symbol. Those women whose arms encircle dogs instead of children have their effrontery, space fee, advertised on the front page; and a lady reporter writes certain social insignificancies below them. Mother's Day is a glorification of mothers—a wholesome anniversary reminder to divorcees and to ladies whose contribution to the home tradition is zero. Catholics should take up Mother's Day and bestow upon it the blessings of their prayers and good words, enrich it with their fidelities to family, hearth, home. Mary, whom they venerate, is a Mother, and gives sanction and beauty to motherhood. Let her preside over the day and that army of mothers to whom the day is dedicated. We want it to be the day of God's Mother, a day when we recall her to honor her. Also under her leadership and patronage the day of all the mothers of the nation. They will be inspired, enriched, recalling the Virgin and the Mother. Catholics should keep the name Mother's Day. It needs the prayers and good example of Catholic mothers to deepen its significance; God's Mother to preside over its quiet pageantry that her purity and loveliness may exalt its symbol—the white carnation.

Fra Juniper of the London *Universe* recently met the Rector of a Dock Parish who confided to him that during 1932 he had received in his collection 387 foreign coins representing twenty-nine currencies. Nearly every European country with a seacoast was represented as well as the Near and Far East, as far afield as Australia and British North Borneo. There was even a coin of the Vatican City State. This, at least, may be looked upon as a proof of the

Catholicity of the Church. But what is to be thought of the pastors in some of our large cities who receive quantities of buttons, telephone slugs, medals, lead dimes and what not? Foreign coins may come in handy for school museums and the like, but there is very little one can do with counterfeit money if he wants to remain in the church. Those who take up collections in our churches can usually tell what is being contributed by the motion of the giver. Ten cents or over is held between the thumb and index finger so that it is visible to all; a penny is held between the thumb and two fingers but in such a way that the fingers cover it completely, concealing it from the eyes of the collector; a button or medal is held in the same way, but it is dropped into the box with a quick, jerky motion intended to confuse any onlookers. At any rate, there is variety in the ordinary Sunday collection, and the little girl who believed that the Fifth Commandment of the Church was "to contribute to the *sport* of your pastor" was not far astray.



A deadly fight is going on in England against Communism, headed by the Catholic English Hierarchy. Nothing is being left undone to stamp out the fire of atheism that has spread from Moscow, and that for a time threatened to destroy a great part of the British Empire. Archbishop Downey of Liverpool, at a mass demonstration held in Albert Hall a short time ago, gave some startling figures regarding persecution by the Soviet Government in recent years. We quote a portion of his speech: "Nowadays one comes across young people who are attracted to Communism in the belief that it is a new and interesting experiment in social economics, and that it ought to be given a sporting chance. They have a romantic idea that Russia is engaged in a gallant quest for a Workers' Utopia, an earthly paradise where none are

rich, but all are free from cramping restraints and social conventions. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A system of social relationships between human beings which leaves out of count men's essential dependence on God is foredoomed to failure. Without spiritual motives and a belief in the survival of the soul after death, life on earth tends to become a sordid affair, a reversion to the principles of the jungle, where the cunning and the strong take what they want without scruple, and where social order of any kind is maintained only by terrorism. That is the state of affairs in Russia to-day. Her rulers stand self-convicted. In the year 1927, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the first organization of the Ce-ka, or Soviet Secret Police, now called the Ogpu, an official list was published by the *Soviet* of the victims whom they had put to death. The list includes only those for whose death the Ce-ka formally accepted responsibility, and reaches the grand total of 1,744,674. Surely a stupendous figure for a period of only ten years. Communism to-day affords us the unedifying spectacle of men aspiring to rule before they have learned to obey, and of others attaining to positions of command only to demonstrate their unfitness for holding them." There can be no doubt of the effect of such words upon fair-minded men who believe in Christianity. The work of the English Bishops is already beginning to be felt through the Empire.



Colliers' magazine claims to be an up-to-date and informative publication. In fact, it proposes to enlighten us on things which we think we know, but do not, through a special department entitled "Keeping up with the World." Material for this department is collected through reader contributions which are supposed to be accepted and paid for only after they have been properly authenticated.

In fact, here is the contract as printed at each publication: "Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column accompanied by satisfactory proof." We presume that Freiling Foster, the editor of that column, would not believe that Lincoln invented the printing press or that Babe Ruth discovered America. Yet maybe he would after all, for, after accepting what he regarded as satisfactory proof, he paid somebody five dollars for the following item: "A peasant woman in Konnersreuth, Bavaria, is exhibiting to-day the world's latest case of stigmata, the supposed supernatural infliction of wounds corresponding to those of Christ. However, like most of the other 321 cases in history, she will not submit to a medical examination." Well, Mr. Foster, now that your \$5 is gone, and ignoring the absurd reference to "the other 321 cases in history," here is just one little item of information for you and your smart correspondent to munch upon until you get a chance to really read up on the Teresa Neumann case. Dr. Seidl, of Munich, with the aid of a group of Sister nurses, whose reputation is without question, subjected Teresa Neumann to a constant and painstaking examination over a period of fourteen full days. A portion of Dr. Seidl's testimony, given under oath, follows: "Never in history has it been known," he said, "that a stigmatist was so thoroughly examined as Teresa Neumann has been. Medicine cannot explain the phenomena of Konnersreuth. . . . The stigmata are genuine. No word need be wasted on that."

Canada officially prohibits two publications which we do not name, and all plates and other materials for production in Canada after the United States edition has been run off the press. This should be somewhat of a set-back to our self-righteousness; that

self-approval of our high moral tone. The Canadian Federation of Catholic Alumnae is given part credit for this prohibitive tariff on the two indecencies; and they have the co-operative support of Aenander Taschereau, Prime Minister of Quebec. He expressed pleasure that the efforts of the Federation are obtaining results, and promised to help in the fight against obscene literature. We have said already in these pages, that if all the right-minded people in the United States—Catholics, Jews, Protestants—want clean books, clean pictures, clean magazines they can have them. If a brand of safety-razor is bad, you will not buy it. If people were as concerned for their morals as they are for their safety razors, movie houses would not be advertising so many pictures as "sensational."

A monk in the Cistercian monastery of Mount St. Bernard, Whitwick, Leicestershire, England, is a great-nephew of Daniel O'Connell, Irish Liberator. Recently this Cistercian monk was elected Abbot of Mount Melleray Monastery, County Waterford, Ireland. Should you have occasion to write the new Abbot of Mount Melleray be sure to get his name and title correctly—Dom Celsus O'Connell, O. Cist. Some more information for you too: Dom Celsus was born in County Kerry—the county of his illustrious great-uncle—in 1876, and he is the sixth Abbot in the Mount Melleray line. Now begin your letter.

Catholic radio listeners should not be backward about writing at once not only to their favorite stations but also to all commercial organizations using the same when they find those broadcasting centres being utilized for disseminating anti-Catholic propaganda of any kind. Recently a certain Joseph F. Rutherford, president of the Watch

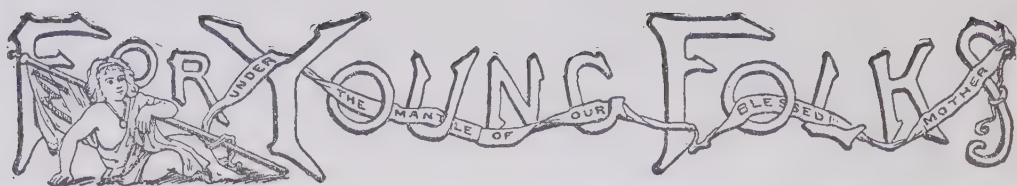
Tower Bible and Tract Society, has become so obnoxious over the air that Rev. Dr. Don T. Tullis, prominent worker for the Federated (Protestant) churches, has been compelled to state openly that "Many Protestant ministers resent the extremely bad taste of the Watch Tower Broadcasts." So that Catholic listeners may know something of the history of the man before making their protests, we include the following information taken from *The Catholic Union and Times* of Buffalo, and *The Universe-Bulletin* of Cleveland: The International Bible Students Association, of which he is the active head, has been suppressed in Bavaria and is in difficulties in Italy. Mr. Rutherford himself has been thrown off the air in Canada because of the misunderstanding and hatred which have been generated through his electrical transcriptions. That the man is not a new-comer in this work of stirring up hatred is evident from the following review of one period of his history as published in *The Catholic Union and Times*:

He became front-page news in May, 1918, when he and six companions were arrested by United States Marshal James M. Power and charged with spreading doctrines calculated to promote unrest and disloyalty among the men of the army and navy. They were convicted of conspiracy to cause insubordination, disloyalty and refusal of duty in the military forces of the United States, and were sentenced by Judge H. B. Howe in the United States District Court in Brooklyn to serve 20 years in prison. After the war, in May of 1919, the United States Circuit Court annulled the conviction, and the prisoners were released on bail to await a new trial after nine months of the sentence had been served. They were not retried.

Our commercial leaders have been doing a lot of squawking lately over what they call the threatened interference of government with business. We certainly sympathize with the gentlemen in question since business cannot

stand very much of that interference and prosper. However, a little such supervision properly regulated has been found helpful before, and it may be just the thing now to startle our commercial leaders into a proper policing of their own profession. Every once in a while something turns up to open the eyes of the public on just how badly they have been treated by those whom they thought were business benefactors. For example, a British corporation plans to supply homes with electricity to meet all requirements for lighting, heating, etc., at a cost of but six cents a week. The American home owner, reading that news, will wonder just where all the money goes that he has been paying out. Yes, there is something wrong with a large section of American business. If government interference comes, the recipients have no right to complain. They have been asking for it for a long, long time.

Father Louis P. Gagne of near St. Jolen, N. B., has the longest parish in the world—360 miles. Over this mileage stretch 168 Catholic families—Irish, English, French descent. Father Gagne has his base of supplies in a tiny settlement on the shore of the Strait of Belle Isle. Blanc Sablon it is called. Some years ago this pastor of 360 miles and 168 families decided to visit Rome. He started, pulled by his dog-team, from his sub-arctic base of supplies at Blanc Sablon to Havre St. Pierre, a seaport village. From there by steamer to Murray Bay—where the late Chief Justice Taft used to summer. From Murray Bay by rail to Quebec. And to Europe—perhaps the port of Cherbourg—over the ocean by a major sea-hound. And so to Rome. Perhaps when Father Gagne arrived there he scratched his head, grew lyrical and rhymed—"Rome is a long way from home."



Afternoon Tea.

BY A. P. C.

I WENT to call with Mother dear
In quite a grown-up way.
When they served tea, I tried to be
As ladylike as they.

When they said, polite, to me,
"Won't you have another cup?"
Then I said, polite, to them,
"But my cake is eaten up!"

They said, "Do have another piece,"
And I said, "If you please."
It's very nice to play grown-up
With courtesies like these.

Mixed Valentines.

BY C. BRICCA-TAMBINI.

"HOW lovely I must be! Everyone seems to admire me so much. People stop to look, and look, and after they have turned away some come back for a second, and sometimes a third time to look at me. Really, I must be the prettiest valentine here." And the big, lacy heart took another peep into the polished surface of the big plate-glass window.

It was Valentine's Eve, and the store window was filled with valentines. There were big, lacy valentines covered with hearts and flowers; there were small valentines, gay with cupids and hearts, and there were tiny valentines with only a verse, or a bit of lace. Above them all, however, in a shiny, white box stood the loveliest valentine of all.

It was a large red heart, supporting another heart of the sheerest white lace, which in turn was almost entirely cov-

ered by cupids, roses, hearts, and wreaths of forget-me-nots. But best of all, all this splendor was but the cover for a huge box of candy. No wonder the valentine was proud, for not only was it beautiful on the outside, but it was filled with the most delicious candy hearts of every kind and flavor to be imagined.

"I really am a valentine fit for a princess," it confided one day to a less beautiful neighbor.

"Don't you think it would be nicer to belong to some little girl who is not so fortunate? Princesses have so many things," suggested the other.

"Perhaps," smiled the Lovely Valentine. "But I'm sure that among all her valentines, even a princess would not find one more beautiful than I."

"I'm not so sure," disagreed her neighbor. "You are really too proud of yourself. I fear that some day your pride will be humbled. I myself am quite content to go to any little girl whom I can make happy. I truly hope it will be to some poor girl, for then she will care more for me than one who has a great many."

"Well," returned the Lovely Valentine, "you probably will get your wish. It would have to be some one who is poor, for you really are not fine enough for anyone who can afford anything really good." With that the Lovely Valentine tossed her head proudly, and her neighbor, hurt by the cruel remarks of the other, retired in proud silence.

The next few moments were exciting ones, however, for two boys who had been standing before the shop window now entered the store and began to decide which valentines they wanted. One of the boys was a handsome, well-dressed lad of twelve or fourteen. The

other, while not so well dressed, was worth a second glance. His red hair and freckled face would have attracted notice anywhere, and his blue eyes and sunny smile resembled nothing so much as a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day.

"Say, mister," he called to the salesman, "how much is that big valentine in the box?"

"Three dollars," replied the man. "You see, it's full of candy, besides being a lovely valentine."

"Jumping Crickets," cried the boy. "And all I've got is thirty cents."

"We have a fine valentine here for thirty cents," offered the clerk, taking from its place beside the Lovely Valentine the one that wanted to go to some poor girl. "It's the nicest one we have at that price, and I'm sure any girl would be pleased to get it."

"Oh, Melee would be pleased with anything," supplied the boy, gazing wistfully at the big, beautiful valentine, on which he seemed to have set his heart. "But I did so want her to have the loveliest of all. She has so few things, and besides I shall have to be out of the city on Valentine's Day and she'll be alone all day. I'll have to take the other one though," he sighed.

"Shall I put it in a box and send it so it will reach her to-morrow?" asked the clerk, his heart touched by the wistfulness of the boy's face. "I can send it so it will be delivered by the first mail in the morning. Just write the name and address on this slip of paper."

"Oh, thank you!" smiled Freckles, for that was his name, still gazing at the lovely valentine in the box. He did have his heart set on it. But he did as the clerk directed, and was not made any happier by hearing the other boy say to the clerk,

"I'll take the big one, and have it sent to this address, please."

Both boys left the store at the same time, one happy, and one—not so happy.

Valentine's Day came. In a lovely

home on Park Drive a little girl with blue eyes and golden curls was kept busy for some time after the arrival of the postman, opening valentine after valentine. Here, there, everywhere, lay valentines, torn envelopes, and boxes of candy. Beautiful valentines they were, too, for she was a very lovely and very rich little girl. Among them all, however, was one which attracted her attention more than any of the rest. For it was such a cheap little valentine just a heart decorated with a bit of paper lace and a few rosebuds. Not a bit the kind of valentine one would expect in such a home.

"I wonder where that came from?" thought the little girl. At first she was puzzled, but having so many others she promptly forgot all about it.

In another home in one of the poorest parts of the city a small figure sitting in a wheel-chair near the window was surprised to see the postman come striding up the walk with a big box in his hand. Straight to her door he came, and at her "Come in," to his knock, he brought the box to her and put it in her lap.

"Sure and you've gone and got yourself another fellow," he teased, for he and Melee were the best of friends. "And look what a big valentine he sent you."

"But, Tom, this can't be mine," gasped Melee, hoping with all her heart that it was, even as she tore the wrappings and brought to view the Lovely Valentine. "There must be some mistake."

"Nary a mistake, little Melee. Here's your name and address, as plain as the nose on your face. Sure and you've put a new beau in my place, and you've broken my heart," and with this bit of teasing he went out, leaving Melee to enjoy her valentine.

Two days later Freckles returned to his sister, to be greeted by a very happy Melee who, between hugs and

kisses, informed him that he was the best brother in the world to send her such a beautiful valentine. Imagine his surprise when she held out the Lovely Valentine! Being a wise boy, as well as a kind brother, he did not spoil her happiness by telling her the truth. Instead he hurried to the store, where he explained the mistake. There he learned that the clerk had mixed the slips, but that since the mistake had been made by the store, it would be rectified at their expense, and that Melee should be allowed to keep her Lovely Valentine.

"And I really did go to a princess after all. Melee is the loveliest princess of all, in disguise," said the Lovely Valentine to herself. So everybody was happy, after all, even the other valentine, who had gone to the rich girl on Park Avenue. She found so many old friends there that she was as happy as could be.



The Legend of Santa Casilda.

I.

THERE once reigned in Toledo a king whose name was Almenon, and with whom the Christian King of Castile, Don Fernando the Great, was on terms of friendship.

King Almenon had a daughter named Casilda, who was beautiful and very tender-hearted. A Christian slave told the little girl that the Nazarenes (for so the Moors called the Christians) loved their God, their king, their parents, and all their relatives. The slave said also that the Nazarenes never lost their mother, because even if they were deprived of her who bore them, they had another Mother whose name was Mary, and who was their patroness through life, and their consoler at the hour of death.

Years passed by, and Casilda grew in stature, in beauty, and in virtue. Her mother died, and she envied the lot of the Nazarene orphans.

Beyond the walls of the beautiful garden that surrounded the palace of the King was a gloomy prison, in which many Christian captives were confined, hungry and loaded with chains. One day Casilda happened to be walking in her father's garden when she heard the lamentations of the poor captives. The young princess wept bitterly for them, and returned to the palace, her heart filled with sadness.

At the palace door Casilda met her father, and, kneeling before him, she said:

"Father!—O my father! in the prison beyond the gardens a multitude of captives lament. Take off their chains and let them return to the land of the Nazarenes, where dear ones are waiting for them."

In the depth of his heart the Moor blessed his daughter because she was good, and he loved her with a most tender love. She was his only child, and the living image of the beloved wife whose loss he had been mourning for over a year. But still, being a Mussulman and a king, he considered himself obliged to punish the boldness of Casilda's request; for to express compassion for Christian captives, and to ask for their liberty, was a crime which the Prophet* decreed should be punished with death. Therefore, he concealed the feelings of his soul, and in an angry voice said to his daughter:

"Begone, false believer!—begone! I will have your tongue cut out and your body cast into the flames; for such is the punishment decreed against those that plead for the Nazarenes."

The young princess once more threw herself on her knees, and begged his pardon by the memory of her mother—of the queen whose death Almenon was still mourning.

The King felt his eyes blinded with tears; and, pressing his daughter to his heart, he forgave her, saying:

* Mahomet is so called by his followers.

"Be careful, my child, not to speak again in favor of the Christians, nor even to feel compassion for them, because I shall have no mercy on you. Our great Prophet has written: 'The believer that will not exterminate the unbelievers shall be exterminated.'"

II.

The birds were singing their sweetest carols, the flowers were opening, and the soft morning breeze was bearing the perfume of the gardens to the palace of the Moorish King. Casilda was very sad as she made her appearance at the window to seek for some distraction from her melancholy thoughts. The gardens looked so beautiful that she could not resist their charm, and she went out to walk through the fragrant shades.

As she went along, a beautiful butterfly flew from flower to flower; and Casilda followed it, without being able to catch it. Finally she came to a strong wall, over which the butterfly flew, leaving the princess tired and disappointed.

Behind this strong wall Casilda heard the sorrowful lamentations of the poor Nazarenes; and charity and compassion once more took possession of her heart.

The princess returned to the palace, and, taking food and money, she retraced her steps to the prison. The money was to win the favor of the guards, and the food was for the captives. Casilda had both food and money carefully concealed in the skirt of her dress, when, in turning the corner of a path between the rose-beds, she met her father, who also had come out to seek distraction from the gloomy thoughts that oppressed him.

"What are you doing here so early, light of my eyes?" said the King.

Casilda hung her head, and turned as red as the roses that were stirred by the gentle morning breeze.

The King, however, did not notice her embarrassment.

"Let us stroll on together," he said.

"But what have you wrapped up in the skirt of your dress?"

Casilda, from the bottom of her heart, invoked the Mother of the Nazarenes, and tried to speak.

Almenon impatiently took hold of her dress, and a shower of roses fell upon the ground.

The princess turned as pale as the lilies in the royal garden; the light of her eyes went out, and blood gushed from between her lips, reddening the row of pearls which God had placed in her mouth. The heart of the King was nearly broken with sorrow at seeing the condition of his beloved daughter; and he knew that Death would claim her as his own, if relief did not come quickly.

III.

The skill of the physicians of Toledo was of no avail to restore health to the princess; and then Almenon summoned the most celebrated doctors of Seville and Cordova, but also without success.

"I will bestow my kingdom and my treasures on him that will save my daughter!" exclaimed the afflicted monarch, when Casilda seemed about to die.

But no one succeeded in gaining his kingdom and his treasures; for the blood continued to flow from the mouth of the princess, and she was sinking hour by hour.

"My daughter is dying!" wrote the King of Toledo to the King of Castile. "If in your dominions there is one that can save her, send him to my court at once, I beg you; and I will bestow upon him my kingdom, my treasures, and even my daughter."

Throughout the kingdoms of Castile and Leon heralds announced that the Moorish King of Toledo offered, to any one that would restore health to his daughter, his kingdom and his treasures, and even the daughter herself.

Whereupon a physician hailing from Judea presented himself to the King of Castile, and offered to restore the princess to health.

Such was the wisdom displayed in the words of this man, and so great the faith inspired by the goodness beaming from his countenance, that the King of Castile did not hesitate to give him letters to Almenon, assuring him that the bearer would save the life of the princess.

Hardly had the physician from Judea touched the forehead of the maiden, when the blood ceased to flow, and the color of the rose began to reappear on her pale cheeks.

"Take my kingdom!" cried Almenon, beside himself with joy and astonishment, and weeping with gratitude.

"I have no need of thy wealth or thy kingdom," answered the physician.

"Take my greatest treasure!" continued the King, pointing to his daughter. "I will keep my word."

And the physician, making a sign of acceptance, held out his hand to Casilda, and said:

"There are some purifying waters at a distance from here, which must complete the cure."

And next day the princess set foot on the land of the Nazarenes, accompanied by the mysterious physician.

IV.

Casilda and her companion kept on travelling until they came to the borders of a beautiful lake. Then he took some of the water in the hollow of his hand, and, pouring it over her forehead, said in softest tones:

"I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The princess felt an indescribable happiness, like that which the Nazarene slave told her was enjoyed by the blessed in Paradise. She raised her eyes to heaven, and exclaimed:

"Who are you, O friend, O wonderful physician?"

And the physician answered in a voice of ravishing melody:

"I am St. James, the Apostle of Him

who restored life and health to the daughter of Jairus; who said, 'Whosoever shall have left house or brothers or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands, for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting.' They are His own words." Then he disappeared.

On the banks of the beautiful lake, which is now called San Vicente, in the territory of Briviesca, there is a poor hermitage, wherein the daughter of the Moorish King of Toledo passed the remainder of her life in solitude and prayer. She is venerated by the faithful under the name of Santa Casilda.



The Calmness of Peace.

The people in all lines of duty who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried people in the community. Duties never wildly chase each other in their lives. One task never crowds another out, nor ever compels hurried, and therefore imperfect, doing. The calm spirit works methodically, doing one thing at a time, and doing it well, and it therefore works swiftly, though never appearing to be in haste.

We need the peace of God in our heart, just as really for the doing well of the little things of our secular life as for the doing of the greatest duties of Christ's kingdom. Our face ought to shine and our spirit ought to be tranquil, and our eye ought to be clear, and our nerves ought to be steady, as we press through the tasks of our commonest day. Then we shall do them all well, slurring nothing, marring nothing. We want heart-peace before we begin any day's duties, and we should wait at Christ's feet ere we go forth.—*J. R. M.*



SIN is sin and is met with as such, but false doctrine puts on the semblance of truth and so leads men's souls astray.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The *Week-End Review* is authority for the report that H. G. Wells has been hard at work on a futuristic novel based on a financial crash in America ten years hence, and has had to scrap the first thirty-thousand words because it has all happened just as he predicted.

—"Priest of a Doubting Flock," by the Rev. Thomas B. Chetwood, S. J., is the story of a young Anglican clergyman who found out the difference between his Church and that of Rome in the hearts of children, and the dying exclamation of a poor fallen away Catholic. The Queen's Work Press. Price, 10c.

—The American Irish Historical Society does not intend to sit back and wait for the somewhat uncertain acknowledgment of future historians so far as their ancestral glories are concerned. The organization has determined recently to raise one million dollars for the purpose of gathering data on the contributions made by the Irish to American history.

—Dr. William Ernest Smith, Professor of American History at Miami University, contends in his recent work, "The Francis Preston Blair Family in Politics," that the famous Blair family of Kentucky ranks, in American public affairs, next to the distinguished Adams family. Francis Preston Blair was a well-known supporter of Andrew Jackson, and his two sons, Frank and Montgomery, were respectively a Civil War General and Postmaster General during the presidency of Abraham Lincoln.

—In "The Tragedy of Lynching," just published by the University of North Carolina Press, Dr. A. F. Raper has this indictment of the mob: "Not one of the 75,000 persons who witnessed the lynchings of 1930 is morally or legally guiltless. Their very presence directly complicated the task of the peace officers and emboldened the active lynchers. While these 75,000 persons were members of actual mobs but one day in the year, they were most probably mob-minded every day in the year.

Lynchings are not the work of men suddenly possessed of a strange madness; they are the logical issues of prejudice and lack of respect for law and personality, plus a sadistic desire to participate in the excitement of mob trials and the brutalities of mob torture and murder."

—Little, Brown & Company of Boston have contracted to publish the American edition of David Lloyd George's "War Memoirs." The work will consist of four volumes, two of which, covering the events which led up to the war and the war years, 1914-16, will appear in the autumn. Since Lloyd George was a member of the British Cabinet throughout the war and was one of the important figures in arranging the peace terms, we may expect a lot of first-hand information in these volumes. One could scarcely expect such a work to be strictly non-partisan.

—That the producing of plays is even a more hazardous business than the publishing of books is evident from the record of a recent New York theatrical season. When all the blare of advertising and the confusion of first-night opinions were over, the record of box-office receipts stepped in and had the last word as it usually does. Out of 152 shows produced, here is the score as the accountants figured it after all failures and successes and near-failures had been properly checked and double checked: 16 positive hits, 15 fair-to-middling performances, and 121 positive failures.

—A most entrancing story showing the evident working of God's grace in establishing a new Order in the Church is the life of Emilie Olympe Marie Antoinette D'Oultremont, the foundress of the Society of Mary Reparatrix, and her two daughters, who also became nuns of this Order. A woman of a distinguished Belgian family, the mother of four children, after the death of her husband felt herself called to the Religious Life, and after a number of trials, founded an Order the purpose of whose members is

to make reparation for the sins of men, and the insults daily offered to the Sacred Heart of Christ. With a heroism that is saintly she broke all ties and established this new society which to-day has over fifty houses all over the world, two of which are in this country. The story is told in an interesting and edifying manner, and is one more proof of the marvellous way in which God works among his servants for the promotion of his glory and the salvation of souls. The characters of her two daughters are almost as heroic and as noble in their sacrifice and labor as that of their saintly mother. Published by The Manresa Press, London. The volume may be secured in this country at the Convent of Mary Reparatrix, 17330 Quincy Ave., Detroit.

—One has often heard of St. Ignatius' "Ratio Studiorum," but until to-day this interesting document on Jesuit education has never been published in English. In "St. Ignatius and the Ratio Studiorum," by Mr. Edward A. Fitzpatrick (McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$2.) we have a clear translation of the original Latin document and a commentary on its place and purpose in the system of Jesuit education. It is not a book on pedagogy, but a "practical handbook in educational method and class management." From its very beginning the Jesuit Society had phenomenal success in the conducting of its colleges, which was the result, after the excellent training of its professors, of the exceptional organization of the Society carried over into the field of studies and teaching. What the secret of that organization is as regards the studies to be taught and the particular methods to be used, is worked out in detail in the "Ratio." This work was first published some fifteen years after the death of St. Ignatius under the Generalship of Father Aqua Viva, and is the result of the practical experience of the early teachers who brought to a commission appointed for the purpose of establishing such a plan, the fruits of their practical work. No library on education can be complete without this volume on a system that has had so important an influence on the education of Europe and America.

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- "The Framework of the Christian State." Rev. E. Cahill, S. J. 15s.
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- "The Catholic Catechism." His Eminence, Peter Cardinal Gasparri. \$1.60.
- "Charles Carroll of Carrollton." Joseph Gurn. \$3.70.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

JUNE.

SATURDAY, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
 SUNDAY, 25.—Third after Pentecost. St. William, Abbot.
 MONDAY, 26.—Sts. John and Paul, Martyrs.
 TUESDAY, 27.—Our Lady of Perpetual Help.
 WEDNESDAY, 28.—St. Irenæus, Bishop and Martyr.
 THURSDAY, 29.—Sts. Peter and Paul, Apostles.
 FRIDAY, 30.—Commemoration of St. Paul.

JULY.

SATURDAY, 1.—Feast of the Precious Blood.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 24, 1933.

No. 25.

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Let Me Share Your Grief.

BY S. C. N.

BRING your grief to me!
Love waits, ample-hearted;
For that mine own eyes have smarted,
I can gentle be.
Love knows well, through wisdom lonely,
How to solace one joy-thwarted,
Love craves *giving* comfort only;
Bring your grief to me!
Let me share your grief!
Love, with steadfast yearning,
Waits, though tardy your returning,
Finding fond relief
For the woe itself is bearing
Thus by all your sorrows sharing.
Hear Love cry in accents burning:
"Let me share your grief!"

The Primitive Tradition.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

THE stream, it may be assumed, is purest at the source. It was on this assumption that the Reformers appealed from the Church to the Bible. The Church, they said, had corrupted Christianity, and it was necessary to go back to the original deposit as that is contained in Holy Scripture.

But although Protestantism has expressed itself in a way which suggests that the appeal to primitive tradition is peculiarly its own, this claim cannot be allowed. It is the modern mind which

has rejected the idea of a permanent element in history. Progress, according to this type of thinker, is a constant departure from the past. The revolutionist would clean the slate of all previous inscriptions and start afresh.

The Church, of course, has never repudiated the apostolic legacy. It is a house still in course of building, but, no matter how high it rises or how broad it extends, remains ever firmly established on its original foundations. It, too, acknowledges the need of returning again and again to the spirit of the first days. Such a return, for instance, was the Franciscan movement. St. Francis revived in his own person the Christ of the Gospels, the picture of whom had become dimmed. But, in order to do this, he did not have to escape from Catholic authority. On the contrary, the tradition to which he appealed received its validity from the Church and had been preserved by the Church. It had value in his eyes only because it had ecclesiastical sanction. He would have said with St. Augustine, "I would not believe the Gospel, did not the authority of the Church move me." His going back to the original sources was undoubtedly a means of purification and refreshment. It renewed the life of Catholicism.

But this work was achieved in the name of Catholicism itself. For, in preserving the primitive tradition, the Church is possessed of an antidote for all the abuses to which it is subject. For that reason it is autonomous. It can renew its own life from its own sources.

It is like a healthy organism the blood of which has the power to heal any wounds or overcome any poisons which may threaten it. There is no need, therefore, for outside criticism.

The Supreme Critic is that Lord which the Church ever acknowledges and worships as its Head. He is the Divine Antidote who may be relied on to purify the Church which is His Body. And it is the fact that the ultimate appeal is made to Him which accounts for the marvellous vitality and power of self-renewal which the Church has shown itself to possess. The note of apostolicity refutes the idea that the Reformers were unique in going back to the original Gospel. The Papacy has never supposed itself authorized to depart from the original deposit "once for all delivered to the saints."

But the method chosen by those who turned from the Church to the Bible overlooked one great fact. It sought to get back to the first century at one bound, ignoring the intervening centuries. Yet, the history of the Church is an exfoliation of and commentary on the teaching of the Apostles. It makes explicit what is therein only implicit. As the fully developed oak helps us to understand the acorn, so do the Catholic centuries elucidate the meaning of the First Century. Beginnings are only rightly read in the light of later developments. It is perfectly true to say that, in some respects, we know more of the past than did those who lived in the past. We can see the meaning of nascent tendencies which to them were insignificant.

History serves to distinguish between what was of but temporary value from that which has permanent validity. The literary judgments of contemporaries, for example, is rarely correct. It is only later ages which have fully appreciated the great masterpieces of literature. We should be very much impoverished

if we were obliged to read Shakespeare through Elizabethan eyes. The breadth and richness of his humanity has been emphasized by the universality of the fame to which he has attained. Those whom he has inspired have, in their turn, thrown the light of their discoveries back upon his genius. Modern psychology has illuminated passages which otherwise would have been dark. The dramatic developments of which his plays were the beginning, instead of obscuring his light, reveal its splendor, as the sun is glorified by the world of beauty it creates.

Much more is this the case where a tradition works out its implications within an ordered and continuous institution such as the Church. The course of time has brought out the intention of the Apostles. The actual work achieved illustrates their purpose. The nature of the seed sown is seen in the harvest. The teaching of theologians and philosophers has explored and exhibited the profundities of New Testament thought. With the original Hebraic strain other racial tributaries have mingled, so that the catholicity of the Gospel has been seen in actual working. Greek thought demonstrated the reasonableness of the Faith, and Rome, by providing a world-wide imperial organization, gave the needful opportunity for missionary expansion. In the lives of the saints Christ was magnified, the facets of His character caught, this by one individual and that by another. By tracing the course of Christian history backwards the mind is prepared to view, with the garnered wisdom of Christian experience, the initial Movement.

All this is missed by those who instead of marching through the centuries, fly over their heads. The direct appeal to the Bible without reference to the Church does not really achieve the simplicity at which it aims. Can it be pretended that the uneducated Protes-

tant struggling with the Jewish idiom of St. Paul or trying to reconstruct the scenes of the Gospel from the written page has an easier task than the Breton peasant for whose understanding of sacred things the Church has provided statue and picture, symbol and ceremony, and for whose benefit the Faith is commemorated in a round of fasts and festivals the customs of which bring their meaning home to his native mentality, and intertwine divine truths with the seasons of his year?

The processes of time have not only enriched the Gospel, they have been also processes of adaptation and simplification. The primitive tradition has had time to blend itself with local history. It is colored by a thousand associations which endear it to the provincial mind. It reaches the peasant through churches which his fathers built and in legends that have grown up on his own soil. So that St. Peter speaks in the patois which he learned from his mother's lips. All this process of interpretation the Reformers ignored. They flung the mind back by a single *tour de force* on a Story which had its setting in a distant time and place. In short, they abstracted it from the context of the civilization it had created and which it needed for its explication.

And in doing this they lost the wholeness of the Truth. The periods through which the Faith has come to us have each emphasized some special phase. Together they correct and balance one another. St. Augustine needs St. Francis, and St. Francis needs St. Ignatius. The stream which reaches us has blended numerous tributaries. Because the interpreters have been of many epochs and many races, we are prevented from becoming one-sided and giving undue importance to what may specially interest ourselves.

Our Faith is that of a community spread over all the world and found in

all periods, and this tends to catholicity. Yet the Bible-student, however much he desires to discover "the pure Word of God," if he uses only his private judgment, inevitably reads into it the prejudices, or at least the special bias of his own generation. He cannot divest himself of the spirit of his age, and when this is uncorrected by the teaching of other ages it dates his understanding of the Gospel to an extent that falsifies it. This we can see if we refer back to the Protestant divines of earlier times and compare them with contemporary writers.

The Puritanism of the Sixteenth Century and the Puritanism of to-day are not merely different; they are mutually exclusive. When I take up Baxter's "Saints Everlasting Rest," with its concentration on the life to come, I am in a world altogether alien to the mentality which delights in Bruce Barton and his belief in the Gospel as a good business proposition for this present life. How sanely balanced compared with these versions is Dante with his vivid pictures of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, so deeply colored by his social and political teaching!

Protestantism, rejecting the counterpoise afforded by the influence of other times, easily becomes the victim of transitory fashions in thought and taste, and these fashions dictate its version of the primitive tradition, and misinterpret it. Bruce Barton's "Jesus" is very true to the Twentieth Century, but wholly out of drawing when compared with the Jesus of the Evangelists.

There is, it must be admitted, something attractive in the idea of going straight to the original sources of Christianity. To renew our spiritual life by immediate contact with the first generation of Christians is obviously needful. But, as we have seen, the method adopted for doing so is, in some cases, fallacious. Protestantism itself is

beginning to discover that it has misread the documents on which it relied, and is abandoning the attempt to make its Modernist conclusions tally with the New Testament.

Eminent scholars of the more advanced school, free from the necessity, as it was deemed, of finding scriptural warrant for Reformation tenets, have declared that the whole Catholic Church can be found in germinal condition in the New Testament. It is significant that those who appealed "to the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible," failing to find in the Sacred Volume justification for their sectarian creeds, are abandoning it in favor of a religion, the foundations of which are subjective. It is left to the Church which has developed the primitive tradition to safeguard that tradition, and to lead back to it the minds of all who need to live again in Apostolic times.

Embodied in the chair on which the monarchs of the British Empire are crowned is a stone said to be that on which their predecessors in the earliest days of British history sat enthroned. The rough, unpolished relic of barbaric days still plays its part in the gorgeous ceremonial that takes place on these occasions in Westminster Abbey. In the same way, at the heart of the Church which is to-day the mightiest of all this world's institutions, abides the living memory of the day when twelve unlettered men met in an Upper Room and experienced the plenitude of power granted by the Holy Ghost for the mighty task which lay before them of establishing the Kingdom of God on earth.



ALWAYS say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportunities, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful fire-fly whose circumlocutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.

According to Your Faith.

BY S. M.

THE fine funeral was over, all the friendly mourners had left, and two ladies, the younger not yet out of her teens, dressed in handsome black gowns sat beside a dainty tea table in a pleasant room. It was towards evening, but the sun was still sending warm beams of light through the softly swaying curtains.

The elder sister spoke first. "Ivy, we will have to do something and quickly. Now that Dad is gone, life will not be as easy for Ned and me, nor for you. Dad's income stopped with his life, and you know Ned has had a bit of a cut in his salary on account of these mean old times. People are hanging on tightly to what money they have, and Ned says things look even worse than they did last month. He thinks he is lucky to keep his position at all. On account of our two children, we will have to count every dollar. Your living with us is nothing at all, but I want you to have clothes and spending money, as you have always had in Dad's day, and it looks as if that were going to be impossible."

"Well, Sis, you and Ned have a charming little place here and as long as Dad settled my bills, I didn't mind making myself right at home. But now I see plainly that I shall have to exert my lazy bones and earn my bread and jam. I have been thinking it over ever since I saw that Dad was nearing the end."

"But, Ivy, dear—"

"But, Nell, dear, don't interrupt me, please, because if you do, I shall have to start all over again and try and make my plan clear. I have positively determined to earn my own living. I am strong and well, and it won't hurt me in the least. Besides, now that we are in mourning, we cannot go out much, and what on earth would you and I do, staying indoors for the larger part of

the time. No, dearest, I am about to start to make my fortune—"

"Your face is your fortune, Ivy, and it won't be long—"

"Oh, Sis, there you go again. But you will see me making real money soon. I am going to learn shorthand and typewriting and get a job somewhere. I know that times are bad, but by the time I am ready for work, I sincerely hope that work will be ready for me, somewhere."

"But, Ivy, about half the world of girls seems to be following that profession."

"'Always room for one more,'" quoted Ivy. "Besides, some girls get married and some leave their places and some die, and also, as Ned would put it, some get fired."

"Well, you might try, if you are really interested. They say good pianists always master the typewriter quickly, and no one I know plays half as well as you do. Slater's College has an attendance of over a hundred students, and when you have finished, perhaps Ned will be able to help you to get started."

"Ned will help me, I am sure, the old dear," said Ivy, warmly, "but I am not going to Slater's College. They require students to stay a full year before they will sit them for exams, while a girl I met on the train the other day told me that she had been going to the Sisters on the hill—"

"Oh, Ivy, don't go there, I implore you! What would Dad say? Besides, they are such glooms! You would simply die there. Just imagine, they never go out and they wear long black woolen dresses, with a white linen thing over their heads which nearly covers up their face!"

Ivy laughed heartily. "Leave it to me, Nell. If I feel the blues coming on, I'll come straight home to you. Miss Campbell, the girl I met in the train, says all the lessons are individual, and she got

through in eight months. Like myself, she is a college girl, and that helps a lot. I mean to try, so wish me well. Besides, I won't be going to school forever, will I? Come up to-morrow with me, and let us settle details."

"I go with you! Oh, Ivy, I couldn't—I really couldn't! Ask Ned or some one."

"Who will protect me, eh? All right. To-morrow I will go alone, and you will see me come back with the arrangements all made."

"But, Ivy, they are Catholics, and the first thing you know—"

"Listen, Nell, you are looking too far ahead. You know it takes me a long time to learn anything, so don't give me too much for a start. Here is Ned at last. Have you a cup of hot tea for him?"

Quiet reigned in the large breezy schoolroom. A shadow fell across the sunshine streaming through the open door. Sister Mary Clare looked up, then rose, the class rising with her, as a visitor was observed at the entrance.

"Can I do anything for you?" was the cheery question, from Sister, as she approached the newcomer.

"I want to get some information about your school terms. I wish to begin the study of shorthand." Ivy spoke in a nervous tone.

"Ah, yes. Come in, please. Sit here. It is very warm just there in the glare of the sun." Then, to the standing class, "Be seated, young ladies, please, and excuse me for a few minutes."

A well-trained class of girls rustled quietly into seats and went on with the interrupted lesson, not without a covert glance at the beautiful girl who was now talking with Sister at a table across the broad room. On the table stood a well-made statuette of St. Anthony, bearing on his open book the familiar figure of the Christ Child. Sister took a seat opposite her visitor and drew from a drawer in the table a small prospectus. It seemed to Ivy that

Sister smiled at the two figures in the statuette, but she could not be sure. She took in at a glance the clear dark eyes with their long lashes, eyes that looked darker by contrast to the palor of the skin.

"Too much in-doors," thought Ivy, in spite of herself. She was trying to maintain an easy manner as if talking to Sisters was not an uncommon occurrence.

"This is a little prospectus, showing our prices, hours, and the method of work followed. Do you wish to take bookkeeping too?"

Sister spoke in a dry, business-like manner that surprised Ivy.

"Many students take a term of bookkeeping as they find it helps them to advance, once they find employment."

"No, thank you, Sister," Ivy responded with a pleasant little laugh. She was feeling delightfully at ease. "I wouldn't think of taking up bookkeeping. I can't even add correctly. I am anxious to learn shorthand and type-writing, as recent events have made it necessary for me to help myself financially. But no bookkeeping, please."

Sister laughed softly. "Well, then, we'll just draw a line through this subject and talk about the other two."

Explanations followed, clearly and very briefly. Ivy felt drawn each moment more and more to the black-clad figure before her, who glanced so sympathetically at the mourning dress, when Ivy touched informatively on the "recent events." Arrangements were soon made and Ivy asked permission to begin her studies on the following morning.

"Certainly," said Sister. "We begin at 8:30."

"So early!" exclaimed Ivy.

"Well, you may come in later, if you wish, but when you are established in a position later on, 8:30 will not seem early, will it?"

Sister spoke with a twinkle in her eye that made Ivy see the whole situation better. Here she was, anxious to begin

studies which would probably culminate in providing her with a living and she thought 8:30 too early to begin.

"Oh, I see the point," she returned. "It is to be business from the start. Well, I will be here at 8:30, not only to-morrow morning, but every school day, I hope. But how do you manage to be ready, yourself, so early?"

"I? Oh, I rise with the Community at 5 o'clock. We begin our day then, so you see 8:30 is not so early, after all."

"I should be ashamed to be late, then," laughed Ivy, as she took in a warm clasp the hand Sister held out at parting.

As she walked down the shady avenue towards the tram-car line, many thoughts flew through her naturally active mind.

"I do wish Nell was not so prejudiced. Surely she would have to approve of everything I have encountered this morning. However, I mean to say very little about it. Time is such a wonder-worker. Perhaps Nell will soon be reconciled to my going to the convent on the hill for lessons. It surely is a most attractive place, and that atmosphere of peace—yes, peace, that's it. Peace and quiet are so conducive to study. I wonder how long it will take me to get through the course; I wonder, too, who those girls were. They were so quiet I forgot they were there. And who was that bald-headed gentleman with the lovely Baby on his book? I will try and find out what it means. Some Catholic image, doubtless. Anyhow, it was very pretty and perfectly artistic. Oh, there comes the tram. I must hurry or I'll miss it."

Eight-thirty found Ivy at the classroom door. A place was assigned to her at the theory table, and all the other students went to their typewriters at the sound of the bell, after receiving their assignments for the three-quarters' hour of work. Soon the machines were tapping out the exercises. Sister came

and sat beside Ivy, a new book in her hand.

"While the other students are busy, you and I will start our first lesson." So spoke Sister, and Ivy told herself how glad she was to find that her first awkward attempts were witnessed only by her thoughtful instructress. Ivy never thought of their attending angels. Nothing formidable yet to tell Nell.

For forty-five minutes the typewriters ran on, and at the end of that time, Ivy found that she had imbibed the principles of the first chapter in her book, pleasantly enough, she had to admit inwardly. At nine-fifteen the bell rang, machines stopped simultaneously and the students rose.

"Prayers, now, please," said Sister, but Ivy never moved. Her heart beat sharply, but her pencil moved over the page of her notebook.

"Won't you join us in morning prayers, Miss Eldridge?" asked Sister.

As gracefully as she could do so under the circumstances, Ivy rose to her feet. To cover the evident embarrassment, Sister proceeded.

"You know, young ladies, that these prayers are offered to obtain God's blessing on our studies and that we may find good positions as soon as we are ready for them. In praying thus, I need not remind you, we are praying not only for ourselves but for each other. 'In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,'" the students completing the prayer with, "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, Amen." Then Sister said, "St. Anthony, pray for us," at the close of the short, fervent prayers, and all the girls responded, "Pray for us."

Ivy found herself listening intently. What did it all mean? It was many a long day since Ivy had said a prayer. Oh, yes, in church there were prayers, but the minister did the praying and Ivy did or did not listen, as she felt

inclined. Every word of these simple prayers she heard clearly. What did that short one at the end mean? "St. Anthony, pray for us." Well, she would find out about that later, too. Perhaps she would be able to ask one of the girls if she found one friendly. Because, although each one certainly answered the prayers, Ivy felt sure that she recognized faces there that she had seen in her own church. What would Nell say if she heard that Ivy had been saying, or rather, listening to, Catholic prayers. But Nell would not hear it from her, at least, not yet.

"Sit, please." Quietly work was resumed. "You all have work for at least a few minutes. I am going to show Miss Eldridge, our new companion, something about the typewriter. After that, we will begin our dictation."

How orderly everything was. The sound of a low voice was heard now and again, as some student consulted a companion about her work. Fifteen minutes thus.

"Now, Miss Eldridge, enough for this lesson. To-morrow, you will begin a simple assignment. You will be surprised at results. You are a pianist, I think."

"How do you know that?" asked Ivy.

"By the way your long fingers fall onto the keys. Playing the piano well helps marvellously to master the fascinating little machine. You are going to be a first-class operator."

"Fancy that," thought Ivy. "She has decided it for me after less than fifteen minutes' work." Still, she could not feel in the least offended at the business-like manner of her gentle teacher.

"If you will sit at this table for about a week's lessons, Miss Eldridge, I think you will then be able to join a regular theory class."

Relieved again to find herself studying alone, Ivy took a pleasant seat by an open window. The morning passed quickly enough. At eleven, a dictation

lesson was given on the gramophone that caused not a little amusement among the students, as the speed was increased with each new record. The whole class began with a record at sixty words a minute, the second was given at seventy words, and the third at eighty. This final record forced the beginners to drop out one by one. Eighty words, ninety, a hundred followed. Lastly a record at one hundred and twenty words a minute, and only three students were able to keep up to the end.

"Enough for to-day, but you all see the improvement," said Sister, as she closed the gramophone. "To-morrow we will try again."

At ten minutes to twelve the students took their notebooks to their typewriters to transcribe their "take" of the morning. Bidding good-bye to Ivy, whom she left seated at her machine, Sister left the schoolroom and went up to the convent to dinner. All worked away quietly until ten minutes to one, when, one by one, they covered up their machines and placed their typed work in the letter basket on Sister's desk.

"We stop now, Miss Eldridge," explained a young lady, stooping over Ivy. "We are all free to go now."

"But where is Sister?"

"Oh, she has gone up to the convent for noon-time prayers and dinner. She won't return until one, when she takes other students for private lessons."

"And you all keep at it like this, without supervision?" asked Ivy.

"Yes, we wouldn't get our assignments finished if we did not work steadily. Sister says if we are employed in an office, we would have to be left to do our work while the manager was out, so we get this as part of our training. At first, it is odd, especially if you are just out of school, but it is quite practical, and we like it."

The new acquaintance furnished Ivy with just the information she was looking for, and in her appreciative

way, she asked question after question. St. Anthony and the Beautiful Child came in for some consideration, and Ivy's new friend picked up the little statuette quite familiarly and explained St. Anthony's particular business in the school.

"You know he is in charge of the lost and found department. We Catholics, who ask, and anyone else for the matter of that who cares to ask, will surely be helped. He is never asked in vain. He finds us places, and good places, too."

"But how?" inquired Ivy

"Oh," laughed her new friend, "we pray to him. If you really want a job, ask for it, and have faith. He will find it for you."

The girls parted company after this, Ivy's first day of school, and each went to her home, but Ivy kept repeating to herself, "How have faith? How have faith?"

She was determined to ask Sister on the morrow and she did. Arriving at school a few minutes early she wished Sister good-morning, and then said in her straightforward way, at the same time picking up the statuette as she had seen her classmate do the day before, "Sister, will you please tell me how I can induce St. Anthony to help me to find a good place when I am ready for it? Miss Carter told me yesterday to pray to him and to have faith, and he would not fail me. It is all so sweet, so—so alluring, I should say, but I don't quite understand."

Sister drew a bright-looking little magazine from a pile on a small table near her desk.

"This has some information in it, and will give you many ideas about the devotion to St. Anthony. Each month the editorial deals with an interesting side of the devotion. We also have a charming little *Life*, by Stoddard. It is hardly ever in the library because the students like it very much. Our library members are not supposed to lend books outside

of their families, but, where St. Anthony is concerned, we have to make special allowances. He is often away for weeks together because our students want all their friends to know him. I will make inquiries as to just where he is now, and when I get in touch with the borrower, I will get the book for you. But don't forget that he cannot help you without our dear Lord's sanction, so ask him to pray for you to that Baby Jesus on whom you see him looking so lovingly. They are both absolutely indispensable friends of mine."

Ivy took the magazine home at the end of the school day, and read it in the quiet of her own room. She marvelled at its simplicity and its charm. And she was delighted to find next day that Sister had a book ready for her on her arrival at school.

"This is a copy from the Sisters' library which I have borrowed for you. One of the students told me that her grand-dad is reading ours for the third time, and it may be days before we see it again."

Sister handed Ivy a dainty picture of St. Anthony and suggested that she use it as a book marker. Ivy exclaimed at its beauty and begged to be allowed to keep the picture, a request readily granted. So thus Ivy got acquainted with the life of a Catholic saint. She read many other books from the school library, but she could not get her sister or her brother-in-law even to open one. They warned her, half in fun and half in earnest, that if she didn't watch out, she'd "get religion."

The little St. Anthony magazine was the first of a long line of interesting and instructive reading which the school library provided for students. Lessons went on prosperously and pleasantly. The charming little chapel farther in on the convent grounds was a favorite resort of Ivy's. She sat there, many a time, thinking at first, then praying, on

her knees, for light and guidance, as her carefully chosen reading had directed her to do.

On her own initiative she asked for further information about the Catholic faith. This caused a stir in the peaceful home of her sister, for Ivy, always frank and open-minded, preferred that her sister and her husband should know just what she was doing. Nell cried over it and Ned argued over it, but without causing Ivy to change her plans.

"I am not a Catholic, and I may never be one, but I want to be on the safe side," she said. This was the only explanation or excuse she ever offered. June came, and Sister and the students began a novena to St. Anthony, to end on his feast-day, the 13th. Ivy bought a small statue and placed it on a shelf in her room. Nell loved her sister with a real, unchangeable love, and Ned was too happy to avoid friction by following the line of least resistance. The subject of religion was not again opened between them. Ivy noticed that Nell went less and less to church, and the children, still too young to understand, received no religious instruction whatever, except what they got at a small private school near their home. Here, all denominations being present, the teachers thought it best to confine their religious instructions to just what was in the small Bible History, studied twice a week by their little pupils. Ivy soon found this out, and it made her redouble her prayers for the dearly loved little ones. She prayed that in God's good time, all would be well with them and with their parents. She knew that to re-open the subject of religion would only make matters worse.

Early in June, Ivy had received certificates for her successfully passed examinations in shorthand and typewriting, and now she looked eagerly forward to a paying position where she could be self-supporting. She meant to spend all she could spare on her little nieces

because she was deeply grateful to their father and mother for the happy home she had shared with them. Day dreams piled up and she made many little plans.

The novena was nearing its close. "St. Anthony will surely help me, Sister," she cried. "I feel it, somehow."

"Yes," said Sister. "Have faith."

Laughing, Ivy agreed to "have faith," as she remembered the words which her first student-friend had confided to her, —this student now was filling successfully a good position in one of the city banks.

On the morning of the 13th of June, as the novena prayers were ended, Ivy looked at Sister, when she had finished making the Sign of the Cross, and Sister smiled knowingly. Lessons for the day began. About ten o'clock a shadow fell across the door, just where Ivy had stood some months before. Sister approached the visitor. It was a messenger with a letter. Opening it, Sister read an application from Mr. Anthony Kelly, owner and manager of a large mercantile establishment in the city. The application was for a stenographer-typist whose services were needed immediately. Mr. Kelly was a Catholic of high standing, and when he or any of his business friends wanted an assistant in any of their various offices, they never failed to try the commercial department of the convent school first, and they were almost always accommodated. A dozen students, at least, had left Sister's classroom to fill places in this way. Giving the bearer a seat, Sister passed the letter to Ivy, saying, "Read this, please."

As she read, hot tears welled into Ivy's eyes and she turned aside to wipe them away.

"Will you accept St. Anthony's offer?" asked Sister in a low tone, meant only for Ivy.

Touched deeply, the girl replied with a smile and a nod. Then she controlled

her emotion sufficiently to say, "To be sure I will, the darling."

The messenger received a brief reply to take back to his employer and he left to deliver it. Sister telephoned to Mr. Kelly that Miss Eldridge would come at once. Ivy gathered up her books into her grip and with a letter of recommendation and introduction, left the school where she had learned so much in so short a time. She passed out of Sister's life, also, as far as seeing each other was concerned. She wrote and telephoned and sent in little useful gifts for the school, among them a fine picture of St. Anthony. She always remained in Sister's prayers, however, and in the thoughts of her fellow-students, who had learned to appreciate the sterling qualities of their charming companion. One day Sister received the joyful message that she had been received into the true Church, and her heart rejoiced.

Three years later Sister was transferred to a much larger school in a distant part of the State. She came to her new desk the first morning of school and found there a large flat package with a foreign postmark. She glanced at it with interest, and after morning prayers—novena prayers, by the way, to St. Anthony, as it was his feastday,—she opened her package. A thrill of joy and gratitude to God filled her heart as she gazed at a large photograph group of a lady and gentleman, the former holding on her knee a cherub of a baby boy. On the back of the picture was written in Ivy's well-remembered fine clear hand, "Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Kelly and Anthony Kelly, Junior, with love and best wishes to dear Sister Mary Clare, with a request to be always remembered in your dear prayers. God bless you!"

St. Anthony had again heard and answered Sister's prayers.



GOOD company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Columcille in Exile.

BY IVY O. EASTWICK.

HOW rapidly my little boat is sailing on the sea—
 Ever away from Derry!
 How heavily the heart is lying in the breast of me!
 Ulster, Leinster, take my kindest blessings unto ye!
 Dear Moylinny, may the rain fall on your heart for aye;
 Lough Lene, Meath, I leave your smiles for lands where clouds gloom grey—
 So far away from Derry!
 Alba of the Ravens, Alba of the unkind sky,
 Beckons to my coracle until it seems to fly—
 Fly from home—from Derry!
 The sad tear and the long tear is within my soft grey eye
 Since I am leaving Derry!
 Take my blessing to your heart, O fair lands of the West,
 Ulster, Munster, Leinster—lovely lands that love has blest;
 But it's Derry, Derry, Derry takes the heart out of my breast—
 And I am leaving Derry!

❖❖❖

A Saintly Scientist.*

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

II

IN the early days of his catholicity Windle used to ask Canon Greaney about any apparent contradiction between Science and Religion. Sometimes the Canon's answer was: "I cannot answer that. It does not mean that there is no answer. Give me time, and I will see what I can do by study. Even in the end if it is over my head, it does not follow that there is no answer. Remember, there is *always* an answer."

Later on Windle spent many happy hours in the country district around Edgbaston with his friend, the learned Monsignor Parkinson, of Oscott, discussing philosophical questions of all kinds. Indeed, with Monsignor Parkinson he went through a great part of the training that a young seminarian normally

receives before ordination to the priesthood—and a stiff course he confesses to have found it—in preparation for the work which always lay nearest his heart, namely, the exploring of the regions of contact between Science and Religion.

In 1891, the degree of Doctor of Science was conferred on him by the University of Dublin. He interested himself in the Birmingham Old Library, and it is interesting to get the views of a man so steeped in every known form of Science regarding novel reading: "In my opinion one of the prime uses of the library is to afford a constant and ever fresh supply of novels to its subscribers, who are thus enabled to weave into the dull, drab fabric of workaday existence many more bright threads of fancy than would be possible were their read-

* "Sir Bertram Windle," by Monica Taylor, S. N. D.—Longmans.

ing limited to those books which they were able to purchase for themselves. And I say this as a fairly persistent novel reader whose hunger would often have been unsatisfied had it not been for the stores laid up within these walls. The novel is the natural recreation and relief of the busy man, the anodyne of the sad, the pastime of the happy."

Knowing the enormous extent of his study, it would seem there could be no time for lighter reading, but there was. In reference to this we are told that the pithy criticisms of the books he read are interesting. For the authors of immoral books he had no mercy.

In connection with the library he founded the Birmingham Catholic Literary Society. He attended and contributed to Catholic Truth Society Meetings and conferences. During one of these conferences dealing with the work of the Catholic Truth Society he formed a strong and intimate friendship with Abbot Gasquet (afterwards Cardinal). They died within two months of each other. He strongly insisted in public addresses upon the urgency of the need for Roman Catholics to take their full responsibility as citizens, thus giving the lie to the claim of those outside the Church that a man could not be a good Roman Catholic and a good citizen. Professor Windle was a keen lover of the country, not merely enjoying its beautiful scenery, but also delving deep into its "geological, botanical, architectural, historical, and antiquarian significance." As he also loved to write, he naturally wrote much along this line, and his books were greatly enjoyed and praised.

The singular statement is made in his biography that in spite of his real success as a singer in his earlier years, music was the only one of the arts which did not appeal to him, especially classical music, and this in spite of the fact that Mrs. Windle was a brilliant pianist. The only things spoken of which he really liked were "Annie

Laurie" (well sung, it is added), "Che Faro," "Where'er You Walk," and Handel's "Largo." Dr. Windle was fond of social intercourse, and his house was often the meeting place for congenial spirits, sometimes, however, spoiled by his yearly attacks of hay fever, when he perhaps had to spend days in a darkened room, absolutely idle, because the violent sneezing had broken a blood vessel in his eye which endangered his sight.

Two daughters had blessed the union of Professor and Mrs. Windle. He had longed for a son, and his joy was unbounded at the birth in 1896 of a boy who, however, lived only a few months, leaving his father inconsolable. Four years later, another son was born, living only long enough to be baptized, Mrs. Windle dying at his birth. The following year Professor Windle was married again, this time to Miss Edith Nazer, the cousin of Madoline, previously referred to, whose influence had brought her into the Church. This marriage proved ideally happy up to the very day when death stepped between them. She was a great aid in his work in various ways, sometimes by making the illustrations for some of his countless books, and in the preparation of lantern slides for his lectures, and sometimes by labelling in her clear and beautiful script thousands of specimens. Her talents and her tireless energy were similar to his own. After being for twenty years the corner-stone of the medical school in Birmingham, he was appointed president of Queen's College, Cork. On his departure from Birmingham, he was the object of many affectionate and complimentary addresses. At this period his personal appearance was thus described:

"In his prime of life, tall, keen-featured and fresh-complexioned, Dr. Windle is a remarkable man to meet. An alertness in his look and an elasticity in his gait attest his activity, while his

face, clean-shaven, is intensely intellectual and strongly stamped with character. To talk to Dr. Windle is to be attracted by his earnest, but easy, unassuming disposition, and by his cultured, clear-cut style of conversation."

The tasks awaiting Dr. Windle in Cork were so stupendous that he afterwards declared that in the beginning he worked harder than at any other period of his life. The three Queen's Colleges, which were attached to the Royal University of Ireland, had been placed under the ban by the Synod of Thurles, since religion had no official recognition. Some idea of Windle's sterling catholicity can be learned from the fact that at the end of his first year a movement was made to remove this ban. Without entering into details, be it said that he displayed a special talent for organization, and this in the face of difficulties which few men would have dared to attack. One of his first moves was to bring about a new social life by inaugurating a Students' Club consisting of old students from all over the world, and holding delightful reunions at his house. He also immediately began the study of the Irish language which was to be adequately taught in the University. Much of the knowledge of these early plans has been learned through the diary which it seems he was never too busy to keep. This also reveals the fact that he went to confession and Communion once a week, which at that time was considered remarkably frequent for the most devout of lay Catholics. Although keenly desirous of attending daily Mass he was advised against it by Canon Roche because of the too great tax upon his physical resources. He followed the spiritual exercises of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

In 1910 it is recorded that he wrote 4845 letters. In 1907 he read three hundred and eighty-seven books. In 1909 he was made Knight of St. Gregory by

Pope Pius X. His friends in Cork presented him with the insignia of the office. In 1911, his beloved wife was obliged to go under an operation, making the year a very trying one for him, but she made a complete recovery and almost the last day of the year he received word that the honor of Knighthood was to be conferred upon him by the King. On March 6 of the following year the ceremony of the conferring of Knighthood took place in London, the insignia being bestowed by the King in person.

The Great War took its toll of Dr. Windle as of all others. His sensitive and highly strung nervous organization suffered greatly from the depressing effects witnessed on all sides, and it required some time to enable him to push his sorrows into the background by writing. During this period he completed his great book "The Church and Science," which had occupied him for two years. When finished it was posted to America.

"Alas! the typescript was to have many vicissitudes, for the Americans insisted on translating Sir Bertram's distinctive prose into Americanized English, a proceeding to which he would in nowise consent. The typescript was returned in consequence and the contract broken."

Sir Bertram's extraordinary love for dogs is mentioned by his biographer together with a reminder of his frequent playful remark that he was glad the Church had never pronounced officially on the question of canine survival after death. This trait brings the great scientist down to the level of the ordinary man. The many friends and admirers of our war-time president, Mr. Wilson, will be interested in the statement that Sir Bertram considered his speech on the occasion of America's entrance into the World War a masterpiece.

Concerning his real interests in life, in a letter to a friend he said:

"It is a most curious thing that I took up scientific work first of all because I thought that it would provide me with a quiet, studious life, with the result that for five and thirty years I have never been out of action. Reorganizing educational institutions; sitting on Boards innumerable; never have I known what it was to have peace; and all my researching and writing have had to be done in the intervals. And now I am loaded with a share in the gigantic task of constructing a constitution for a nation."

In another letter he writes: "What I would love more than anything (and my wife too) is to retire to our little house in West Cork with a modest income, and live a life of literature and writing and country. Apparently I shall never have it, and if that is God's will it must be so."

In a letter to his dear friend, Sister M., he says: "To my intense astonishment and dismay (I don't conceal the fact) I got two days ago a letter saying that Mr. Balfour was sending a mission to America to bring about a closer relationship between the universities there and ours, and asking me to be a member. I hate the thought. It is a very real and definite cross, and I must take it up as such. I detest these things, with their festivities and functions; I loathe leaving my wife, for I suppose we are the most completely attached couple in the world; and I confess I don't fancy the thought of the voyage. However, thousands of better men than I am have had to face similar objections and have faced them—and who am I to stand out? Hence if my Governing Body will let me go, I shall go, and I don't doubt they will. I have to go to a conference at the Foreign Office next week. My dear, every fiber in my body groans for rest and quiet, but what can I do? When a thing like this comes suddenly, and without one's knowing of it, still less

putting oneself in the way of it, can it be anything but a call from God; and who am I to say *Non serviam*? All the same, I am greatly upset by the whole thing and by the state of affairs here which is as bad as it can be. God help us all! and God help those who have no religion, for how they get on at all baffles me."

After so many years of what he called a gigantic struggle for the three universities in Ireland, and while suffering acutely from lack of co-operation and understanding, he confided to a friend that he had unexpectedly received an invitation from St. Michael's Catholic College of Toronto, to take up a chair of their philosophical faculty, lecturing on science and Christian Philosophy; adding, "I suppose I owe this to 'The Church and Science'" (which was soon after awarded the Gunning Prize). Sir Bertram went to London in the interest of the University Bill.

When victory seemed almost certain the general election of 1919 and the preceding events in Ireland completely altered the situation. The new Sinn Fein party refused to support the project. On June 6 came the blow. The Government gave away the scheme to satisfy the Sinn Fein party, so Sir Bertram decided to accept the Toronto invitation. In the same year, 1919, he was asked to give a three months' course each year in the Catholic University in Washington. He consulted his physician, who approved of the change, telling him that at his age he could not expect to go on much longer as he was going; which gave Sir Bertram the feeling that the opportunity for the change came "straight from the hand of God." He had suffered greatly from underhand dealings on the part of others; suffering which sprang from the loftiness of his own motives, which made it impossible for him to conceive of the existence of selfish springs of action in others—"he could

not compromise with truth, and he could not control or conceal his disdain for anyone guilty of such compromise." From the very beginning of the life in Toronto, Sir Bertram's letters to his friends showed great contentment with his surroundings and his work, which was greatly appreciated at the very start by Catholics and Protestants alike. Father Carr, the principal of St. Michael's, spoke thus of Sir Bertram's work:

"It had been the custom for some years for the University to provide a course of six lectures for the general public. Each lecture was given by a different man, all, however, being men of distinction. The lectures were not well attended. In Sir Bertram's first year the course consisted of twelve lectures, and nearly 1000 people attended every one. Every year for nine years a different course was given to an overflowing audience. Though the lectures were all on Archeological and Ethnological subjects, each was sure to contain something about the Catholic Church." Father Carr adds: "Few men in his day equal Sir Bertram as a lecturer. Personally I do not know his peer." All this was a matter of great consolation to Sir Bertram who depended a great deal upon the sympathetic understanding of those about him.

In a letter to Sister M. he says: "I am often ashamed that I should ever despond or tremble, seeing what wonderful things He has done for me, and especially during the last year, when He took me out of Egypt (I am only gradually beginning to realize what a dreadful time I had in Ireland, and how it has told upon me), and brought me to a place where I have congenial, useful work, and a comparatively tranquil time."

In later years one of his students wrote of him: "He was the most affectionate and the most loyal of friends, and many of us owe him whatever suc-

cess we have had. . . . Whether you were faltering on the eve of a maiden speech or planning a book or an interview with the hospital board, his faith in you was a source of strength, and he was always touched by any show of gratitude. He took his friends into his heart, and was glad with them, and suffered with them and prayed for them every day of his life. A child that he loved died, and for five years (until the day he went to join her) he could scarcely speak of her without tears. . . . It was a joy to go for a walk with him. He knew all the English and Canadian wild flowers by name and the songs and habits of the birds. . . . He had a seeing eye, and it was surely for such as he that the world was made. . . . He knew that his wife could write of such things as well as he. If, however, it was a question of anathematizing the jazz music, the bobbed, bejeweled, bedaubed and bedizened babes of Belial, then it was his hand which wielded the pen. . . . Much of the charm of his conversation was due to the fact that he was a good listener, and he drew out the best that was in you."

A very breezy letter to Sister M. describes the lecture tour in the United States. He speaks very casually of Boston, Cambridge and Providence. He saw a good deal of the noisy but wonderful city of New York, did not think much of St. Patrick's Cathedral, but admits that Washington is as fine a city as he ever saw. Pittsburgh is a "truly horrible place," as is Cleveland. He found in St. Louis a grand equestrian statue of St. Louis in front of the University. "Did I ever tell you he was an ancestor of mine? It is nice to have a saint in one's family."

Sir Bertram's wit and humor have merely been mentioned in this article, for lack of space, but perhaps some reader might enjoy this extract from a letter to Sister M.:

"M. B. was married on the 26th of this month, and I do most earnestly hope that she will be happy. I had a letter from her written at 12:45 A. M. saying she was very happy, so I hope she may have a happy married life. But the female mind is a dark, impenetrable jungle, around the outskirts of which, holding his breath in awe and terror, the male may timidly walk, but enter which he never can. How different to the airy, sunny, breezy, even glades, like unto a great cathedral, of the simple male mind, so pervious to vision."

In a letter to another nun he wrote: "I am sure the enclosed will amuse you. It is a sample of the way they do things in the States. Everybody does—you must scream there to get an audience—but my word, they do love lectures, and will pay for them too. They are a wonderful people, and the Catholic organization there is splendid."

(Conclusion next week.)

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XXV.

CHRISTMAS Night, 1920. Nano set the date aside for a small Christmas party. They must relax or go insane. Davey, Conway, Mike Enright would steal in from hiding to enjoy a few hours. Alice and Mary Boylan would come. She worked out her plans carefully, and succeeded in keeping them secret from her father—until Christmas Eve. Then, sitting before the grate fire with her mother, she stepped beyond prudence. She talked too loud. Her father, who should have been in bed, heard her where he stood in his stocking feet in that hallway which ran like a tunnel from the kitchen between the living rooms.

That was why he walked down to his bog early Christmas night. He had an appointment with Mickeen the

Hump,—go-between, news carrier, Sergeant Hackett's spy. Very good. He got word to the Sergeant that there might be information for Mickeen which the Sergeant would want. The Bog would never have it said he was an "informer"—directly. The Sergeant could send his spy; the spy might pick up a hint.

Mickeen would meet him that Christmas night exactly at 7 o'clock, near the north end of the bog where the stone ditch bores through that clump of whitethorns. Mickeen was half an hour behind schedule. For one thing, Sergeant Hackett took some time to wonder what The Bog had to say.

"Perhaps some information for the Crown—Hugh Byrne does not sympathize with the Rebels."

"O no, he don't; he never does sympathize with them."

Mickeen had been hearing the word "sympathize" so often, it became as common as porter.

"I wonder what's the nature of his revelation? How much incriminating evidence has he?"

Mickeen did not know; and because it took time for the Sergeant to speculate, Mickeen was late.

While waiting, The Bog watched the bog; and certain other realities, too, came to him which he never noticed before. For instance, he had never seen so many stars: those great, separate stars which express a conspicuous splendor; lesser ones, visible like the white faces of cloistered nuns behind their lattices; and those clusters where you see points of light through blue vapor and silver dust. Perhaps he thought of another night; of a Child, of a Mother, of Joseph—the man of the house; that night of which this was record and tradition. Had he thought of that, he would have thought of another mother and boy—and himself the man of the house. No. He did not think of that night at all. Had Judas looked straight at his Lord's face when the

hand of mercy was upon his shoulder near the garden gate, he would have fallen in a heap. The Bog did not want to think of this night as the night of Child and Crib.

He turned again from the stars to the bog. How calm it all was! Those shining pools, bordered with rushes, looked like the shaven heads of mendicant monks with their fringes of clipped hair. Motionless, brooding pools, out of which workmen lifted dark peat in peaceful summers long ago. He stared down at what looked his embodiment.

"I'll tame her yet! Some day I'll tame her and make her produce!"

"I'm a bit late."

Hugh Byrne jumped; a fact which annoyed him, because he was not known to jump for anything or anyone.

"You're very late!"

Mickeen assumed the importance of an amateur playing Richelieu.

"I was discussing matters of the Crown with the Sergeant above."

"Well, I have a matter to mention; let's get behind the bushes here."

"'Tis a fine Christmas night anyhow," Mickeen said as he followed.

Hugh Byrne did not want to talk about Christmas.

"You wouldn't have e'er a bit of tobaccy?"

"I don't smoke."

"All right—I think I've a bit with me."

Mickeen lighted his pipe slowly; watched the blue smoke curl upward, break, fade. The Bog did not know how to begin; perhaps he felt ashamed. And then he made a start—he wanted to get through with it.

"You know where my house is, don't you?"

"Of course—back of the rise here."

"Ay. And you'll see Hackett when you get back—how long will it take you?"

"An hour. The bicycle is at the road outside."

"Ay. Now then, when you see Hack-

ett—he's at the barracks, isn't he?"

"Of course."

He was faltering at the edge. And then he leaped.

"I was just thinking that maybe Conway, Enright and (he was going to say 'Davey,' but changed his mind) that fool of mine might spend a few hours of the night in my house. The girl is having a party or something."

"Your son Davey, is it?"

He thrust the name at The Bog as you would a knife.

"That fool has brought ruin upon my premises."

"You want me to tell the Sergeant on them?" Mickeen asked. He would exact the last ounce of admission.

"Am I telling you what to do? You know your business, don't you?"

"I do—O I do, of course."

Mickeen said this without any sign of hurry. He had a theory that if you seemed hurried, people would dig under your plans.

"So you want me to tell the Sergeant what you just told me?" Mickeen insisted, half turning to go.

The Bog's face twitched as if something were hurting him.

"Does a ferret have to be told what to do when he's sent into a rabbit hole?"

"He doesn't—if he goes into the rabbit hole."

"Well, I'll say no more. Good night!"

"Good night to you! 'Tis a fine Christmas night, thank God! Plenty of stars and a big moon."

Hugh Byrne returned to the bog; he had no liking for Christmas moon and stars. He was sullen, depressed. Perhaps he would feel ashamed if he permitted himself to think. He watched the brooding waters for a time; then walked up hill to the flat field leading to the yard gate. He saw two blessed candles lighted in one of the rooms; and music came to him. Nano—the impudent snip!—was already at it! She was singing. Yes, that was Nano, who was stealing half his

property. Playing the piano and singing. An unforced, disciplined voice, you would say.

Silent night! Holy night!
 Shepherds first see the sight,
 Hear the plains and valleys ring
 With the song the angels sing,
 Jesus the Saviour is born!

He stopped; turned, walked south until he was out of hearing. He gathered new hate when he looked back and saw dimly his unroofed stables and cow-houses.

"The blackguards! Bringing ruin upon the country when the prices were never better, and every farmer could double his profits because of the scarcity following the war!"

A hound barked over at Madigans'—at the moon perhaps; or maybe a Rebel was hurrying across the yard. Boy laughter came from Dores' haggard, where a group of lads played at some game. It was dangerous to play games at night these times, but Christmas is the peace season, and the Tans would stay off the roads maybe until next day. Housed geese were noisy a few fields over—perhaps at Mahoneys'. A woman called to some one—to a child possibly—to come into the house. It is safest for children to be in at night.

He walked back to the bog. He could not endure the singing, though he liked singing well enough. To-night he could not listen.

"'Tis a pity she isn't tamed! She'd produce things would make a market if she was tamed!"

That brought back Davey.

"The ass!"

And Davey brought back Nano.

"The hussy! 'Twill serve them right if that humpy devil brings the police down on them to-night, on account of a word I may have let slip from me."

He walked north again; and as he reared the house he heard Alice Farley singing this time. There was a violin floating above the ripples of the piano.

That rat of a schoolmaster was inside too. And, no doubt, that wild devil, Enright! He had a respectable father—decent and well-off. And then the song,

I know what will happen, sweet,
 When you and I are one.

That was the Farley girl. She was there now. He had been softened by the tune once—but not to-night. He would not let himself expand hearing her—the bold, impudent thing! He remembered how she spoke to him that evening in the yard—his own yard—before that fool of his! Yes, 'twould serve them right if the police stole in and arrested every mother's son. 'Twould be the price of them if that humpy devil made use of a word which, maybe, slipped from him while they were talking. He was entering the house by the rear door just as Alice finished.

"That's your song, Davey," he heard John Conway say.

"His song! The ass! 'Tis much he knows about songs!" He closed his room door and lighted a lamp. Yes, he would read his paper and wait. Maybe that hump-backed devil would betray them to the police. 'Twould serve them right!

He read below the lamp which Nano had given him exactly four years before. He did not look at the lamp; just read by it. They were having fun out there—laughter, singing, dancing, talking; more laughter—and then the noise of cups. They were eating his substance! Well, he'd stay up all night if he had to and see the finish.

It came midnight. The police would be in any minute now to arrest them, after that humpy devil had reported a word which likely had slipped from him in their conversation. It would be the price of them!

They were laughing, and his fool of a son was telling that impudent snip of a Farley how Enright would be the best man at their wedding. The ass! He'd have a policeman for his best man any minute now—the fool!—on account of

an unguarded remark himself had made while talking to that humpy devil over near the bog.

"Let ye dance a hornpipe for me," he heard his wife say.

She was in all their plans in spite of her visit to the chapel every evening! The Bog reflected bitterly. He listened as Conway, Enright, Alice, Mary Boylan stepped out on the floor. Nano's fingers ran over the piano in a brief prelude, and glided into "The Blackbird"—that lilt which brings back memories whenever, wherever you hear it. The Bog always enjoyed the swift feet of good dancers, that seemed part of the music which made time for them. He would watch a good hornpipe any night, no matter what his work or his mood. Somehow the sight and hearing of an Irish dance softened his callousness, sweetened his sourness. Ah, there's nothing in the whole world to lift you out of yourself like the beat of a hornpipe on a good floor!

He put away his paper and stole out along the hallway. The door of the sitting room was open. He was in the dark and could see unseen. Nano was hitting the white and black keys so they hopped like hailstones. Out on the floor the four of them made their feet step to this side to that, forward and back, heel to toe, toe to heel. They weren't thinking of fighting or hiding now! Nor of shooting, nor of driving Britain out of Ireland! Enright was erect, hands at his sides, tapping the floor with force now and then to emphasize the time. Conway was just as good. Seeing one, you would forget the other. Those two girls were not bothered about spying, about running out with food and clothes this minute! They were thinking of motion and time, of getting their feet to obey the swing of the music that ran along their nerves to be recorded in their brains. For the moment The Bog forgot to despise Conway, to hate Alice. He saw the wonder of their timing feet,

agile and graceful. He watched Nano's fingers—white, slender fingers—light upon the keys as rapidly as a word alights upon a thought. What a well-proportioned, alert face she had! A wholesome face. More than that—a beautiful face, which you could look at and not tire of. He forgot—and was proud of her. He looked at the dancers, and there came the mad impulse to rush out and say, "Well done! Ye're stepping it out fine!" He would have done so—would have done so surely; would have been saved like Simon Peter—by love.

Only: he glanced through the open door of his room; saw through a window of that room unroofed stables and cow-houses, their walls black, naked below the moon. He went back to his paper, to his vigil. The bird of forgiveness, held insecurely, escaped—not to be recaptured. He sat brooding, watching, listening.

One o'clock. . . . Two o'clock. They danced, sang, talked, laughed. He heard the noise of teacups again.

"That's how a man's substance is taken from him!"

Three o'clock. . . . Songs, laughter, talk. Had that humpy devil not reported after all!

Four o'clock. . . . Quiet talk. . . . Murmured good nights. Conway, Davey, Enright left, Enright humming,

I've seen, and here's my hand to you—
I only say what's true—
Many a one with twice your stock
Not half so proud as you.

Mary Boylan and Alice would stay with Nano well into the morning. They must rest and relax.

The Bog was hiding back of the window when the three Rebels went outside. He watched them as they walked away together; saw them disappear as they turned the corner of the burned stables. He took his chair, set it close to his bed; sat upright for a long, long time. He was still there an hour after the three men had left.

"I wonder what's happened the police? Or what's happened that humpy devil? And did he report the word I let slip from me? Or was he caught and hammered to his death on the way up?"

He sat thinking, questioning, hoping, doubting.

And then Truth dawned. Slowly, inevitably. He looked at the clock. Three minutes to five.

"The liar! He's fooled me. May a hundred devils choke him! He's fooled me. . . . I'm an ass!"

(To be continued.)

A Midnight Penitent.

IT was past midnight in a flourishing manufacturing city of one of the New England States, when a priest was roused from slumber by loud knocking at his front door. Opening his window, which was directly overhead, he discerned a man well advanced in years, and asked him what his errand was at that late hour.

"Open, Father,—open, please!" was the eager reply.

"But what do you wish? Who are you?" inquired the priest.

"I am everything that is vile and bad. But, oh, open,—open quickly! I want to go to confession."

Naturally enough, the priest thought the man had been drinking, and was about to bid him be off, when he remembered St. Philip Neri's saying—that his "most consoling conversions were made in the most unseasonable hours,"—and decided to admit this strange visitor, and see, with God's help, what could be done for him. Half in doubt and half in hope, therefore, he dressed quickly and opened the door. Scarcely had the importunate caller crossed the threshold, when he fell upon his knees and cried:

"O Father, you see in me a most abandoned wretch—a villain given, up to all manner of crime! For months I have not seen the inside of a church;

for twenty years I have not been to confession. In all that time there is hardly a sin which the enemy of souls could suggest that I have not committed. I have been a—everything, I believe, except a murderer. In this very hour I was actually on an errand of sin, when my dead mother appeared to me, and said: 'Go at once to confession.' I beg of you to hear me now, late as it is."

The man was not drunk,—he had not even been drinking; excited he certainly was, and no wonder. The priest conducted him to a private room; and there, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and every other sign of deep contrition, the penitent unburthened his soul.

When absolution had been given and the penitent was about to take his departure, the priest said to him:

"My friend, your conversion is as marvellous as it is consoling and edifying. How do you account for it? What good deed have you ever done in our Saviour's name?"

"Father," the penitent replied, "I can explain the grace which I have received only in this way. On her deathbed my good mother made me—then but a young man—promise to say the Beads every day. Wicked as I have been, I have kept that promise faithfully, even when farthest on the road to perdition."

The mystery was explained, and the priest breathed an ejaculation of gratitude to the Refuge of Sinners, the Queen of the Holy Rosary.

Again promising with God's help to make all possible atonement for the evils of the past, and to conform his future life to the Commandments of God and the Precepts of Holy Church, the midnight penitent departed.

THE golden moments in the stream of life rush past us and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us and we only realize that they were angels when they are with us no more.

The Long Road.

BY P. J. C.

ALL this was before paved roads, automobiles, telephones, radios. The days were peaceful, the nights secure. There were no service stations, no community centres, no boy-scout masters, no group consciousness, no bootleg industry, fewer conventions, very much fewer discussions. It was long, long before civilization, birth control, companionate marriage, courses in conspicuous sex expression by advanced universities. Such civilization as there was showed no complexity. It seemed traditional and settled; was not made to serve as raw material for manipulation by jurists, pathologists, cultural centres. There were no "men of vision" who followed Progress as a hound a hare. Boys were measured for trousers by a tailor, for boots by the shoemaker; intelligence quotients were not yet. People were satisfied to have heads; were not concerned how big they might be.

In that far-away era of day peace and night security, the road you remember so well ran from the north southward to the town. It was a wide, white, road, dusty in summer. The load of hay pulled by a sweating horse this summer morning will be offered for sale in the market; a farmer is alone in his buggy as peaceful as the peasants in the "Angelus." He has household purchases to make, for it is Saturday. His wife would be along, but the baby needs her ministering. She gave her husband his list; he will not forget anything—in quality or amount. A boy astride a pony is retreating and healthy-faced; want of civilization does that for him. He is girl-shy. If he were living now he would be getting his theory of sex education in high school, the parked automobile by a rural road for laboratory. He wears a soft hat, well-

pulled down on his head; his trousers are serviceable, not creased; his shoes are for foot protection, not for hosiery display. He is taking his pony to be shod at what used to be called a blacksmith's shop. He must remember to bring home the evening paper to his father, some thread to his mother, a small box of writing paper to one sister and a book from the public library to another. Come a woman and a girl—her daughter—in a buggy. The girl drives the sorrel horse and knows horse management very well indeed. She lets him pursue his way, his pace, without any interference with his behavior. He will get to town she knows, because that is why his head is south. This girl belongs to the Faith of her Fathers and must get to confession with her Sodality. To-morrow is Sodality Sunday she remembers. Her mother may enter the "box" too—if she completes her program of buying this and that in good time.

And the truck farmer. He comes every day in late spring, all summer, and in early autumn. Some days of winter he comes too. He sells his fruits, his vegetables to customers in the big town. He understands his orchards, his gardens, and is paid a good price for his products. Every morning he drives past, his cart creaking below its burden; every evening returns, his cart rattling by with a light heart. Every morning he turns the same road bend at almost the same minute, and vanishes; every evening he comes around the bend again. Every time he passes he nods you a greeting and pursues his way. It has been so for years and years.

A hearse and a following of buggies go by in the earlier afternoon—the truck farmer making his journey south. He has gone around the road bend already and will be in town presently. There is a graveyard just west the last row of town houses. The truck farmer will not return your way at all this evening. Nor to-morrow evening either.

Notes and Remarks.

Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, said a number of good things in his recent Commencement Address, but probably nothing that he said needed expression so much at the present time as the following idea of money as a means of buying power over men: "Control of money and constant association with money is perhaps the most demoralizing of human occupations. Small wonder that in the ancient world it was thought to be a fit occupation for slaves! There is something about this contact and control which obscures moral principles and human values, and tends to develop a stiffly legalistic attitude toward every human relationship. This contact and control are uniformly accompanied by secretiveness, and secretiveness without any actual falsehood whatever is one of the most effective instruments of deceit." None of this is new. The Gospels are full of such ideas. In a time, however, when so many of our so-called intellectuals consider the Gospels out of date, it is well that such ideas should be reiterated by men in responsible positions. One need go no further than the investigations in Washington to find practical proof for the statement of Dr. Butler.

Dr. Ernest William Barnes, modernist bishop of the Church of England, Birmingham, England, gives his remedies for unemployment, poverty and depression. And beautiful, brutal remedies they are. Sterilization of the unfit, birth control, stoppage of immigration of "low-grade Irish." All from a man who is an accredited teacher of a church that affirms it is a branch of the Catholic tree. Sterilization is quite in accordance with the so-called survival of the fittest, though under it the fittest does

not survive. Birth control has already the sanction of many Anglican bishops, so Bishop Barnes is not a pioneer in his effrontery—to his disappointment perhaps. The order to the "low-grade Irish" to stay at home had not been made mandatory reciprocally in times past. The native British were transplanted into Ireland, have grown there and possessed the land. The "low-grade Irish" were invited to "go to hell or Connaught." Had not successive British governments parcelled out Irish soil for English "planters," no "low-grade Irish" would now be seeking domicile in England; and, moreover, Dr. Barnes should have withheld his inhospitable, insulting, unepiscopal language as a matter of prudence and good taste. Smouldering memories are stirred by it that were best let rest. Decent Englishmen do not consider England's treatment of the sister country an inspiring recollection; and political Englishmen prefer to obscure it. Dr. Barnes should stick to sterilization and birth control as more within his competence, and as having the episcopal approval of the Church of England. It seems best—or safer anyhow—to obscure by silence the "low-grade Irish." A good Englishman knows what to forget—and when.

The Catholic Actors' Guild has announced an experiment which, if successful, should help to solve their unemployment problem in addition to offering to people in the metropolitan district the opportunity for clean theatricals. According to a plan already formulated, Catholic actors and actresses will collaborate on a repertoire of plays from the "white list" to be presented in Catholic church halls in and around New York. The Actors' Guild, as sponsoring the work, will ask a percentage of the profit, the remainder to be divided between the performers themselves and the churches concerned. That the plan

has possibilities is evident from the fact that eight parishes and one hundred performers have already signed up to take part. This is a humble start, of course, but many a great movement has had a smaller beginning. We hope that it does develop into a great movement, for certainly the theatrical interests of the present show no inclination to clean up the stage. Necessity compelled us to originate a Catholic school system in this country, and we did a pretty good job of it. Perhaps we may yet do the same thing in the theatrical field.

The Presbyterian General Assembly meeting in Columbus, O., spoke tartly on the "menace to the minds and morals of our youth involved in many magazines and motion pictures." "Many of our moving pictures and the advertising in them constitute a national scandal," the report adds. Detached, occasional protests on the wickedness of moving pictures and photo-magazines by groups within churches will not frighten the somewhat callous producers of picture shows and picture books. It will take a country-wide protest by all religious faiths to subdue them within the limits of traditional decency.

Some time ago a strike was called in the Amoskeag Mills, Manchester, N. H., which affected 7500 workers. A hectic week followed which called for National Guardsmen to quiet things, after rioters had overpowered policemen. Thousands of dollars' worth of property damage was done, and many citizens of Manchester were jailed. And then Bishop Peterson of Manchester proposed a 15 per cent wage increase which Frederick C. Dumaire, representing the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, accepted. John L. Barry, president of the State Board of the American Federation of Labor, and Horace Rivi re, organizer of the

Textile Workers of America, got the men back to work. And, says Bishop Peterson, by way of inoffensive suggestion: "There's often too much fighting and not enough reasoning in these controversies. I suggested that both the management and the workers had been a bit too hasty." Congratulations to the strike-fixing Catholic Bishop of Manchester!

There are worse evils connected with the radio, apparently, than those which happen when your neighbor insists on giving a concert in the middle of the night and picks up some raucous tenor whom nature intended for a hog caller. Such an indiscretion can cause, at most, only a little domestic war. But what untold harm might not some of the following broadcasting do which we record as printed in our daily papers: "The Far East station at Khabarovsk broadcasts not only in Russian but in Chinese, Japanese, and Korean—enough to arouse suspicion of a political motive. At Minsk, almost on the doorstep of Poland, is a Soviet station which so incenses the Poles that they have raised their own radio voices, not so much in unavailing protest as in an effort to outshout what is regarded as inflammatory communistic talk. Further inland, at Moscow and Leningrad, are stations so powerful that they can be heard in France, England and Holland. The Rumanians are doing their best to interfere with them, as well as to drown out the vociferous Hungarians. Nankin is trying to tell the Far Eastern world that it is suffering at the hands of the invaders of Manchuria, whereupon the Japanese, fearful of the effect on their own people, proceed to stiffen the regulations governing the use of radio receivers and even threaten to forbid the manufacture and use of long-distance instruments. Lastly there is the familiar snarl created by too few wave-lengths and too many stations,

with international rules so far ignored that the S O S of a ship in distress must compete for attention with a gay fox-trot broadcast on the same wave-length by a lawless Finnish station." Here, indeed, is the stuff that breeds war, and unless some agreement can be arrived at by the various nations, to stop such abuses, we may expect almost anything.



The London *Catholic Times* reports that a strange Holy Year gift now stands on the Holy Father's desk in his private study. It is a bronze statue of a chimney sweep, and to the Pontiff it recalls the days he spent as a priest in his native Milan. The gift was recently presented to the Pope by a group of Milanese pilgrims, all of whom knew the incidents of the past that it recalls, and who alone realized how deeply the Holy Father was moved by the unique presentation. The history of the gift goes back some thirty years when Don Achille Ratti was chaplain at the Convent of the Cenacle. In this capacity he was approached by the good Sisters to instruct two small boys in their catechism. They were chimney sweeps, two of a large band of unfortunate youths, who each winter descend upon Milan to clean the city's chimneys. The future Pontiff realized the danger to which the boys were exposed, and through his influence and energies the Congregation of Chimney Sweeps was formed, and Father Ratti became its first protector. Ever since those days the Pope has never failed to inquire with fatherly affection for his little chimney sweeps, and now a permanent reminder occupies a position of honor on his desk.



It is not a new thing for a Catholic clergyman to be cited for a discovery in the medical field. It is, however, something out of the ordinary for a Catholic Bishop to proclaim a cure for an afflic-

tion which has merited the growing concern of almost every nation on earth for a number of years. Bishop Gubbels of the Belgian Franciscans was so deeply concerned over the increased opium smoking in the Upper Yangtze Valley that he studied and experimented until he discovered what he considers to be a reliable cure for those who really wish to be freed from the obnoxious habit. His method consists in persuading such individuals to accept voluntary confinement with almost complete deprivation of the drug from the beginning. During the first days of torture, however, His Excellency gives the sufferers what is equivalent to a spiritual retreat, appealing almost entirely to religious motives to fortify their constancy. Once the desire is lost, declares Bishop Gubbels, the victims can be freed under supervision until permanently relieved. Thus far seven sufferers have been given the complete treatment, and seven cures have resulted.



In reviewing Lord Fitzmaurice's "Life of Lord Granville," the *London Universe* quotes the words of Queen Victoria showing her attitude toward Catholics and the Church. It is interesting to read these sentiments again, if for no other reason than to show how futile all earthly power is in combating the Church. "The Government and many people in this country," writes the Queen, "seem to me to be totally blind to the alarming encroachments and increase of the Roman Catholics in England, and indeed all over the world. The Pope was never so powerful, and the Queen is quite determined to do all in her power to prevent this. Every favor granted to the Roman Catholics does not conciliate them, but leads them to be more and more grasping and encroaching." The Queen has probably learned by this time that the grasping

and encroaching of good Catholics has advanced to that point where they may be accused of stealing the kingdom of heaven, and she may also know that in spite of the fact that she did all in her power to prevent the growth of the Church, it still goes on its way serenely, thriving on persecution and opposition.



The practice of birth control is comparatively recent in this country, yet already we are beginning to feel its effects. For example, the President's Committee on Recent Social Trends, created by former President Hoover, has stated that "the decline in birth-rate has contributed directly to the lack of balance in the industrial system, which is, in part, responsible for the present troubles." That is only the beginning, however. In a recent speech Michael Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, gave us some indication of what we can expect in this country if this vicious practice is allowed to continue its havoc among us. Speaking of the ravages of birth control in his own country, his Eminence said:

The German people need more coffins for their dead than cradles for their newly-born. In 1900 there were 36 births for every 1000 inhabitants. Ever since the number of children has diminished, and in 1932 the number of deaths was larger than the number of births. We are, then, a dying people.

Since the end of the war Germany has lost more millions of people through the recession of the birth-rate than during the war. This fact becomes even more frightful, if we remember that the intellectually leading classes have a relatively larger share in this decrease of the birth-rate than the feeble-minded. Thus, the decrease in the birth-rate means a national suicide in a double sense, numerically on one side and intellectually and morally on the other.



Here is how the *Sun* (Lowell, Mass.) chastizes many-times-married Hollywooders:

If all of us were members of the film fraternity, the sanctity of marriage would be

dealt a blow from which it would never recover.

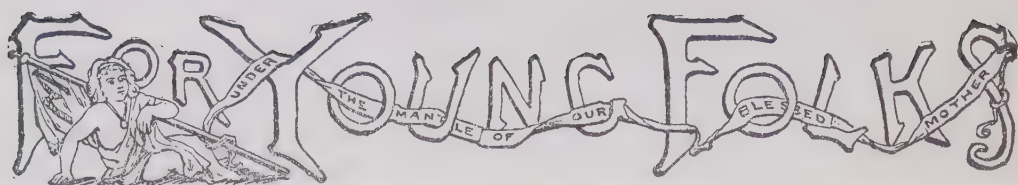
Just what causes movie romances to wind up in the divorce courts, as the majority of them do, is a question that cannot be answered immediately by the layman in this part of the country. Movie stars build up reputations for their acting on the screen; and while their own innate ability must be taken into consideration, they owe their popularity and success to the public, which supports them through the medium of the box office.

How long will the public continue to pay tribute to those so-called stars who violate the moral code by running to the divorce court and giving scandalous publicity to their domestic affairs? Why should the public support men and women of the movies who flagrantly toss aside the bonds of matrimony and set bad example to the youth of the nation by transforming marriage into a mockery?

Those two resounding questions that make up the last paragraph are to be put to you by yourself, esteemed reader. You, perhaps, have shed salt tears witnessing some virginal heroism performed on the screen by a lady whose drab story recounted in the divorce courts shocked even the jury, who drink down marital scandals without wincing. You are unwittingly contributing to delinquency.



You do not know Miss Grace Mary Colliflower. Well, Miss Grace Mary is a seventeen-year-old student of St. Cecilia's Academy, Washington, D. C., who fell short by just one small point of tying for first place in the National Oratorical contest held in Washington some time ago. Just one. So the young orator is a good second—a next-step-to-first second, in fact. She was the only girl to appear in the contest and was not terrified thereat; and the subject of her oration—as democratic as Alfred Emmanuel Smith—"Thomas Jefferson: Father of Constitutional Democracy." She takes a trip to Europe this summer as part recognition of her talent in public speech. Congratulations and *bon voyage*, Miss Grace Mary! Drop us a card.



In Slumberland.

BY T. E. B.

WHEN you come back from slumberland
You'll find your soldiers here;
Against the enemy they'll stand
With lifted pike and spear;
They'll keep the foeman's host at bay,
And follow each command
You gave them when you went away
To dream in slumberland.

So hurry off to slumberland
And fear no hidden foe,
Your painted soldiers understand
Just when to strike the blow;
They'll keep the trenches while you sleep,
They'll move as you have planned,
And on the enemy they'll creep
While you're in slumberland.

The Runaway.

BY GERTRUDE McNALLY.

GLORY had a secret! By closing her eyes (which had crossed pupils and were ugly anyway) she could bring Mom's face back again—almost clear as life. In a way it was scant comfort, but small things count as big when they are all you have. Two weeks now since Mom had gone to Heaven. But to little Glory Peters, Happy-Home's recent arrival, the time seemed more like years. If only Pop had died instead!

Thoughts of Pop brought thoughts of Glory's year-old sister, whose death had followed Mom's by a few minutes. It was with a kind of terrified despair that Glory recalled to mind the sentence passed by Pop upon that sister: "She as good as killed your Mom! If she hadn't picked the middle of the night

to throw convulsions in, your Mom wouldn't have been trying to heat water in the dark. And if she hadn't been up waiting on the kid when she should have been asleep, she wouldn't have fallen in a faint, leastways not to stay that way. She always got up from her faints before, didn't she?"

Glory knew "before" meant in the daytime, when she or Pop were awake to bathe Mom's temples, loosen her collar, rub her hands. What she was too young to know was that her shiftless, drunken father should have been up helping his wife, regardless of the hour; should at least have supplied money with which to buy kerosene for the lamps, so that working without a light wouldn't have been necessary—say nothing of dying without one.

There was one thing, however, which Glory knew too well. It was that she missed her Mom as much as she had loved her, and forever and forever would hate all babies. If it hadn't been for their baby Mom might now be alive! Glory's crossed eyes darted a glance upwards to the clock above the matron's head. Mom would have been getting supper about now, and she would have been helping her. Instead, here she was in this awful orphan's home getting—not supper—but a scolding!

It was the sudden surcease of the matron's voice that jerked Glory's thoughts back to the present. "I said," repeated Miss Musket, whose steady volley of words better resembled a machine gun, "are you listening?"

The culprit nodded.

During the pause required for a fresh supply of breath Miss Musket's sharp blue eyes went from Glory's two short braids, which stuck out from behind each ear like horns bent downwards to

a button of a nose. "Dry it!" she exploded.

Glory did; by taking a deep breath, inhaling loudly, and then making a swift, spacious gesture with one short arm which brought her nose in instant contact with the full length of her gingham sleeve.

The matron paled. "Oh! If you ever do that again I shall—" But just then the telephone on Miss Musket's desk rang. When she had purringly answered it and again turned her attention to Glory Peters, the problem of orphans' noses and their treatment was forgotten—temporarily.

"Now as I was saying," she continued, the skirt of her white starched uniform showing horizontal lines as she rose from her chair, "I want it understood that I will not tolerate unfriendliness from any child fortunate enough to be an inmate of Happy-Home. Ungratefulness, unfriendliness, unhappiness," she ruled, "are one and the same. Can I depend upon your giving no more trouble?"

"What've I done?"

"Reports say you refuse to play with the other children; refuse to speak even to the little girls in your own dormitory."

"I don't like kids, 'specially girls."

"May I inquire why?" Miss Musket's voice was icily polite. Not so Glory's answer.

"They're babies grown up—and I hate babies!" Fierce, fiery words, strangely out of keeping with the pitifully crossed eyes raised so beseechingly; eyes which begged some one to say something which would take away the memory of Pop's words. Instead, the matron answered:

"So *that* is the reason for Nurse Myer's report! She said when she had to move Baby Annabell's crib temporarily into Dormitory F, next to Emma's bed—Annabell's older sister—that you made a face, rolled on your side, and deliberately turned your back on out-

stretched baby arms! It has become the talk of the whole orphanage."

Glory's tawny head drooped. A lump so big it kept the words from passing, came into her throat, but the trouble was it didn't show. To all appearance she was just a naughty little girl adding the fault of sulkiness to that of unfriendliness. There was no way of knowing that behind the ferociously scowling forehead was a mind endeavoring to keep vivid the picture of a mother's face. Neither was there any way of telling that beneath the gray uniform of the Home was a suffering heart craving an understanding it did not know how to invoke.

Trouble indeed seemed concentrating upon Glory, for at that particular moment when the matron's patience was worn thin, Glory happened to lift to view a small pug nose which was very, very wet.

"Oh!" At which shuddering sound Glory's arm shot upwards. But before its gingham sleeve could do its duty, Miss Musket's hand rose and fell, leaving to echo and re-echo in the outraged stillness of the room, a re-sounding slap. It knocked Glory to the floor. Another second, and she had scrambled to her feet, turned, and fled blindly down the long front passage-way to the left wing, then up the stairs to Dormitory F.

Happy-Home had been an old house to begin with, and as the need for larger quarters grew, small additions had been added, one at a time. Dormitory F (which originally had not been intended as sleeping quarters) was situated more aloof than the rest at the extreme back of the building above the service porch, with windows which faced the rear. Through its one door leading out upon the long hallway now came sounds of nearing footsteps and louder voices, as the ten girls who shared the dormitory with Glory advanced. No one spoke to her as they

came in. They had learned it did no good.

In Nurse Myer's arms was Baby Annabell whose crib still stood in Dormitory F. Quickly the children undressed, for at five-minute intervals three gongs sounded; at the third gong every child was expected to be in bed with clothes folded neatly on the back of each chair. With an awful suddenness the lights went out. There was a "Good night" from Nurse, and a "Remember, no talking;" then she was gone.

Two hours later, Glory knew, save for herself, the children of Dormitory F were sound asleep. SnORES came from Blanche's bed; from Ruth's, the sound of small teeth grinding back and forth; from Clara's the choking sound of half-gasped sobs; and so on down the line.

Stealthily Glory rose, went to the window. Tilting down at her was a lovely cradle of a moon, yellow as "oleo." Glory suddenly remembered she had had no supper. For a long time she stood there in the darkness, a small figure alone with a big heartache. She had never had anyone but Pop slap her before. She hadn't known that ladies did such things; but then she'd only known her school teachers and Mom well.

A need to see Mom's face made her shut her eyes. At first lightly, then tighter and tighter. Her short "Oh!" was more gasped than spoken. For the first time—that dear picture which her memory sought to invoke—had failed to come! With a pain in her heart that was new, Glory decided to run away; where, she didn't know. She only knew that she must leave this place which had robbed her of the power to visualize her Mom.

In a swallowed kind of voice Glory tried to tell the yellow-as-oleo moon about it: "I'll go where they won't find me. I'll hide. My Mom—God took her—but He had a right. She'n God was friends. Mom knew Him awful well; liked Him like the dickens. But Mom's

picture—when I shut my eyes—that's different. You see, it was all I had left of Mom. The matron didn't have no right to take it. She ain't God. It was her slap that done it. I had it 'fore that slap!"

A twisting pain in a heart already rawly sore, and Glory added brokenly, "O Mom, your face in my head—it was all God left me of you. It was like a camera-picture. Please—I want it back, Mom. God, I want it back!"

Tear-blind, Glory stumbled to her chair, got into her clothes. She didn't bother with shoes or stockings. Her little feet were used to hard-ground walking. Then she softly raised the window screen, an inch at a time, and stepped out upon a garage roof which slanted to within six feet of the ground. There was a ladder, but Glory didn't know about that.

Because Dormitory F was the only dormitory which faced the rear, and because there was no fire escape leading from it as from the others, a ladder had been especially constructed and then fastened to the roof of the garage. This ladder reached to the ground, but due to the fact that there had been no fire drills during Glory's short stay at Happy-Home to acquaint her with the ladder's presence, she now sat down upon the roof and cautiously, quietly, half edged, half slid, a few feet at a time, forward—downward—downward.

The yellow-as-oleo moon helped all it could, but it didn't show that six-foot drop at the bottom. Picking her sore little body up, Glory started hobbling off across the town. She saw one or two people but took care that no one saw her. At the state road she stopped. A shrouded truck dipping and bowing was coming straight towards her. Glory wasn't conscious of moving, but she must have done so, for a second later the truck roared past. After that she kept to the fields. On and on, hour after hour, she trudged, stumbled, fell, picked

herself up and fell again, only at last to lie prostrate. Then it was that two clenched, flying fists helplessly chained to a tired body, peppered the ground with ineffectual poundings. "I gotta get away—far away! I gotta! I gotta!"

She was still mumbling those same words the next morning when she awoke. The sun was up, the yellow-as-oleo moon was gone. Sleepily, she turned over in the high, sweet-smelling grass. Her eyes opened farther. Then suddenly she was erect, taut with fear. There, rising over that low slope in the distance, the slope all sprinkled with brush, was Happy-Home's white gables!

That most of her walking of the night before had been done in a wide circle, Glory didn't know. She only knew that though she was gazing on a place where maybe that minute an ever-so-good breakfast was being served—she couldn't go back—ever!

But what if they should find her? The thought made Glory crouch down quickly, sick with fear. No! no!—they mustn't! She wouldn't let them! Never! Never! Never!

Like some trapped and frightened rabbit Glory glanced about. Visible only from the near territory in which she stood, was a weather-beaten shack hugged close by a brush growth of the same variety as that which sprinkled the surrounding landscape. Toward it Glory scurried. As she approached, she heard coming from within, strange, excited voices.

(To be continued.)

Emeralds.

THE lovely green gem called the emerald is especially associated with the memory of our Blessed Lord; for early legends connected with the Holy Grail—the cup used at the Last Supper—declared that it was formed of a perfect emerald of great size. The Holy Grail, as our young people must be

aware, was sought by the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table; but, as it was invisible to the eyes of all save those who had kept their lives and thoughts free from the slightest stain, only one or two ever gazed upon the precious relic, whose brilliance was so dazzling that it shone in the dark like a small sun.

Another tradition concerning the emerald points to as great a contrast with the foregoing as can well be imagined. It is said that the foul and cruel Emperor Nero witnessed the bloody scenes in the arena through an eyeglass made of an emerald, and said that the green light added to his pleasure when the Christian martyrs were thrown to the lions.

Before the Spaniards went to South America, it was supposed that Egypt and Burmah contained the only emerald mines of any size in the world; but the conquerors of Peru set the imaginations of all Europe aflame with their wonderful tales of the green gems they had found, and with the specimens they took home to prove their words.

The favorite goddess of the Peruvians was Esmerelda, who was supposed to have her home inside an emerald as large as an ostrich egg; and hundred-weights of similar stones were placed at her feet by the credulous worshippers. These gems naturally fell into the hands of the conquerors of the land, and many of them found their way to Europe.

It is almost impossible to find a perfect emerald, and this has given rise to the saying, "As rare as an emerald without a flaw." When first taken from the mines, emeralds are brittle, but become hard by exposure to the air. The most desired ones are of a dark green color, and are usually set in connection with diamonds,—an arrangement which is thought to add to their great brilliancy.

The emerald is said to have a benefi-

cent effect upon the eyesight, and it is well known that professional cutters of this stone are seldom troubled with faults of vision. This doubtless arises from the fact that green is of all colors the most soothing to the eyes.

As far back as history goes we read of the emerald; and it is mentioned in the Bible: "Emerald, purple and embroidered work, fine linen, agate and coral."

Oriental nations venerate as well as love this stone; but, singularly enough, they are in the habit of mutilating fine specimens by carving them or engraving upon them. Sometimes they string them on wire and use them as nose ornaments.

The ancients dedicated the emerald to Mercury, the swift-footed. They believed that if a serpent gazed upon one, it was at once stricken blind. They also had an idea that it would reveal the inconstancy of lovers by changing its beautiful color.

There are two theories advanced to account for the bestowal upon Ireland of the name "Emerald Isle." Between these you may choose as suits you best. Some say that when Henry II. became possessed, as part of his dominion, of the island of Erin, Pope Adrian sent him a fine emerald ring, along with his congratulations. But I prefer to think that beautiful Ireland owes its familiar name to the green verdure which has made it the Emerald Isle of the Sea. The emerald should surely be the gem adopted by the sons and daughters of St. Patrick.

There is no precious stone more easily counterfeited than the emerald, and many travellers have been deceived by a peculiar species of green jasper which successfully imitates the genuine gem. The famous green emerald pillars of Tyre were probably jasper, if not common green glass.

There are several historical emeralds worthy of mention here. There was, for

instance, the stone in the ring belonging to Polycrates of Samos. The jealous Amasis, King of Egypt, induced him to throw it into the sea, as a sacrifice to the gods; but the next day it was found in the stomach of a fish in the palace kitchen. Amasis became alarmed, and would have no more to do with the rival he had tried to despoil. Polycrates lost his good fortune with his ring, and soon after met with a terrible death.

There was in the crown of the Blessed Virgin in the cathedral of Toledo, in Spain, a most magnificent emerald; but one day a marshal of victorious France, while being shown the treasures of the building, coolly twisted the gem out of its setting and put it stealthily into his pocket.

Napoleon the Great was very fond of this species of stone, and wore a ring with an emerald setting that was taken from the tomb of Charlemagne.

Easy to Hurt Others.

We are so related to each other that we are continually leaving impressions on those we touch. It is easier to do harm than good to other lives. There is a quality in the human soul which makes it take more readily and retain more permanently touches of sin than touches of holiness. Among the ruins of some old temple there was found a slab which bore very faintly and dimly the image of the king, and in deep and clear indentations the print of a dog's foot. The king's beauty was less clear than the marks of the animal's tread. So human lives are apt to take less readily and deeply, to retain less indelibly the touches of spiritual beauty, and more clearly and permanently the marks and impressions of evil. It needs, therefore, in us, infinite carefulness and watchfulness, as we walk ever amid other lives, lest by some word or look or act or influence of ours we hurt them irreparably.—*Miller*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mark Sullivan's next volume, in his history entitled "Our Times," will deal with America's part in the World War, and with events just preceding our entry into the conflict. It will be published by Scribners and will bear the subtitle "Over Here."

—Sir Basil Thomson, who was for some eight years the leading light of the well-known Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard, has recently tried his hand at a murder mystery entitled, "P. C. Richardson's First Case." The story is now completed and will be published shortly by Doubleday Doran.

—Somewhat akin to "Trader Horn" is a recent work by A. C. Collodon entitled "Congo Jake." The story, which is the record of the African adventures of the author, a hunter and trader who is now in his seventyninth year, cannot fail to interest the average reader. Edwin C. Hill writes an enthusiastic introduction, and Claude Kendall publishes the volume.

—During the celebration of the Century of Progress, it will be interesting to read a volume recently written by Wilned, a member of the French Society of Entomology, in which he shows that many of the inventions of man which have startled the world, are to be found in nature. Among these is the diving bell, the monoplane, the methods of camouflage, the press-button, the artificial mist or smoke screen, and many others. An interesting volume on popular science, it is called "Si les Hommes avaient su regarder les bêtes." Published by Téqui. Price, 12 fr.

—The centenary of the Oxford Movement provoked a number of volumes by Catholics and Anglicans to commemorate the event. "Men Who Left the Movement," by Gertrude Donald (Burns and Oates, 10s. 6d. net), deals with four of the leaders, Newman, Manning, Allies and Maturin. There is little new in this volume since the great biographies of Newman and Manning are rather complete studies of these men, but the story of Father Matu-

rin, who found a hero's death in the "Lusitania," is much less known. Mr. J. Lewis May, whose life of Newman was published only a few years ago, is writing a full survey of "The Oxford Movement," tracing its history in all its phases. It is published by the Bodley Head. In connection with the centenary, too, Constable are bringing out a new edition of Newman's essay, "Tract Ninety: or Remarks on certain Passages in the Thirty-Nine Articles." It is reprinted from the edition of 1841.

—Some recent reviewers have said of Arnold Bennett's "Journals" that they give us a better idea of the conduct of Bennett's days and the thoughts that occupied his mind than any other published work in the history of the world has ever given us of its author, with the possible exception of Samuel Pepys' *Diary*. One critic feels certain that in writing this work Bennett must have had Pepys in mind, in so far, at least, that he was conscious that a masterpiece might result from jotting down in detail the important events of each day, with no particular attempt at style.

—Chief Standing Bear gives a new idea of the "wild west" in his book "Land of the Spotted Eagle," which is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. He says: "Only to the white man was nature a wilderness, and only to him was the land infested with wild animals and savage people. To us it was tame. Earth was bountiful, and we were surrounded by the blessings of the Great Mystery. Not until the hairy man from the East came and with brutal frenzy heaped injustices upon us and the families we loved was it wild for us. When the very animals of the forest began fleeing at his approach, then it was that for us the Wild West began."

—"Selected Prejudices," by H. L. Mencken, we are informed by Alfred A. Knopf, has been taken off the authorized book list for Japan by the Japanese Minister of Education. This volume was excluded, we are told,

because of the iconoclastic ideas it contains, and because of the open expressions used with reference to sensuous matters. It is a sorry commentary on our censorship that matter thought to be hurtful to the morals of the Japanese is permitted to go unchallenged to our book stores.

—We are glad to call the attention of our readers again to the value of the Catholic pamphlet. There is so much written to-day about the besetting problems of our moral and economic life that the ordinary reader has neither the patience nor leisure to read. The pamphlet, however, frequently analyzes and brings us within a small compass the substance of the discussions that make up many volumes. Such a one is the Rev. Francis J. Haas' "Rights and Wrongs in Industry" (The Paulist Press. 5c). Dr. Haas outlines the economic causes of the depression and points out the necessary remedies based upon true Catholic philosophy, in a manner that is brief, concrete and exceptionally interesting.

—"Weeping Cross," by Henry Logan Stuart (Preface by Michael Williams), is the story of a young Catholic soldier of fortune with some leanings toward the priesthood, who is captured and sent by Cromwell to this country to serve out a period of penal servitude among the early Puritans. The shadow of an unholy love falls over his life, however, so that his soul is alternately torn between the physical sufferings of his unhappy state and the complications which arise from the secret attachment. Fortunately, out of that unpleasant beginning there grows a true love chastened but not consumed by the very sufferings which have surrounded it. The style of the book and its contents bring back so vividly the Seventeenth Century life of New England that we almost feel ourselves living amid the restrictions of those Puritanical days. Indeed there is something tremendously vital about this book; yet when all has been said that can be said in its favor, it is so much the narrative of a sex temptation that it must be offensive to many Catholic souls. Published by Lincoln MacVeagh, The 'Dial Press. Price, \$2.

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"The Saints and Friendship." Marian Nesbitt. 25c.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. L. J. Geisel, diocese of Manchester.

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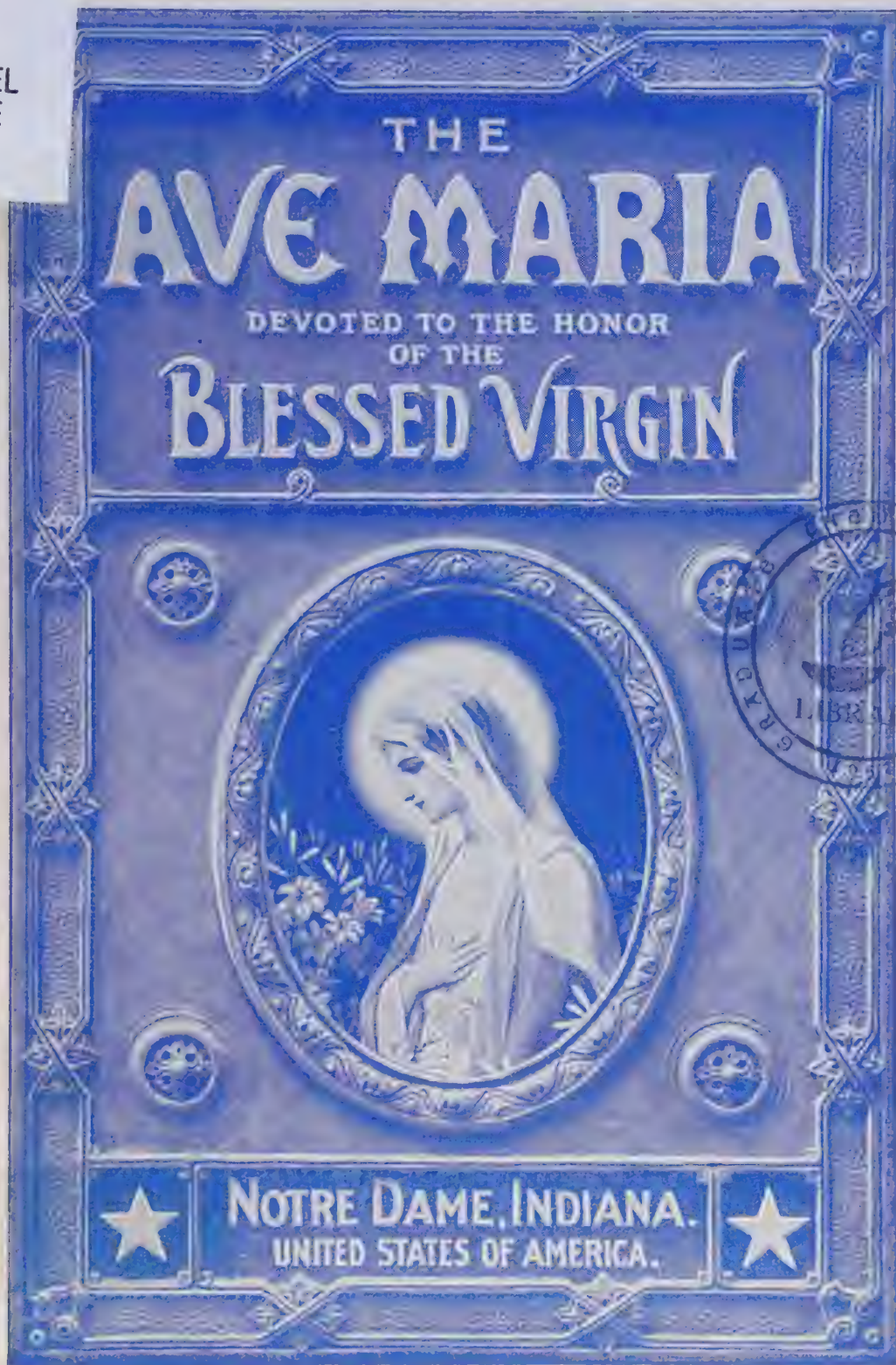
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, 17.—Sts. Marcian and Nicander, MM.
 SUNDAY, 18.—Second after Pentecost. St. Ephrem, C.
 MONDAY, 19.—St. Juliana Falconieri, Virgin.
 TUESDAY, 20.—St. Silverius, Pope and Martyr.
 WEDNESDAY, 21.—St. Aloysius Gonzaga, C.
 THURSDAY, 22.—St. Paulinus, Bishop.
 FRIDAY, 23.—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
 SATURDAY, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.



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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 17, 1933.

No. 24.

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Mother Love.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C. S. C.

HOW do I know, sweet child, when you are near?

The very Spring a brighter raiment wears,
And from the cheeks of memory a tear
Is softly brushed away; a thousand cares
Fall from the troubled heart, and in the eyes
That have been dulled from weeping through
the night

There glows the ecstasy of summer skies
That nature deluges with strange delight.

How do I know when you are far away?
There is a lonesome sinking at the heart,
The nights are long, the dawns are stark and
grey,

And when soft shadows fall the wild tears
start;—

And yet so keen is love's long memory
That in your absence you are nearest me.

A Saintly Scientist.*

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

A GLANCE at the list of degrees after the name of Bertram Coghil Alan Windle would enable the reader to appreciate the witticism of the gentleman who once introduced Sir Bertram to an audience as "the man who had the first three letters of the alphabet before his name and all the rest after it."

Although this remarkable man was

born in England of a long line of distinguished English ancestry, the small stream of Irish blood which came through his mother's grandfather seemed to outweigh in his opinion the larger stream of English blood. When he was four years old, his father, the Reverend Samuel Allen Windle, became the incumbent of the Trustee Church, at Kingstown, Dublin County, Ireland, which occasioned the removal of the family to Ireland. He once said: "I attach much more importance to the amount of interest which a man feels in this country than to the exact composition of his genealogical table." Judged by this standard, the amount of interest in Ireland, which he not only professed but proved by incredible labors and self-sacrifice, truly justifies his life-long claim to be Irish.

His childhood being passed in Kingstown it was there that he received his early education. Incidentally, he became very fond of the sea, which, throughout his life retained its fascination for him.

His biographer credits him at this time with a strange character: "Throughout his life Bertram seems to have been utterly dependent upon his environment for the full expression of his deeply affectionate nature, and for the manifestation of social gifts, of which he possessed a goodly share.

"Nobody could be more delightfully entertaining, nobody more charming and lovable a companion than he; nobody could be more repellent, more reserved, more generally unapproach-

* "Sir Bertram Windle," by Monica Taylor, S. N. D.—Longmans.

able. Nobody could surpass him in producing upon his visitor the impression that he was of the cold, aloof, intellectual type of Saxon, yet nobody exemplified more truly than he the cultured, amusing, witty, easing-going Celt at his best. Later on his students were to experience both sides of his nature. He could be the sternest of disciplinarians, the most paternal of friends, as occasion arose. It was the surprising blend of such utterly dissimilar characteristics that was to create the magnetism of his personality in his maturer years, as it was the combination of such diverse capacities that was to make him eminent in so many intellectual fields."

He was first sent to a Dame's School; at ten he became a day pupil in a school conducted by Reverend Doctor William Stackpoole, where most of the Irish boys who entered the navy, army, or civil service, attended. He does not appear to have been an industrious pupil in either school. About this time his father was ordered to winter in the south of England. His going to St. Cuthbert's at Wales, was the means of Bertram becoming an ardent lover of Archæology. The following year the family toured the highlands of Scotland. Here another trifling incident had a lasting influence upon Bertram. While convalescing from fever some one presented him with a box of Chemical Magic, containing a few chemicals and a very little apparatus. He resolved to become a scientist, "and since science meant medicine, a doctor I would be." Hitherto his whole ambition had been to become a sailor, which his father opposed because of his delicate health. At the age of thirteen he sadly relinquished his dreams of the sea and prepared to go to Repton School. Be it remembered that he had been brought up in the harsh tenets of Calvinism, which for a highly-strung, imaginative and scrupulously, conscientious lad was devastating in its effects. Having God presented to him as "a

hard-hearted policeman, with an exaggerated code of misdoings, forever waiting around the corner to pounce upon an evil-doer, and (one was obliged to think), apparently almost pleased at the opportunity of catching him," was not calculated to inspire a love of God in his heart, and Bertram, like many another victim of the same distorted teaching, in time abandoned all belief in God and religion, as he says: "I ask those who were brought up in a more kindly and more rational scheme of Christianity, whether it is any wonder that those whose youth was spent in these gloomy shades, should welcome the thought that there was no such being as God."

No wonder that in later years, after he became a member of the household of the saints, he had a most tender love for the sweet and gentle Francis de Sales. In 1871, he went to Repton, which had been chosen for its evangelical atmosphere, which apparently stifled both heart and brain, for he showed no signs of the extraordinary ability which later made him conspicuous in science and learning. In 1873, Bertram being fifteen and a half years old, a particularly unsatisfactory report brought about a heart to heart talk with his father, and Bertram was removed from Repton and sent to a private tutor in the Isle of Wight, who prepared him for Trinity College, Dublin. Here the tide turned, for, his father having permitted him to make a walking tour of the island, he wrote a full account of his tour, and dedicated it to his parents to their great delight. "Bertram was coming into his own, was soon about to reap where none had realized he had sown, to become one of Trinity's most celebrated graduates."

He entered Trinity in 1875. In 1876 and 1877 he obtained first class honors in English literature, at the same time winning other college prizes on the same subject, and at the final fresh-

man's examination in 1877 he was placed in first class. He also invariably obtained first class honors in Natural Science. At his graduation with a Senior Moderatorship in Natural Science, he obtained the Gold Medal, taking second place to a very brilliant student.

"This last feat was an extraordinary one, for something went wrong with his eyesight, and for the last five or six weeks he could not see. His brother, Reginald, read to him and helped him as much as possible, but to anyone even slightly acquainted with Natural History it will be at once patent that the mere hearing of strings of difficult names and innumerable facts is a poor preparation for final honors. Had not deep foundations been laid years before, success would have been impossible."

He did not, however, devote all his time to study. He entered with great enthusiasm into all the social activities of the school, scoring in outdoor games and in rowing. He was elected a member of the University Philosophical Society, and was Librarian for 1877-8. He was devoted to bell-ringing and wrote a book upon change-ringing.

"To some of his contemporary undergraduate friends, Windle still gave the impression of being easy-going and somewhat of an idler, moving in a cheery set, fond of amusing stories of which he had a good supply, and gifted with a keen sense of humor. It must be remembered, however, that he was always a quick worker, with a most retentive memory. After a heavy day's work he could sit down and read two or three books, and, in later life, review them next morning with the greatest ease. Indeed his power of rapid reading was quite exceptional. Joined to this he was most orderly and methodical in his work. His studies, therefore, left him much time for amusement. In his undergraduate days Windle became a sworn Orange Brother. 'To hell with the Pope' was music to his ears. With one or two

hundred students he would greatly enjoy rushing to the statue of William of Orange and starting a fight in which perhaps a thousand would participate, by singing 'God Save the Queen.'"

In 1878, Windle entered the Medical School. He was then thoroughly irreligious, and for many years a professed Agnostic. Before he had completed his medical course the sudden death of his father obliged him to work hard at teaching and coaching to pay his expenses. His final examination in medicine took place in 1882 when he gained a mark which was not only 10 per cent higher than that of the next student on the list, but was also the highest that had been obtained during the previous twelve years, and which indicated the outstanding ability of which he was possessed. He was awarded his M. D. degree in 1883, for which the writing of two theses was necessary. In the short space of fifteen years from that date he was to gain the most greatly coveted hall-mark of the man, of Science, namely, the Fellowship of the Royal Society, the first graduate of his year to attain to this distinction.

It now became necessary for him to start his lifework. Already professor of botany in Queen's College, he soon attained to other important posts in various branches of Science, one of these being that of resident pathologist to the General Hospital in Birmingham. In January, 1884, he was appointed resident medical officer. Six months later he was appointed to a chair of anatomy in Queen's College, an appointment which changed his whole career, and is spoken of as a fortunate event both for him and for the school of medicine.

January 24, 1883, he was received into the Catholic Church by Canon Greaney. His brother writes: "How this remarkable change took place I have not the slightest idea, but from that time it always appeared to me that his religion was the mainspring of his life."

This step brought the result from which the convert so often has to suffer—the alienation of hitherto devoted friends and relatives, some of whom, however, later learned “to know him, to appreciate him, to be proud of him, to love him in spite of religious differences.” He also found himself out of fashion in the realms of current scientific thought. “In the harvest time of his life when he had laid deep foundations of philosophy and theology as well as of biology, his name was to be associated largely in the popular mind with that very evolution which was being made the ostensible reason for so many shipwrecks of faith at the time of his conversion. It was his great ambition to disabuse the man in the street of the fallacy that evolution and religion are necessarily antagonistic; nay, more, he would have corroborated, had he heard it, the statement made by an extreme evolutionist of the Natural Selection school of thought, who is a member of no external church, that it is not only unreasonable, it is well-nigh impossible, to be an evolutionist and an atheist.”

The General Hospital at Birmingham was very near St. Chad's Cathedral. There seemed to be several attractions here: the fine peal of the bells, the fine standard of Gregorian music which had always attracted him, “the beautiful ritual of each liturgical season correctly carried out in a building strictly Gothic in its outer shell as well as in its internal fittings.”

What started him thinking along Catholic lines, however, was a sermon on the Immaculate Conception which he happened to hear and which made a direct appeal to his heart and to his intellect, and caused him to study. He tells us that Newman's “*Apologia*” was the first book which turned his mind in the Catholic direction, but it did not bring him into the Church. The book which most interested him was Little-*dale's* “*Plain Reasons against Joining*

the Church of Rome,” which was sent him by a friend. “And certainly,” he says, “after I had finished it, the step which I had previously regarded as at least possible seemed to be one which could never be taken.”

Later he wrote: “After the first impetus in that direction . . . most of my Romeward path was trodden amongst books, and I had read myself at least unto the threshold of the Church before I had ever spoken to a priest or to another Catholic on the subject. Amongst the books put into my hands by those who, most justifiedly from their point of view, were anxious to deter me from taking the step which I was then contemplating, was Little-*dale's* ‘*Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome.*’ I read it with great care, and after finishing it, the conclusion seemed to be that the Catholic Church was not the place for any reasoning, not to say honest, man. Whilst in this frame of mind I happened to see in the window of a bookshop a little volume with the title ‘*Catholic Controversy: a Reply to Little-*dale's* Plain Reasons.*’ Ryder and Little-*dale* were mere names to me at the time, but with the idea of giving both sides fair play I went into the shop and bought the book.

“Not long ago I looked it through again—it and Little-*dale's* book, which stands beside it on my book shelves. I don't suppose I had looked into either of them for more than thirty years. I see that they are carefully marked, and, indeed, I remember reading Ryder's book with extreme attention, and rising from it with the absolute conviction that either Ryder or Little-*dale*, both as I said, mere names to me at the moment, was a liar. I am afraid that there seems to be no other word for it. It seemed worth while to ascertain where truth lay, and it was not hard to do so. I remember marking some dozen passages where each author contradicted the other, and thus provided, I

hunted up the references which I wanted in a great library, and, of course, speedily learned which was the truthful witness. In a sort of way Litledale made a Catholic of me—a thing I am quite sure he never intended to do for any man.”

While at Birmingham, Windle took an enthusiastic part in all social gaieties, dances and parties. Being a talented singer, he took part in concerts and in amateur theatricals with remarkable success, by means of which much money was raised for the poor and for the National Aid Society. Miss Madoline Hudson shared his successes, both musical and dramatic. In 1886 they were married by Canon Greaney. She was not a Catholic at that time, but a few months later she became and remained a zealous Catholic, and was the means of converting her cousin, Miss Nazer.

The growing development of the Medical School soon left Windle scant time for these activities, which gradually died out. He devoted much time to the relief of the poor. He also became actively interested in politics and in the Gaelic-speaking movement. He addressed innumerable Liberal meetings in Birmingham and elsewhere, “his thorough knowledge of Irish history, his oratorical gifts, his wit and humor being a great help to the cause.”

When the policy of boycotting was introduced, Windle was thoroughly in favor of it, and was just ready to go onto the platform to speak in its favor when the news of the Pope’s condemnation of it was brought to him. After considering it for a moment he began his address by reminding his audience how often he had spoken in favor of boycotting as a powerful political weapon. “But,” he continued, “there is another question that I am much more keenly interested in, about which you probably know nothing—that subject is the teaching of the Catholic Church. I have recently had the honor

of being received into that Church. Now Leo XIII., Her visible Head on earth, has declared that boycotting is against Christian charity, and therefore as a loyal son of the Catholic Church I withdraw anything I may have said against Her teaching, and the lecture will not be given to-night. After a moment of breathless silence the audience broke into tremendous applause.

When Windle entered upon his duties as the first Professor of Anatomy in Queen’s College, he found much work to be done. He began by making extensive improvements which added to the comfort of students. He proved to be especially gifted as a teacher, and was greatly admired by the students, even while they stood somewhat in awe of him.

At the time of his death, Dr. R. Allen Bennett summed up an interesting sketch of his manners and methods by saying: “He was just and fierce and self-sufficing, and he was the greatest teacher I ever knew.”

His teaching experience in Queen’s College made Windle realize the necessity of a University in Birmingham, and he was untiring in his efforts to bring this about, and to these efforts, “to his successful teaching and progressive administration, it owed its foundation in 1900. Except for him it would have been retarded many years.”

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain told the world this truth in a public speech. It was eminently fitting that he should have been appointed First Dean of the Faculty of Medicine. He was afterwards appointed first representative of the new University on the General Council of Medical Education, and afterwards became Chairman of the Education Committee of this body.

When the University held its first Congress for conferring degrees in 1901 there was very great enthusiasm shown, and especially noteworthy was the ovation given Dr. Windle. Dr. Win-

dle had long before devoted his life to the study of Science. Only a scientist could understand or appreciate the many branches in which he became pre-eminent. To the man in the street just a list of these branches would be staggering, and it is doubtful whether the pages of one issue of *THE AVE MARIA* would be sufficient to contain a list of his lectures and papers on a thousand and one subjects, while most of the scientific names of all the ologies would be as so much Greek. But aside from these strictly scientific subjects, he also wrote and lectured effectively upon the fine arts, Music, Literature and Art.

An interesting side-light is seen in the following extract from his Life: After speaking of a correspondence between him and Professor St. George Mivart—

"In the first days of their lives as Catholics, an overwhelming desire to work for the Church that has brought them peace and security is the common experience of most converts. They want to go out into the highways and byways to bring all and sundry to share their 'feast.' Now to Windle it had evidently seemed a far cry between working directly for the conversion of souls and the steady pursuance of the scientific researches he had commenced.

"Whether his leisure could not be more profitably employed for the Church by active works of zeal seemed to be a question that called for an answer. Mivart saw that Windle had a genuine love of Science for its own sake, a first requisite for the production of good work. He knew that the Catholic Church in England, just emerging from the dark days of religious persecution, had need of scholars. He knew from his own experience the libel levelled against the Catholic Church in English-speaking countries, namely, that she is antagonistic to progress, that she refuses her children any intellectual fre-

dom, that Science is forbidden to them. He knew that it was useless to ask these ill-informed critics to look at the scholars produced in the Catholic universities abroad, to point out that the modern idea of a university was a Medieval conception.

"England must produce Catholic scientists before that lie could be effectively exposed. So he urged Windle to serve his Church by becoming really eminent in his profession. He begs him also to be scrupulously just and tolerant to scientific men of the irreligious school. 'You and I, having been through the fire, know that men may be, very sincerely and honestly, unbelievers. As a matter of justice, then, we ought to be tolerant and, as far as possible, sympathetic, and as a matter of religious policy doubly so.' " This advice Sir Bertram never failed to follow to the letter.

(To be continued.)

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XXIV.

NANO drove to the school where Conway was to meet her to give instructions about a small hospital unit which the old hero James Ronan needed. Tom Dwyer, new teacher, told her Conway had not come. She would call later; then to Gallop's where she found the parish clerk assorting clothes. She placed one of her bundles on the table.

"Do you know if these things will fit?"

"What is there we know exactly in this world, will you tell me?"

"Don't be testy, Gallop!"

"Girls ask stray questions! I lose my patience with them."

"You shouldn't. You must be as gentle with a girl as with a young tulip." She proceeded to help him.

"I tell you girls have brought a lot

of trouble upon the whole world."

"Helen of Troy, for instance?"

"I don't know her. But I was fond of a girl, and we were going to be married, until I was kicked by a jennet; and then she turned her back and married a fellow from the mountains."

"Keep on working, Gallop. Yes, you told me about him."

"A big, round, fat block of a fellow, with a thick neck and black, hairy arms."

"So you told me."

"So I did. A clown of a fellow who wore boots you could sail to America in."

She hurried to the parish hall where she found Bess Foley detailed to duty.

"Good morning, Bess,—any news?"

"Davey was in, but left this minute."

"He didn't say where he was going?"

Bess shook her head.

"And John Conway ran in to say he'd be late at the school, but to wait for him."

"I will—I'm going back there."

Some more assorting, checking, marking; and then Nano drove to her hospital unit where she found Dr. Fitzgibbons and Dr. Hayes looking for the bullet which a Black and Tan had sent into Martin Sheehy's side. Seven wounded men occupied cots in other rooms; four would recover; three might or might not. Martin Sheehy would pass out during the night or early in the morning.

Father Healy hurried in from a call to another wounded man in a private home. The silence of Confession, the murmur of Absolution. Later he said a few words of cheer to the poor lads who had put away the spade and taken up a gun.

"How are you feeling, Jim?"

"Fine—I'll be up in three days, the doctor says."

"And Paddy, is the shoulder still paining?"

"A little, Father; but it has eased a bit since yesterday."

And so to the others; and then back to Martin Sheehy. Martin would be taken out very still and very white that night or next morning. No doubt about that. He was one of four brothers from Bridgetown—all on the run. His father and mother had just come in with Alice who had taken them the bad news. The Cumann na mBan were given that duty; they had a way with them of sweetening the bitter, and never shirked the ugly duty of carrying the hard word.

"They speak so gently to the mothers, they ease the blow," Davey told one of the Donovan boys.

"Martin, how are you feeling now?" Father Healy whispered while the parents were yet with Nano and Alice.

"I'm tired like, and weak."

"Don't be afraid whatever happens. You're all right, Martin, and God's will be done!"

"I'm going, is it?" he whispered through blue lips.

"Likely, my good lad—but don't mind. God will be very good to you."

He made an effort to get closer to the priest, and one of the girls lifted him a little on the pillow.

"Father Healy, I don't mind going so much. I think—I'll—I'll—be all right. Don't you?"

"Heaven is waiting for you, Martin! I'm as sure of that as I'm of God's mercy."

His father and mother were led in. She was a young woman yet, you would say, although the mother of so grown a boy. The father was the farmer type; a shy man who lived close to the fields; a large-boned worker whose eyes were shedding tears now.

The priest led the worker and his mate to their boy's bed. A lad of mirth, you would suspect, when abroad among his fellows. Now he seemed wan and his eyes tired. That tall, sinewy man on whose hands the plowed gardens had left traces, that woman so young to be

the mother of so grown a son, were crying. The man was crying unmistakably; shedding large tears that came out of far depths. The woman sobbed and said little complaining words, which were not complaints at all. Nano sustained her at one side, Alice at the other; and into each ear they whispered soothing things. Father Healy laid a hand upon the shoulder of the tall farmer. This priest was such a human, kindly man, you would not be surprised his eyes were moist.

"Come down to me!" the lad whispered to his crying mother. You would be sure he was full of mirth when in the fields with his fellows.

She leaned over the bed; and his Guardian Angel must have dictated the lyric words he spoke.

"Don't mind! Father Healy says I'm all right. He gave me a great going over and said I wasn't bad at all. He said I was good. I'm not afraid of God—the priest said I shouldn't be. And listen: 'twill be great when Ireland is free, because I won't have British Tommies stepping on top of me. I'd like to live; but I'll see Ireland free anyhow—from Heaven. Don't cry! Let's be proud! I'm dying for Ireland!"

He tried to lift his hands to put them around the neck of that mother who seemed so young; but he was too weak. She leaned her cheek against his cheek and kissed him; kissed him with the passion of a mother; and her tears fell upon his boyish face.

"And write Uncle Dan in New York that you gave one boy to Ireland. That will make him proud. . . . God save Ireland!"

Nano hurried away to meet John Conway at the school. She gave him news of the hospital, of the wounded, and of Martin Sheehy, who would be taken out in the night or early in the morning. Conway went over his plans for Ronan's hospital, and Nano thought it could be managed.

"How're you keeping?" he asked.

"John, my dear, I keep busy and like it."

"Aren't you overdoing?"

"Overdoing what?"

"Everything."

"How can a body overdo when working against the Old Enemy?"

"How much rest do you get?"

"Sometimes five, six; sometimes seven hours a night. How about you?"

"Never mind about me."

"I see—you want to be boss."

"Listen, Nano, don't work to a breakdown. Slow up—please!"

"All right. And now how's everything?"

"Great;—and we're beating them! Not in a big, spectacular way, you understand, but slowly. We're eating into them. They're becoming nervous—and the world watching. We'll win this time—please God!"

"And yet you tell me slow up!"

"A little—for a fresh start."

Inside the school gate just before stepping out to the road, Nano whispered,

"Good-bye, dear!"

Their lips came together. Conway went back up the steps, climbed over the school wall to the east and disappeared into the beech grove that grew along the highway.

Nano decided to drive home. She would rest a bit before returning to the hospital to relieve some jaded worker. Davey might run in.

No—Davey came through Listons' gate just as she was rounding the bend.

"Davey, are you mad? The Tans'll be along any minute!"

"I want to see you."

"Yes, but not out in mid-stream. What's it you want?"

Davey fumbled in the inside pocket of his coat and brought out his medal. The gold had lost its luster in a coat of sweat; sweat from a man's breast and neck.

"The ring's twisted, Nan; straighten

it and put the chain around my neck again."

She took the medal and straightened the ring; and because she had the instinct for beauty in all things—from a cooking dish to a necklace—brought out a handkerchief from her hand-bag and rubbed until she had removed Davey's sweat from medal, chain and ring.

"Open your shirt, Soldier!"

She linked the ring into its clasp with one clip.

"There, man of the roads, is your Lady for you!"

They stayed too long. People so often stay too long at their meetings. Down the other hill, a hundred yards off, came a lorry of soldiers; came quietly without any roaring of engine. Those British regulars Mickeen the Hump had thrown a casual eye at as they loitered on the Cahermoyle road, finished their food, their smoke, their rest. And then Captain Colton ordered them up and away.

Davey sped up hill.

"The school!" Nano called after him. As indicated, she had a mad theory about hiding in the knapsack of the enemy. Then she turned her car and raced to the hospital. Davey rushed into the school and hid in that alcove where John Conway used to keep his first-aid outfit. Tom Dwyer, the new teacher, closed the alcove door from the outside.

Nano's theory of outguessing by hiding in the very knapsack of the enemy had worked often enough to establish its soundness. Unfortunately, Captain Colton had just such a theory of search. He saw Davey escape; distinguished Nano as the girl—his sweetheart, no doubt—who had turned her car so quickly and followed her lover. The young fellow might take a chance at the obvious and hide in the school.

The lorry halted at the school gate just as Nano's car turned that road

bend west of the chapel. The Captain dismounted and went in alone. He generally went just that way; the shrill whistle he carried would summon help if he found a situation beyond his handling. He surveyed the school yard and rather admired the order of it; would have liked to look out over the west parapet and get a view of the west country: that stream twisting in the circuit of a dog-pursued rabbit until it disappeared under Cahermoyle wood; that flat, peaceful field where cows plucked such grass as was left in the lap of November;—but a young man might be hiding in the school and might escape while he admired the landscape. Yes, he would go in.

He paused in the little hallway where boys' caps and school bags hung from black hooks. He noticed the alcove and its shut door just as Mickeen the Hump had noticed them. Only Captain Colton did not look in. He rapped on the school door. Tom Dwyer, a meek-faced man who might be thirty-five, or twenty-five, opened the door and nodded to the Captain. Dwyer was not taken aback. He was as composed as a good patient about to undergo an operation which may save or kill him.

"Good day, Officer."

"Good day, Sir. I'm looking for a young fellow who might have run in here."

Tom Dwyer smiled.

"'Tis hardly the place a rebel would seek."

"That's true, of course; and yet they sometimes take to unlikely places. This is a farming country, isn't it?"

"No; dairying chiefly. Much of the land here is not arable; is better suited to grazing and stock raising."

"Quite so. And the present trouble is just as hard on the farmers as on the opposition, I suppose."

The Captain eyed the pedagogue and barely smiled.

"Undoubtedly."

The Englishman stood within the frame of the doorway and viewed the scholars. Seeing him, the boys stood up. He thought that very neat—showed discipline.

"What county is this, lad?" he asked the head boy in the form nearest him.

"Limerick, Sir."

"You like your county?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And your country, too?"

"Yes, Sir."

The Captain returned to the little hall and went through the door leading to the yard. Tom Dwyer followed quickly—almost too quickly. The Captain faced about, re-entered the hall, pointed to the alcove door.

"That fascinates me—I can't resist it."

He opened the door. Davey Byrne stood inside, his back to the little window, through which he would have escaped only it was too small. To the Captain, Davey appeared a sheepish boy caught in an act of truancy. He turned to Tom Dwyer—Tom appeared sheepish too. The Captain smiled.

"What do you think of my insight, Mr. Teacher?"

"You should enter the British Intelligence Department, Sir." Tom Dwyer smiled now.

The Captain faced Davey again to find that young man holding a revolver aimed exactly at his head.

"Yes, I should join the Intelligence Department," the Captain said as he held up his hands. He was a cool man; and brave as cool men are.

"You've the first shot, of course," he said to Davey. "The twelve men out in the lorry, however, will do some shooting later. Have you thought of that?"

"Yes. But if I wanted you very badly the twelve men in the lorry could go to hell."

"I see. You talk as if you were a brave Irishman."

"I wouldn't want to say that," Davey

answered and kept his revolver pointed.

"Don't say it then. Are you going to shoot? Holding up hands this way is no bloomin' joke."

"Drop them so."

Davey gave a triple flip to his revolver, held it by the short barrel, offering the butt to the Captain.

The Captain pushed the gun into the pocket of his army topcoat and went into the schoolroom, closing the school door after him.

"You said this is a grazing country, Mr. Teacher?"

"Yes, Officer."

"But I see tillage land."

"Some—not much; just for home uses."

"And these boys are schooled to be farmers?"

"Not all, I hope. Some of them must look up."

"Good. Only not into a politician's sky; nor into a soldier's. Politicians are mostly thieves; soldiers get too fat in peace."

He looked over the lads who pretended to be working; then went back to the little hall. The alcove door was open, the alcove vacant. In the yard he pulled out Davey's revolver, holding it very carefully. He flipped it a dizzy number of times, captured it from the air by the stock and presented the barrel to Dwyer.

"Ask your alcove man if he can beat that!"

"He can't—I'll advise him to practise."

Dwyer accompanied the Captain down the steps to the road where the soldiers were waiting. There the Captain said in a low tone,

"My name is Colton—Captain Colton. Would you give me yours?"

"Dwyer—Tom Dwyer, Captain."

Before climbing into the lorry he said aloud,

"Mr. Dwyer, I think the farmers should pay more attention to tillage and less to grazing. The home markets are important."

"I'll remember that, Captain."

"Splendid! Good day, Sir."

"Good day, Captain."

Driving east to Limerick the Captain called in at Nano's hospital to which Nano had fled to await news of her brother.

"Just stepped in to see the unit again," he said.

"Thank you, Captain Colton. We carry on, as everybody says these days."

"Miss Byrne, I believe I saw you on the road below the school house half an hour ago?"

He watched the effect.

"She's a cool one," he noted, seeing she showed no flurry.

"Was that your lorry?" she asked. He nodded.

"And that young Rebel had a theory about hiding," he added.

"You found him, perhaps?"

"In the alcove of that little cloak room."

She caught a quick breath and shook her head.

"I'm sorry!" The tears came in spite of her. "Would you please let me out to the lorry to say good-bye? I may not see him again."

"He's a dear friend perhaps?"

"He's my brother."

"O! . . . Then *he* is Davey Byrne."

She nodded—could not trust herself to speak. The Captain cleared his throat.

"Fact is, Miss Byrne, the Rebel escaped while I conferred with the Schoolmaster."

"You let him escape!" she cried in a first rush of joy and thanks.

He straightened up.

"Lady, a British Army officer who serves his King will not permit himself to be accused of an act of treason. The rebel was captured, surrendered arms—and escaped. You will be careful about uttering an act of treason by an officer of the Crown."

"I will in future, Captain."

"Good day, Miss Byrne."

"Good day and good luck, Captain Colton!"

He smiled—he liked her grit. He could not resist teasing her with a question.

"In your wish for good luck you include the Crown Forces here in Ireland, of course?"

"No. You personally, Captain."

He hurried back to his lorry.

At three o'clock next morning they took the limp body of Martin Sheehy out and home. Seeing his white, quiet face you would still think he was a joyous lad in the fields with his comrades.

(To be continued.)

The Lourdes of India.

BY E. J. ANTONY

THE word Lourdes conjures up a world of blessings conferred upon suffering humanity by the great God on High through the manifest intercession of Our Lady. The significance of the striking day-to-day miracles in a world of materialism, indifferentism and irreligion cannot be sufficiently emphasized. In fact, he who has eyes can discern that in the economy of Providence, Lourdes, Velangani and the other hallowed resorts from the rising to the setting of the sun must be meant pre-eminently to strengthen the faithful and convince the unbelievers.

The name Lourdes of India given to Velangani has been confirmed by no less an authority than the British Government. They have recorded in 1906 in the Tanjore District Gazetteer: Velangani is a place made famous and important by the Roman Catholic festival held there. The feast of Mary, who is also called Mother of Health, held there on a grand scale on the 8th of September every year is preceded by a Novena and other forms of worship. Christians and also Hindus from the different parts of the Madras Presidency visit the

place in the belief that they will get health and consolation from the cure of diseases, including leprosy. It is publicly known that many have been most wonderfully cured in the place. The place is rightly called the Lourdes of India.

Velangani, which has thus secured the recognition of the government, is a village in the Tanjore Division of the Madras Presidency. Only six miles to the south of Nagapatam, once a famous foreign settlement and now an important railway town as well as business centre, it is a mere rustic resort, the home of some three thousand Indians, more Christians than Hindus, living largely in huts. Leading simple ways and following primitive avocations these dark Dravidian descendants are sure to interest the Westerner. Every Tuesday they gather at the village fair for buying and selling. Except for the scapular and the absence of the caste-mark on the forehead, the Christian of the old school is hard to distinguish from the Hindu with the tuft of hair and ear-rings. The women "butterflies" in their piebald clothing give color to the picture. They all shout, shriek and higgle in high-pitched Tamil, a perfect jargon to the uninitiated. It is in this village in a beautiful back-ground of evergreen and overlooking the Bay of Bengal that the far-famed church of Our Lady of Health, the cynosure of Catholic India, is situated.

Of the stories ascribed by tradition to its origin two are noteworthy. The first traced to the beginning of the Sixteenth Century has a simplicity not rare in the history of the Church. There was a poor widow living in the place with her son. The boy was sitting one day under a spreading tree to sell butter-milk to passengers, the place aflame with the burning sun, when he beheld before him all on a sudden a white-clad woman of peerless beauty. He readily complied with her desire to give her child a drink. But when she asked him

to take a message to a certain Christian in Nagapatam, he expressed his inability: he was lame congenitally. He then saw the lovely lady turn to her child and ask him to do a good turn. And forthwith, lo! he was made whole. With a buoyant heart the young Indian ran to Nagapatam. The person had no ado to credit his message with truth as he had a vision of the Blessed Virgin in his sleep the previous night.

On reaching Velangani he was blessed with another apparition of the heavenly pair. The kind mother asked her happy client, who knelt before her dumfounded, to erect a place of worship for her. With the willing co-operation of the people, whose imagination was vividly stirred by the capital case of the widow's son, he was able to set up a thatched shed and install therein an image of the Queen of Heaven with her Divine Son. Miracles followed fast, and Velangani quickly began to rise into a centre of worship.

But the site had to be changed and the building improved. This was to fall to the credit of a nation which has rendered singular service to the spread of Catholic faith in India. A merchant vessel sailing through the Bay of Bengal, was caught in a terrible storm; the gale grew furious, the waves lashed high and its fate with all on board seemed sealed. The helpless shipmen threw themselves on their knees and with all the fervor of sinking souls besought the Morning Star to succor them, vowing to build a church in her honor where they would land. Their prayer instantly heard, there was a miraculous lull in the hurricane. Not long after, the ship cast anchor at Velangani, and the first thing the Portuguese crew did was to kneel down and express grateful thanks to heaven. Our Lady appeared to them and indicated the place for a permanent church in her honor.

The zealous clients lost no time to give abiding shape to their gratitude.

The construction over, they were at a loss as to whether they should transfer the miraculous statue or import a new one. But one morning the Portuguese and the Indians saw to their great wonder the sacred statue adorning the niche above the new altar. The Queen of Angels had decided the issue herself. The new church, a modest one, received embellishments from the founders in their subsequent visits. Much pains were bestowed in adorning the altar with magnificent fresco works and decorating it with rich porcelain from Ceylon. The church thus built by the Portuguese in the course of the Sixteenth Century, received extension time after time.

The government publication has but grudgingly acknowledged its popularity. The celebrated sanctuary is visited at the time of the festival by a mighty concourse of pilgrims reckoned over fifty thousand. These and the many who repair to the sacred place during the other parts of the year are from the different parts of India and from Ceylon, Burmah, Singapore, Penang, Fiji, Saigon and Natal. The pilgrims comprise rich and poor, young and old. There are the blind, the deaf the lame and other infirm among them. Most of them have to speak of some special favor of the loving Mother. All are profuse in proclaiming the maternal solicitude of the Help of the Afflicted. They take part devoutly in the services and receive Communion in thousands. They carry tribute of offerings to the feet of the *Mater*. The offerings sometimes consist of hundreds of rupees, or rupee, worth of ornaments.

Picturesqueness and pathos are presented by the offering of physical exertion. Some go on all-fours and some roll or crawl along the approach to the sanctuary in fulfilment of vows made in sickness. Then there is the singular and unique method of sending offerings by water. Pious souls, recipients of favors,

unable to visit Velangani but eager to send the offerings, commit them to the sea in the full belief that these will reach the august addressee. The annals of the church speak of the safe arrival of such sub-marine parcels.

Three compendious volumes are maintained in the church, and these contain innumerable cases recorded by the pilgrims, including non-Catholics, of cures brought about by Our Lady of Health. They are striking records of miraculous cures of acute, complicated or chronic cases of disorder which defied all treatment and baffled medical ingenuity. One of the certificates is from the late L. D. Swami Kannu Pillai of Madras, whose wife had a marvellous escape from a virulent attack of cholera.

Thus Velangani, chosen by God to manifest to the Oriental nations the supreme power of intercession wielded by the Queen of Heaven, flourishes as a beacon to the pagans and a haven to the faithful. Like Lourdes it is conferring untold blessings on humankind. May its light tend to illumine to the full the dark, dismal regions of the East!



Wedding Anniversary.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

SINCE that day we stood upon the heights,
Between blue sky and blossom-covered earth,
Dear Heart, we have known anxious days and
nights;

For us there have been hours devoid of mirth.
There have been times when too much joy has
made

My heart to flutter like a nesting bird's,
Because of my own pride I was afraid:
Such richness lay too deep for song or words.

Yet through it all one surety is mine,

Ever recurring as the buds of May—
Whether the time for us is ill or fine,

Whether in storm or sunshine dawns our day—
Around our hearts Love's sacred fire gleams,
Fed with the sharing of our daily dreams.

Consolatrix Afflictorum.

BY MICHAEL KIERNAN.

“EVENING, Doherty.”
 “Evening, Doctor.”

I had stopped by a hospital bed on which lay an old man. The bedclothes were stretched over a cradle to keep their weight off his mangled legs. At times this patient must have suffered intense pain; but never in all the weeks that had passed, since the night he had been admitted after a street accident, had he uttered one single word of complaint, or failed to give a courteous greeting to those who passed his bed.

In time I formed the habit of making my evening round of the hospital on a certain plan, so that Denis Doherty should be my last case. I liked to have an opportunity for a short chat with this fine old man whose mind held no bitterness, though life had seemed to cheat him so often. Seventy years of hard struggle had not quenched his wonderful enthusiasm. All his struggles and trials had served to give him dignity, philosophy, self-knowledge and understanding of his fellowmen. There was more to it than that, though I did not know it at the time. Later I came to picture Denis Doherty as a little boy in Ireland, half-starved and ill-clad doubtless, but smiling contentedly and confidently into the face of Our Lady. That was not enough. As the years passed, life had dealt him blow after blow until he had been definitely driven for protection beneath the mantle of the Mother of God. Even when I knew him as a patient, to my worldly eyes he was one who always walked humbly in the Presence of God. I dared not pity him for a moment despite his sufferings.

One evening as I stood by his bed I noticed a little model in wax standing on his locker. I stooped to examine it with some interest and noticed that it

was prettily finished and beautifully proportioned. It represented an ox wagon and a team of four, wide-horned beasts.

“I made it for Joe,” Denis said, nodding towards a little convalescent patient at the further end of the ward. “He lent me his modelling wax. I’ve always been fond of that kind of work, though I never had much time to do it. When I worked in big towns I would always be going to museums and places like that to see what great men had carved out of stone or ivory. It is wonderful to think of the power Almighty God has put into the hands of sculptors.”

He lapsed into silence. I sat down and stretched my wearied legs before me and allowed my gaze to wander around the ward of this country hospital which had been the center of my activities for the past twenty years. It happened that all Denis’ bed-neighbors were convalescent at the time and were playing whist in a group near the fire which lit up one man’s face to leave his companion’s in deep shadow. A rosy-cheeked probationer, wholesome to look upon in her blue and white uniform, was polishing a row of brasses and humming at her work. A brilliant sunset, marking a day of wind and rain dyed one white-washed wall a deep pink. Then Denis broke the silence.

“I have made up my mind to tell you a bit of a story if you can spare the time to listen to an old man, Sir.” I nodded eagerly enough, and he lay back and told me of his great spell of thrift, and I remember it always as a little epic which, without the sound of that most gentle Irish voice, loses much in the telling.

This is the story. He had left his native Donegal like many another young Irishman to try his luck in Scotland. Six weeks after landing in Glasgow he was wandering down a mean street, hungry enough without a doubt, only

hunger had become second nature to a man reared on flour moistened with water and baked under a peat fire, potatoes, with an occasional meal of fish. His mind would be busy with far-away musings and lines of thought almost unintelligible except to a fellow Irishman. Suddenly he realized that he had paused in his walk and was staring into the window of a second-hand curio store.

In those days such stores were unattractive enough; little effort was made to catch customers by a careful arrangement of window space so as to show up some special treasure to the best advantage. Nor was it the fashion for wily merchants to display heterogeneous masses of objects from among which unsuspecting collectors might unearth "treasures" of dubious authenticity.

The window of the store into which Denis looked was drab enough. Dust had collected on the second-hand bargains with which it was stacked. Half a dozen chairs from which sagging springs and horse-hair hung forlornly were piled in pairs in the background; a mirror, badly "starred" in some fall or other, lurched drunkenly in a tarnished gilt frame against their legs. The remains of a dinner service,—once the pride of some Victorian hostess—was piled untidily in the foreground. The rest of the space was given up to piles of ugly cotton prints labelled, "Salvage Sale Bargains." The yellow stain of water on them was easily definable. There were clumsy bundles of spoons and forks, too; watches from which time had fled forever, cheap crockery and broken jewelry. Denis Doherty gazed abstractedly at all this queer jumble of household flotsam.

Then suddenly his expression changed. With eyes widely dilated he leant against the pane and stared at one spot where stood a small figure carved in ivory which had mellowed to a deep yellow color. It stood as high as a man's

finger and represented a woman with a fold of her cloak drawn over her head. On her arm she carried her Babe beneath her mantle. Only the rounded curves of head and body marked where He lay pressed against her. Her fluttering skirt and sandalled feet, on which she balanced lightly, hinted at her hastening steps. Her gaze was fixed on the Child she carried in her arms. I had best quote Denis himself.

"Oh, the sorrow of her look!" he said. "You'll likely not understand, Sir, not knowing much about the Mother of God, but you could just see how finely the artist had carved that ivory, putting into the lines of head and shoulders all the grief and foreboding of her great mother-heart for the Babe who would come to the Cross."

Denis stood for some time feasting his eyes on the beauty of this little masterpiece. Then he realized that he was being watched by the suspicious eyes of the owner of the store. He squared his shoulders, returned the look with one of proud disdain. Then he marched into the store and inquired the price of the little figure. The answer was given contemptuously enough,—"Four guineas, and cheap at that!" Denis had seven shillings in his pocket! Grudgingly the man removed the figure from the window and allowed Denis to examine it. What, forsooth, did a poor workman want with ivory ornaments?

Denis took a few minutes to count the cost of his Herculean struggle, holding the little statue reverently in his work-hardened hands, while the store-keeper fidgeted impatiently on his side of the counter and wished this Irish giant well out of his store. To Denis, four guineas represented a fortune, but finally he made up his mind. Sooner or later the treasure he held in his hands must be his; he was determined on that point. He turned to the owner and offered him six shillings as deposit money, begging him to reserve the fig-

ure for him until he could pay the balance. At first he was met with a scornful refusal, but finally his earnest pleading was rewarded by a half-hearted promise that the little figure would be kept for him if he paid a deposit of ten shillings. Denis agreed to bring this before nightfall, and left the store.

All day long he wandered the streets of the city, not daring to spend a farthing on food. He had no job at the time, and only those who have sought work on an empty stomach will appreciate his situation. By closing time he had raised four pence and had sold his coat after half-an-hour's bargaining for two shillings. He returned to the dimly-lit store just as the shutters were being put up for the night, with nine shillings and four pence in his hand. The store-keeper had probably never expected to see him again, and in his astonishment accepted this deposit, promising to reserve the figure for Denis for two months, after which it would be put back again in the window, if Denis had not returned to claim it.

The Irishman turned away across the river, feeling neither hunger nor the chill night wind, so full was he with the excitement of his undertaking. He fell into talk with a night watchman on the docks, who gave him a share of his bread and bacon, and a swill from his can of tea hanging over the brazier. Denis spent the rest of the night with him, hunched up by the pail of glowing coke. Next day he met an acquaintance who told him that work was to be had further north on a railroad which was being extended. They started off together, begged their crust by the way, and on arrival at their destination were signed on as casual laborers.

Ten weeks later Denis tramped back with doubt tearing at his heart. His wages had been painfully small. For the other men they had hardly sufficed to keep body and soul together, but for Denis, no self-denial had seemed too

great. He had spent those winter nights sleeping on the bare floor in a deserted hut; of food he had bought just sufficient to support his great frame for the heavy work which filled his days. Now he was returning with the price of his treasure tied securely round his neck. Slowly the hundred odd miles lengthened out behind him.

On the last day his whole body alternately burned as if his blood were molten metal, or shivered in desperate fits of ague while a hard cough racked his frame. He knew he was ill, but forced his weary and blistered feet to carry him on to the mean little store. When he finally arrived there his searching eyes saw that the statue was again in the window. He stumbled up to the counter and held out his coins to the store-keeper who immediately recognized him. Denis barely replied to his remarks, but taking his change and hugging the tiny parcel against his breast, returned to the street to lean against a wall, white and shaking.

Where should he go to examine his treasure? But, first he must rid himself of this pain that was girding his chest like a red-hot band. A public-house winked invitingly to him from over the way and he hurried across and entered. He ordered his penny half-pint and sat down heavily in a corner. Inside was warmth and light, and after a short struggle outraged nature won and he fell into a doze in which he muttered deliriously. Near him, before he dozed off, he had noticed a little man sitting hunched together, a little man with a little mind and a loutish sense of humor. Mistaking the Irishman's wearied stumble for the lurch of drunkenness he waited until Denis slept, proposing to swop his empty glass for the one Denis had not touched. Then suddenly a little parcel swathed in much paper, slipped from the sleeper's grasp and rolled gently to the ground. After a furtive look round the bar, he stooped, slipped the parcel under his

ragged coat and disappeared into the night forever. Denis awoke later to discover his loss.

I rose, but dared not trust my voice to make any comment on the story. "See you sleep well to-night, Doherty," I said with a hand on his arm.

"I'll do that, Sir, thank you," he replied and returned to his memories. "I would always know that little statue of Our Lady, Sir. There was never one carved like it. It never worried me that it was chipped at one corner of the base." I nodded and left the ward.

Three years passed. Denis had left us long ago to end his days, a cripple, in a Home where Sisters of Mercy tended the aged. I visited the fine old man as often as it was possible; occasionally I was able to take him for long hours into the country in my automobile, but now he was bed-ridden and the end was close at hand. To me those years had brought a knowledge of the True Faith and I had been received into the Catholic Church.

One spring day after a particularly strenuous spell in the wards, I decided to accept my friend, Calthorpe's invitation to spend a week-end with him in his luxurious home. We had been through college together, but whereas I had struggled on in an ill-paid post chiefly for love of my work, he had inherited a couple of fortunes, and was now a millionaire with a craze for collecting *objets d'arts*.

It was on the Sunday night of my visit that he proposed to show me a case of carved ivory groups of Mediæval Italian workmanship. Even to my untrained eyes many of them were a sheer delight. Suddenly my heart missed a beat. "Tell me where you got *that*," I gasped, and pointed to a little ivory figure. I did not need to glance at the chipped corner of the base to recognize what Denis Doherty had described so fully to me.

"Funny you should pick that one out,"

Calthorpe remarked. "That came to me out of the air, so to speak."

I waited impatiently for him to continue, but he took his time, savoring his unusual little experience.

"I was staying with an aunt in Glasgow and took a stroll in her garden one night before going to bed. It's an old house, once a beautiful mansion but nowadays surrounded by mean streets, but she lived there till she died. There were high walls round the garden, and I was pacing a gravel path beneath one of them. Suddenly on-coming steps broke the silence in the street on the other side. Then some one stopped. There was a horrible exclamation and *that* was thrown over the wall to land at my feet. I thought I had shown it you before. It came to me over forty years ago now, and really started me on my collecting fever. I'm told it's Fifteenth Century Italian work. It's exquisite!"

"Would you sell it?" I asked abruptly, hurling good manners to the wind.

"Calthorpe looked at me in surprise. "It's worth about £2000," he said.

Then I told him, who had always professed agnosticism, the story of Denis Doherty, that most loyal Knight of Our Lady. When I had finished he said nothing, but only locked up his treasures, put the keys into his safe, and offered me a night-cap.

Next day I went back to my hospital where an urgent message awaited me. Would I go to Denis at once? As I sat by the bed of my old friend who was so soon to leave me, a Sister entered and handed me a packet which had been forwarded by express delivery. My hands trembled as I recognized Calthorpe's handwriting. I opened the little box, and there tenderly packed in cotton wool lay the little ivory statue. Calthorpe had enclosed a slip: "Please return this to the rightful owner. R. W. C."

Carefully and tenderly I closed Denis' fingers over the treasure he had earned in youth and regained in maturity.

Only a Smile.

BY NELLIE R. IVANCOVICH.

IT was late in the afternoon of a gloomy day. A heavy mist, chill and piercing, almost a rain, enshrouded the city and all its inhabitants. The street car, as I entered it down in the business section, was crowded: many standing in the aisles and hanging onto the straps; all of them looked weary and uncomfortable. As we came out into the suburbs some persons began to leave the car, one by one, or in groups. They spoke to each other, perhaps, but only in monosyllables and all hurried along on their way.

The crowd thinned, and I noticed a woman sitting opposite me with a little child beside her. The woman looked tired and sad and bitter. Even the little girl was silent, not with the warm, soft quiet of a sleepy child, but listless and uninterested, as if prematurely old. At last they were almost the only ones left in the car.

Then, all at once, the clouds parted in the western sky and a bright shaft of sunlight came gleaming through. It glanced through the car window and fell across the lap of the child. She gave a little cry of delight, and raised her face to her mother, her eyes shining, her lips parted with a smile. Her mother bent over her and put her arm around her.

The mother's face, also, was wonderfully changed. A marvellous transfiguration had taken place. She now was beautiful, happy, loving. The gleam of sunlight lingered awhile, like a benediction, then faded away and the two were silent, the child cuddled down happily beside her mother.

We were nearing the end of the line now, and presently they arose and prepared to leave the car. I was watching the child with my heart in my eyes. There is nothing in the world so sweet

as a little child, and all my own little children are grown up now, and gone from me into homes of their own. The mother caught my look and spoke to the child. The little one raised her bright face, her blue eyes dancing, and she waved her small hand in farewell; then she trotted off by her mother's side toward home. May God go with them!

Only a smile. But it made all the difference between sorrow and gladness, between bitterness and peace, between wretchedness and hope. Only a smile. Where, then, are my smiles for others as I pass along my way? Where are the words I might speak to the weary, the kind deeds I might offer the sad?

I am now back again, living in my own little house in the country after months in the city. The sun rising over the mountain and shining down into my window seems, indeed, like a smile from Heaven. The honeysuckle and roses over the tiny porch; the canary in his cage; the unobstructed view of the blue California sky, cloudless now that the rainy season is past: the serene, star-lit nights; the gorgeous moon;—all these dear and familiar things fill me with joy and thankfulness.

This does not mean, however, that there will be no clouds, no dark days of the spirit. Life has taught me better than that. The faithful postman may at any time bring me bad news instead of welcome letters from friends; there are still telephones and telegrams; any machine that stops at my door may be the messenger of tragedy. Even within myself are times of darkness: regrets, remorse, bitter memories, wrongs endured,—and no one at all to tell my troubles to but the canary bird. So in some way, sooner or later, sorrows will come. That is certain. I am not brave enough to ask for them, as the saints did, but when they do come I will try, with God's help, to meet them with courage and resignation.

And I will smile. I am determined

upon that. I will hold up my head—at least I will try to do so—and I will smile. I have seen how much a smile can do for others. I know from my own experience how much it has done for me. Why should we not smile? The spring has come after the storms of winter; the sun never fails to rise after the darkest night. Our lives are filled with blessings. “A thousand times more good than we deserve comes to us every day.”

Outside my window is a bush with drooping branches. When they sway in the breeze they remind me of lions with tossing manes. A little visitor who heard me speak of this fancy was almost inclined to be afraid until we went out and examined the bush and saw how it was firmly rooted in the ground and could not possibly hurt any one. Our sorrows and griefs are like that. No matter how they may terrify us they are held in check by the providence of God and His care over us. They can but sway in the breeze and toss their heads, like lions with tossing manes. They can do us no real harm.

Why should we not smile? No matter how greatly our conscience may accuse us of mistakes and wrong, we can kneel, with tears of penitence at the feet of God’s minister and arise with the sun again shining in our soul; we can come to the altar rail and receive into our poor hearts the dear Lord and Master who has called us to be His own. Ah! why should we not smile?

When, at last, our brief day on earth is over; when the shadows begin to close around us and the things of time fade away; in that supreme hour may one gleam remain with us, a harbinger and a promise of an eternal morning—only a smile. Only a smile from God!



THE real scholar regards no school as a finishing school. He is never done learning.

The Last Martyr of the Coliseum.

IN every town built by the Romans there are still to be seen, when there are any ruins at all left, the remains of amphitheatres where public sports or games were held. They usually consisted of long rows of seats encircling the arena, which took its name from the white sand with which it was strewn, arena being the Latin equivalent of sand. To-day we would call the arena a ring, and the amphitheatre a circus.

The largest and best known of all these buildings was the celebrated Coliseum with which we have been made familiar by numberless pictures. It was built in the reign of Vespasian, and many captive Jews passed the long days of their exile in toil upon its noble walls. The work was wonderfully well done and the Coliseum is one of the best preserved ruins in the world. Its extent was enormous, about five acres being enclosed; and so much stone and marble was employed in its construction that several entire palaces in Rome have been built from its fragments without apparently diminishing their extent.

Writers disagree in their estimate of the number of persons who could be accommodated on the seats of this gigantic structure, but it is safe to say that they would easily hold ninety thousand. The Coliseum, like other Roman amphitheatres, had no roof, but when it was necessary beautiful awnings of silk could be unfurled above the spectators to protect them from the sun or rain.

At the time when eager crowds poured into that great enclosure, the fashionable hours differed from those of to-day. The common people went at an early hour in the morning, the dignitaries, arriving later, being saluted with shouts. Usually these were cries of welcome, but sometimes they were the reverse; for there were favorites among the rulers then as now, and the popu-

lace did not hesitate to hoot or deride an unpopular senator who ventured to show his robes in public.

The appearance of the emperor was always the signal for the sports to begin. These games were often harmless, but sometimes the savage temper of the people was aroused and they grew tired of looking at such tame sights as dancing bears or rope-walking elephants. So animals were set to fight one another; and then, as the taste for blood became stronger, men were brought in and made to defend themselves against wild beasts. This last was a favorite way of disposing of captives taken in war; and, as time went on, certain slaves were trained to be gladiators, or professional fighters of one another. When one was wounded, the victor would glance up to where the noble ladies sat to see what the verdict was. If the dainty thumbs were turned down it meant "Fight to the death"; and at that sign the victorious gladiator would soon put an end to his victim.

After the introduction into Rome of the religion of our Blessed Lord, Christian martyrs were employed to feed with their own bodies the savage beasts of the arena, and this continued until the Emperor Constantine embraced the Catholic faith. It was determined then to stop this sacrifice of human lives; but the lust for blood was in the veins of the semi-barbaric people, and if a man wished to be elected to a high office his quickest way to gain influence was to treat the multitude to some wild, horrible spectacle in the Coliseum. The emperors were called to Constantinople or elsewhere, and so it often came about that the old sports were re-enacted.

It was the beginning of the Fifth Century. Honorius, a feeble boy, was emperor. The fierce Gothic hordes had been driven back by the brave General Stilicho, and Rome was saved. Many Goths were taken prisoner, and in the excite-

ment of the moment a grand combat was arranged to commemorate the victory. The beauty and bravery of Rome gathered in the Coliseum to celebrate the escape from the dreaded enemy. At first the sports were innocent enough, but after awhile the Gothic slaves were brought to be slain by wild beasts; and then the gladiators, as in old heathen times, began to slay one another.

Suddenly the slender form of an unknown man was seen upon the sand of the arena. His feet were bare, and his garb was humble. He held up a warning arm, and called to the combatants, in the name of God to desist. The crowds screamed: "Back, old man!" But he did not falter. They cried to the gladiators to cut him down, but he stood there firmly, still calling upon the others to cease from committing murder. At that moment a shower of stones rained upon him, and the sharp swords of the gladiators soon felled him to the earth. But who was he, this humble man in rough garments? He was a holy hermit from the desert, Telemachus by name, and had come to spend his Christmas in the City of Peter.

And so this martyr died, but not in vain. A great revulsion of feeling set in, and from that day to this no human blood has stained the silver sand of the Coliseum. Harmless lizards sun themselves where once the voices of victims ascended; little flowers peep out of the crannies of the old wall, and all is peace and beauty; but the thoughtful still remember the holy man who laid down his life when Rome was young, the hermit Telemachus.



"TACT is the life of the five senses. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the discriminating taste, the keen smell and the lively touch. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact how to do it; talent is wealth, tact is ready money."

Hope Eternal.

BY P. J. C.

“WHAT would the world be without love?” a radio preacher asked his invisible congregation. Just as pertinently might he have asked, what would the world be without faith, without hope? Taking only one of these—since there is not space for two—we consider hope.

Everybody everywhere lives in hope. Through clouds of question, opinion, apprehension, fear we look for the rainbow. Man undertakes because he hopes. Undertaking without hoping is irrational. If a some one invest money he hopes for returns; if he buy real estate when, like now, real estate is simply a taxable attachment, he hopes times will pick up so his real estate will have a market. If a man run for president, senator, congressman, he hopes to win and tells you so. His party hopes he will, and party managers send out messages which are brimful of assurance.

Whoever hurries by is in pursuit of his rainbow. The young man in college hopes he will be graduated with modest honors anyhow. The young Miss gets a position as school teacher, nurse, secretary. She hopes she will succeed, will be thought well of by her superiors, will be promoted and receive a substantial salary advance. She hopes to get married later on to some young man who is well-to-do; thoughtful, kind, reasonably good-looking. The young theologian hopes to be ordained; the curate looks ahead to a pastorate; the pastor to ecclesiastical honors, perhaps. The novice nun hopes to be professed. When professed, she hopes to be set to a work which she likes to do.

Does anybody do anything not looking to his star? No; unless it be the mentally defective, and children before they pass the milestone of reason. Without hope there is no enterprise, no striv-

ing, no planting, no gathering in of harvests. Those who are sick hope to get well. Much of the function of doctor, nurse, bedside specialist is to keep the patient from sinking below the vision of the rainbow. One half of that “feeling better” experience you take home with you after your visit to a physician is the lift he gives you by saying, “There’s nothing to worry about.”

What has been the national preaching for the past year or more? Confidence—trust—hope. Why? When people cease to hope they cease to work. Doing arises from the will to do. In reality the country is not poorer in the essentials of life than it was ten years ago. High finance went too high for safety; speculation ranged beyond the probabilities. Credit smashes followed.

Divine, like human hope, is what sustains and maintains us in our struggle to reach God. Doubts, fears cast shadows sometimes. They must not frighten and befuddle us; must not thicken about us and obscure spiritual sight. We will experience depression—all who think do. Depression should not mean concession. We may be harassed, plagued by questions, doubts. The circumstance should not confuse our minds. Panicky people commit mad follies. For instance, the folly of suicide—the maddest of all follies.

The majority of people live rightly and religiously according to their lights. That is why this world is livable for all—weak, strong; poor, rich. May we not hope that heaven is for this majority that strives in hope with all the light at its command? As with every concern of life, so with our first concern—and our last. We try our best to achieve; and may fail to achieve a human gain after a human striving. That is not so important. We must not fail in the great concern—our first, our last. We must achieve God, whatever else we miss.

Notes and Remarks.

The Jesuit priest, Father Joseph Mary Pignatelli, was beatified Sunday, May 21. He was an outstanding figure in Italy during the period when the Society of Jesus was suppressed, and was a helpful instrument in its restoration later on. He suffered, like other Jesuits of his time, from ignorance, misunderstanding, jealousy. He saw his Order return, restored; and rejoiced, as every true Catholic must have rejoiced, to see a valiant army back again on the battlefield. It must be a source of comfort to every Jesuit to witness the admission of their saintly member into the Honor Roll of the Church Militant. It is the equivalent of a proof that their persecution was a trial, not a punishment; and in God's approval of their member is an implied approval of the great Sixteenth Century Foundation.

Just what poetry is has been a subject of discussion among people from the very beginning of the race. It has been defined at times as "Imagination at white heat," as "Spiritual exaltation," and what not? Now we are informed by *The New York Times* that Professor Housman, the Shropshire Lad, who gave the Leslie Stephen Lecture at Cambridge the other day "On the Name and Nature of Poetry," thinks that poetry is physical rather than intellectual. If a line of poetry strays into his memory while he is shaving, his skin bristles so that the razor ceases to act. A shiver runs down his spine. There is a constriction of his throat. Water comes to his eyes. He feels in the pit of his stomach a sensation which he describes in a phrase of Keats' as going through him like a spear. Poetry, he says elsewhere in his lecture, is a secretion. When he was secreting poetry instead of devoting himself to the baser purpose of his monumental edition of

Manilius, he would drink a pint of beer at lunch, as a sedative, not as a stimulant, and walk for two or three hours. We believe that the average English teacher in our colleges would advise a student who put the foregoing ideas into his examination paper to see an alienist at once, and he would not be joking about the matter in giving that advice. But it must be remembered that Professor Housman is not an average English teacher. He has achieved the distinction of lecturing on poetry at Cambridge.

The *New York Times* defends its alleged inconsistency in taking up editorial cudgels against Jewish persecution in Germany while ignoring persecution of Catholics in Mexico and Spain. Says the *Times*:

Some have endeavored to establish an analogy between these events in Spain and others similar to them in Mexico with what has recently happened in Germany. This anti-Catholic legislation has been adopted by lawmakers who call themselves Catholics. In spite of all that has occurred, Spain continues to be probably the most Catholic nation in Europe. It is not one form of religion persecuting or proscribing another. And obviously no thought or hint of race discrimination enters into it. A wholesale secularizing movement of this kind, even if unwise in seeming to strike down religious freedom and the rights of the Church, is not to be compared to the singling out in Germany of one element of the population and one form of religion for exceptional and lawless and cruel treatment.

The *Times'* distinction is not compelling. Persecution is proscription, aggression, unjust interference with the legitimate expressions of human life. These expressions may be racial, social, religious, and so on. Persecution is not less persecution should it be directed against a man because he is religiously a Catholic rather than because racially he is a Jew. And in saying that in Spain and Mexico Catholics are persecuted by Catholics there is neglected a very definite distinction which the *Times'* writer

should not have suppressed. At most, the persecuting Catholics have been born Catholics in the long, long ago. Now they are atheists, freethinkers, European Masons. In Germany the Jews are citizens of Germany. They are persecuted because they are Jews. In Spain and Mexico the Catholics are citizens of Spain and Mexico. They are persecuted because they are Catholics. The *Times'* very, very fine distinction to show reasons why the Jews of Germany should be actively defended, the Catholics of Spain and Mexico ignored, is invisible. It does not exist.

In London some time ago, a coroner attempted to justify the act of suicide by a man already marked for death by an incurable disease. The Rev. J. Moran, S. J., did not justify the coroner. Here is what he said to that coroner: "Surely there are enough suicides without a man abusing a public position to encourage more." Probably Father Moran said other things, but they are not recorded in the item. As for instance, a coroner's chief duty is to account for a man's death. He is not paid to read us a lecture on when to swallow a white pellet, wrap the drapery round us and lie down to pleasant dreams. Cobblers should stick to their lasts; coroners to their corners.

The Catholic Actors' Guild of America calls on Jews "who have ever been befriended and championed by Catholics" to protest against the persecutions of Catholics in Spain and Mexico. We repeat what THE AVE MARIA has been saying, perhaps to exhaustion: When the Catholics of the United States express their strength numerically enough, they can get a message sent to Mexico and to Spain from our Government. And that message will help, and will not bring about wars or rumors of wars. Had our protests been visible and audible when our highly virtuous new Am-

bassador went to his assignment beyond our Southern border, he might have withheld his blessing on the progressive spirit and apostolic good works of the peculiar mentalities that twist the screws of persecution on Mexican Catholics at this moment.

Dr. Harold Roberts, preaching in the Wesley Memorial Church, Oxford, urges the observance of the Holy Year proclaimed by Pope Pius XI. "The main idea of a Holy Year is that men should turn their thoughts from the pursuit of material things to spiritual realities. They should all welcome this opportunity and co-operate with other Christians." At the moment, there seems to be that much-mentioned "distinct upward trend." That the "trend" might be due to the year of prayer will not occur to the minds of our bankers, economists, budget-makers, students of affairs. The "trend" will be credited to beer, cautious budgeting, a courageous Administration, tree planting, and what not. After this check-up of causes, we will walk off, forgetting that God's mercy brought us out of the lean years. Thanking God is so old-fashioned! Leadership did it; and budgeting; and beer.

Louis McHenry Howe, friend and adviser of President Roosevelt, gave a rather startling reply to a question recently when speaking before the students of journalism at Columbia University. Asked which field, politics or journalism, holds more promise for the young generation, he is reported to have made the following reply: "You can't adopt politics as a profession and remain honest. If you are going to make your living out of politics, you can't do it honestly." Of course, Mr. Howe did not mean to convey the idea that there have been no honest men in our political history or that we are bankrupt of such talent now. His own friend, Mr. Roosevelt, is a refutation of that idea

as are dozens of others who might be named without going outside of the Democratic party. What Mr. Howe probably meant to say, and what he probably did say if the full implication of his answer were recorded, is the generally suspected fact that the honest office-holder to-day has a particularly difficult task preserving his integrity amid the growing corruption of political life. That situation may justify a warning to growing youth generally against entering politics as a profession, but the warning should not be made universal. On the contrary, the very seriousness of the situation demands that we make insistent periodic appeals for young men of character to enter the arena of politics and that we give them the right kind of encouragement and support when from patriotic motives they brave the dangers of this very hazardous profession.



The trustees of the Church Peace Union and the World Alliance for International Friendship, who recently convened at Atlantic City, made the proposal that the Churches of the United States withdraw all chaplains from the army and navy as an expression of the Church's abhorrence of war. The measure was referred to the trustees' executive staff to be reported on later. What the report will be we do not know. We do know, however, that Catholic chaplains will continue to minister to the spiritual needs of Catholic soldiers, as long as it is not contrary to the laws of the Church for young men to join the army and the navy. The Church has always stood for peace. She is continually using every means in her power to prevent the outrages of war. She will not, however, withdraw spiritual succor from those who are engaged in the defense of their country unless such an occupation should become sinful. The Church forbids the priest to attend a duel under pain of excommunication,

even though he may be there to give the last Sacraments to one of the contestants, should one of them be seriously injured. But duelling is directly opposed to the Fifth Commandment, and is therefore, strictly forbidden. To permit priests to be present at these meetings would be to encourage duelling. Just wars, on the other hand, are lawful in the eyes of the Church. A country, like an individual, has a right to protect itself. To do so it is necessary that a country should have a drilled army, and it is permissible for men to enlist in that army. Catholics who join the army or navy will find chaplains to administer to their spiritual needs even in the thick of battle. They are even more necessary than the nurse who ministers to the bodies of men. Newton D. Baker in his book "America at War," has this comparison between the responsibilities of the nurse and the chaplain:

The chaplain did not have to drill troops. His business was to nurse sick souls, as hers was to nurse sick bodies. The nurse, however, dealt with the present world only. Her patient did not consider her religious affiliation, nor she his; and his parents were concerned only that she kept him alive in the present world. But in all that concerned the next world, which the chaplain represented, the matter of denominational affiliation was important.

To withdraw chaplains from the army and navy would be to penalize soldiers for a condition of things they are not responsible for.



Dublin school teachers recently made their Holy Year pilgrimage to Rome under the direction of the Carmelite priest, Father Denis Roche. Pius XI. received the scholars, and spoke words to them which must have sent them away very happy.

I am always delighted to meet Irish people, more so than ever on account of the wonderful and exceptionally successful Eucharistic Congress, which is still fresh in my memory. The Congress was not merely a revelation of

the faith of the Irish people, but was also an example to the whole Catholic world.

You Pilgrims are doubly welcome because you are teachers—you have a special place in my affections—hence I reserved a most special blessing for you. I wish to recall to your memory, in this Jubilee Year of the Redemption, the fact that your work is intimately associated with the work of Christ on earth.

Hence it is to me an extreme pleasure to give you my blessing, not only to you who are at my feet, but to all the Catholic teachers of Ireland. I bless your schools, I bless the little boys and girls committed to your care, I bless your parents, relatives, and friends, I bless your homes; lastly, I bless your dear country—Ireland.



The Southern Baptists in "convention assembled" "tore into President Roosevelt" for giving the country beer and promising better days on the death of Prohibition. The Convention of Southern Baptists did not, however, take note of what Major A. V. Dalrymple, national prohibition director, said at the time they were in meeting: "At least 50,000 speak-easies have been driven out of business by the new liberal beer laws . . . and many thousands more will be closed when better beer is manufactured." That for the Baptists would be a confession of defeat. Not defeat by saloons either; but defeat by national resentment against a system of espionage, bigotry and zealotry which has promoted intemperance and hypocrisy. Total abstinence is unmistakably a desirable inclusion in the sum of human virtues. Religious, political, official prohibitionists have succeeded in associating it with unlovely realities. In times past abstinence from alcoholic drinks was an expression of splendid self-sacrifice. Temperance must be restored to its niche among the virtues.

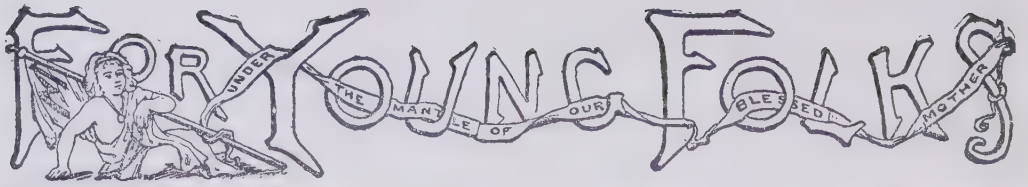


Bishop Le Blanc, of St. John, N. B., exemplifies for the people of his diocese the better technique of farming; leads them practically by conducting a farm in the Loch Lomond section of St. John County. Should you happen into Loch

Lomond in your summer holiday, visit Bishop Le Blanc's acres. You will note a large herd of milk cows that yield milk which is distributed in the city of St. John by motor truck; and high grade butter made from the milk not distributed in St. John's; and the butter is famous within a radius of 100 miles. Moreover, you will be gazed at by many thousands of wise hens, turkeys, geese, ducks,—for the Bishop pursues poultry too. Here in our country the farmer tells us he is the forgotten man. Cows, milk, butter, hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, which supply Loch Lomond section and a hundred miles beyond,—our farmer does not see in these cause for optimism. We do not know whether Bishop Le Blanc looks upon himself as the forgotten man. He certainly is not a forgetting man. Note his poultry-yard. Except for such aristocrats as nightingales and mocking birds, he seems to possess everything that moves below feathers.



Here are some statistics on the St. Vincent de Paul's Society activities in Ireland: Conferences, 381; active members, 6117; visits paid to poor families, 313,166; families visited, 25,109; money spent in charity, \$425,000 (approximately). The Society identifies itself with 140 special works, including care of deaf mutes and the blind; coal funds, boots and clothing, distribution of Catholic literature; luncheons for poor children; night schools, boys' clubs, prisoners' aid work, care of boys on probation; visitation of hospitals, county homes, lodging houses, seamen's institutes, shelters for homeless men. Other good works are in the long list. But what is given will identify the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Ireland as a very active organization. Incidentally, the tabulation should serve to correct that outlook in which the Irish people are seen as a mixture of colleens milking their cows, minstrel boys and caubeen men of smart answers.



The Crowned Goose.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

THE crowned goose is a handsome prince,
Enchanted by a witch.
How haughtily he holds his head!
Of course, he's very rich.
I'll throw him all my choicest crumbs,
And he'll remember me;
And when the good, kind fairy comes
To him, and sets him free,
And turns the white duck to a steed,
The prince may ride at will,
He'll mount his charger with all speed,
And ride right up the hill—
Up to our house, and at the door,
He'll meet my mother, Nan,
And say, while bowing to the floor,
"Madame, where's Mary Ann?"
And I shall have my hair curled, and
I'll wear my dress of green,
And ride away at his command,
To be his Lady Queen.

A Difficult Decision.

BY HELEN IRENE KUST.

EILEEN MARY, lost in thought, walked home from St. Angela's Academy with unaccustomed slow deliberateness. Why, oh why, had she gone back to the music hall to get her fountain pen! It would have been perfectly safe on the cabinet until morning, and she wouldn't need it till the next day anyway. Then she wouldn't have heard Sister Delphine talking to the Sister Superior in the corridor—they had thought the pupils all gone from the hall—saying what was not intended for her ears. Eileen Mary had

made up her mind that very afternoon, as she strapped her books together after school, that she'd better put an extra half hour on history and a little more time on Latin, just to be sure,—and now! What Sister Delphine had said spoiled everything. Or rather, it was overheard by Eileen Mary, and that spoiled everything.

As she neared home she looked up and saw her mother waiting for her on the porch.

"Why, you're a half hour later than usual, dear," Mrs. Flynn said as her daughter approached. "We are to have dinner a little earlier because of a surprise I have for you." The girl brightened.

"I went back to get my pen, Mother, after I was half way home, a stupid thing to do. I won't need it to-night, and then—well, then I began thinking and just poked along, I guess. But what is the surprise?"

"That will keep for ten minutes. I'll take your books. Here is the purse. Run over to Clark's bakery and buy one of those round white pineapple cakes. Fred is turning a freezer of sherbet; that's part of the surprise."

"Company for dinner?" smiled Eileen Mary.

Her mother nodded. "That's not all," she said. "Now hurry along."

On the way the girl met her chum, Monica Meiers. They had been the best of friends since their grade school days and this was their senior year in high school.

"Just think, Eileen Mary, this is the last day of April. Six more weeks till Commencement; then off to St. Mary's we go in the fall. Will the time ever pass till September?" and she gave her chum's arm a quick squeeze.

"I'm not certain that I'll win the scholarship. You know, Virginia Tate is really much brighter than I."

"Nonsense! But even just *suppose* she is. Virginia doesn't work as hard as you do, except in spasms. Besides, she said yesterday that she'd a good mind to give up trying for the scholarship, because she felt certain the four-year average would put you ahead."

"I do hope it does, Monnié. Virginia's father is well-to-do and can send her to college whether she wins or not. I must win or stay home."

They had reached the store.

"Of course you'll win. No doubt about it, at all," reassured Monica. She continued her way. "Poor, dear Monica," thought her friend. She little realized that her words of encouragement really made more difficult Eileen Mary's dilemma.

The little bell on the shop door tinkled dutifully. Eileen Mary's troubled thoughts gave way to the concern of the moment as Mr. Clark appeared dusting the flour from his hands.

"Just one pineapple cake left, Miss. Isn't this the most scrumptious spring weather we're havin'? O' course it's allus July an' August in my shop back there, but the out-o'-doors is gran' these days." He slipped the cake into a white carton. "You're goin' to be a graduatin', too, perty soon, your Daddy says. He's mighty proud o' you, Miss Eileen," and he waved her good-bye.

The young girl flushed at his hearty compliment, but a little tight spot in her throat came and went with the genial baker's words.

What would they think, her father and mother, if Virginia Tate won the scholarship? And she would if Eileen Mary told her what she had heard. Surely people must not even think about, much less repeat, words not meant for others' ears. And yet, this seemed a case which demanded that she tell. If she did—

There! She was struggling again. It was no good to bother about it till morning anyway. She'd tell Our Lord the whole story to-morrow at Mass. She walked faster. Who could the visitor be? Father Brennan, perhaps. But that wasn't much of a surprise. The pastor dined at the Flynns' occasionally, when his sister was away, and on special occasions.

Fred greeted her with a wide grin as she came in.

"You don't know what I've known all day."

"What? Father Brennan coming to dinner?"

"Yes, and he's bringing his guest, Father Martin, who has been chaplain at St. Mary's for ten years. I met Father Martin after Mass this morning. Father Brennan told him you'd very likely be going to St. Mary's in the fall, and would be interested in hearing all about the college. The two priests planned to come over this evening. I told Mother and she said, 'Why not ask Father and his guest to dinner?'"

Fred did not see the quick look of pain that came into his sister's eyes, banished heroically.

"Fine! That was quite a speech from you. I'll be very glad to meet Father Martin. Jean Kelly, who attended St. Mary's last year, said that the chaplain is considered a saint by all who know him."

"And that's not all," added Fred with a twinkle, "Father Brennan says he's a keen judge of human nature, so I hope your conscience is clear."

The dinner was a happy occasion and the evening passed pleasantly for all, apparently. As Father Martin described the school and its advantages and told of the happy student life of the girls, Eileen Mary's parents beamed with anticipation. They had no doubt whatever that their daughter would share all these pleasures in a very short time, despite the fact that she insisted

the final averages alone would determine the award of the scholarship.

"Come in," came Sister Delphine's bright voice as Eileen Mary knocked at the office door. "Why, here comes one of our precious seniors," greeted the Nun, and noted at once the girl's drawn face and her determined expression.

"Sister Delphine, I have something to tell you."

"Surely, dear child. Sit down. What can make you look so serious this bright May morning?"

The young visitor began at once.

"Last evening, Sister, after practise, I returned to the music hall. The door was open. As I stood for a moment before the window admiring the lilacs there were voices in the hall which I recognized as yours and Sister Superior's. You must have been standing near the door, Sister, for before I realized it, I heard distinctly what you told Sister Superior about my average and Virginia's. I am so sorry, Sister Delphine. I did not mean to hear."

"I know that, Eileen Mary," Sister Delphine said in an even voice. "And now?"

"Now," continued the girl, "that I know there is only a half point difference in our standings for the four years, excepting this last six weeks, I shall have the advantage of that information. I think Virginia should know, too. She does not think there is so little difference. May I have your permission to tell her, Sister?"

"Yes, dear child, and may God bless you!"

"Thank you, Sister."

The door closed. The religious knew well that if Virginia Tate chose to work hard she could outstrip her companion in the matter of mere grades. And mere grades were the condition of the award, according to the will of Judge Blake who had established the scholarship fund. Sister Delphine looked toward the door Eileen Mary had just

closed. Did the girl realize, she wondered; and then as she recalled the pale young face, Sister knew the price of Eileen Mary's decision.

Six weeks passed rapidly. During that time Eileen Mary worked at her lessons as never before, although she knew she was not to win. Virginia had never taken her work so seriously, and Monica grew indignant.

"What in the world made her change her mind?" she grumbled to Eileen Mary. "Why should she want that scholarship so much? She doesn't need it, like you do."

But Eileen Mary kept her secret well, and she had Virginia's promise not to reveal it, either. She had become resigned to the loss of the scholarship, hard as that had been. She told herself repeatedly that since they had all been praying for it for four years, and still she didn't get it—why it surely must be for the best. Only one thing she dreaded—even more than she had longed for this swiftly fading dream—that was the terrible disappointment of her parents and Fred on Commencement Night. They were all so certain of her victory. Nothing she could say would discourage them. Fred was almost vehement.

"Say, Sis, what do you suppose I've been making all these novenas for? And look at the way Mother and Dad have been praying. You don't suppose Our Lady wouldn't listen to all those petitions, do you? Especially mine. It's awfully hard for me to pray with devotion sometimes; and this last six weeks—well, you just wait till eternity and see how I've prayed, what with all your talk about Virginia Tate."

Commencement Day came at last. All day long Eileen Mary kept whispering, "Mother Mary, please, don't let them be too disappointed." Fred brought word that Father Martin had come down for the exercises, and would present the diplomas and award the honors to the graduating class. His sister

slipped away to her room, and on her knees before Our Lady's picture she kept repeating—"Please, don't let them feel too bad, and *please* don't let me cry."

The brightly lighted auditorium of St. Angela's Academy was the scene of the annual mild excitement which prevailed there on Commencement Nights. Parents and relatives, friends and well wishers of the graduates, spoke happily in subdued tones as the last minute comers straggled into the crowded hall before the curtains were drawn.

Father Brennan and Father Martin had already taken places of honor. Three rows behind them the Flynns waited eagerly for the graduating exercises to begin. Mr. Flynn held too tightly to the crisp program as he re-read it the fourth time. His wife's eyes were very bright and her cheeks glowed. Fred looked almost unnatural, his shock of tawny hair slicked down for the occasion, as slowly he opened and closed his pocket knife with undue precision for no reason at all.

The orchestra leader tapped her music stand, the first strains of Meyerbeer's "Coronation March" vibrated through the hall, and slowly the heavy plush curtains retreated in deepening folds to each side of the stage. The graduates smiled as they greeted the enthusiastic applause.

Eileen Mary seated in the front row on the stage was dazed and numb. Mechanically she took her place for the Senior Chorus. She listened to the Commencement address of a local attorney, but the words carried no message to her brain. She noted solemnly that his ears recorded every downward and upward motion of his jaw. That was really very unusual. He finished speaking and she looked toward the hundreds of faces. They were like so many masks. She dared not seek out her family in the throng, but measured instead the slow progress of the minute hand of a huge clock at the back of the hall.

Now the program was nearly over. Forty-five minutes had passed. Her ears told her of a mild commotion in the wings; she dared not turn her head. As the orchestra played a brisk number, Father Brennan and his guest mounted the platform and took their places near a table holding the diplomas and awards.

Eileen Mary looked at the clock. Forty-eight minutes had passed. Only three minutes since last she had marked the position of the large black hand as it pointed to nine. It was wrong; the clock had stopped; not three minutes but *three hours, four hours, five hours* she had waited, to hear the scholarship awarded to Virginia Tate. How could she live the eternity until it would be over and her family broken-hearted.

The music stopped. Then she heard Father Brennan's deep voice introducing Father Martin. Time was passing rapidly now, she knew; she didn't look at the clock any more. She was holding her diploma at last. All the diplomas were gone from the table. Father Martin rose.

"My dear graduates," he said, "I have come here this evening bearing a special message to you from St. Mary's College. In view of the widespread economic distress of the present time, and the fact that increasing numbers of our Catholic young people are unable to attend college, Mother General of the — Order has granted to each of the five Academies of the diocese, a special award of one four-year scholarship to St. Mary's College. St. Angela's Academy has been selected as one of the five schools so honored. This award is given on a triple foundation—character, scholarship, and school spirit; in other words, to the pupil who, in the estimation of the faculty, most truly exemplifies the ideals of her school.

"It is my great happiness to announce that this new award is granted this evening to Eileen Mary Flynn."

Joseph Casson's Clock.

John Hays, a lad about fifteen, sat by the fire watching the embers as, from time to time, they took some form his fancy conjured up. His mother, a widow, was quietly observing him in the pauses of her knitting. John sighed. He did not know how to spend his long evenings. He worked in the field through the day, but became weary of gazing into the fire at night. His mother was a French woman, who had gone to England as a children's nurse, and there married a farmer, who, through no fault of his own, suffered severe losses and died at an early age.

A tear dropped upon the stocking that Mrs. Hays was knitting.

"Why, what is the matter, mother?" asked her son.

"I was thinking of sunny France, John," she answered. "I dearly love my native land."

"And I was thinking," he said, "of how much those coals look like a ship. Can you see it?"

The resemblance was plain to be seen.

"How fond you have always been of boats, John! You made one out of a walnut shell when you were little more than a baby."

"I wish I could make ships now. I am only a farmer, because father was one. Oh, I do so long to make the wonderful things I hear about! But I never can. A poor farmer boy like me has no chance."

"Everyone has a chance, John. I will tell you a story to prove this. A young countryman of mine, only twenty-five, and a plain peasant, made a most wonderful clock, which he called 'The Moving Calendar.' He would work in the field all day, as you do; then take his lamp and, in his attic, work night after night at his invention. My father once saw him at his toil, and he said that his eyes would flash and the color would come into his pale face as he mastered

some difficulty. He loved the Blessed Virgin, and he made the clock in her honor and to her praise."

"Tell me what it was like, mother," said the boy.

"There were several dials to mark the hours, minutes, seconds; the days of the week and month, the months of the year, the years and centuries; the rising and setting of the sun and moon were also indicated. Around the dial and works was a gallery about a yard long, with cells in the middle and a tower at each end. When the clock was about to strike the figure of Death came out of one of the cells, armed with a scythe; the Saviour followed with a whip, driving Death before Him into another cell, and shutting him in. At the first stroke of the clock a little cock, perched on the cross of one of the towers, stretched out its neck and flapped its wings, as if crowing. At the last stroke of the bell each figure returned to its cell. At six o'clock in the morning, at noon and at six in the evening the Angelus chimed. Then the mystery of the Annunciation was enacted in this short miracle play. The Blessed Virgin appeared, the Angel Gabriel coming down from one of the towers and saluting her reverently. The clock was made of wood and brass, and was constructed by Casson without assistance from any one. It was valued so highly that it was always kept under glass, which did not, however, prevent one from studying its wonderful mechanism. What that young farmer did, you can try to do, John."

Years have passed. John Hays made no clock to chime the Angelus, but the story of the French inventor inspired him to great exertions, and he won great success in ship building.

The story of the curious clock is true in every particular.



THE first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self. All sin is easy after that.—*Bailey.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The climax of Neil Swanson's "Judas Tree" is a vivid portrayal of the sixty-seven-day siege of Fort Pitt—now Pittsburg—and its final relief by two illustrious Scotch regiments, the Gordon Highlanders and the Black Watch. Harcourt, Brace & Company publish the story.

—It is reported from London that Doreen Smith, convert and author of four novels, has entered the Carmelite Convent at Wells, Somerset, where she will be known as Sister Clare Teresa. Miss Smith's move does not come as a surprise to her friends who know of the religious leanings which sent her very early in life to the Anglican Missionary College for training.

—A good cook has a comparatively easy time keeping her home happy provided she is a fairly agreeable person in addition. A particularly helpful worker in bringing about that ideal condition is *The Settlement Cook Book*, compiled by Mrs. Simon Kander and published by the Cramer-Krasselt Company. Its 625 pages cover in a simple, understandable way the double problem of what to cook and how to cook it.

—"Ten Days: A Crisis in American History," is the title of a new volume by James Grey, which will soon be published by Duffield & Green. It deals with the first ten thrilling days of the Roosevelt administration, and ventures a few prophecies as to what may be expected in the future under the leadership of such a President. Roosevelt's message and the recent radio talks given by him to the nation are included in the book.

—As an indication of the growing popularity of detective stories we quote the following statistics recently given out by a publishing company known as the Crime Club. In the last five years it has published some three hundred books, two million copies of which have been sold. These volumes account for 1232 murders, sixty per cent of them by gunfire. Two hundred and eighty-four detectives have figured in the cases, and everyone has

got his man. Very few of the murderers were women, and few of the cases were crimes of passion. Most of the crimes were committed through greed for money or a desire for vengeance.

—One is always interested in the subject of a miracle—what was the life of the person so favored by God, and what was the result upon his life of the extraordinary happening? In "Figures de Miraculés," by Louis de Bonnières (P. Téqui. 12 fr.), the author completes the history of the cases, by giving us a picture of the lives of the persons who have been cured at the shrine of Lourdes. The portraits are full of interest, completing as they do the scientific description given by the medical reports.

—An exceptionally interesting, and, we feel, decidedly practical handbook for the teaching of religion to little ones, is "Jesus and I," by Rev. Aloysius J. Heeg, S. J. It is the result of practical experience in teaching little children, and written to appeal to their young minds by the story of Our Lord's words and acts, while it inculcates the fundamental truths of Christian doctrine. An appropriate picture in color for each lesson adds a new interest to the lesson, and a book of questions found in a pocket of the cover will be a valuable assistance to parents or other teachers who make use of this book. The prices, depending on the binding, etc., run from a list price of 60c to as low as 18c. Published by Loyola Press, Chicago, and George A. Pflaum Company, Dayton.

—We have received an interesting Souvenir of the Centennial of the Visitation Convent in St. Louis. It contains a short history of the growth of the convent from its first establishment at Kaskaskia by nine religious who migrated from the mother convent in Georgetown, D. C., and the subsequent struggles and successful development of its work, until to-day it is one of the outstanding schools in St. Louis and in the country. Such a review brings to mind again how important has been the work of the Catholic Sisterhoods

in the growth of the Catholic Church in America. We wish the good Visitandines many, many years of blessing in their noble work.

—In Arnold Bennett's *Journal* just published by The Viking Press there is an entry about Sinclair Lewis which may give a new side light on that author: "I hurried home and went to a dinner at Sinclair Lewis' timed for eight o'clock. It began at eight-thirty, long after the four guests had arrived. I did not get enough to eat. The talk at the end of the dinner went to the careers of the famous Van Horne and Jim Hill. Lewis thought of it as an idea for a novel. What I should say it was. Lewis has a habit of breaking into a discussion with long pieces of imaginary conversation between imaginary or real people of the place and period under discussion. Goodish, but too long, with accents, manner, and all complete. He will do this in any discussion; he will drag in a performance, usually full of oaths and blasphemy. Lewis soon began to call me 'Arnold,' and once begun, he called me 'Arnold' about one hundred times."

—"Julia Newberry's *Diary*," which was written in Chicago between the years 1869 and 1872, has just recently been discovered by a member of the author's family, and is published by W. W. Norton & Company of New York. Among the many delightful pen-pictures of distinguished personages is this one of General Phil Sheridan: "We had a dashing call from General Phil Sheridan the other night; he is distingué, but frightfully ugly (perhaps not frightfully, but still anything but handsome). He is very short (shorter than I), *very* broad; and his eyes are only long narrow holes. His head is of a most extraordinary shape. He has a nice foot and good manners, an Irish accent, and when anyone makes a commonplace remark or says something that does not interest him, he says, 'um, um, yes, yes,' in the most aggravating manner. He has a good deal of the 'General' about him, though he is very modest and well-bred; he is very complimentary to ladies, and evidently is a great admirer of female beauty. He made me a great many sweet speeches, none of which were very original."

A Guide to Good Reading.

The silent influence of good books cannot be overestimated. By means of them we can invite into our own homes the great spiritual teachers of all times.

In the list below there may be just the book that you need for your own use or as a gift to a friend.

Send us the titles you select and the purchase price, plus 15c for postage, and we will have the books mailed to you at once.

- "The Long Road Home." John Moody. \$2.
- "Moses and Myth." Rev. J. O'Morgan, D. D. \$1.25.
- "The Month of the Holy Ghost." Sister M. Emmanuel. \$2.25.
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- "Talks for Girls." Rev. Aloysius Roche. 85c.
- "Sermons for Special Occasions." Rev. Thomas Phelan. M. A., Litt. D. \$2.65.
- "The Life of the Church." Rousselot, De Grandmaison, Huby and D'Arcy of the Society of Jesus. \$2.50.
- "The History and Liturgy of the Sacraments." Villien-Edwards. \$2.70.
- "The Tragic City"—A Story of Washington in the Eighties. Esther W. Neil. \$1.50.
- "The Virtue of Trust." Rev. Paul de Jaeger. \$2.90.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Brother Norbert William Knapke, O. S. B.
 Sister M. Philomene, Sisters of St. Dominic;
 Sister Mary Angela, Sisters of St. Joseph;
 Sister Mary Rosalie, Sisters of Providence;
 Sister Mary Catherine, Sisters of St. Benedict.
 Mrs. M. Mackin, Mr. Bernard E. Lynch, Mr. F. C. Ruof, Mr. Stephen J. Zager, Sarah McPhee, Elizabeth A. Zager, Catherine Schoenfeld, Mr. Albert Mathers, Mr. John Crotty, Mr. A. L. Gallagher, Catherine Hardin, Mrs. John Kline, Mrs. Wm. F. Cranshaw, Mrs. Robina Evans, Mrs. Catherine E. Martin, Miss Mary Ridge, Mrs. L. F. Jecker, Mrs. J. J. Kelly, Mrs. J. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Wenzel Kreuziger, Anna Frodl, Mr. Edward Lyons, Elenore Keuziger, Mr. Sebastian Hammer-smith, Mrs. Alice Leiby, Mrs. P. A. Mills, Mr. John J. Larkin, Mr. John J. Walsh, Mr. Edward J. Keogh, Mr. Timothy Sullivan, Mrs. Mary Teresa Flanagan, Mrs. Julia Sullivan, Mr. John H. Levens, Mr. Michael F. Collins, Mr. John F. Sullivan, Mr. Frank Childs, Mrs. Catherine Smith, and Miss Ellen Sullivan.
 May they rest in peace!

Ave Maria Books

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
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